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THE

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A

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OF

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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LITERATURE AND THE LAITY.

THE excellent series of *Lectures and Discourses* by the Bishop of Peoria, noticed in THE CATHOLIC WORLD a short time ago, opens appropriately with an address on Religious Indifference. That, for Catholics, is the characteristic danger of the age. Outside the church the case is somewhat complicated. A stolid unconcern for the practical side of religion, as well as for nearly all the points of denominational controversy, is combined with a great deal of speculative interest in the fundamental questions of the existence of God and the origin of the universe. A rationalistic writer has recently declared that "the popular instinct which is keenly alive to all that affects religion is at the same time pretty indifferent to the fate of theology." We cannot accept his distinction between religion and theology; but, using the words in the sense intended, it must be admitted that they express quite accurately the state of mind of a very large part of the non-Catholic world of Europe and America. Disputes between sects have lost their bitterness because in the eyes of so many they have lost reality. There is little discussion of the claims of rival churches, the divinity of Christ, the inspiration of the Scriptures, the necessity of sacraments, the rule of faith; even the great question between Rome and the "Reformation" hardly disturbs the public serenity. And yet there is a certain kind of religious speculation for which people have an extraordinary fondness. They have ceased to care what God requires of them; the majority have hardly brought themselves to deny

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that God exists; and between a dead conscience and a dying faith they amuse themselves with philosophical theories which reduce the Almighty to a vague abstraction, an insoluble problem, or to anything else which removes him from the active government of the world. We have only to look at a catalogue of new books to discern the tendency of contemporary thought. In the natural sciences it is unwilling to recognize any force distinct from the order of the material universe. In ethics it seeks for a rule of human conduct in the suggestions of a sort of sentimental selfishness. Biblical criticism is popular just in proportion to the boldness with which it assails the authenticity and the veracity of the sacred books; and it has become the fashion to consider religion apart from any hypothesis of revelation, as an outgrowth of prehistoric superstitions, developed from primitive worship of the sun, the trees, the wind, and the sky, or from the fear of ancestral ghosts, or from the veneration of fetiches. A favorite writer of our day has published a book to show that faith in a personal and benevolent Creator is practically extinct, yet that the world is not atheistic, because Nature is a good enough God for us, if we can only agree to think so. Men of science perceive in the laws of physics a power higher than themselves. They have, therefore, in Nature "a most glorious God," and in the study and veneration of Nature's laws a theology and a worship. "Comparing their religion in its fresh youth to the present confused forms of Christianity, I think a bystander would say that though Christianity had in it something far higher and deeper and more ennobling, yet the average scientific man worships just at present a more awful and, as it were, a greater Deity than the average Christian" (*Natural Religion*, by the author of *Ecce Homo*). Philosophy of this sort, which separates religion from supernaturalism—the author just cited does that in so many words—which secularizes the Almighty, which reduces creeds, worship, and moral obligation to a worldly level, is in high favor in these days of the decay of faith, because it is a justification of the prevailing sceptical indifference. It eliminates the practical questions of religion, What must I believe? What is the divine rule of conduct? and leaves men free to follow after the things of this life without any embarrassing consideration of a life to come. Contemporary literature in nearly all branches is deeply influenced by it; and so it happens that, in spite of the activity of a quasi-religious dilettanteism notable for the absence of religious feeling, the period in which we live is distinguished on the speculative side

for the decline of serious thought, and on the practical side for the decay of moral earnestness and the prevalence of a hard materialism, with the dishonesty which naturally attends it.

Our Catholic college graduates lament the characteristics of the age so eloquently in their commencement speeches, and refer to them so often as the fruit of Protestant principles, that we might suppose they were unaware of the extent to which our own community is affected by the vices of the generation. Let us cherish no delusions on this head. We Catholics have certain safeguards against the overthrow of faith which others lack, and so far they have protected us. Our people are not becoming either Protestants or atheists. Some remarkable statistics have recently been published which show that they are gaining rapidly in numbers; and there is no evidence that the spirit of doubt and denial which is disintegrating the Protestant churches has made any inroads whatever upon the Catholic Church in this country—and it is of the condition of Catholics in this country that we are now speaking. But when we have counted the increase of our church buildings and our free schools, and surveyed the swelling estimates of our congregations, have we really got all the facts that we require for a test of our progress? How far is our faith a mere habit of assent and how far is it a living spring of conduct? Are we less engrossed in money-getting, in coarse pleasures, and in vulgar ambitions than the rest of the community? Are we vindicating our faith by the earnestness and dignity of our lives? Are we proving the superiority of a true Christian culture to the sceptical culture reflected by so many of the poets, the essayists, the historians, the critics, and the liberal preachers? We are no longer a poor and illiterate people, looked upon by our countrymen as foreigners and interlopers. Catholics are taking foremost places in the professions and trades. There are Catholic schools everywhere. Catholic colleges in the United States number about seventy, and many of them are flourishing and well equipped. The teaching orders which have done so much good in other countries have been established here for many years. It is surely time to look for considerable results from our sacrifices and our zeal in the cause of Catholic education. Certainly in one respect the schools are accomplishing nearly all that could be expected of them, for they supply us with devout and energetic priests and with many recruits for the religious communities. But what is to be said of the intellectual advancement of the Catholic laity? What influence are they exercising upon the literature, thought, morality, and

social customs of the community of which they form so large a part?

Perhaps the answers to all the questions embraced in the foregoing paragraph may be indicated by the answer to the last one, and that will not be hard to find. The Catholics are by far the largest body of Christians in the United States; in the metropolis they are nearly as many as all the rest of the population combined; and yet nobody who reads the newspapers will question that they are of less account in public affairs than any other denomination with which the public condescends to reckon at all —far less than the Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Episcopalians; less than the Jews or the ethical-culture atheists; less even than some of the minor sects whom most of us hardly know by name. We hear a great deal of ignorant and random talk about an assumed political force called "the Catholic vote"; but how little influence the Catholics as a body are supposed to exert upon the development of American culture and the tendencies of American thought may be illustrated by a single fact: namely, they are the only religious denomination whom the newspapers are not afraid of. The secular press, professing to be neutral in theology, takes pains not to wound the susceptibilities of any class of believers or non-believers, except the most numerous class of all—the Catholics. If a reflection upon any Protestant sect, or upon Hebrews, or upon infidels is inadvertently printed the editor is ready to apologize and explain. These people are his customers and he cannot afford to offend them. But the Catholics are his customers, too. He wants their money, and the party which he serves wants their votes. Yet he affronts them every day. There are prominent journals which never let pass a chance for a whack at the papists; and the papers which Catholics are supposed, rightly or wrongly, to be most in the habit of reading are sometimes more unfair and injurious to them than any of the others. It seems to be an accepted belief in newspaper offices that it is not worth while to be civil to Catholics, because they will not resent anything, or do not know how. In point of fact they do not resent anything. Irritating misrepresentations of Catholic doctrines and practices, or of the facts of Catholic history, or of the relation of current events to the Catholic Church rarely provoke a protest in the place where the falsehood appeared. The Catholic weekly papers perhaps take up the matter and publish an answer which nobody sees except Catholics, who do not need it—not even the offending editor to whom it is addressed. The secular journalist knows

by experience that if he attacks Catholics no Catholic will be likely to annoy him by asking space for a reply, nor will Catholics stop their subscriptions. He learns to think of them as a class apart from the rest, who read carelessly, if they read at all; who have not much literature of their own and not much interest in the literature of their neighbors; who are quite indifferent to the usual agencies by which other men try to enforce respect for their sentiments. Thus we have the anomaly that, while everybody looks upon the Catholic Church as the most redoubtable of institutions, nobody pays much regard to the opinions of the Catholic public.

We shall have no difficulty in understanding why we are thus regarded if we look a little at the kind of life we are leading. The materialism of the age affects us in common with our Protestant friends, but not in just the same way. We are not losing ourselves in the vagaries of atheistic speculation, but then we are not thinking at all. We are indifferent to the sceptical and agnostic literature of the day, but equally indifferent to all other literature. Our reading is almost confined to the daily press, and even that exercise is performed with the least possible thought. For there are different ways of reading the newspaper: one man sees nothing in it but the murders, the horse-races, the defalcations, the glove-fights, the trivial miscellany of news which is not news, while another finds the record of ideas and events which have a practical significance for mankind; and those who read without thought always read what is not worth remembering. Our seventy colleges are turning out every year some thousands of young men trained more or less in the higher studies, and our schools and academies are preparing many thousands more to compete on fair terms with non-Catholics of average education. What are all these cultivated Catholics doing in the world? They are buying and selling. They are speculating in corners. They are building railroads and wrecking them. They are deep in faction politics. They are all in a hurry to get rich and to have a place in society. Lives more destitute than theirs of intellectual activity it would be hard to imagine among an educated people.

That is a rude thing to say of our Catholic laity; but everybody who has studied the literary movement of the present generation knows that the Catholic share in it—we are speaking always of the Catholics of the United States—far from keeping pace with the growth of the population, is actually on the decline. A few weeks ago the principal Catholic publishers of the

United States joined in a circular letter to the clergy, the heads of institutions, etc., in the course of which they told some startling truths: "The average sale of any new Catholic book published within the past ten years has not reached by one-half the number of copies sold of similar books twenty years ago." Nor can it be said that, while the circulation of each particular work has fallen off, the increase in the number of works has raised the total sales to a respectable aggregate. There is no such increase. The loss is absolute, and it represents an absolute reduction in the number of Catholic buyers.

Consider for a moment what this means. Literature is rapidly expanding in this country and acquiring an enormous influence. It is occupying the place which in the Protestant community was once filled by the pulpit. It is the only acquisition except money for which Americans entertain a great respect. The strength of any class in the formation and direction of the national character may be measured by its literary progress. Yet while our countrymen hurry forward we go back. As we increase in numbers, as we heap up wealth, as we build schools and colleges, as we manufacture bachelors and masters of arts—we cease to read. The number of retail booksellers is less than it was twenty years ago. For the past ten years the Catholic book-business generally has been conducted at a loss. Attempts to increase the circulation of works of the best class by printing them in cheap editions have failed. Attempts to commend them to people of taste and means by handsome editions have fared not much better. If it were proper to give figures of the sale of certain of the ablest, the most interesting, and the best known of the Catholic books now in the market the disclosures would be astonishing. It is true that now and then a book achieves popularity, but the rare cases of capricious success only make the surrounding failures more disheartening. Prayer-books and school-books apart, all branches of literature — history, biography, dogma, philosophy, fiction, the belles-lettres—wither under the general blight. Catholic publishers have tried hard, but they cannot find anything that the Catholic public will read. Even Cardinal Newman, whom the world recognizes as one of the greatest masters of English style and dialectics, at once one of the strongest and most delightful writers of the century, is read much more by Protestants than by the Catholic laity.

The general neglect of reading works evil in more than one way. It paralyzes publishers and it kills authors. Twenty years ago there was fair promise of the growth of a vigorous Catholic

literature in this country. To-day there is hardly a sign of it. Something is accomplished by the periodical press; but a large proportion of the articles in reviews and magazines must be, from the nature of the case, of a light and an ephemeral character, otherwise they would not sell. Few of us can afford to write a book, and nobody can earn a living as a Catholic "man of letters." Those who have the taste and scholarship to make literature their profession are quickly rebuffed if they address themselves to Catholics. Either they are driven to some other calling, and their lives, it may be, are spoiled, or they write their books for non-Catholics and keep their religion for domestic use.

The circular of the publishers just referred to suggests the establishment of lending-libraries in Catholic parishes. This is a good scheme, and it will be especially useful in creating an interest in books among a class of laymen whose indifference to serious reading is more the result of habit and example than of actual distaste. Whatever may be done to improve the condition of things should be undertaken on the principle that the road to reform is not by forcing the distribution of books but by cultivating a taste for them. The inquiry naturally arises whether our institutions of learning are at all responsible for the prevailing apathy. Of course that question is asked. Whenever we convict ourselves of intellectual indolence we try to throw the blame upon our colleges. Some of them—perhaps most of them—are doing all that lies in their power to develop the literary instinct in their students. If the results have not been brilliant it must be remembered that the colleges often deal with rough material; that only a small proportion of the pupils go through a full course; that much has to be done in a short time; and that the instruction must usually be adapted to the average capacity of the class rather than to the few superior intellects. Still, it will hardly be denied that an ampler recognition of the great importance of the literary life, and the commanding position which the man of letters is assuming in society, might well be urged upon certain of our institutions; that the college libraries might be improved; that the exercises of college societies might be directed with wiser reference to the wants of the time; and that professors might more generally accept it as their function not only to lay down rules and state facts but also to cultivate taste. The Young Men's Literary Societies which have been established in many parishes are in a certain sense supplements to the schools, and they can continue a great deal of

the school influence. Still more important are—or, let us rather say, might be—the college alumni associations, comprising, as they do, so large a proportion of professional men with whom study in one form or another ought to be a lifelong pursuit. Founded principally for social purposes, these organizations have proved in several instances of practical benefit to the colleges, and they are always useful to their members by strengthening a comradeship formed under Catholic influences. How easily might their value be doubled if their meetings were also made to nourish and expand the literary spirit, and to remind young men that when they take their degrees they have not done with books, but have just learned how to use them! There is no need that alumni associations should degenerate into debating societies; but, without the formality of set literary exercises, it would be a simple matter to give them the character of a literary club, in which conversation runs naturally upon books, and authors, and movements in the intellectual world, and all the various miscellany of topics which interest refined and educated persons. Here the young man fresh from the class-room might meet the elder scholar whose culture, begun at college, has been enlarged by time and use. Here the friendly intercourse of old associates might be celebrated with a modicum of talk somewhat better than the gossip of the street. Here the latest products of the press might afford a theme for entertaining talk; and whenever we do have a glimpse of Catholic literature it might obtain an appreciative mention. It only needs the example and personal efforts of a few of the best-equipped members, priests and laymen, to give these associations an elevated tone and a most valuable literary influence. Thus improved they will be sure to attract the best of the alumni; and where the best men go the others will be apt to follow. Make the assembly of the graduates a centre of taste, intelligence, scholarship, criticism, and not only will the effect be felt in Catholic society, and ultimately in general society, but there will be a reflex influence upon the college also. Nothing will so readily strengthen intellectual habits among the students as a consciousness that intellectual habits prevail among the alumni. Then we may look for the development of a higher life. But in the meantime we may profitably remember the reply of Pius IX. to an amiable Italian who lamented that there was no way of reforming the country. "Oh! yes," said the pope, "I know an excellent way. Let every man begin by reforming himself."

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THE COMEDY OF CONFERENCE.

SCENE: *Exeter Hall, London.* TIME: 18—.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

American Delegates.	English Delegates.
Rev. Bishop Latitude, Methodist Episcopal.	Rev. Dr. Chosen, Presbyterian.
Rev. Dr. Topheavy, Baptist.	Rev. Dr. Sophical, Wesleyan.
Rev. Dr. Flurry, Presbyterian.	Rev. Dr. Ballast, Baptist.
Rev. Dr. Liberal, Congregationalist.	Rev. Dr. Whistle, Independent.
Rev. Dr. Bounce, Lutheran.	Rev. Washington Dipwell, Baptist.
Rev. Dr. Jocund, Methodist Episcopal.	Rev. Luther Knockpope, Wesleyan.
Prof. Augustus Synonym, having the chair of Lost Arts and Occult Sciences, —— College.	Rev. Amen Hallelujah, Primitive Methodist.
	Prof. Jeremy Ratio, holding the chair of Algebraic Inequalities, etc., etc., —— University.

Together with a large, enthusiastic, and somewhat demonstrative audience.

In the Conference this afternoon Dr. Topheavy, from the Committee on Amusements, moved to suspend the rules and take up for consideration the motion offered by Dr. Chosen relating to a definition of church unity. This was agreed to, and the house proceeded to consider the motion as in Committee of the Whole, Bishop Latitude in the chair.

(The resolution referred to was as follows: *Resolved*, That Conference proceed to define the unity of the evangelical denominations.)

THE CHAIR hoped gentlemen would not embarrass the discussion of the measure by a repetition of the asperities which had attended its introduction. He approved the resolution and urged its adoption. (Hear.) He trusted Conference would be able to grapple with the difficulties of the case. He saw a difference between a definition and the reality of unity, but assumed the mover of the resolution had faith that the former would beget the latter. None could doubt the necessity of the definition, for it was clear that up to the present time Protestantism had shown its vitality chiefly in the multiplication of sects.

PROF. SYNONYM pointed out that a definition of unity presupposed the existence of tangible unity. At present, however, the nucleus of that unity was invisible. He therefore recommended the immediate materialization of a nucleus or centre of unity

about which the various atoms of their proposed ecclesiastical structure might be balanced. (Hear, hear.)

PROF. RATIO thought the idea a happy one. The church could then be brought into stable equilibrium. (Cheers.)

DR. TOPHEAVY hoped the learned professor would explain, as this appeared to be a consideration of no small moment.

PROF. RATIO replied that were the church brought into stable equilibrium by the harmony of their action it could not be permanently disturbed by any hell-contrived scheme, but would, on the removal of the disturbing cause, immediately resume its position of rest. (Applause.)

DR. WHISTLE argued that evangelical unity was of a nebulous nature. An ecclesiastical nebulosity was something startling, he admitted. (Laughter.) On examination, however, the idea would be found reasonable. Nebulæ were known to be variously organized, some species being resolved by the telescope into separate stars, while others appeared to consist of a substance pervading space, the separation of whose atoms was not discernible. Therefore if the proposed definition should recognize the different churches, to quote *Hudibras*, in

"Their entity and quiddity"

as integers, of which this class of nebulæ would be a forcible numeric symbol, it would be a nebulous definition after the first order named by him; but if the definition should ascertain a conglomerate unity it would be after the second order, but still nebulous. (Hear, hear.)

DR. JOCUND said nothing was clearer than that this was a somewhat opaque subject. (Laughter.) If it were necessary, at this early stage of debate, to appeal to such extraneous subjects as the laws of motion and the science of astronomy, the prospects of reaching a definition were not flattering. (Renewed laughter.)

DR. BOUNCE was unable to see why church unity should be placed in a category of indefinable subjects, of which the one named by his learned friend (waving his hand in the direction of Dr. Whistle) was perhaps the most indefinable. He moved that the resolution be tabled. (Motion lost.)

DR. CHOSEN agreed with the last speaker. Why cry danger before it had made its appearance? He failed to perceive why this subject should be handled so gingerly. In support of his measure he contended that a definition of the Scriptural unity of the church, as held by the evangelical denominations of

Christians, should be their first care. As the Bible was their sole guide, it was safe to assume they would not reject that unity to which the Bible plainly directed them. (Cheers.)

DR. BOUNCE, though a close Bible student, failed to remember that it included a treatise on the unity of the evangelical denominations.

DR. CHOSEN admitted that it did not, but he was speaking of principles, not names.

DR. BOUNCE argued that in the case in point names and principles were too closely identified to be disassociated. The names were, in fact, the indices of the principles involved.

DR. CHOSEN granted this, but objected to the use of the plural term "principles" as applied to the essence of modern Christianity, which he considered was synonymous with Protestantism. He urged it had but one principle throughout.

DR. SOPHICAL demonstrated that the theory advanced was inconsistent with itself. If names were indices of principles, then was the church edified, in round numbers, by one thousand different principles, the church in the aggregate being possessed of that number of distinct names.

DR. BOUNCE had long seen the incongruity of preaching a doctrine of charity which they could not practise. In theory a chimerical sort of charity knit them together, while in practice the differences were sufficiently irreconcilable to keep them asunder. In practice the Christian sects were unlike the sciences, which, as Blackstone had said, "are of a sociable disposition and flourish best in the neighborhood of each other." They preached one church militant, in which they charitably embraced all the denominations in Conference represented. But in practice they recognized as many churches militant as there were denominations fighting for separate organization. In other words, the theory was one church fighting against the powers of darkness, while the practice was many churches fighting against each other. In fact, he doubted whether his stable friend on his right (indicating Dr. Topheavy) fought the powers of darkness or the pedo-baptists with the greater zeal. (Laughter, in which Dr. Topheavy good-humoredly joined.) According to the present status, it was consoling to know that they could *preach* a charity the practice of which was not expected. By altering that status a principle might be created the practice of which, though obligatory, would be impossible.

DR. FLURRY thought it unwise to invite such a *casus omissus* as the last speaker had shown was capable of arising. That the

denominations collectively were the church he *might* admit; but that his own denomination *per se* was not the church he denied. This view, he assumed, was held by each delegate. (Cries of "Good!" and cheers.)

DR. SOPHICAL said the churches hesitated to accept the doctrine that they held the faith only as an aggregation. In such a case the most positive dogmatist could only claim to expound but an excerpt from the treasure confided to the church. It would be manifestly absurd for any of them to profess to expound the faith while repudiating the possession of that faith in its entirety. (Sensation.)

DR. WHISTLE suggested that if this subject rose to the dignity of a doctrine it might be termed the doctrine of the umbrella. (Laughter and calls to order.) As an umbrella had two distinct formations under different requirements, an extended and a compressed condition, so as debate advanced would they find evangelical unity had similar properties. Like the umbrella, it might be stretched out for service and compressed for home use. (Renewed laughter and cries of "Order! order!") When extended for service it was a stretched-out umbrella and received all the droppings, in the character of creeds and opinions, that fell on it; but when compressed for home use it was a shut-up umbrella, with a string around it gathering it exclusively to itself, and was representative of the main idea, "Each man for himself." (Unrestrained merriment.)

DR. BALLAST was pained to observe that this subject, than which few were more sacred, was being treated with about as little reverence as a football usually encountered in a playground.

DR. SOPHICAL, whose reading on the subject had been varied, would be glad to have some one give a lucid explanation of the views of the Reformers upon it.

DR. BALLAST said the Confession of Augsburg, in Article VII., declared: "We teach that there is a holy church, which must eternally subsist."

DR. SOPHICAL had frequently read this article and viewed it with alarm. It also taught that "the church is the assembly of saints, wherein the Gospel is rightly taught and the sacraments rightly administered." This, taken with that part of the article quoted by the last speaker, showed that even the church of mediæval darkness was known by the true preaching of the word and the right administration of the sacraments. It followed that a different preaching and a different administra-

tion were marks of a fictitious church—a denunciation, coming as it did from the primordial mouthpiece of Protestantism, neither agreeable nor edifying. As the church of the middle ages was the "assembly of saints," it resulted that the pope, as its head, was the chief saint. (Great laughter, mingled with hisses and cries of "Sit down," etc.) Ignatius of Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, was another saint. (Renewed evidences of disapprobation.) But he would forbear.

(As the speaker resumed his seat he, with a touch of irony, called for other definitions of the church by the Reformers.)

DR. WHISTLE would be glad to form the acquaintance of any Reformer who could satisfy him that the church had not come remotely from the divine Grantor by *mesne* assignment through the pope and his satellites.

DR. JOCUND said that Conference regarded this subject in the light of a patient. The zeal displayed in examining this dead issue of unity called to his mind, however, the anxiety manifested by doctors to conduct a *post-mortem* examination, which, even if satisfactory to the operators, was of no avail to the subject. (Laughter.)

DR. BALLAST renewed his objections to the course pursued in debate, and appealed to the chair to confine speakers to the question.

THE CHAIR, while disposed to allow the largest freedom in debate, counselled less levity and closer adherence to the question.

DR. TOPHEAVY showed that the dilemma which Dr. Sophical had named grew out of the Confession of Augsburg attempting to prove that the church was visible in all ages—an error which was reiterated in the apology for that Confession, which said: "We have never dreamed that the church was a platonic city not to be found on earth." The Confessions of Bohemia, Würtemberg and Strassburg, and others, asserted substantially the same error; but as soon as the difficulty attendant upon that doctrine became apparent the Reformers, in the Helvetic Confession, announced, "The church may be called *invisible*."

PROF. RATIO thought if invisibility were a mark of the church, the church might be termed an unknown quantity, in which case relief would be found in algebra. (Laughter.) Let x = the church—

(The speaker was interrupted by loud calls to order, and sat down with an air of disgust.)

DR. BALLAST said the difficulties arising from both visibility and invisibility were met in the catechism of the Reformed Church of France, which, in its article on the Creed, sanctioned both views. It taught:

"There is, indeed, a *visible* church of God, conformable to the signs he hath given us to know her by; but in this place" (*i.e.*, the Creed), "properly speaking, is meant the society of those whom he hath elected for salvation, *which cannot be fully discerned by the eye.*"

He believed, however, that the predominating sentiment of the Reformers was in favor of a visible church, which, in his judgment, Scripture plainly taught. M. Jurieu, the eminent apologist for the Reformation, had said: "The church is taken in Scripture for a society always visible."* The theory of visible unity, however skilfully maintained, could not, in his (Dr. B.'s) opinion, outweigh the practical invisibility of the union of evangelical Christendom; and hence he had ceased to look for Scriptural unity in the church.

DR. CHOSEN said in drafting the resolution he had contemplated a definition of Scriptural unity. He did not care a bodle for the speculative views of the Reformers. Melancthon, for instance, had asserted "that articles of faith should be frequently changed in conformity to times and circumstances."† In all human societies, excepting only the Evangelical Church, men sought for a living, speaking authority in whom the presiding, executive, and declaratory power should reside. With it, however, this rule was reversed. Did any gentleman present dispute the fact that the administration of a superior in all human societies was of divine appointment? Since the Reformation, however, the Evangelical Church had apparently acted upon the assumption that it had, by some super-divine authority, been absolved from this divine obligation.

DR. TOPHEAVY debated the theory advanced. The rejection of supreme authority was a fundamental tenet of Protestantism—in fact, the only one of universal acceptance among Protestants. (Cheers.)

DR. CHOSEN replied that the injunction, "Honor the king,"‡ showed that whilst God undoubtedly exercised a general dominion over all his creatures, there was still an earthly, living, speaking authority in every organized society, to whom obedience was directly due, and through whom it was rendered ulti-

**Syst.*, p. 215. †*Edinburgh Review*, No. 121, October, 1834. ‡1 Peter ii. 17.

mately to God. That such a headship was necessary in human affairs was evident from two points of observation: first, from that of reason and experience; and, secondly, from the express command of God enjoining respect to those in authority.

Rev. Washington Dipwell failed to see how the gentleman could animadvert upon the conduct of Protestants in this regard, since all bowed to the authority of their own churches.

Dr. Chosen desired to be heard out. Indubitable evidence that the church had a spokesman was found in the fact that it was given a voice. The admonition to "hear the church" was not given to one age or people, but to all times and the whole world.

(Some commotion followed the speaker's last words, and ejaculations of "This isn't Protestant!" "Papist doctrine!" etc., were heard to emanate from the Rev. Luther Knockpope and others.)

Rev. Wesley Lovefeast inquired how error was condemned by this voice during fifteen hundred years before the blessed Reformation.

Rev. Washington Dipwell demanded to know how the present universality of this voice could be held in view of the fact that evangelical teaching was as yet almost unknown outside of the few strongholds of Protestantism.

Dr. Chosen was not here as an oracle to expound the mysteries of the divine page. Should he attempt to do so he would trench on the inalienable right which each one present enjoyed of interpreting them according to the light given him. He repeated that the church had been given a voice, designed to be heard during all ages, and contended that the church had at all times constituted an authority to which appeal could be taken. To allay the impatience which he saw arising he would take occasion to declare that he abhorred the name and pretensions of the papacy. (Cheers.) In law the possibility of the failure of a court once established to be in readiness to entertain a cause in action was not contemplated. The court might stand adjourned, but it was still constituted in such a manner as to be ready to assemble at the proper time and adjudge causes. In like manner the speaking or authoritative church possessed such characteristics as enabled it to use the voice given it whenever truth was to be defined or error condemned. In order to have such powers it possessed a faculty of self-knowledge which could only spring from a perfect unity. The patriarchs, exercising in their families the double office of priest and governor,

always maintained for the church a visibleness and vigor of action. The Jewish Church always spoke with the voice of authority, which continued unsilenced down to the time of Christ, who said: "The Scribes and the Pharisees sit in Moses' seat; all, therefore, *whatsoever* they bid you observe, that observe and do." * Scripture, in defining the character of the Christian Church, used no uncertain language. It held out the same oneness of doctrine and government which had characterized the church of past ages, from which alone the voice which all were commanded under pain of anathema to hear could emanate.

(At this juncture the Rev. Luther Knockpope, who had been exceedingly restive under Dr. Chosen's remarks, sprang forward as though shot from a catapult, and in an excited manner addressed the house, leaving Dr. Chosen in his place looking appealingly to the chair.)

Rev. Luther Knockpope rose to inquire what license was to be allowed this gentleman, who in the course of his remarks had invoked Scripture to his aid with the apparent intention of confounding the most sacred tenets of Protestantism? (Hear, hear.) The gentleman had assumed there was a superior authority in the church. Did he arrogate this to his denomination? Did he arrogate this to himself personally? (Derisive laughter.) Did he hope by his insidious policy to arouse an unholy ambition in the breast of their amiable chairman? (Renewed laughter, in which the chair heartily joined.) Where, he (Mr. K.) demanded to know, was this authority? To this, and all kindred doctrines having their origin on the banks of the Tiber, he would exclaim, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" (Loud cheering.) The gentleman had said they must find a Scriptural unity among themselves. He (the speaker) believed in Scriptural unity only as he found it in his own denomination, and he doubted not that each delegate did the same. (Applause.) The gentleman had attributed a voice to the church, and evidently desired to be recognized as its author. (Laughter.) If this were Scriptural the sooner Scripture were discarded the better; for he was free to say that if Scripture were found to side with popery he was for upholding Protestantism against both popery and the Bible.

(Tremendous cheering, which lasted several minutes, during which the reverend speaker, smiling his acknowledgments, sank into his seat.)

Dr. Chosen, in resuming, said his excitable friend had raised

* Matt. xxiii. 2, 3.

a "no-popery" cry upon very little provocation. He (Dr. C.) abhorred all sensationalism in religion, and would not stop to express his disapprobation of the diatribe to which they had just listened, except to so much of it as bore upon him personally. He repelled the gentleman's insinuation that he aspired to papal honors. (Cheers.) Had he (the speaker) been allowed to continue his remarks their meaning would have been made manifest to all. None could doubt that the faith was yet extant (cries of "No! no!") and that it was joined with unity. As the faith was one and indivisible, being in fact the exponent of the mind of the divine Unity, it was clear that the faith could not be expounded save by the voice of unity. A unity of mind and voice always went together, else the voice would fail to express the intention of the mind. It was not his province to explain (even could he do so) the relation existing in the Evangelical Church between faith and unity. That was a privilege which belonged to Conference alone, and which he had endeavored to offer for their acceptance in framing his resolution.

DR. JOCUND, as a member of the house, did not propose to stand on his rights in this regard.

PROF. RATIO, as both a mathematician and theologian, looked upon the proposition as incapable of solution.

DR. BALLAST recurred to an assertion previously made by him, that Scripture taught a visible church. He was not ignorant of the boldness of this declaration. So wide a field had, however, been opened in debate that he would venture, even at the risk of adding to present embarrassment, to show what Scriptural unity was. Perhaps Conference had not adequately considered the full Scriptural proof of the sensible unity of the early Christian Church. It was a unity which admitted of no question as to its integrity. He would invite consideration of some of the Old-Testament types of the church, each of which would be found to point to a visible and sensible unity such as was begun on the day of Pentecost. Eve was perhaps the earliest type of the church. Christ was the second Adam; and the bride of the first Adam was a type of the church, the bride of the second. Eve was the "mother of all living";* the church was styled "the mother of us all."† As to the application, none could doubt the unity and visibility of Eve. (Hear, hear.) Though weak and erring, she was nevertheless a unit. (Applause.) Tempted of the serpent, and the instrument of her

* Gen. iii. 20. † Gal. iv. 26.

husband's fall, she still preserved the virtue of unity. (Great applause.)

DR. CHOSEN inquired at what period in the history of Eve the virtue of unity had departed from her.

DR. BALLAST insisted that he could, if time were allowed him, prove by Scripture his supposition of Eve's unity, which, he observed with amazement, was questioned in some quarters.

(The risibilities of Conference having been excited by the offer to prove a fact so well authenticated, the close of Dr. Ballast's remarks was not heard by the reporter; and, amid cries of "Louder" and calls to order, Dr. B. resumed his chair.)

DR. BOUNCE argued that the *pillar*, which was admittedly an emblem of unity, was in the Scriptures a common symbol of the church. The patriarch Jacob had said: "This stone which I have set for a *pillar* shall be God's house."* In the story of the ladder he had said: "How dreadful is this place! This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." The narrative continued: "Jacob rose up early in the morning, and took the stone that he had put for his pillows, and set it up for a *pillar*, and poured oil upon the top of it."† Again, he said: "This stone which I have set up for a *pillar* shall be God's house." In another place it was recorded that he "set up a pillar in the place where God talked with him, even a *pillar* of stone," which place Jacob named Bethel.‡ If any should doubt, said Dr. Bounce in conclusion, that the pillar was a type of the church he would refer them to St. Paul, who, writing to Timothy, had spoken of "the house of God, which is the church of the living God, the *pillar* and ground of the truth."§

DR. WHISTLE pointed out that the last speakers might appropriately have united on Lot's wife, who, it would be remembered, had oddly combined in her person the figures employed by both, and was equally illustrative of the unity of the woman and the pillar. (Laughter.)

PROF. RATIO thought it was about time for Conference to determine what sort of unity they were in search of. (Hear.) Every unit was either abstract or denominate. Each religious body there represented was obviously either an abstract or denominate number or the naught of the Arabic notation. No delegate would consent to denote his society by the zero sign. (Cries of "No!") Would any gentleman consent to admit that his society was represented by an abstract number? (No! no!)

*Gen. xxviii. 22. †Gen. xxviii. 17, 18. ‡Gen. xxxv. 14, 15. §1 Tim. iii. 15.

He thought not. That would be bare notation without sensible or substantial definition. (Shouts of "Good" and applause.) Hence each delegate had no choice but to say that he represented a unit capable of some species of denomination. Suppose, continued the speaker, a spectator should be interrogated in regard to the constitution of this Conference, and should reply, It consists of one, two, four, twenty, or fifty—and should then stop; he would do exactly what Conference was now doing. It hesitated *to name* the units, and consequently left them abstract. Should, however, he proceed and add "churches," and thus convert each abstract into a denominate number, he would at once nullify the conception of a unity of the church by setting up a collection of units, each designated by the common term "church." (Sensation.) If each unit were denominate, and the term "church" the name of each, Conference had simply to employ addition, and, by counting the units present, learn the number of churches in their sum. (Increased sensation.) But in the event of failure to name the units any addition would be a mere abstract summation, representing a system of notation, but defining nothing substantive.

PROF. SYNONYM inquired if his learned brother thought the idea of fractional church unity applicable to the present issue.

PROF. RATIO opined not. Considering the church as the unit of a fraction, and each society as a fractional unit, the number of equal parts into which the unit would be divided would not be constant, but variable. For instance, when there were but two societies the fractional unit would be indicated by $\frac{1}{2}$; when four, by $\frac{1}{4}$; when twenty, by $\frac{1}{20}$; and he would, of course, be unable to tell the value of a fraction unless he were advised of the extent of the denominator, which, in the present case, would be dependent on the number of societies.

DR. JOCUND hoped Prof. Synonym did not aim to show, by an exhibition of fractional divisibility, the extent of evangelical truth possessed by each fractional unit of his ecclesiastical digit. (Laughter.)

PROF. SYNONYM, with some heat of manner, resented the imputation. He was unaware that any expression had escaped him which could be tortured into such a meaning.

DR. JOCUND disclaimed any intention to distort the sense of the learned professor's words—if, indeed, there was in them any sense which could be distorted. The idea of a fractional distribution of Gospel truth— (Laughter.)

Prof. Synonym rose to order. Was the gentleman still harping on him?

Dr. Jocund replied he was not, but thanked the professor for suggesting a thought which struck him as inexpressibly funny. As he was saying, the idea of a fractional distribution of Gospel truth was too good to be passed without comment. It was a logical, he might say common-fractional, apology for the ungodliness of the present generation. It was a demonstration! "No wonder," he continued, "our preaching is vain, when the Gospel-power of each pulpit is only one-fiftieth of the standard pressure." (Great laughter and calls to order.)

Prof. Synonym rejoiced that he had, though unintentionally, contributed so greatly to the amusement of Conference. The question, however, arose: Was the house assembled simply for purposes of entertainment?

Dr. Jocund thought it was. The pending question, by what arrangement he knew not, had emanated from the chairman of the Committee on Amusements. (Renewed laughter.)

Dr. Topheavy rose to explain. In proposing the measure he had not acted officially. He, however, regretted the circumstance. Had it occurred to him in time it would have deterred him from assuming the parentage of a resolution of such moment.

Dr. Flurry moved that Conference sit with closed doors.

(This motion was seconded amid noisy adverse demonstrations on the part of the audience.)

Rev. Washington Dipwell objected. The audience needed enlightenment. Why send them away empty? Let them be relieved from the state of uncertainty into which they had, probably unconsciously, drifted. (General applause.)

Dr. Jocund had supposed the motion was made in the interests of the audience, and in their behalf would support it. (Laughter and calls for the question. Motion lost.)

The Chair said something was wanting. Was it the nucleus of which a delegate had spoken? He thought it was. The worn-out field of argument, whose barrenness could only produce the tares of illogical conclusions, must be fertilized by original thought before the proposed definition could be reaped. Fame and honor were before the delegate who should be able to vary debate with any effective originality.

Prof. Synonym felt a pride which he trusted was pardonable n reverting to a suggestion previously made by him. He might

be remembered as having, at the opening of debate, pointed out the necessity now recognized by the chair.

PROF. RATIO failed to see how his brother professor could experience a pardonable, or indeed any, pride in having addressed an insolvable proposition to the house.

(At this juncture the Rev. Dr. Topheavy, who for several minutes had been occupied in intense thought, arose with a countenance beaming with satisfaction and confidently announced that he had discovered the *primum mobile*, the mainspring which should overcome the inertia of debate. A profound interest having been immediately created—)

DR. TOPHEAVY proceeded to argue that the existing difficulties were lessened by an appeal to Holy Writ and the voice of antiquity. The sacred record and the patristic writings showed that the primitive church, in its worship and discipline, differed materially from all the denominations here represented. (Sensation.) From that let them take courage.

REV. LUTHER KNOCKPOPE failed to see how encouragement was to be derived from evidence that the Protestant Church was not conformable to the church of the Bible. It was, however, his privilege to feel that Protestantism was divine, whether found to be wholly in accord with Scripture or not.

DR. WHISTLE begged Dr. Topheavy to unfold his novel theory, which appeared to be the converse of the legend *similia similibus curantur*. (Laughter.)

DR. TOPHEAVY said that were no denominational distinctions to be found among them, in which event they would possess the visible unity of the early church, they would reasonably expect to find all the practices of the early church perpetuated in their midst. He called attention to the fact, attested by Josephus and other historians, that the Jewish Church, the unity of which centred in all ages around the high-priest, had in no wise abated or changed its ceremonial from the time of Moses to the coming of Christ. Had, he continued, the celebration of the Passover or of the feast of unleavened bread at any time been discontinued in the Jewish Church; or had at any time its altars been found made of hewn stone, contrary to appointment; or had the veil of the Temple at any time been found of colors other than blue and purple and scarlet, or the Jewish priests been found ministering without the prescribed coats, girdles, and bonnets, the observer would probably have expected also to find the visible unity departed and the occupation of its exponent and centre—that important functionary the high-priest—gone. Taking for

his premises the assumption that one of the ends of a visible centre of jurisdiction was to promote uniformity of practice, the reverend speaker argued that in the Christian Church the spectacle of a changed practice was proof of a changed organization. Therefore if the Evangelical Church had to-day the visible unity of the church as first established, it, the former, would be inexcusable in not having the practice of the latter. But however they might be found to differ from those of the first ages of Christianity, none present could doubt the propriety and legality of the practices of their respective denominations, to a belief in the integrity of which each delegate was in fact committed. Hence, as these practices were notoriously different from those of the primitive church, it was futile to attempt to reconcile them with primitive unity. In the Evangelical Church, he contended, true faith and true practice were united. He was content to possess the faith, which he deemed of greater importance than any other consideration. It was clear that this, in their day, could not be joined with recognizable unity, for the obvious reason that the faith—namely, the principles of Protestantism, as also lawful practice (so conceded)—was held only in disunity. This view was strengthened by the consideration that the church which was now the only exponent of visible unity was the one whose articles of faith it was their work and privilege to protest against and dissent from. He referred to the Roman Catholic Church. The papists had the unity, and hence his (the speaker's) joy; for, not participating in the unity of the papists, he concluded that he had the faith of the saints. (Great applause.)

Dr. Chosen desired to remark that until now theology had been a sealed book and a dead letter to him.

Dr. Topheavy failed to hear the gentleman's words, which, however, he took to be offensive. He demanded their repetition. (Sensation.)

Dr. Chosen, with some degree of sarcasm, replied that possibly the doctor's hearing would come by faith. Certainly his faith had not come by hearing. (Calls to order and cries of "Louder!")

Dr. Topheavy excitedly inquired if the gentleman's rejoinder was meant to be personal. "Was he personally or theologically attacked?" (Renewed calls to order and derisive laughter.)

Dr. Ballast objected to any reflections upon members of Conference. (Cries of "Order," "Chair," etc., etc.)

DR. FLURRY demanded that Dr. Chosen's last words be taken down and ruled on by the chair.

(Cries of "Mr. Chairman" from all parts of the hall. The chair held that if the words were used with an individual or personal reference they were not parliamentary; if with a theological reference they were parliamentary.)

DR. CHOSEN disclaimed any individual reference. He simply thought the gentleman a theological idiot.

(Uproar. Dr. Topheavy rose to a question of privilege, but was interrupted by energetic calls to order, upon which the chair decided Dr. Chosen still in order. Theological idiocy was not necessarily joined with individual stupidity. So long as this discrimination was made the allusion was clearly parliamentary.)

DR. TOPHEAVY, recognizing the important yet fine distinction drawn by the chair, repeated that visible unity, if found among them, would be a mark of apostasy from the faith; for as the Roman apostasy was now the monopolist of visible unity, it was meet that Protestantism, as the exponent of the true faith, should be in possession of a unity of a less discernible nature. (Hear, hear.)

DR. FLURRY concurred in Dr. Topheavy's views. In support of them he referred to a liturgical worship as a characteristic of the church of visible unity, the church of the Scriptures and the primitive ages. The absence of this characteristic in the Evangelical Church was one proof, of which he hoped many might be adduced, of the soundness of the theory advanced. Archdeacon Paley, in book v. of his *Moral Philosophy*, had asserted that "our Saviour authorized a fixed form of prayer by appointing the Lord's Prayer."* The *Encyclopædia Britannica* said the Psalms of David constituted a public liturgy.† That same standard Protestant work computed that the ancient Coptic liturgies were twelve in number—the liturgy of St. John the Evangelist, of the fathers of the Council of Nice, of Epiphanius, of St. James the Syrian, of St. John Chrysostom, of Jesus Christ, of the Apostles, of St. Cyriac, of St. Gregory, of the patriarch Dioscorus, of St. Basil, and of St. Cyril.‡ Mr. Palmer, in his *Origines Liturgicæ*,§ had reduced all the liturgies of the primitive churches to four—the great Oriental, the Alexandrian, the

* See also Wheatley, *Rational Illustration*, pp. 3–8, and Lightfoot's works, vol. ii. p. 1036 et seq.

† (Eighth edition) vol. xiii. p. 516. ‡ Ibid. § Oxford, 1813.

Roman, and the Gallican.* Such valued authorities as the *Pantalogia* † and the *New American Cyclopædia*, ‡ in their articles on liturgies, had admitted the authenticity of the liturgies ascribed to SS. Peter, Chrysostom, James, and Basil, the Armenian liturgy, the liturgy of the Maronites and of the Copts, the Ambrosian liturgy, etc. Pliny, in the second century, writing to the Emperor Trajan an account of the Christian mode of worship, had said: "They are used to meet on a certain day before it is light and sing a hymn alternately § to Christ as God, binding themselves by an oath (not to anything wicked, but) that they will not steal, nor rob, nor commit adultery, nor break their faith, nor withhold the pledge." This statement, the speaker proceeded to show, had been confirmed by Socrates, who had declared ‖ that Ignatius ¶ introduced alternate singing into the church of Antioch. Johnson's *Cyclopædia*, having among its associate editors such stanch Protestants as ex-President Woolsey, of Yale College, Horace Greeley, and Prof. Henry, stated that "in substance more than one" (of the primitive liturgies) "can be traced to about the date of the oldest MSS. of the Bible," and declared that all "by their common structure suggest a common origin." The reverend speaker adverted to the fact that Justin Martyr ** had spoken of "common prayers"; Origen †† of "constituted or appointed prayers"; and Cyprian ‡‡ of "solemn prayers." §§ The Ambrosian liturgy to which he (the speaker) had referred was found by St. Ambrose ‖‖ in use in the cathedral of Milan when he became bishop. ¶¶

(The learned doctor spoke for one hour and commanded marked attention.)

THE REV. WESLEY LOVEFEAST said it was questionable whether the position taken by Dr. Topheavy was strengthened by allusion to the Scriptural and primitive authority for liturgies. The evangelical churches, or some of them, had liturgies. Where, then, was the difference in practice to be seen from which the corollary of an unscriptural and unprimitive unity was to be derived?

DR. FLURRY replied it was true that various liturgies had been prepared for use in the evangelical churches. All the Reformers had more or less engaged at the work. Of the more

* See also Kircher's *Bibliotheca Liturgica*.
† London, 1813.
‡ New York, Appleton & Co., 1860.
§ Antiphonally.
‖ Liber vi. c. 8.
¶ First century.
** Second century.
†† Second century.
‡‡ Third century.
§§ *Encycl. Metropolitana*, pp. 493–4.
‖‖ Fourth century.
¶¶ *Encycl. Met.*, p. 494.

modern liturgies were Dr. Samuel Clarke's Reformed Liturgy—a reformation of one previously pronounced free from error; The Sunday Services; the Wesleyan Methodist Liturgy, prepared by John Wesley; and, on the Continent, that of the *Unitas Fratrum*, or Moravian Brethren.* As to the inquiry put by the last speaker, the existence of those reformed liturgies added weight to Dr. Topheavy's theory by showing that their framers admitted the Scriptural and primitive character of liturgies; while their practical disuse, though in existence, pointed to the radical change which he trusted the unity of the church would be found to have sustained. He argued that the universal use of liturgies in primitive ages—things in themselves not essential—proved an appointing power or centre of jurisdiction, while their disuse pointed with equal clearness to a rejection of, or separation from, such centre.

DR. LIBERAL congratulated Conference on the opening of such a treasure of profound thought. He would strive to fortify the position taken by a view of the organization of the inferior clergy in the primitive church. Under that head the learned Bingham † named subdeacons, acolytes, exorcists, lectors or readers, and ostiarii or doorkeepers, as all existing in the church before the fourth century. Others were named by him, but the erudite author failed to show that they were set apart, as those just named were, by any species of ordination. He (the speaker) thought it impossible for the most vivid imagination to trace a similitude between any of these and the exhorters, licentiates, and class-leaders of the modern churches. An acolyte of the third century, with his candles and incense, would, for instance, be just as much out of place at a Presbyterian synod as an ancient doorkeeper, with his keys, at a Methodist camp-meeting.

DR. WHISTLE said the disuse of vestments and ecclesiastical paraphernalia in general was another point to be considered. If any present doubted the revulsion of feeling in the Evangelical Church against such primitive adornments, let them imagine the negligent ease and comfortable pose of their portly chairman destroyed by the assumption of mitre, chasuble, and dalmatica. He was satisfied of the primitive nature of these things, which, however he might admire them for their æsthetic effect, were, he opined, wholly too rigid and exacting to be adopted by any easy-going evangelical divine.

DR. BOUNCE felt unalloyed pleasure in hearing that his jovial friend had become converted to this way of thinking. Perhaps

* *Encycl. Brit.*, eighth edition, vol. xiii. p. 517. † Bingham, *Antiq.*, book iii.

others, however, had not. He then proceeded to argue that the cloak which St. Paul had left at Troas was an ecclesiastical garment, and cited eminent Protestant and Catholic authority for this belief. Constantine, he continued, had given a vestment richly embroidered with gold to Macarius, Bishop of Jerusalem, while Athanasius had taxed the Egyptians to raise a fund for ecclesiastical garments. Jerome and Chrysostom respectively had written of "white vestments" and "white and shining garments" as belonging to the ecclesiastics of their day. An authority which had been cited by a former speaker, in its learned article on vestments, had said:

"To sum up the whole matter, it is only necessary to add that the same vestments have been in use from time immemorial in both the Eastern and Western churches; and that, though they may have been, and doubtless were, introduced gradually in the way already mentioned (*i.e.*, as a heritage from the Jewish Church, or by adoption from the ancient garments of daily life), they varied from each other only in matters of detail or in bearing different names in different places. The idea of a dress peculiar to the ministers of religion at their ministrations is older than Christianity itself, and is recognized not only by Roman Catholics but by several denominations of Protestants."*

DR. JOCUND rather liked vestments. An amusing episode in his early ministerial career had helped his predilections in their favor. He had been invited to preach by a brother who had one of the most fashionable Methodist congregations in New York. He (the speaker) then had a small country charge, at a salary which, after his board and washing had been paid, admitted of no balance, unless it were in favor of some indulgent creditor. (Laughter.) His wardrobe had not been replenished since his ordination, and a growth in the direction of corpulence, which from motives of economy he had in vain endeavored to check, had produced an apparent shrinkage in the dimensions of his coat. To add to his discomfort the sleeves had become quite tight at the armpits (laughter), which rendered gesticulation a matter of some danger to the fabric. His trousers also had got uncomfortably close, and as the broadcloth was fragile some generalship was needed on his part, while leaning over the preaching-desk, as a safeguard against the danger of an involuntary rending of his garments. (Laughter.) Upon one occasion, however, having allowed his zeal to outrun his prudence, the long-dreaded catastrophe came. He was about to conclude his peroration, and had brought his hand down upon the book with

* Johnson's *Cyclopædia*, vol. iv. p. 1143.

some energy, when he instantly observed the sounds and sensation of two rents. These were repaired by the village tailor, who, to his dismay, put strengthening strips over the places of a material foreign in color and texture to that of the garments. Immediately on receiving the aforementioned invitation to preach his mind was equally engrossed by contemplating the courtesy extended to him and wondering what would be the effect of his attire upon the fashionables who would assemble to hear from his lips the words of life. The Sunday came. When he arose to preach he was seized with a fear that his clerical friend, who sat immediately behind him, if he departed from the perpendicular, would notice the heterogeneous patch; and that if, in a flight of oratory, he raised his right arm his well-dressed hearers, especially a giggling young woman who sat just in front, would see the coat-patch, which, as might be conjectured, was exactly under the shoulder; and he inwardly vowed that neither should be made visible by any overt act on his part. The result might have been foreseen. The restraint under which he labored ruined his sermon. He was nearing the end, and in the act of taking a glass of water for the closing effort, when his clerical friend exclaimed in a whisper: "A little more animation, Jocund, and it's a success." Thus prompted, he was thrown off his guard and at the supreme moment bent forward and raised his arm! A sound of suppressed mirth, followed by a cough and a clearing of the throat from behind, was accompanied with a shriek of laughter from the young woman before him, who, all along evidently amused by his appearance, was now thrown into violent hysterics and was receiving the assiduous attentions of sundry deacons and sisters. (Laughter.) What would he not have given at that moment for a cassock, a gown, an alb, a cope, or any other convenient vestment! (Laughter.) All the millinery of a Roman cardinal would have been acceptable to him on that trying occasion.

DR. BOUNCE was not altogether averse to vestments. He could not forget that the Word of God, according to the nineteenth chapter of Revelation, was "clothed with a vesture dipped in blood," and that the armies which followed Him were "clothed in fine linen white and clean," which showed that vestments of contrasted colors were not unknown in heaven, however distasteful they might be to any of the brethren present.

DR. WHISTLE thought much of what might be termed the romance of religion would fail were the mind brought to contemplate the heroes of the stately religious ceremonials and processions of the middle ages—the era of romance—clad in the

russet coats, kersey slops or breeches, party-colored hose, piked shoes, and other tomfooleries of the age.* Present experience, he regretted to say, proved that many of the younger clergy, to say nothing of the older, were prone to follow many of the frivolities of fashion; and it was reasonable to suppose that, had such a thing been possible in the middle ages, the ceremonials and processions which had formed themes for the painter, the poet, and the novelist would have constituted subjects for the ridicule of all ages. The bishop with kersey slops, the dean with russet coat, and the parochial clergy with party-colored hose would be a sight which the severest Puritan would be scarcely prepared to view with any spiritual edification.

THE CHAIR insisted on a return to the pending measure.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE GREATEST OF MEDIÆVAL HYMNS.

"Quantum flevi in hymnis et canticis tuis, suave sonatis ecclesiæ tuæ vocibus commotis acriter! . . . Eliquabatur veritas tua in cor meum."—ST. AUGUSTINE, *Confessiones*, ix. 6.

THE thirteenth century, when compared with the ages which had preceded it since the dawn of the Christian era, was one of unusual brilliancy and activity. It was a century fruitful in great men and great events, and although angry contests between the secular powers and the Holy See menaced the social and civil order, yet it was a period favorable to advancement in every sphere of human endeavor. It was the century of great popes who wrought lasting benefits for religion and society, and, whether in power or in exile, in wealth or in poverty, always exhibited an heroic faith in the commission to which their divine office had called them. The Rock of Peter was the adamantine foundation upon which they built, whether their work was for time or for eternity. Upon it they rested their hopes, secure in the promises of Him whose vicars they were. The thirteenth was in fact the formative century of the middle ages, during which was laid the broad and enduring basis of a later civilization. M. Ozanam thus characterizes it as a tentative rather than a progressive period:

'Époque plus douée d'inspiration que de mesure, plus prompte à concevoir de grandes pensées que persévérante à les soutenir, qui commença

* Vide Planché on British Costumes.

tant de monumens et en acheva si peu, qui poussa si vigoureusement la réforme chrétienne et qui laissa subsister tant de désordres, capable de tout, en un mot, hormis de cette médiocrité sans gloire dont se contentent volontiers les siècles faibles." *

A deep religious movement agitating the current of the times found expression in the two great mendicant orders of St. Dominic and St. Francis, whose zeal and enthusiasm were manifested in every field of profound thought and practical work. The ardor of their missionary spirit was felt in remote quarters of the globe, and their educational energy established schools in which were nurtured the illustrious doctors upon whom have been conferred the distinguishing appellations of the Angelic and the Seraphic, the Admirable and the Irrefragable. It was to these schools also that the age was indebted for the noblest architectural achievements. The Romanesque and the Norman styles were the types of rest and repose, but the Gothic was that of life and action. The desecrated cathedrals of Salisbury and Wells, of Lincoln and Chichester, are not only monuments of England's ancient faith, but they still bear witness to the vigor and purity of the taste possessed by the architects of the thirteenth century. The material and the political, the moral and the social, conditions of society were subject to the quickening spirit of the times and passed through important changes. Under the influences then dominant the Italian republics of Pisa, Genoa, and Venice rose to power and made settlements in Syria and Egypt, thus opening European marts to the wealth of the Oriental world, to its arts and its manufactures, its science and its philosophy. The art inspired by the genius of Giotto, Cimabue, and Niccolò Pisano became the teacher of succeeding centuries, and the scientific theories of Roger Bacon anticipated many of the discoveries announced in subsequent times. He pointed out the corrections of the calendar afterwards made by Gregory XIII., and developed the outlines of a system of inquiry in the domain of nature which was elaborated three centuries later by his ungenerous namesake.† The age which showed such an appreciation for art, and science, and philosophy prepared the way for its poetic culmination in Dante by an innumerable band of lesser singers who are now almost overshadowed by the majesty of his name.

* *Les Poètes Franciscains en Italie au XIIIe. Siècle.*

† "Bacon spoke slightingly enough of the only monk who had borne his name, but who had nevertheless inserted in his writings more truths than the chancellor of England was acquainted with" (De Maistre, *Examen de la Philosophie de Bacon*, chap. i.)

Among the creations which preceded the song of the Florentine are the incomparable mediæval hymns which the Catholic Church has garnered up in what Cardinal Newman * so appropriately calls "that most wonderful and most attractive monument of the devotion of the saints"—the Breviarium Romanum. In earlier times, when a familiar knowledge of the language in which its divine offices are enshrined was more practically common than now, many of the educated laity used the Roman Breviary as a manual of daily prayer and observed the canonical hours with some degree of regularity.† Among Protestants generally the Breviary is an unknown book, and we have never seen it in any private libraries except those of Anglican clergymen. The late Hurrell Froude was an earnest student of its pages, and the copy which he carried with him to the Barbados is still constantly used by Cardinal Newman. To this keepsake of his early friend he owes his knowledge of its treasures, and from it he wrote his tract on the Breviary which appeared in the *Tracts for the Times*. The "Stabat Mater," the most touching hymn which poet ever sung or musician ever attuned to melody, the church has preserved in the Breviary as part of the Officium Septem Dolorum of the Blessed Mother. From the thirteenth century to the present day that plaintive wail, by its exquisite pathos, has moved countless generations in the Old World and in the New to a deeper compassion and a more lasting love. Suggested, perhaps, by a beautiful passage from St. Ambrose, ‡ it depicts the longing of the human heart to centre itself in that divine sorrow, the crowning act in the stupendous drama of Calvary. The opening stanza presents the final picture in the august mystery of love as it is recorded in the narrative of the Gospel. Its chiefest charm lies in the rhythmical simplicity of the words of the hymn, so in unison with the sacred record. A few verses paint the scene which the sublimest pencil cannot rival. In art the story of the cross by its accessories may move to contemplative moods, but the severe language of the poet, softened by the harmonies of Palestrina, or Pergolesi, or Haydn, thrills the soul with the reality of the mystery, with the divinity of the Passion:

* *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, p. 119.

† We are not unmindful of the fact that a distinguished layman, the Marquess of Bute, has lately made a spirited translation of the Breviary.

‡ "Stabat ante crucem Mater, et fugientibus viris, stabat intrepida. . . . Spectabat piis oculis Filii vulnera, per quem sciebat omnibus futuram redemptionem. Stabat non degeneri Mater spectaculo quæ non metuebat peremptorem. Pendebat in cruce Filius, Mater se persecutoribus offerebat" (*De Instit. Virginis*, c. vii. xlix.)

"Stabat Mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat Filius.
Cujus animam gementem,
Contristatam, et dolentem,
Pertransivit gladius." *

The spectacle of the Virgin Mother transfixed with silent grief at the foot of the cross opens every avenue of love, and the poet bursts forth in words trembling with emotion:

"O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigeniti!" †

Again the sacred song assumes the narrative form, but the calm self-poise needful for dramatic action and all that it involves is quickened by the intensity of human instincts and loses itself in the vision of such a death and such a grief. The yearning sensibility of the spirit forgetful of self and self-consciousness is manifested in a passionate prayer to be made partaker of the bitterness of the cross. The lips of the poet, pale with the divine frenzy of an enraptured soul, utter its burden of love:

"Sancta Mater, istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi meo valide.
Tui Nati vulnerati,
Tam dignati pro me pati,
Pœnas mecum divide." ‡

There can be little question that a hymn of such intrinsic beauty, so intense in devotion and yet so plastic in form, would soon attract the skill of the composer to test the capabilities of its verse. More than one monastic musician had caught the fire

* The few stanzas which we give are from the version of Lord Lindsay:

"By the cross, sad vigil keeping,
Stood the mournful Mother weeping,
While on it the Saviour hung;
In that hour of deep distress
Pierced the sword of bitterness
Through her heart with sorrow wrung."

† "Oh! how sad, how woe-begone
Was that ever-blessed one,
Mother of the Son of God!"

‡ "Print, O Mother! on my heart,
Deeply print the wounds, the smart
Of my Saviour's chastisement;
He who, to redeem my loss,
Deigned to bleed upon the cross—
Make me share his punishment."

of its inspiration, and in the seclusion of a monk's cell, under the shadow of a monk's cowl, had partially developed the latent possibilities which were to find greater amplitude of treatment as the science of music progressed towards a strict polyphonic structure. First in point of time on the roll of maestros who attempted to interpret its wealth of harmony stands the name of Josquin des Près, the celebrated pupil of the Flemish composer, Jan Okeghem. Living at a period not very remote, if we consider the slow advance of technical art, from the epoch which is regarded as the beginning of modern music, certain elements still lingered which critics of our day would pronounce crude and monotonous in their results. However that may be, we know that the harmony of Des Près possessed the essential principles of modulation and progression, that he was a leader in the brilliant choir of Pope Sixtus IV. and the most learned contrapuntist of his age. His "Stabat Mater," popular in his day as the prolonged notes of a soul wearied by its own supplications, is now only a tradition with the average musician. The next great master whose fame is associated with the "Stabat Mater" occupies a large space in the history of musical art in the sixteenth century. The career of Giovanni Pierluigi, known as Palestrina from the place of his birth, was entirely spent in Rome. He always displayed a rooted attachment and deep reverence for the Eternal City, the scene of his early study and of all his musical triumphs. While he lived the church appreciated the genius which he consecrated to her service, and one of her greatest sons, St. Philip Neri, ministered to him in his last moments; when dead he was laid to rest under the spacious dome of her most magnificent cathedral. The reforms in ecclesiastical music which the Council of Trent inaugurated were successfully carried on by the aid of this severely conscientious artist. Palestrina never sacrificed his principles or his tastes in constructing contrapuntal puzzles and clever fugues, in which some composers delight to exhibit their ingenious powers. The sincere and practical piety which colored his art was superior to such displays of musical pedantry. He aimed in his compositions to eschew all that was merely meretricious or that was unworthy of the subject, and to infuse soul and intelligence into musical expression. His is still the model of what church music ought to be—the severe exponent of devotion, which makes the altar, and not the choir, the centre of its aspiration and its thought. The far-famed music which is performed in the Papal Chapel during Holy Week is the joint production of Palestrina and his friend

Allegri, author of the matchless "Miserere." The "Improperia" of Palestrina, which was first rendered on Good Friday, 1560, in the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, of which he was chapelmaster, was published in England by Dr. Charles Burney, the historian of music, and his "Stabat Mater" by the French musician, Alexandre Étienne Choron. With those whose tastes have been cultivated after the elaborate style of Rossini the "Stabat Mater" of Palestrina can never prove a favorite. It is free from whimsical intricacies of counterpoint and all kinds of chromatic ostentation. Its music is chaste and subdued, yet lacking neither warmth of expression nor breadth of scope. Its skilful modulations carry aloft toward heaven the appeal of a sustained hope rather than the wild notes of an anguish bordering on despair. Palestrina's harmonies are full of noble simplicity combined with unaffected dignity. His art is peculiarly adapted to the language of the Catholic ritual, and a return to its earnestness will displace the sensuous passion and florid ornament with which the school of Rossini has surcharged the music of the last half-century.

Events in the lives of Astorga and Pergolesi, two composers who followed Palestrina, turned their thoughts to the "Stabat Mater." In fact, the shadows of death in each case awakened the deep and sombre music which characterizes their compositions. If they were unlike as to the age in which they lived they were alike in this: that a kindred sorrow moved both to find a respite in the musical interpretation of that sublime hymn. The ardent soul of the Sicilian, who had witnessed the execution of his father through the treachery of his own soldiers, and the death of his mother from a grief that was inconsolable, had early drained the bitter chalice to its dregs. No innocent memories of youth, softening all the pains of subsequent years, had sweetened the early days of Astorga, and in the darkness of this tragedy his reason became for a time eclipsed. When at length the cloud was lifted he found himself forced by the decree of a stern destiny to take up the burden of a solitary life whose earthly brightness was for ever departed. Such experiences, when mind and heart are plastic, either deaden or deepen faith. Under the dominion of divine truth the vision is radiant with the promises of supernatural gifts, but, perverted by the will of man, the bow of peace recedes from view:

"In la sua volontade è nostra pace." *

* "In His will is our peace" (Dante, *Paradiso*, iii. 85).

By a severe spiritual discipline the early sorrows of Astorga were assimilated with a love and a sympathy far-reaching in intensity of grasp. Instead of profaning they nourished a sublimer faith and a livelier hope which hallowed, exalted, and refined all human associations. Although the impetuosity of his character was subjugated by the interior life of a religious community, it was but natural that he should still hear the echoes, even in the words of the "Stabat Mater," of those memories which were chastened but not obliterated. However sad in themselves, when purified by faith they became propitious for the expression of the beatitude of suffering commemorated in that hymn. In the music of Pergolesi there is a certain pictorial grandeur which defies description, and some one, in endeavoring to convey an idea of the living picture which his "Stabat Mater" presents, simply abandoned all effort in that direction by remarking that "the angels could not help weeping as they listened to it." The perfection of his art lies in the masterly power of the distribution of harmonies in keeping with the subject-matter of his compositions. There is a natural flow of cadences from sequence to sequence which makes the unity of the whole complete without being harsh or monotonous. The music of his "Stabat Mater" is its own interpreter and needs no words to reveal the sufferings of the *Mater dolorosa*. In declining health Pergolesi resigned his position as chapelmaster in Loreto and removed to Torre del Greco, at the foot of the fiery Vesuvius. Here in these last days, broken by disease and subdued by the inevitable end which was rapidly approaching, he produced among other compositions a "Stabat Mater" which alone is worthy to perpetuate his fame. It is said that the spectacle of an execution and the grief of the victim's surviving relative, of which Pergolesi was an unwilling witness, so touched his heart and racked his memory that he could find no rest till calmed by the sweet influences which his own music inspired, then composed in honor of Our Lady of Sorrows—

"Sancta Mater, fons amoris."

Divested of the sympathy which flows from the cross, how degrading are the effects of all exhibitions of physical pain! Herein lies the difference of view between the thought that is Christian and the thought that is pagan. The brutalizing power of a faith which sees no life beyond this, the beginning and the end of man's destiny, is portrayed in the ghastly legend which Seneca has recorded of one of the greatest paintings of an-

tiquity,* the "Prometheus Chained," and which Mr. N. P. Willis has made the subject of his most graphic poem:

> "If beyond
> The grave there is no heaven in whose wide air
> The spirit may find room, and in the love
> Of whose bright habitants the lavish heart
> May spend itself, what thrice-mocked fools are we!"

The prevailing musical taste of our day is represented by a group of composers consisting of Haydn, Meyerbeer, and Rossini, each of whom has produced a "Stabat Mater." If we exclude the art moulded by the practice and theory of Wagner, for whom exists a fierce opposition no less than an earnest advocacy, the three names are typical of the popular style. A criticism, therefore, which deals with the compositions of the one is applicable to all, with slight modifications as to the individualities of Haydn, a marvel in instrumentation and professional industry. Meyerbeer was greatly influenced by Rossini, who is in music what Hiram Powers is in sculpture—a genius that spurned the best traditions of his art, and followed his own fancies and caprices instead of the fixed and determinate principles of recognized authorities. Each contracted his sphere in art and encumbered it with difficulties. After persistent effort Rossini secured the plaudits of the musical world, which at first was surprised by the vivacity of his style and the audacity of his treatment. Sensitive to the praise lavished upon his rival, Beethoven called him a good scene-painter; but his *William Tell* proves the injustice of such scorn. Rossini had all the qualities essential for success in opera, but he was destitute of that fine discrimination in ecclesiastical music which never mistakes animation for fervor. His "Stabat Mater" is the product of his life in light and pleasure-loving Paris, and never rises above commonplace. Moscheles could only speak of its "*singableness*," but as a musical exponent of the hymn we cannot regard it as other than a profanation. A vain and sordid mind like Rossini's, incapable of any high ideals either of love or of sorrow in his art, could never penetrate into a region of joy or suffering in which the animal emotions do not largely predominate. How could his "Stabat Mater" glow with devotion when his own soul responded only to the earthly? If we recall the narrow thoughts and crafty devices which had

* The story is told of Parrhasius, the painter, who had an aged Olynthian captive crucified, that he might catch from nature the expression of physical agony. It is believed to be a myth.

taken possession of him at the period of its production we will not be astonished at the results. Having accepted the position of Intendant Général de la Musique du Roi, et Inspecteur du Chant en France, which yielded him an annual salary of twenty thousand francs, with a guarantee, in case its functions ceased, of a pension of six thousand francs, Rossini's greed of gain was in a measure appeased. But the revolution of 1830 swept away his office and threatened his pension. He was rich, however, in his own right and in the fortune of his wife; in Bologna he owned a splendid palace filled with the treasures of art. Nevertheless he began a lawsuit, which continued six years, to secure the pension attached to his defunct office. In order to create sympathy and win popular favor he simulated dire poverty and took squalid apartments in the attic of the Italian theatre. Here, under the guise of a beggar, with deceit in his heart and on his lips, he received his distinguished visitors, and here he essayed to evoke in music the spirit of the hymn; but it deigned not to respond to the call of a mean and avaricious soul, and Rossini's "Stabat Mater" is what it is, the ignoble musical expression of a gifted but ignoble man.

We do not advert to the English translations of the hymn, much less do we here attempt anything like a critical examination of them. Another question of greater interest has naturally occurred to the mind of the reader: Who wrote the "Stabat Mater"? Since the pontificate of Benedict XIV. Catholic writers have almost uniformly attributed the authorship of the hymn to Pope Innocent III.; but before the former wrote his treatise "De Festis" St. Gregory the Great and St. Bonaventura were numbered among its reputed authors.* In our own times the best critical opinions appear to reduce the claimants to two—Innocent III. and Jacobus de Benedictis, or Jacopone, as he is more familiarly known. The late Cardinal Wiseman, in speaking of the former, remarks: "As a poet the two unrivalled hymns, 'Stabat Mater' and 'Veni Sancte Spiritus,' must sufficiently stamp his reputation"; † and the late Father O'Brien, a recent writer on liturgical subjects, says: "We follow the majority, however, in ascribing it to Pope Innocent III." ‡ The strongest argument against Jacopone's claims to its authorship is that given in the *History of the Mass*, which cites his hymn for Christmas morning modelled after the "Stabat

* *Benedicti XIV. Opera omnia*, "De Festis," t. ix. l. ii. cap. iv. 5, p. 260.

† *Essays*, vol. v. p. 275.

‡ *History of the Mass*, fifth edition, p. 226.

Mater." In Tresatti's edition* of the works of Jacopone his poems are divided into seven books, none of which contain the "Stabat Mater"; but if this be used as an argument against his claim it will lose its force by the counter-statement that Tresatti omits from his poems "Cur Mundus," the authenticity of which may be said to be undisputed. The memory of Pope Innocent III., so traduced by Protestant historians, has been amply vindicated by Friedrich Hurter, a writer of rare abilities, who was subsequently led into the Catholic Church by a critical study of ecclesiastical history. The fame of this great pope of the thirteenth century now rests secure in his learned and exhaustive work.† As a sentiment quite independent of critical judgment, we, for our part, prefer to associate the "Stabat Mater," so full of religious emotions for both Protestant‡ and Catholic, with the lowly Franciscan poet, of whom M. Ampère says that he was "dans ses effusions mystiques, un précurseur de Saint Jean de la Croix et de Sainte Thérèse,"§ but whom we would call, from a literary point of view, a precursor of Dante.

In the unrest of his great soul the divine Florentine, wandering across the mountains of Lunigiana, stopped one day at the gate of the monastery of the Santa Croce del Corvo. The traveller, weary and sore of foot, knocked for admittance, and the monk who opened its portal, peering into that strange, wan face with which art has made us so familiar, asked: "What seek you here?" Dante, harassed by conflicts from without and by sorrows from within, looked wistfully about as he answered, "Peace"—*pacem*, the aspiration of the saint and the longing of the worldling. There is something in this story of the fiery poet seeking consolation in the cloistral quiet of a monk's cell typical of the spiritual anguish which agitated the soul of more than one of his poetic precursors. Sorrow, whether or not we consider it the mysterious dower of genius which we can neither understand nor express, seems to tinge with its sombre coloring the vision of all great hearts who have moved the world to higher realms of thought by the pathos of verse. The undertone of

*The seven books given in Tresatti's edition are as follows: book i. *Le Satire;* book ii. *I Cantici morali;* book iii. *Le Odi;* book iv. *I Cantici penitentiali;* book v. *Theorica del divino amore;* book vi. *Cantici spirituali amatorii;* book vii. *Segreto spirituale.*

† Hurter's *Geschichte Papst Innocenz III. und seiner Zeitgenossen* was published from 1834 to 1842. In 1844 he became a Catholic.

‡ In describing the last moments of Sir Walter Scott, Lockhart says: "We very often heard distinctly the cadence of the "Dies Iræ"; and I think the very last stanza that we could make out was the first of a still greater favorite—'Stabat Mater dolorosa'" (Lockhart's *Scott*, vol. x. p. 214).

§ *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Juin, 1853, p. 1261.

sadness is the refrain of our humanity. The impassioned strain only suggests a still higher which dwells in regions out of sight, and the poetic lights which wander here and there through the centuries are

> "Signallings from some high land
> Of One they feel, but dimly understand."

The mystic, unfathomable song, whether it be the march of stately epic or the wail of plaintive hymn, but reveals that after all "it is through mystery to mystery, from God to God." Kindred with the tragical life of the author of the *Divina Commedia* is that of Jacopone, the child of St. Francis. If the poem of the Florentine, as Carlyle says, is the voice of ten silent centuries, the pathetic melody of the Franciscan is the echo of all human hearts since the dawn of Christianity.

To the northwest of Spoleto, on the left bank of the yellow Tiber, was situated the ancient town of Tuder, subsequently known as Todi. Built on an eminence which commanded an extensive view of the beautiful scenery of Umbria, it was strongly fortified both by nature and by the skill of its inhabitants. Its walls and its castle were imposing structures and evidenced the martial spirit of its citizens. In the history of the Gothic monarchies of Italy it is memorable as the place at which Nares defeated and killed the Barbarian king Totila, who, in the pontificate of Vigilius, had plundered Rome and broken down its walls. Here in the early part of the thirteenth century Jacobus de Benedictis was born. The annals of his family are brief and unsatisfactory. His parents were persons of rank and fortune, and Jacobus was accustomed to the luxury and refinement which surrounded the noble and wealthy class of society. Of his youth we know little beyond these isolated facts. The University of Bologna at this time was one of the chief centres of learning in Italy, and gathered into its halls students from all parts of Europe. It was especially celebrated for its department of jurisprudence, and thither Jacobus went to prepare himself for a career in the law. Beyond his own words we possess no information as to his university course—whether he was brilliant or silent, industrious or indolent. "If you desire to talk and to gossip," says he, "if you wish to shirk your duty, you may succeed with the wisdom gathered at Bologna, but this even is a matter of doubt. It will but increase your desires and lead you to seek more and more. It will enkindle your ambition, and the outcome of it all will be pain and sorrow." Having completed

the curriculum of study at Bologna, Jacobus returned to his native town and began his legal life. The next act in the drama was as natural in the career of the professional young man of that period as it is now. Jacobus was thinking of marriage, and when the thoughts of youth turn in that direction the fruition of hope is seldom very remote. He married a woman who, while remarkable for beauty of person, possessed other charms than those which fade with the flight of years. While living in the gay and fashionable society of her day, and enjoying its innocent pleasures, she was not unmindful of the duties of life, its aim and its destiny. Her piety, however, was of a kind that sought the shade rather than the garish light, and even Jacobus had scarcely opportunity to discover its sincerity or its depth. But the time had come which was to reveal its rigor of self-discipline and convert the ambitious lawyer into the humble ascetic. An entertainment was given in the town-hall of Todi at which a number of ladies of rank were present, among whom was the wife of Jacobus. The beams which supported the flooring gave way, and in an instant the interior of the edifice buried the spectators beneath the ruins. Word was sent to Jacobus, who had remained at home engaged in the business of the law. He reached the scene of disaster in time to receive the latest breath of his young and beautiful bride. In unfastening her costly garments to aid her breathing Jacobus beheld under her clothing, rich in texture and ornament, a coarse hair-shirt which she had not put aside even in the midst of festivities. Thus vanished the brief day-dream of Jacobus, in which love and ambition were united. "From that moment," says Kenelm Digby, "he began to philosophize subtilely in the school of Christ, became a most holy man, and so verified the apostle's words, that an infidel husband is sanctified by a faithful wife." * Called to a career of abnegation, he obeyed quickly. His surrender to the divine command addressed to the young man in the Gospel † was literal and complete without dwelling on its temporal consequences—attachment to kindred and to friends, brilliant prospects, and the easy ways of a luxurious and enviable life. His poem "Cur Mundus" shows how he now valued the honors and applause of men:

"Nil tuum dixeris, quod potes perdere,
Quod mundus tribuit, intendit rapere.
Superna cogita, cor sit in æthere,
Felix qui potuit mundum contemnere."

* *Mores Catholici; or, Ages of Faith*, vol. iii. p. 420. † St. Mark x. 21.

Assuming a coarse habit, he no longer appeared in the streets of his native town as the popular lawyer, but as the stern ascetic, who was willing to be considered mad for the kingdom of heaven's sake. Henceforth he was called in derision Jacopone—"mad Jack." Cheerfully he accepted the title and gloried in it. "Whoever has made himself a madman," says he, "for the Lord's sake, has gained great wisdom. In Paris they do not fancy philosophy like this, and he that becomes a fool for Christ's sake must expect nothing save vexation and sorrow."

After ten years spent in the severest austerities, with no companions but his pen and his crucifix, Jacopone finally applied for admittance as a lay brother in the Franciscan convent. The good friars of St. Francis, whose bride was Poverty, feared to receive such a wild and untamed intellect among them. He retired to his solitude for a time, but again importuned them to admit him. He left two poems, "Udite Nova Pazzia" and "Cur Mundus," for the guardian of the friary. These were the revelations which explained the secret of his madness and opened to him the portals of cloistral life. Gladly would we follow Fra Jacopone through the checkered years which remained, full of sorrow and strife, of rashness and submission; but space forbids. We must also pass over in silence the conflict with Pope Boniface VIII., who, as his ablest defender against the charges of Sismondi has said, "was indeed unfortunate in having the poets among his enemies." * Sheltered at last within the walls of the convent at Cellarino, the grief and vehemence of the poet's soul could only be calmed in death. In the exquisite imagery borrowed from Jean Paul Richter,† the unseen hand which sends the last arrow could alone lift from his aching brows the crown of thorns. M. Ozanam, who has written a beautiful life of Fra Jacopone which was a great favorite with Cardinal Mai, has drawn his portrait with a coloring neither too brilliant nor too sombre. These are its salient features:

"Ce poète, qui se détache si bien de la foule, qu'il faut aller chercher sons des haillons et dans un cachot; de ce poète tout brûlant d'amour de Dieu et de passions politiques, humble et téméraire, savant et capricieux, capable de tous les ravissemens quand il contemple, de tous les emportemens quand il châtie, et lorsqu'il écrit pour le peuple, descendant à des trivialités incroyables, au milieu desquelles il trouve tout à coup le sublime et la grâce." ‡

* Wiseman's *Essays*, vol. v. p. 198.

† "Aber das Grab ist nicht tief; es ist der leuchtende Fusstritt eines Engels, der uns sucht. Wenn die unbekannte Hand den letzten Pfeil an das Haupt des Menschen sendet, so bückt er vorher das Haupt, und der Pfeil hebt bloss die Dornenkrone von seinen Wunden ab."

‡ *Les Poètes Franciscains en Italie au XIIIe. Siècle.*

THE PILOT'S DAUGHTER.

AT the head of a long, winding creek which opens into a broader one called Hutchinson's Creek there stood during the Revolution a plain log-cabin inhabited by Robert Reed, better known in the township of East Chester as Captain Bob. Even to-day this is a secluded spot. But a century ago the primeval forest came almost to the water's edge and formed a semicircle round about it; on some of the trees marks of Indian tomahawks were still visible, and it was difficult to believe that the city of New York was only fifteen miles away.

But Captain Bob, who had spent his best years piloting vessels up and down the Sound, was now old and blind; he cared not how retired his home was, provided only his dear Phebe were near him. And Phebe loved him as tenderly as ever daughter loved her father. There were prettier girls than she in East Chester. Her complexion was bronzed by exposure to the sun, her hands were not so soft and delicate as they might have been, while her nose was decidedly tip-tilted toward the sky. But her eyes, which were the color of the deep blue sea, were the brightest and merriest eyes you had ever looked into, and her healthy, well-developed figure made her a worthy offspring of the tough old pilot.

"This is your birthday, child. To-day you are twenty-five," spoke Captain Bob one April morning in 1777, after Phebe had ensconced him in a high-backed chair on the porch where the early sunbeams might fall upon him.

"Yes, twenty-five," answered Phebe cheerily: she knew not what it was to be otherwise than cheerful.

"Well, child, stay with me as long as you can. Plenty of time to settle down—plenty of time." "I will stay with you always," said Phebe. "Why, where could I be happier than here with you in this sweet, sweet home?"

"Ay, close by tide-water," continued her father.

"And where I can smell the salt meadows, which I like ten times better than clover-fields," said Phebe, drawing in a full breath of bracing air wafted from the creek. "But these are gloomy days; have you heard any news?" inquired the pilot. "Some Skinners rode into the village last evening and broke Nat Hunt's windows," answered Phebe—"for you know that

he is a Tory—and they might have plundered his store had not a band of Cowboys appeared and driven them off."

"Well, the war has lasted now two years. It is two whole years since the fight at Lexington. The Lord knows when it will end," sighed Captain Bob, shaking his head.

"It will end when we have won our independence—not before," said Phebe. "Right! right!" exclaimed a voice at the corner of the house, and in another moment a stout, strongly-built young man approached with quick, agile step. He was barely an inch taller than Phebe, his hair was black and curly, he had earrings in his ears, and his eyes were the same color as her own.

"Good-morning, Ben Barry; good-morning," quoth the pilot, stretching forth his hand. "Good-morning," said Ben. Then, turning to Phebe, he added: "I am a little late; but all is ready. Will you christen her?" "To be sure I will; and there could not be a finer day for the ceremony," replied Phebe. "Well, the boys have worked like beavers; they must be smart mechanics. Have you let any of them into the secret?" inquired her father. "I have told only three of the most trusty ones," said Ben. "Well, are you really ready?" said Phebe; "for if you are I will fetch a bottle of gooseberry-wine." "Yes, all is ready," answered Ben. A few minutes later the girl took her father's hand, and, carrying under her arm the bottle of home-made wine, they sallied forth to the christening.

Turning to the right, they entered a path which led them across a little garden, then into a shadowy maze of oaks and hickory-trees, the haunt of raccoons and partridges, and after proceeding a short distance came to a babbling trout-stream, which still retains its old name of Rattlesnake Brook, albeit rattlesnakes have long disappeared from Westchester County. "Do you remember this spot?" said Ben, glancing at Phebe. "Indeed I do," she said. "And the anchor is just where you put it, and will be there to my dying day. But it hurt a little: your pin went deep." "Well, I have three anchors on each arm," said Ben, smiling. "And I have one more than both of you together," put in Captain Bob.

Thus pleasantly chatting, they stepped across the brook and in a little while found themselves once more in view of the creek, but at a point where it was broader and deeper.

"Oh! would that I could see," exclaimed the pilot. "But you must let me feel her; do bring me close! And there is quite a crowd here; is there not? I hear many voices."

Well might the old man now lament the loss of his vision, for he would have beheld an interesting scene. About two acres of woods had been cleared away, and in the clearing a hundred people or more were assembled in groups, while all were looking at a schooner which was resting on the stocks and tricked out from bow to stern with branches of evergreens and cedars.

Phebe led her father close to the pretty craft, so that he might run his hands along her hull, which he did with care and muttering all the while to himself. Then she conducted him up a gangway to the deck, which he paced twice, saying at last: "Ben, my boy, you have given her a good deal of sheer; she will ride like a duck on the water." By this time a dozen youths and maidens—invited to the deck by Ben—were standing around him, whispering and speaking his praise. Presently Ben's eye rested on one of them—a tall, slender girl with lily-white complexion, save a spot like a rosebud glowing on either cheek, which suddenly expanded and bloomed into a beautiful rose when she saw him looking at her.

"Why, Mehitable, I am glad to see you. I scarcely hoped to meet you here to-day," said Ben.

"I got back from my visit to Mamaroneck early this morning; I journeyed by starlight on purpose to be present at the launch," answered the daughter of Nat Hunt, the Tory. "'Tis well you did not return last evening," said Ben.

"Ay, or I might have been frightened to death by those thievish Skinners who attacked my father's store," said Mehitable, speaking as if she cared not who heard her—and there were sympathizers with the Skinners present as well as Tories. Then in a milder tone she added: "Pray who is going to baptize your schooner, Captain Ben?" "Captain Bob's daughter," answered Ben, half turning to Phebe, whose open, artless countenance betrayed not the least jealousy of the other. She knew that Mehitable was the belle of the township, and that she herself was homely; it was therefore quite natural for Ben to gaze wistfully on Mehitable.

"Methinks 'tis a bottle of gooseberry-wine she intends to break over the bow," continued the latter, with an ill-concealed sneer. "My father would have furnished something better for the occasion." "By thunder and lightning! knock away the blocks and let her glide into the water," growled the old pilot, who was boiling with anger and would have given Mehitable a piece of his mind, only that he was afraid it might injure his friend Barry, who was supposed to be neutral in his feelings and

had given out that his vessel was to be used for catching cod-fish.

Obedient to her parent's emphatically-expressed wish, Phebe now tucked up her right sleeve, and as the arm became exposed to view you were struck by its whiteness as compared with her sunburnt hand; it was as white as Mehitable's arm, except for a big bluish spot on the inner side, where was distinctly marked the figure of an anchor. Mehitable smiled scornfully when she perceived it, and whispered something to Ben, who made no response, but advanced with Phebe and her father to the extreme end of the bow. "All ready?" he called out presently.

"Ay, ay, sir," came the quick response from below. In another moment the hull began to move, slowly at first, very slowly, then faster and faster, and at length, just as the keel parted the deep, inflowing tide, Phebe shivered the bottle of wine against her side, crying out as she did so: "*Squall* is the name I give thee, beautiful schooner! May Heaven prosper thee in every cruise!" Immediately arose a loud huzza, and many hands were clapped, and, startled perhaps by the unwonted sight and the cheering, an eagle flew out of a pine-tree on the edge of the wood, and, circling three times overhead, screamed a wild, piercing Godspeed of its own to the American privateer.

This evening, a little after sundown, Ben was seated on the porch of Captain Bob's house, sipping a glass of grog which Phebe had made for him; she would rather have given him tea, but tea was not to be had in East Chester during these Revolutionary days. Phebe herself was busy trailing a vine of morning-glories about an ancient figurehead of a ship placed in front of the door, and which her father had found floating in Hell Gate many years gone by. It represented Neptune, and, despite its age and weather-beaten aspect, it formed not an unseemly ornament to his humble home. "Verily, we never know what will become of our bones," observed the pilot, whose sightless eyes were turned toward the figurehead. "The ship to which that once belonged was built far away in 'Bilbo.'" "And the Spanish skipper had not you for pilot, or he would not have wrecked his bark on the Hog's Back," observed Phebe. "Alas! let us not talk of those days," sighed her father. "I am good for nothing now; I shall never steer another ship."

"Well, when peace returns I can take your place and earn something, so cheer up," said Phebe. Then, perceiving him smile, "But I am in earnest," she continued. "Why, during the past winter I have studied all your charts and soundings,

and I know the reefs and channels between New York and Sand's Point almost as well as—as—"

"As myself, eh?" interrupted her father.

"Well, no, I don't mean to say that. But I am quite capable of guiding a vessel through the dangerous places. You know that I have been with you a score of times when you were acting as pilot, and I have sharp eyes and a good memory."

"Well, child, I guess that this small patch of ground, if properly cultivated, will keep you and me from want; you need do no such work as that," said the pilot. "But I love the water," pursued Phebe. "And even now it might be better if we were afloat instead of ashore. Who knows what night the Cowboys may not pay us a visit and steal our chickens and burn our house down?"

"Well, if that were to happen I could take you aboard the *Squall*," put in Ben Barry, laughing.

"Ay, and teach me how to fire a cannon," said Phebe. "You'd make a first-rate gunner," said Ben. "Well, you cannot think how glad I am that you are going to command a privateer," went on Phebe. "And when we shall have achieved our independence it will not be said that you stayed in East Chester doing nothing while others were fighting."

"Hush! hush! not so loud," said Ben in a low, hurried voice. He had scarcely spoken when Nat Hunt and his daughter made their appearance.

"Why, are you here?" exclaimed Mehitable, feigning surprise. She knew well enough that Ben was here. "And your beautiful schooner—where is she?"

"At the mouth of the creek," answered Ben, advancing and pressing her hand. "Oh! what a beauty she is," added Mehitable.

"And the first cargo of codfish he brings home from the Banks he hopes that you will dispose of for him," said Phebe, addressing the storekeeper; whereupon Mehitable shifted her position so as to place herself exactly between Ben and Phebe. Then, in a slow and measured way, she said: "Captain Ben, why did you give your schooner such a horrid name? The *Squall* is a perfectly horrid name." "So it is," growled the pilot; "do change it and call her the *Apple-dumplings*—eh, Miss Hunt?" "A good idea. Why did I not think of it this morning?" observed Phebe calmly. "It matters little what a fishing or trading vessel is called: she is to be employed in earning filthy lucre. Were she a bold, dashing man-of-war it would be different.

Therefore let her name be changed to *Apple-dumplings.*" It were difficult to describe Mehitable's expression at this moment as she turned her graceful head and stared at Phebe; any other girl but the pilot's daughter would have quailed beneath her haughty gaze. "Well, what name would you have me give my schooner?" inquired Ben in a semi-whisper. "Don't ask *me;* I care not now what you call her," replied Mehitable angrily.

With this she quitted Ben's side and went and stood near her father. "Tut, tut! Be not vexed about a trifle," spoke the latter. "And if Captain Ben will bring his codfish to my store I guarantee to sell them for a good price—that is, provided the rascally Skinners leave me unmolested." "They are no worse than the Cowboys, who plunder honest folk in the name of King George," remarked Phebe.

"Humph! I guess you are about right," answered Hunt. "One side is as bad as the other. Why, I am told that at the tavern called the Old Stone Jug, on the Boston Post-Road, the Skinners and Cowboys sometimes meet at night and amicably divide spoils; and between the two poor Westchester County is fast going to the dogs."

Then, glancing at his daughter, he added: "Why, child, we have not been here five minutes yet. Why do you wish to return home?" "Let us go," said Mehitable.

Here Ben gave her an entreating look. But in vain; the artful beauty pouted and shook her head. She was anxious to prove to Phebe how much influence she wielded over him, and it would not do to yield too readily to his entreaties. So she repeated: "Let us go home, father; let us go home." "No, no; you shall not leave us so soon," exclaimed Ben, catching her snowy wrist. Then he breathed a few words in her ear.

"Well, well, since you hold me a prisoner what can I do? I must stay," continued Mehitable, her ire suddenly subsiding and lifting her eyes to Ben with an arch expression which went straight where she meant it to go—to his susceptible heart. "Yes, remain and let us be friends," spoke the generous Phebe. "I wish I had a dish of tea to offer you." Without deigning to answer this kindly speech Mehitable let Ben lead her to a chair somewhat apart from where the others were sitting, and there for a good half-hour, and until darkness concealed the broad meadows and winding creek, they chatted pleasantly together in undertones.

"Ben, you are no better than a booby to let that girl twist you round her finger," said the pilot after Nat Hunt and his

daughter had taken their departure. At this Phebe jerked her father's sleeve as a sign for him to hold his tongue. But he was not to be quieted, and presently he went on: "You surely would not make love to such a saucy 'critter,' would you? Although I am blind I can tell that she is a perfect she-devil."

"O father!" whispered Phebe pleadingly and jerking his sleeve harder. "Well, child, I will believe your word, for it is better than gold," continued the pilot; "so tell me what this Mehitable Hunt is like." "She is the handsomest girl between here and the Harlem River," replied Phebe. "Well, would you have the brave, honest, patriotic Ben Barry spark the daughter of the blackest Tory in the township, no matter how bonny she might be?" continued the old man, thumping his cane on the ground. "Well, if he loves her, and she loves him, he may turn her into a patriot; who knows?" answered Phebe. Then, after a pause, she added: "But because Captain Ben has been uncommon civil to Mehitable does not signify that he is sparking, does it?" "Well, well, all sailors are alike," concluded the pilot. "Afloat they know what they're about, but ashore they are boobies." Here Phebe turned to Ben, and, although she spoke not, she seemed to say: "Heed not my father's words." But the young man was bound to the latter by too firm a friendship to grow nettled by anything he might say now that he was sightless and worried by rheumatism; and presently, taking his arm, they went into the house together.

A fortnight after the launch the *Squall* was ready for a trial cruise. It was a bright and breezy morning, and when Phebe rose from her couch and discovered the schooner's raking masts towering high above the sedge-grass she clapped her hands for joy. "Verily," she exclaimed, "Ben is smart; he has worked like a beaver. Right here in the forest, surrounded by spies and enemies, he has built his privateer, and now yonder she is, all tautly rigged and nothing wanting to make her perfect but her guns." Then, bursting into a laugh, Phebe added: "And they think the *Squall* is meant to catch codfish—ha! ha! ha!"

Shortly after sunrise Ben made his appearance, rowing up the creek in a scow, whistling a merry tune and hoping that Mehitable would be prompt and not keep him waiting; for he had invited her to take a sail up the Sound, and the tide would begin to ebb in a quarter of an hour.

Ben greeted Phebe, who of course was to form one of the party, with a familiar wave of the hand—nothing more—and merely said "Thank you" when she offered him a roll of charts,

telling him at the same time that he need not return them. "Poor father can have no further use for them," she said, "and they may help you to win honor and glory." "How's the tide?" shouted the pilot from the doorway. "About high, sir," answered Ben. "Oh! you are there, are you, Ben? Good!. Then let's be off. Come and get me, Phebe. Make haste!" cried the old man. Phebe accordingly went and brought him carefully down to the water's edge; then, having seated him in the stern of the boat, herself took the oars, for she was fond of rowing.

"Here she is," said Phebe presently. "Who? Who is coming?" inquired her father. "Mehitable Hunt," answered Phebe. "Mehitable! Oh! then may it blow great guns," growled Captain Bob. "Any clouds, child—any clouds?" "No, sir; the sky is as clear as a bell." "Confound it! I wish it was November and the wind howling from the northeast," he added just as Miss Hunt stopped and began looking at them with an expression of despair. "Why, how shall I ever get .to where you are, Captain Barry?" she exclaimed. "Can't you bring a plank? Can't you make me a little bridge? And, O my! there goes a horrid snake," pointing to an eel wriggling through the mud. "Ay, and it's a rattlesnake. Run! run!" cried the pilot. "Dear father, do not scare her," said Phebe.

In another moment Ben was at Mehitable's side; then, lifting her in his arms—to her unbounded delight—he carried her into the scow with as much ease as if she had been a feather. "Does she know how to row? Won't Phebe upset us?" whispered Mehitable. "Well, I know how to swim," replied Ben as he dropped her tenderly in the bow.

And now off they went, the pilot muttering something about a storm brewing. "And if anything happens, Phebe," he said, "save your precious self, child; don't mind me." At these ominous words Mehitable, for whose ears they were intended, nestled closer to Ben's side, who presently stole one of her pretty hands, and, after feasting his eyes on it a moment, looked at Phebe's brown, strong hand. What a contrast between them! How helpful the one, how puny the other! O perverse, passion-blinded youth! How canst thou hesitate for a moment which hand to choose? Ben had known the pilot's daughter ever since she was five years old—a romping, barefooted, chubby-faced creature, as fond of wading in the water as a snipe. In the first year of her teens Phebe had let him tattoo an anchor on her arm, wincing a little when the needle pierced the flesh, then kissing him and saying, "It didn't hurt much, Ben." Since that

now seemingly far-off day his lips had never once met hers—not once; more like brother and sister they had grown toward each other. On one occasion he had told her that she would make a fine sailor-boy, whereupon Phebe had said: "And I would like to sail with you, Ben, all round the world." These words her father had overheard, and we cannot wonder that, loath as he would have been to have parted with Phebe, Ben was the man who, he hoped, might one day win her heart. And now to have him showing attention to the daughter of a sneaking Tory was indeed enough to make him call Ben a booby. Yet it must be owned that in the matter of wiving all men are like Ben Barry. But if the latter thought Mehitable's hand much pleasanter to hold and to fondle than Phebe's hand, her tiny foot charmed him even more.

"My shoes are all covered with nasty creek-mud," spoke Mehitable presently. "Can't you scrape it off? 'Twill spoil my new shoes." "With pleasure," answered Ben, and, forthwith picking up a clam-shell from the bottom of the boat, he went about his task so agreeably to Mehitable that when he got through she wished that she could plunge her feet again in the mud. "But you are handy at everything you do, Captain Ben—at everything," she said. "And I hope that you will catch lots of codfish—more than any other skipper." Not a spark of jealousy entered Phebe's breast when she heard them thus cooing together. Her blind parent drew to himself all her affection; him she all but adored. Ben was merely a good friend whom she had known as far back as her memory ran. "And I am not good-looking," thought Phebe as she made the boat skim along the water. "Ben will choose a handsome girl for his wife. I will never leave dear father."

When they reached the schooner, which was anchored near the island now called Goose Island, Phebe clambered aboard with the agility of a sailor; then, having shown her father where to place his hands, the latter followed her example and was presently standing beside her at the helm.

But Mehitable got to the deck with difficulty. Thrice did her wrists slip through Ben's fingers—one might almost have fancied that she did it on purpose—while poor Ben looked puzzled and knew not what to say when she giggled and tossed her curls in his eyes. At length, concluding that she had had fun enough with him, and hearing what sounded very like an oath coming from the direction of the wheel, Mehitable uttered a shriek, then rolled on deck. In less than ten minutes, with a

spanking breeze from the northwest, the *Squall* was speeding toward the Sound.

Mehitable had never been in so large a craft before, and as there was no unpleasant motion just yet she was beside herself with delight. Past Locust Point they flew—in those days really covered with beautiful locust-trees; Throg's Neck, City Island, and the Chimney-Sweeps were soon left astern, and it was not until they came abreast of what is known as Execution Rock that anything exciting occurred. Here Mehitable gave a little scream when she heard a cannon boom, but ceased to tremble the moment Ben assured her that there was no danger. "Only a British frigate that wishes to know who we are and whither bound," he said, soothingly stroking her arm. "It's a pirate! We are lost!" exclaimed Phebe's father. "Hush!" said Phebe, who was steering—"hush! or you'll frighten Mehitable into a fit." "O Lord! It's a pirate," repeated the old man—"a bloody pirate!"

"He is only joking," whispered Ben. Whereupon Mehitable answered: "I trust in you, kind sir, to protect me; I am not afraid with you." "Bewitching creature!" thought Ben as he gazed upon her. "Thou art more like a lily than ever."

The man-of-war, after a brief inspection, allowed them to proceed. Up, up the broadening Sound they sailed; fresher and fresher blew the breeze and higher rolled the waves. "The wind is hauling round to the northeast, Ben," spoke the pilot when they were off Huntington Harbor. "It is blowing more in my face than when we started." Ben nodded, and did not breathe another word to Mehitable for five minutes, but anxiously scanned the horizon, especially a dark spot a little east of north. "Yes, we are going to have a blow. The foresail is beginning to shake; we cannot keep this course much longer," spoke Phebe, whose deft hands were still guiding the schooner, and who knew the signs of the sky. "Be not alarmed," said Ben to Mehitable, who was again trembling, and whose visage had assumed a deathly pallor. "Stay where you are while I go and attend to the sails." With this he went away, leaving the moaning, agitated maiden with her head pillowed on his overcoat; and never in all her life had Mehitable felt so utterly forlorn. "Alas! why did I come aboard this hateful vessel? Oh! how sick I feel," she said.

Within an hour a long line of angry clouds was sweeping down from the northeast. The foresail had been taken in and Ben was wishing that he had brought a larger crew; there were

only himself and two striplings to manage his schooner, unless he counted Phebe. He had not gone far enough yet to prove all her sailing qualities; he did not wish to return home so soon. And so, under jib, flying-jib, and mainsail, close-hauled, almost in the very teeth of the wind, the *Squall* kept ploughing her way up the Sound. On and onward she went until Eaton's Neck was lost in the distance. "O dear Ben! I am dying. Do come to me, Ben!" ejaculated the unhappy Mehitable as the spray dashed over her. But the rising gale, which was howling through the rigging, carried her words and her lamentations far to leeward, and Ben heard them not. At this moment he was helping to lower the jib, and there was no time to lose; white-caps were already breaking in every direction; the Connecticut shore, as well as Long Island, was hidden from view; an awful darkness was enveloping them. "If I could leave the wheel in your charge for a moment," said Phebe to her father, "I might help poor Mehitable, who is in a pitiable condition. But for the bulwark which protects her she would be swept into the sea." "Stick to your post and let her be," growled the pilot. "The *Apple-dumplings* won't capsize; let the gal be, I say." He had scarcely spoken when a violent gust struck the schooner and well-nigh threw her on her beam-ends. The foresail, as we have said, had been lowered, and so by this time were the jib and the flying-jib. But the mainsail—a brand-new, splendid piece of canvas—split in twain with a report which sounded like thunder, and ere Mehitable could catch hold of anything she was rolling across the deck into the lee-scuppers. Truth to say, in this emergency Ben did not even think about the seasick beauty. A huge wave had curled over the bow and carried him off his feet; he was clinging for dear life to a rope, while Phebe, assisted by the pilot, was striving with all her might to put the wheel hard a-starboard, so as to throw the schooner's head into the wind. But although Captain Bob knew that it was a critical moment, he could not restrain a loud peal of laughter—for Phebe had told him what had happened to Mehitable—and even above the din of the blast his stentorian lungs were heard shouting: "Hoorah, Miss Hunt, for the *Apple-dumplings!* Hoorah! hoorah!" Then in a few minutes, after the vessel had righted herself, he added: "She's a perfect duck on the water—a perfect duck! Hoorah, Miss Hunt, for the *Apple-dumplings!* Hoorah!"

"You hard-hearted, hoary-headed old sinner! I hear you," muttered Mehitable, whose ten fingers were buried deep in a coil of tarry rope; and, imminent though her peril seemed to be,

she breathed dire vengeance on Phebe's father for his cruel, jeering laughter.

In a little while brave Ben contrived to set the storm-staysail, after which the *Squall* was put about, and then away she went scudding before the tempest at a furious rate—the stormy petrels could hardly overtake her; rolling, too, from side to side, and you might almost have believed that she was going to roll completely over.

Of course the deck was deluged with water. Mehitable was soaked from head to foot, and her contortions and groans, which the pitying Phebe described to him, caused the pilot again to split his sides with uproarious laughter. "I don't care about living. I wish I were dead. Oh! why did I come aboard this nasty, horrid schooner?" sighed the half-drowned girl, who indeed had some cause for her grimaces and her despair.

But all things have an end; in the month of May turbulent weather seldom lasts many hours, and by the time the schooner got back to Hutchinson's Creek the wind had nearly subsided, the evening sun was breaking through the clouds, and the fair sufferer stood leaning against the bulwark, gazing wistfully in the direction of her native village and breathing bitter words against Phebe's parent. Ben was by her side, but he spoke not. What could he say? At length, when they dropped anchor and Phebe resigned her charge of the wheel, he approached her and said: "Phebe, I cannot praise you enough. You are a most skilful sailor. Had you not luffed as quickly as you did when that squall struck us we might all have been drowned." Here the pilot said something about apple-dumplings which caused Phebe to smile, and Mehitable's name was audibly mentioned. The latter, who knew what an ignoble part she had played, and who was boiling with anger as well as deeply mortified, took six hasty strides toward Phebe, then, lifting up her right hand, she gave her a stinging slap on the face. The astounded Phebe reddened, but uttered not a syllable; she merely folded her arms and gazed sorrowfully on Mehitable, who presently turned away and hung down her head as if ashamed of what she had done.

As for Captain Bob, he was blind; he had heard the blow, but could do nothing except gnash his teeth and swear. But the imprecations which he heaped upon Mehitable, as well as upon her Tory father and all the Cowboys in the Neutral Ground, were terrible to listen to, and Ben and Phebe feared lest trouble might grow out of this trial cruise of the privateer.

"Never mind, dear Phebe," whispered Ben after he had

silently rowed them to the head of the creek—not one of the party had broken the silence—"never mind. You have done nobly to-day." Then, while Phebe's countenance brightened with a tearful smile, he pressed his lips to her cheek—the same cheek which had been slapped, and where was a tiny drop of blood, for Mehitable's ring had cut into the flesh. Nat Hunt met his daughter at the landing-place, and as he took her home he wondered if anything had gone amiss. She was moody, her gown had a bedraggled appearance, and when he asked what was the matter Mehitable would not answer. But later in the evening she revealed to him how the pilot had cursed all the friends of the king. "And Phebe thinks just as he does," concluded Mehitable. "And so does sly Ben Barry," answered the storekeeper in an undertone. "Ay, let me tell you a secret, child: 'tis not to catch codfish but to prey on loyal merchantmen that his schooner was built."

"Really! Do you believe Captain Ben is a rebel?" exclaimed Mehitable. "I do; I have positive proof of it; and he ought to be hung."

"Hung!" repeated Mehitable inwardly, while her parent wondered why she shook her head, Then, still speaking to herself, "No, indeed," she added; "so bold and handsome a fellow shall never be hung, if I can help it." "And it is well that his friend Captain Bob has lost his sight, or he'd be giving the king's ships trouble, too, nowadays," pursued Hunt. "Oh! I hate *him;* I could tear his blind eyes out," exclaimed Mehitable, her long, slender fingers crumpling up her calico apron like so many spiteful claws. "What has he said to you? What has he done?" continued Hunt, after cautioning her not to speak so loud.

"Nothing, nothing," replied Mehitable, who now rose from her chair and proceeded to set the table for supper. But once or twice she paused in her work, and, as she gazed musingly on the floor, murmured to herself: "Yes, I hate *him,* but I am sorry that I struck Phebe—very sorry." Mehitable remembered how often during her mother's last illness the pilot's daughter had brought her catnip and other wholesome herbs, as well as oysters and fish from the creek, and never for her trouble had Phebe been willing to accept a penny. The calm, reproachful look, too, which the poor girl had given her after being slapped haunted Mehitable. "I have likewise," she said, "given a woful exhibition of my temper to Ben Barry; and I am not surprised that he spoke never a word to me as he rowed us ashore. Nor did the parting shake of his hand have any warmth in it. Alas!

I have made a fool of myself to-day." At the meal which followed Mehitable ate very little, and her sleep this night was not so sound as usual.

On the morrow Ben stayed ashore, and a rarely pleasant time he had with Phebe. The high wind of the day before had torn loose the morning-glories from about the venerable figure-head of Neptune, and he helped her to twine the vine in its place again. But if Ben could handle ropes, if he could tie knots and untie them, he was uncommonly clumsy at this sort of work, and once he twisted Phebe's fingers instead of the vine. Then, when the sun was high above the horizon, she donned her hood and went forth to plant some peas and pumpkins in the garden behind the house. But Ben took the seeds out of her hand, and the hoe too, and insisted on performing this task himself. "Ben was always good," thought Phebe. "He was always willing to bait my hook, to help me at the oar, to call me sister. But I never knew him to act as he does to-day. One might almost think he had a fever from the color of his cheeks."

After her companion had finished sowing half a dozen rows of seeds he let the hoe drop, and, catching her two hands in his, "Dear girl," he said, "you did enough hard work yesterday. To-day you shall do nothing but look on." "Well, methinks you make a pretty good gardener," returned Phebe, smiling; and what teeth she had!—like the pearls which Ben had seen fished up out of the deep sea. "Well, I wish I were as good a gardener as you are a sailor," he continued. "Oh! if I had a crew composed of Phebes I'd defy the whole British fleet." Here Phebe laughed outright, while her father, who heard her merry voice, called out from a window: "Ship ahoy! Where away?" "Well, Ben, this isn't the way for either of us to do much gardening, is it?" pursued Phebe, glancing coyly at him.

"Gardening! gardening!" answered Ben, with a faint tremor in his deep voice. "What do I care about gardening? I am cruising, I am a privateer, and I wish to know if this pretty craft will surrender. Will she be my prize?"

"Your prize!" exclaimed Phebe, opening her blue eyes ever so wide. "Why, Ben, what do you mean?" "Lay your topsails aback, child!" shouted the pilot, whose keen ears had already heard enough to satisfy him that Ben was following up his kiss of the day before by something more serious. "I say, lay your topsails aback and let him come aboard!" Then, speaking to himself, the old man added: "By heaven! Ben isn't such a booby after all."

Phebe stood almost a minute without answering—an age it seemed to impatient Ben—and, while her heart was in a terrible flutter, many thoughts rushed through her mind. She could not help considering her lover exceedingly fickle. He had undoubtedly been smitten with Mehitable Hunt. During the past winter he had spent several hours every day at her father's store. On the Sabbath he had been very distracted whenever Mehitable had sung in the choir, and everybody knew that he had dubbed her the belle of East Chester.

"Verily, I blame you not for hesitating," spoke Ben humbly. "I have been for a year chasing another craft. But, thank the Lord! I did not ask her to surrender. O Phebe! you are the gem of the seas. There is more love, more soul in your sunburnt face than in ten thousand Mehitables."

"I say, lay your topsails aback!" repeated the pilot, now roaring through a speaking-trumpet. "Down, down with your flag and let him come aboard!" "Well, you may take me into port; I am your prize," murmured Phebe in a low tone. Then, suddenly breaking loose from Ben's grasp and flinging wide her arms, while her eyes seemed to be searching into the depths of the beautiful sky, "O my God!" she cried, "it is come at last. I never, never can thank thee enough for this happy, happy day!"

During the following week Ben did not show himself in East Chester. What a blissful, golden week it was! How often in after-years did he look to it! In shining letters it was graven on his memory. But when the seven days were ended he disappeared altogether; after dark his schooner weighed anchor, and nobody except Captain Bob and his daughter could tell whither she had gone. But Nat Hunt made a pretty shrewd guess and told his Tory friends that the *Squall* had not gone after codfish. "It would not surprise me," he said, "if some night we heard the boom of cannon in the creek."

Late one evening, a month after Ben's departure, Phebe and her father were standing at the cabin-door listening. "It is about time for Ben to return," spoke the old man. "Methinks I hear the sound of oars." Phebe shook her head. "I hear only the cry of a bittern and a fish jumping out of the water," she answered. Nor, although the full moon had risen high above Pelham Heights, could her eyes distinguish anybody approaching. To the left, almost a mile away, gleamed the white tombstones in St. Paul's churchyard; the big mill in West Chester was dimly visible far to the right, while in front lay a broad expanse of

lonely salt meadow with the glistening, dimpling water winding through it. But not a speck which might be taken for a human being or a boat could the anxious, impatient girl discover. At length, after they had waited and listened for half an hour, they were startled by the sound of footsteps near by, and in another moment, to Phebe's great surprise, Mehitable Hunt appeared. "What can she want?" she asked herself, for she knew that Mehitable hated her. Mehitable paused and made a sign for Phebe to approach. Then as Phebe obeyed she withdrew a few steps and Phebe followed her round the corner of the house. "You are doubtless astonished to see me," began Mehitable. "Well, you never could guess what has brought me here—never." "What is it? Who has sent you? Have you a message for me?" inquired Phebe, her heart throbbing faster, for she thought that Mehitable might in some roundabout way have got tidings of Ben.

"It is my conscience which has forced me to come to you all alone through the woods at this hour," went on Mehitable. "I have thought of you a great deal of late. You were so good, so kind to my dear mother when she was dying; and now I wish to beg pardon for the cruel slap I once gave you." Phebe's response was a kiss, and Mehitable continued: "You are too generous. Indeed you are. Oh! how could I ever have insulted you?"

"Speak no more about it," replied Phebe. "We are now friends; let us stay friends." And so saying, she gave the penitent maiden another embrace. "Well, good-by. My visit has been extremely brief," said Mehitable. "But I dare not tarry longer, or father would suspect something; even now he may be looking for me. However, one word more: warn Captain Ben to beware of false lights on Locust Point; don't forget—false lights on Locust Point." With this Mehitable turned and walked away; but she had proceeded only a few steps when she halted and said: "Has Captain Ben come back?" "No," answered Phebe. "Will he come soon?" "I hope so," said Phebe. "Well, don't forget—false lights on Locust Point," said Mehitable. "Warn him, warn him if you can."

The old pilot was right—it was time for Ben to show himself. But it was not until long after he and his daughter had retired to rest that Ben got to the head of the creek; it was past midnight when he stepped ashore.

But Phebe was dreaming about him. Light, very light was her slumber; she soon heard his raps on the door. We need not

describe the meeting between them; let the imagination paint it. But during the rest of this happy night Phebe's eyes did not close again, and every home-made candle in the cabin was lighted in honor of the occasion.

"How I wish you could see the *Squall* now!" spoke Ben, as he sat between the radiant Phebe and her father, the latter in his red flannel night-cap and with a corncob pipe in his mouth.

"Ay, she must look splendid in her war-rig," answered the pilot—"splendid!" "She has two nine-pound swivel-guns, one at the bow, the other at the stern," went on Ben, "as well as plenty of cutlasses and boarding-pikes, and a jovial, daring crew from New Bedford."

"How I wish that I could go with you on a cruise!" said Phebe. "Nay, my beloved, stay at home," said Ben. "Alas!" sighed the pilot, "if I only had my eyesight I would certainly form one of your merry crew."

"And then what shouldn't we do!" ejaculated the enthusiastic Phebe. "For I would go, too. And if the enemy ever got us on a lee shore we might blow the *Squall* up, but never surrender."

This speech made Ben and the captain smile, after which the former asked if there was any news. "Nothing good," answered Phebe. "There is a rumor that a large army ten thousand strong, under General Burgoyne, is about to make a descent upon Albany; and from Albany Burgoyne intends to go down the Hudson and unite his forces with the main British army, thus cutting off New England from the middle and southern colonies." "If he succeeds it will go hard with the cause of independence," said Ben. "Ay, spies and traitors are as thick as flies," observed the pilot.

"Well, dear Ben," said Phebe, "keep a bright lookout when you venture again to enter Hutchinson's Creek; for I suppose the *Squall* is anchored below, is she not?" "Yes, a mile outside of Goose Island; and I have arranged to have certain night-signals burning on Locust Point." "Well, beware!" continued Phebe—"beware! The Cowboys are on the alert and will surely try to deceive you by false lights on the Point." "Have you heard anything positive, or is this merely a suspicion?" inquired Ben. "Mehitable Hunt was here last evening and bade me to caution you," replied Phebe.

"Mehitable Hunt! Did she come here—she, who slapped your face?" "Truly; and, moreover, Mehitable begged my pardon and I have forgiven her. We are good friends now, and so

you must be her friend, too." "Never!" answered Ben, who marvelled how he had ever preferred Nat Hunt's vain daughter to the genial, warm-hearted creature beside him.

"Alas!" he murmured inwardly, "my eyes made a fool of me. I can tell a brig from a ship about as far off as any man; but when it comes to women-folk my eyes are no better than marline-spikes. They can't tell a good girl from a vixen. They see only the outside of her—the white skin, the delicate hand, the tiny foot—and then Ben Barry forthwith makes a booby of himself."

It is needless to say that Ben's visit to his betrothed was a period of rapture to Phebe; but, alas! it was far too brief. He stayed only one day. And when, after sundown, he entered his skiff and rowed off she lingered at the water's edge, watching him as long as he was in sight; and when she could no longer see him she listened to the sound of his oars, and listened and listened, until her father said: "Don't take it so much to heart, child. Ben will be back afore the katydids are singing."

Ten weeks later—the morning sunbeams were shimmering through the forest—Phebe might have been seen seated on a rock, a moss-covered rock where she had often played in childhood; it was near the spot where Rattlesnake Brook empties into the creek. Her face was buried in her hands, and ever and anon she uttered a moan. Suddenly she heard footsteps, and, looking up, discovered Mehitable advancing along the path which led from the village. "Oh! isn't it awful?" exclaimed Mehitable, whose eyes, too, were red with weeping. "Awful! awful!" answered Phebe. "Father and I did not sleep a wink. We heard the cannon roaring, and toward midnight came that terrible explosion. O Ben, Ben!" Here poor Phebe began to wring her hands and cry again. "But do you really know what has happened?" she said presently in broken accents. "What a fisherman told me may not be true. Is Ben blown up? Is he killed?"

"I fear the worst," answered Mehitable. "It seems that the *Squall* was trying to escape from a British frigate which was chasing her down the Sound; and she might have succeeded in getting away—for she has a centreboard, you know, and draws very little water—had not Ben doubtless forgotten the warning which I told you to give him, and plump on a sunken reef he ran, deceived by a red light which some wretch was waving from a boat instead of from the end of Locust Point."

For several minutes neither of the young women uttered another word; both sobbed bitterly.

"I am afraid to return home," at length murmured Mehitable. "My father gave me a beating for having upbraided a couple of Tories who brought the sad news about Ben's schooner, and who were exulting over it and cheering for King George. I flew at them like a wildcat. I couldn't help it; I was mad with rage and indignation. I almost tore their eyes out. Then my father took a whip and whipped me, and I ran away." "Alas!" sighed Phebe, "your father has beaten you, but you will get over the pain. But if my Ben does not come back to me—Ben, my betrothed—" Here Phebe gave a low, stifled cry and fell backward. Then, while Mehitable bent in alarm over the fainting girl and sprinkled her deathlike visage with water from the stream, she murmured with a bitter pang: "Ben her betrothed! Ben her betrothed! Well, well, I am justly punished—justly punished." With these penitent words Mehitable pressed her lips to her friend's cold cheek; again and again she kissed it until Phebe opened her eyes. Then, gazing around with a startled look, "Ben," cried Phebe, "dear Ben, where are you? Come to me! Ben! Ben!" And, still breathing his name in wailing accents, Mehitable conducted her back to her lonely, sorrowful home.

One cloudy, gusty day, three months after the destruction of the privateer, Mehitable stole out of the village and betook herself to Phebe's abode. Phebe and she were now the warmest of friends; her father's harsh usage, instead of breaking Mehitable's spirit, had turned her into a pert, outspoken rebel, and only yesterday she had boxed a Cowboy's ears for saying that he approved of the cruel treatment of the American captives on the prison-ships. For this she had got another beating. Nor can we altogether wonder at Nat Hunt's paternal correction of his daughter. People were beginning to shake their heads and hint that the Tory storekeeper might be a rebel in disguise; and as the cause of the king was just now in the ascendant it behooved Hunt to force the girl to hold her saucy tongue.

But brave Ben Barry, who had miraculously escaped death when his vessel blew up, was ever uppermost in Mehitable's thoughts. Albeit amazed as well as sorely grieved at his having preferred the homely Phebe to her own beautiful self, yet she could not forget the many delightful hours which she had spent in Ben's company, the sweet kisses he had given her; and now, when he lay incarcerated in a loathsome hulk, dying by inches

amid hundreds of other unhappy prisoners, Mehitable ardently wished that she were a man, in order that she might make an attempt to set him free.

"I declare!" she exclaimed, as a youthful sailor greeted her at the pilot's door—"I declare, Phebe, I hardly recognize you. Why, you are a perfect Jack Tar." "I rejoice to hear it," answered Phebe, "and I hope that others will find me as well disguised." Then, taking Mehitable's hand, "Come in," she added, "and make friends with my father. For I am about to leave home, you know; when I shall return I cannot tell; and, Mehitable—" here Phebe's voice faltered, "if—if anything happens to me—if I do not return—take care of my poor blind father." But it was not easy to induce the latter to pardon Mehitable for the flagrant insult which she had once offered to his darling Phebe. The sound of that blow still rang in the old man's ears. Finally, unnerved, perhaps, by the moment of parting, he burst into tears, and, holding forth his broad, weatherbeaten hand, "Well, well," he said, "I forgive you, I forgive you." Whereupon Mehitable solemnly promised to take good care of him until Phebe came back. "I am a changed girl, Captain Bob," she said. "I would not have believed it a few months ago; but for the sake of—of—well, I may as well speak it out—for the sake of Ben Barry I now detest King George, and there is nothing that I would not do for you. I would die on this threshold before I'd allow any Cowboy to injure you."

"Well, where is Phebe going?" whispered the pilot, twitching Mehitable's sleeve. "She will not tell me; do you know?" Mehitable turned to Phebe with an inquiring look; but the latter, who guessed what her parent had whispered, raised her finger to her lips. Then presently, drawing Mehitable aside, "Father," she said, "has implored me to tell him why I am going away, but I cannot. Although my poor heart is breaking, I cannot tell him; it would worry him to death." "Well, tell me, dear friend," said Mehitable in an undertone, "and I promise not to breathe it to a living soul."

"I am going to try and liberate Ben Barry from the prison-ship. Keep it a profound secret," replied Phebe. "Are you? are you?" exclaimed Mehitable. Then, flinging her arms about Phebe's neck, "Oh!" she cried, "may the good God grant you success. May you both come back here safe and sound! Every hour in the day I will pray for you. Truly, truly I will."

In the winter of 1777–8 two large transports, the *Scorpion* and the *Old Jersey*, lay moored in Wallabout Bay crowded with Ame-

rican prisoners. Smallpox was rife amongst them, nor had they any medical attendance. It was not an uncommon thing to see five or six dead bodies brought on shore in a single morning, and the whole beach near Remsen's Mill soon became a place of graves. When Phebe left home to carry out her daring scheme fifteen hundred of these unfortunates had already perished.

The prison-ships were guarded by the frigate *Hussar*, whose vigilant boats patrolled the bay at night, and it was difficult to imagine how she could ever rescue her lover. But Phebe, as Ben used to say, was a chip of the old block. She knew whom among the oystermen and fishermen of Hutchinson's Creek she might trust; her eye could tell a coward at a glance; she loved tempests and danger; and the hardy, dare-devil crew whom she had enlisted in her cause were willing to go to the bottom or blow themselves sky-high, if she gave the command.

One afternoon in December—eight bells had just struck—the officer of the watch on board the frigate observed an unusual commotion on the deck of the *Scorpion:* there were loud shouts and firing of muskets, while at the same time a fishing-smack sailed close under the prison-ship's bow and a number of prisoners leaped down to her deck.

It was blowing half a gale from the northwest; the tide ran flood; darkness was coming on apace; there was not a moment to lose, if the *Hussar* hoped to catch the nimble little craft, which presently was flying before the wind in the direction of the Sound.

In vain did the heavy bow gun send a shot after her, then another and another; on flew the fishing-smack with a strange flag, composed of stars and stripes, impudently streaming at the masthead.

But the *Hussar* was one of the fleetest men-of-war in the British navy. It took only a few minutes to slip her cable, then away she went in pursuit.

"Oh! if I only had sea-room," muttered the captain, with an oath, "I'd make quick work with that rebel sloop." But, happily for Ben Barry, there was not sea-room, and, moreover, the dreaded Hell Gate was not far ahead. The *Hussar*, however, was provided with a pilot who had already twice taken her through this perilous strip of rocks and whirlpools. He was a mere youth, it is true, but perfectly self-possessed, with an eagle-eye, and who doubtless might be trusted to do his duty. But when in a little while they drew nigh to the point of danger the pilot's usual calmness appeared to forsake him. Four

able seamen were steering; they surely needed no assistance from him. Yet his right hand nervously clutched the wheel, and when at length the seething, roaring waters came into full view, and when the fleeing craft ahead seemed to be drawn in toward the fatal reef called the Hog's Back, the young man's cheek turned deathly white.

"Can we go through? Shall we strike?" inquired an officer who was standing beside him. And even as he spoke a shot from the swivel-gun passed within a few feet of the smack; the next one might carry away her mast. The pilot did not answer; he was trembling. Presently another cannon boomed, and this time the shot passed through the smack's mainsail. "We have got her range at last," spoke the lieutenant exultingly. At this the pilot drew in a deep breath—he was evidently wrought upon by some very violent emotion—and he muttered to himself: "The Lord have mercy on us all! It must be done!" Then, lifting his voice, he cried out in shrill accents: "Hard a-starboard!"

The steersmen's duty was prompt, implicit obedience, and round spun the wheel. Yet they stood aghast at such an order, and immediately every eye was fixed on the pilot; for the new course would inevitably bring the frigate on a half-sunken rock, whose sharp, black point was peering above the angry current like a warning finger.

"The fellow is gone mad!" shouted the captain. "Larboard! Larboard the helm! Quick! Quick!" But this counter-order came too late. The great ship was already turning the other way; the eddy had caught her; the Hog's Back was close under her bow. "Dear Ben, I have saved thee! Live! Live!" exclaimed Phebe; and, almost before the words had escaped her lips, with a tremendous crash the *Hussar* dashed upon the rock. The scene which followed was terrible to behold: there was a Babel of cries and commands, a rushing to and fro of many feet, deep curses on the treacherous pilot; while the latter, springing upon the bulwarks, for one moment clasped her hands as if in fervent prayer, then down into the dark whirlpool Phebe plunged.

Anxiously indeed was Ben's heart throbbing the next time he approached the log-cabin where dwelt Captain Bob. The creek was frozen, for it was midwinter; he therefore journeyed afoot, and by night too, lest he should be recognized, for a big reward had been offered for his apprehension. Slowly, with unsteady gait, he trudged through the snow, the cruel confinement

on the prison-ship having taken away his buoyancy and strength. He was wondering whether his betrothed would come to the door when he rapped. Would her sweet voice answer his call? He had heard a vague report that it was she who had planned his escape; that in the guise of a sailor she had acted as pilot of the *Hussar* when the latter sank in Hell Gate.

It would be just like Phebe to attempt such a thing. The report was likely enough to be quite true. But where was Phebe now? Was she alive and at home again? Or had she perished with so many of the frigate's crew?

When Mehitable Hunt, in place of his beloved, appeared at the cabin-door to admit him, and when Mehitable, in response to his eager query, "Where is Phebe?" mournfully shook her head and answered, "Phebe has not come back," his heart sank within him; he guessed that the worst had happened—the dear girl would never come back.

Nor did she. But Time has broad wings, and on them Time bears away all our griefs. Ben was young, and youth easily forgets. After remaining hidden in the pilot's house for two long winter months he heard one day the song of a robin, and Mehitable opened a window and let him inhale a breath of delicious air from the creek. Immediately his spirits rose, his wan countenance brightened anew, and he determined, if his faithful guardian reported that the coast was clear, that no prying Cowboys were prowling about, to leave his place of concealment and enjoy a holiday on the water. "Ay, my boy," spoke Captain Bob, "the coast is quite clear and 'twill do you good. You sadly need fresh air; and take Mehitable with you, for she is no longer afraid of getting sunburnt. Why, only yesterday she rowed all by herself as far as Goose Island and caught me a fine mess of flounders." "Did she?" ejaculated Ben. "And I know not what I should have done without her," went on the pilot. "She supplies all my wants, and is plucky too. Her father has threatened to punish her severely if she does not return home; but Mehitable tells him that she is of an age now to take care of herself. And once, when a sneaking Tory came and thrust his head through the window and asked if she knew where you were, Mehitable grabbed him by the two ears and shook him till he howled."

A quarter of an hour later Ben and Mehitable entered a skiff, and he was about to take the oars when she checked him, saying: "I pray you let me row." Ben smiled and handed her the oars. Then for a while neither of them uttered a word. Finally Ben broke the silence. "I cannot express to you how I feel,

dear Mehitable," he said. "I never saw the sky look so gloriously blue as to-day; it makes me feel young again to be floating on this dear old creek." "Young!" exclaimed Mehitable, smiling. "Why, you are not old yet, Ben." "No, true, I am not. But it seems an age since I was here last; what things have happened since!" Here Mehitable turned her face aside, and when presently she looked at him again there were tears glistening in her eyes. Ben's eyes moistened, too, for he likewise was thinking of Phebe—the noble girl to whom he owed his liberty, and perhaps his life.

We may be sure that this was not the last excursion on the water which Ben and Mehitable enjoyed together. The following day they went forth again and so far overcame their emotion as to converse freely about Phebe. Of a sudden Mehitable dropped the oars and said: "Here we are; this is the very spot. O Ben! can you ever forgive me?"

"Alas!" answered Ben, "you are thinking, no doubt, of the day when—" "When I was wicked enough to strike Phebe. Oh! say, can you forgive me for that mean, heartless act?" interrupted Mehitable.

"I forgive you," murmured Ben. "Thank God!" exclaimed Mehitable earnestly. "Her father has long since granted me pardon. But still there lay a heavy weight on my breast; I wanted you, too, to forgive me—you, whom the blessed Phebe so tenderly loved."

"And your hand has got to be very like hers," said Ben presently, stealing Mehitable's hand and spreading it out on his own hard palm. Then, after he had examined it closely a moment, he added: "Mehitable, you have proved that you have a kind heart; you have courage; you have turned over a golden leaf since Phebe left us. O Mehitable! will you let me keep this hand? May I call it mine?"

Mehitable did not say nay; and when by and by, after spending a most happy hour drifting homeward with the flood-tide, they found themselves once more at the pilot's cabin-door and told him what had occurred between them, the old man pressed his lips to Mehitable's blushing cheek and said: "The ways of the Lord are mysterious; his will be done. May he bless you and Ben! May you live long and happily together!" Then, turning from them, he groped his way out into the garden, now to him all empty and desolate, although full of sunshine and piping robins, murmuring as he went, "Phebe! Phebe! Phebe!"

INCIDENTS OF THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII.

AMONGST the political instruments used by the Tudor monarchs none approach so near the marvellous in their rise and fall as Thomas Crumwell. This remarkable man was the son of a blacksmith who lived at Putney, a suburb of the present London. His mother was considered a pious Catholic and took much pains to give a religious training to her "little Tom," who subsequently became the most sacrilegious church-robber that ever outraged the established order of the Christian faith. Canon Dixon designates the rise of Thomas Crumwell as that of a keen but low-minded adventurer. In his youth he had been fond of "rambling in various parts of Europe." He describes himself at one time as "a moss-trooper"; at another as "a cook" seeking employment from the pope. He practised as a quack doctor in Holland; in Florence he earned bread by cleaning pictures, and subsequently robbed his employers. He was then engaged in Italy by Sir John Russell as a spy. He was afterwards connected with some Italian banditti and betrayed his captain for one hundred ducats. He carried on smuggling in various forms at the French ports. He was known to the Jewish money-changers at Antwerp, from whom he learned "some business ideas" which were subsequently turned to a profitable account in London, where he was known as a money-lender to a class of young gentlemen who were given to the vice of gaming and a life of immorality. Amongst his victims whilst in this occupation was Lord Henry Percy, the lover of Anna Boleyn,* whose life was a sad romance. In London Crumwell carried on at another time the calling of a scrivener and became acquainted with attorneys and lawyers—a disreputable class in those days. To some extent he studied law and was appointed Master of the Rolls. His memory was marvellous, his industry never tiring; temperate, and religious—at least he was apparently so. Time rolled on and this extraordinary man at last became attached to the household of Cardinal Wolsey, where he soon won favor for his "piety and intelligence," and was actually consulted by the car-

*See vol. i., pp. 158–163, of the *Historical Portraits* for the story of the "Border Chief" and Cardinal Wolsey; also the Rev. J. H. Blunt's *Reformation of the Church of England*, vol. i. I further refer the reader to a very remarkable admission in Burnet (vol. i. p. 223) as to *public opinion* in relation to the monastic confiscation. *The motive*, however, cannot be *now* questioned by any student of history possessed of a reasonable grasp of mind.

dinal on public affairs, and next on the expediency of suppressing the smaller religious houses, which Wolsey dissolved in order to found his noted colleges. In this scheme Crumwell promoted his master's views; but, being a rogue at heart, he could not resist the temptations offered, so he commenced the "peculation system" and carried it on undiscovered by the cardinal. Of this first sacrilegious action of Crumwell the monks complained bitterly. Such was Crumwell's early essay on the art of "church-robbery." On the fall of Wolsey he found himself in danger. However, he sought an interview with the king and gave him much information as to how the royal treasury might be speedily replenished. Sir John Russell, the founder of the present Bedford family, assured the monarch that there was no man in the realm so fit for the projected crusade against the monastic houses as "Maister Thomas Crumwell." The king and his future minister met for the first time at Greenwich Palace.* Henry was an admirable judge of how far men could be utilized and then flung aside, and Crumwell himself had not studied in vain to "penetrate the secret minds of princes." He now knelt before the relentless tyrant who was to use him, to enrich him, to ennoble him, to delegate to him his own highest functions, and then after a while to cast him off and assure the populace that he was the source of all their troubles and the destroying angel of the monastic houses. Crumwell's cunning was deep, his resources and ability considerable, his courage great. It would have been, however, well for him if he had less courage and had never matched those ordinary qualities against the unscrupulous and remorseless astuteness of Henry Tudor. On taking office Crumwell began by flattering three of the worst passions that enslaved the king's nature—namely, his dishonest passion for Anna Boleyn, his love of money, and his love of unlimited power without any human agency to interpose.

Crumwell first appeared in Parliament as member for the borough of Taunton, in Somersetshire. By what means he reached that position is not correctly known. Cavendish and Logario affirm that he personated another member, the son of a friend of his named Sir Thomas Rush. Such a course was simply impossible. It is likely that the Duke of Norfolk, then all-powerful, by the king's instructions caused a vacancy in the Commons. Crumwell made several speeches in the Commons and a special

*Greenwich Palace, which was of vast extent, as well as of remarkable architectural beauty, was originally erected by the noted Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, who, from its charming site, named it Placentia.

appeal in favor of his "good maister," the Cardinal of York. Honors and wealth quickly showered on Crumwell. He was sometimes styled the king's "vicar-general"—a strange title for a layman to assume. And next he appeared and spoke at the meetings of Convocation. The Convocation was much dissatisfied at his intruding upon them, and Archbishop Cranmer made an effective speech in opposition to his "intrusion"; but all to no purpose. Crumwell held several lucrative church livings, and sold valuable cures on many occasions. The infamous Dr. Layton paid him one hundred pounds for a deanery in addition to other livings he had already possessed.

Crumwell held the office of Lord Privy Seal in the king's Council, and was also a Peer of Parliament under the title of Earl of Essex; he was likewise a Knight of the Garter. The mercantile people called him Lord Crumwell, and the lower orders shouted aloud, "There ago Tom of Putney." At the period to which I refer (1539–40) Crumwell was at the height of his power, and, having served under such a great minister as Wolsey, was well acquainted with the home management of public affairs and had some idea of how the national revenue might be recruited; but his schemes were for some time concealed. All the ancient families of the realm were more or less insulted and annoyed by this political adventurer. There is no lack of Protestant testimony as to the despotic rule of this "bold, bad man." He has been generally set down as a Protestant Reformer, but he was no such thing. His "religion" was purely political. When he desired to rouse the lawless and irreligious people against the monastic orders he patronized the most violent persons amongst the would-be Reformers of religion; and when his design was accomplished he swiftly sought the support of the opposite party to carry out the Six Articles against the Reformers, whom he then cruelly persecuted.

The question has been more than once asked: What could have been the religious sentiments of a man who had graduated from youth upwards, and who was the originator and patron of the shocking and blasphemous scenes which disgraced London during the government of Thomas Crumwell? I produce a high Protestant authority to throw some light upon the question asked. The learned Dr. Maitland says: "Lord Crumwell was the great patron of the ribaldry and the protector of the ribalds, of the low jester, the filthy, obscene ballad-monger, the ale-house singers, and the hypocritical religious gatherings—in short, of all the blasphemous mocking and scoffing which disgraced the Pro-

testant party at the time of the Reformation." * Crumwell was of no religion till death approached, and then he supplicated to be received into the Catholic fold once more. His "last will and testament" is a most Catholic record of his belief; yet he struck down the Catholic Church for the purposes of robbery, and in this crusade he was supported by a class of men who asserted that they had been raised up by Providence to reform religion.

For eight years Crumwell ruled England like a despot. He received large grants of confiscated property and exacted "blackmail" from the monastic houses and other religious communities.† Even his friend Archbishop Cranmer thought it a prudent action to win his favor by allowing him forty pounds per annum as "a memorial of his friendship." Forty pounds in 1539 were equal to two hundred and thirty pounds of the present money. The archbishop, like many other public men, dreaded Crumwell's resentment. Here are a few items more, which will enable the reader to form an idea of King Henry's prime minister and the terror he had excited in all classes—amongst the upper ranks, and churchmen, and religious orders in particular. The Abbess of Godstowe—the brave and energetic Catharine Bulkley—in order to "conciliate the Lord Crumwell," appointed him to the stewardship of the estate belonging to the sisterhood, which he accepted, as well as all the presents the sisters could collect. The priory of Durham sent Crumwell presents of gold and silver; the offerings of game and fowl were also very large. The Abbess of Shaftesbury sends him one hundred marks; "a noble lord places in Crumwell's hands a sum of forty pounds to obtain for him a *grant of a well-endowed monastery*"; a lady of rank sends him twenty pounds "to seek his good offices for her at court in some way not mentioned." The bishops and abbots sent him New Year gifts with complimentary notes. There can be no doubt those churchmen acted from fear, not friendship. The "private attendants" of King Henry and Queen Jane sent sums of money to represent their "love for the Lord Crumwell." Sums of money were transmitted to him in costly gloves; gold-pieces were placed under his pillow, enclosed in papers "with certain names and requests"; in the windows of his apartments money was also deposited "with requests." This mode of action was carried to an enormous extent through fear of arrest and being placed in a dungeon upon some accusation which was readily sworn to by a class of villains in Crumwell's secret ser-

* Maitland's *English Reformers*, p. 236.

† *Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty*, vol. ii. p. 129.

vice. In fact, poor people sent their "offerings" to him. I must add, however, that Crumwell gave large quantities of food to the destitute. Perhaps his conscience reminded him that he was *himself* the pitiless plunderer of the generous benefactors of the poor.

The spy system was carried to an extreme degree both at home and abroad by Lord Crumwell. Mr. Froude admits that his hero "bought information anywhere and at any cost." Here was a direct encouragement to perjury and fraud, and in too many cases the judicial murder of honest men. Crumwell has been described by some Puritan writers as a man "actuated by pure and honest motives, having no approach to mean or sordid feeling." Thomas Fuller, whose knowledge of the public men of Henry's reign can scarcely be doubted, writes in these words of Crumwell's contemporaries: "Courtiers keep what they catch, and catch what they can." Thomas Crumwell set down to his own share of the abbey lands *no less than thirty manors*—no mean proof that he was in nowise oblivious of personal interests, and that the "information he purchased" in condemnation of the monastic houses was worthy of the man by whom it was purchased.

Such is a brief outline of the political life of the statesman who impeached the "grand old Countess of Salisbury." Distinguished for the best and most amiable qualities suited to adorn her sex and station, her treatment raised an almost universal sentiment of sympathy. She appears to have been a woman with the mind of an heroic Roman matron of old in firmness, dignity, and fortitude. All her contemporaries speak of her as a woman of noble, generous, and kindly nature. Whiting states that there was "no such noble dame in all England as the Countess of Salisbury."

The Earl of Southampton and the Bishop of Ely were commanded by Lord Crumwell to arrest the Countess of Salisbury. The report they made to the crown "on the matter with which they were charged" exhibits in some measure the bearing and character of this illustrious lady:

"Yesterday [November 13] we travelled with the Lady Salisbury till almost night. She would utter and confess little or nothing more than the first day she did, but she still stood and persisted in the denial of all. This day, although we entreated her, sometimes with mild words, and now roughly and aspertly by traitoring her and her sons to the ninth degree, yet would she nothing utter, but utterly denieth all that is objected unto her. We suppose that there hath not been saw or heard of a woman so

earnest, so manlike in countenance as the said countess. We must needs deem that her sons have not made her privy nor participant of the bottom and pit of their stomachs, or else she is the most arrant traitress that ever was seen."

The commissioners then describe the plans they adopted to "affright her"; they found "some 'bulls' and other documents which proved her sympathies to be rather with the pope than with the king"; they describe her "resolute bearing during the investigation, searching, and journey." "We assure your lordships we have dealed with such a one as men have not dealed with all before us. We may call her rather a strong and constant man than a woman; for in all behaviour, howsoever we have used her, she hath showed herself so earnest, vehement, and stuck-up that more could not be." Lord Crumwell despatched a note to the king containing his own opinion of "the traitoress": "She [the countess] hath been examined; and in effect she pretendeth ignorance, and no knowledge of the person that should report the tale. . . . I shall never cease until the bottom of her stomach may be clearly opened and disclosed."

The countess confessed no treason; had nothing to confess, to use her own words; but her "first allegiance was due to the Church of Rome, the second to the throne and the realm."* She possessed all the pride and courage and generosity of the Plantagenets. There is no record extant of the exact charges made against the Countess of Salisbury; but we must accept that she was condemned under the special laws for high treason enacted during the reign of Henry VIII. She remained a prisoner in the Tower for some eighteen months, during which period she was permitted to suffer incredible privations: "Want of warm clothing during a severe winter; placed in a damp cell *without fire;* not sufficient *bed-covering*, and *bad food;* added to this ill-treatment the frequent and untimely visits of those 'men of iron heart and grosser conduct,' the warders."† To use her own words, the Countess of Salisbury "was allowed one privilege, for which she was grateful, and valued more than dainty dishes or good fires in cold weather—namely, her Latin prayer-

* Ellis' *Royal Letters*, pp. 112, 114, 115; Lingard, vol. v.

† There is a diary extant in which Queen Catharine Howard entered the names of various articles of warm clothing which that kind-hearted young queen clandestinely sent to Lady Salisbury; but it is very possible that these things were never delivered. Catharine Howard pleaded earnestly with the king to save the venerable countess, but to no purpose. In a few months later the beautiful young queen was sent to the scaffold herself. She was the victim of a conspiracy concocted by Archbishop Cranmer and Lord Hertford. What times!

book, her crucifix and beads; the latter was the much-prized gift of King Henry's mother." *

The Marchioness of Exeter was impeached at the same time with Lady Salisbury, but was pardoned for her "uncommitted offence."

There is still a conflict of evidence as to many circumstances in connection with the execution of the countess, which is likely to remain a mystery to the end of the chapter. After her lengthened confinement in the Tower (27th of May) Lady Salisbury was informed that the king had issued his final order for her execution. Just as the countess reached the scaffold, according to Lord Herbert, she seemed to have recovered much of her pristine energy of body and mind. When ordered to prepare for the block she refused, and, with the proud bearing of a Plantagenet, said: "I have committed no crime; I have had no trial. *If you cut off my head, then you shall take it as best you can.*" With renewed energy of body and mind she moved about the scaffold and bravely resisted the headsmen, who pursued her with enormous knives or hatchets in hand, making dreadful blows at her neck, until she fell covered with wounds and her long white hair and her hands were bathed with her life-blood. Finally her head, having been cut off in a butcherly manner, was held up to the gaze of the people. The women were much affected at the sight, and one matron, who was far advanced in pregnancy, *fell down dead.* †

Here is another version of the scene upon the scaffold, written by a spectator named Penrose:

"The Countess of Salisbury bore herself to the end with a courage never surpassed under such dreadful circumstances. I cannot think of the awful scene without a shudder. I can never forget the 'bloody tustle' on the platform. The scaffold was erected on the Tower green just opposite St. Peter's Church."

The king gave orders that the execution should be private; none but the officials were supposed to be present; yet a few citizens were also on the scene, for a small bribe was never refused by the warders of those times.

"When the Countess of Salisbury was led forth from her dungeon she

* Thorndale's *Memorials.*

† *English Matrons in the Tower and on the Scaffold.* Printed in Brussels, A.D. 1561. Ambrose Fitzwalter states that the author of this little black-letter book was Sister Varney, one of the exiled nuns of Shaftesbury. This good lady suffered great destitution. She died at Bristol about 1578.

surprised all present by her firmness and the noble deportment she exhibited. None of her lofty stature was lost in the procession to the scaffold. A smile irradiated her pale features, and, looking at the courtier Culpepper, she waved him to approach; she then said in a low tone: 'I have left a relic for the queen [Catharine Howard]; tell her my confessor will give it to her. God bless you and save you from the scaffold!—for I fear that the queen and all her friends will perish before long.' With this observation Lady Salisbury clasped her hands and looked towards the heavens.

"The procession had now approached the scaffold. The bells issued a mournful sound. Then all was silent. The sheriff having arrived, Sir William Kingston immediately handed over his noble prisoner to that functionary, who led Lady Salisbury up the steps to the platform, where her confessor, Father Lavenue, received her. Her courage gave way for a moment when she beheld the two headsmen standing beside the sheriff, who was in the act of giving his final orders. The noble victim caught the priest's arm when she heard the coarse, savage laugh of the headsmen. Father Lavenue was quickly joined by two other priests, who knelt down with the countess just beside the block. The party prayed aloud, and the spectators, and even the officials, acted with decent propriety. The executioners formed the exception. They retired to the rear of the scaffold to partake of the liquor served out to them on such occasions. It was no wonder that those horrible creatures were callous and without pity, for that week they had hanged and quartered ten honest men and three virtuous women.

"The prayers over, the Countess of Salisbury rose, and, accompanied by the priests, walked over to where Sir William Kingston stood, and with whom she conversed for a few minutes. A bustle was heard near the scaffold; a king's messenger had just arrived, but he held up no white wand in his hand, or crucifix, to denote that the royal mercy had been extended to the venerable grand-aunt of the king. The monarch's special command was that the Countess of Salisbury should be *immediately placed in the hands of the headsman.*

"The countess then asked permission from the sheriff to address the crowd, which by this time numbered about three hundred men and women. Having received permission, she advanced with a firm step to the front of the platform, Fathers Barlow and Lavenue on her right, the sheriff and Sir William Kingston on the left. The heroic countess essayed nearly as follows:

"'Good People: No one ever questioned my allegiance to the king until my son Reginald * incurred the royal displeasure. I am nearest to the king in blood of all his relatives, excepting his own children. A Plantagenet could not be disloyal to the monarch of this realm. The king's mind was poisoned against me and my family by Thomas Crumwell, the most vicious and wicked man that ever directed a king's councils or oppressed a nation. Good people, I have had many wrongs—wrongs that might have shaken a loyalty less fervent than mine; but I endured them patiently.

* Subsequently known in England as Cardinal Pole, and the successor of Cranmer in the see of Canterbury.

Charges were forged against me by Thomas Crumwell. My servants were seized and interrogated, yet nothing could be extracted from them. Some papal dispensations were found, together with a few letters from my family. I committed one great crime in the eyes of that wicked man, Archbishop Cranmer—I was a true daughter of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, with the pope at its head. Another treasonable action of mine was that of possessing a small silken banner embroidered with the five wounds of our Blessed Lord and Redeemer. This, being the symbol of the Pilgrims of Grace, was considered by the king to be treasonable. But I had no connection with the Pilgrims; and, again, the brave Pilgrims were not in arms against the king, but were forward to protect their holy religion against the ministers of their sovereign. Unable to extract an admission of guilt from me, Lord Crumwell had recourse to another expedient and devised a process of law known as the Bill of Attainder, by means of which I was attainted and condemned without trial, and all my lands and revenues confiscated to the king.

"'I have been treated with the utmost cruelty by the officials of the Tower; they have left me small quantities of bad food, and no fire in the damp dungeon to which I have been so long confined. I have been debarred from all correspondence with my beloved son, Cardinal Pole. Every insult and wrong has been piled up against me. I have, however, recently learned that retribution has at last overtaken the wicked man who contrived my destruction. Yes, Thomas Crumwell has been caught in his own snare. Condemned, unheard, and unpitied, he has gone to the scaffold amidst the acclamations of a multitude of men, women, and children whom he had injured. I have been asked by the king's dear little wife [Catharine Howard] to humbly petition his highness for mercy. What! a daughter of the House of York to sue for mercy after the fashion of the base-born Thomas Crumwell? No, never! Perish the thought! I am a Plantagenet to the end.'"

Now for the last scene:

"The brave countess, lifting her hands up to heaven, exclaimed in an audible voice, 'Blessed are they who suffer persecution for righteousness' sake.' Her long, white hair was streaming over her shoulders; and as she looked with compressed lips upon the people, who were all kneeling, there appeared to be something of heaven, not of earth, in her whole bearing. Suddenly she started and trembled, and it was no wonder, for the chief headsman, touching her upon the shoulder, said in a coarse accent: '*Kneel down, old woman, and put your head upon the block.*' Lady Salisbury's proud spirit became equal to the occasion. She indignantly exclaimed: 'Kneel down at thy bidding, man of blood? No, never! Place not your bloody hands upon me. I am the king's near relation, and I nursed him in childhood, too. It cannot be possible that his highness sanctions your conduct to *me*.'

"'Old woman,' exclaimed the executioner, 'you need say no more. *I must cut your head off*. You are a traitor; so here goes.' The executioner and his assistants made a motion towards the countess, who quickly advanced across the platform, crying aloud: 'I am no traitor, and if you want

my head you must take it as best you can.' The headsman next caught her white hair and attempted to drag her to the block, but she again resisted. A blow of the 'hatchet-knife' was then made at her neck, which caused a deep wound and the blood flowed; still she resisted; another wound was inflicted; the poor lady soon fell from loss of blood, and her long hair was streaming with blood. She once more recovered her position and in a faint voice inquired if the manhood of England would stand by and see her butchered. The manhood of England, however, did stand by and like dumb dogs gazed upon the slaughter. At this stage of the proceedings one of the headsmen, holding her tightly by the arms, forced her head into the required position, and then, upon a signal from the sheriff, a dreadful blow was inflicted, the blood flowing at all sides; another blow followed. The chief executioner then held up the head by the hair, which was bathed in blood."

The Countess of Salisbury bore herself to the end with a courage never surpassed, unless in the case of Lady Bulmer, whom King Henry sent to the flames for her sympathy with the Pilgrims of Grace.

Tradition represents Henry VIII. visiting the Countess of Salisbury in the Tower, in order to extort some information from her concerning the movements of her son, Reginald Pole. The countess stood the cross-examinations of the king and the Duke of Suffolk bravely. She stated that his accusations against her family were false and without a shadow of existence.

"Is the old dame mad?" inquired the monarch.

"No, she is quite in her senses," replied the lieutenant of the Tower.

"Then she must be quickly handed over to the headsman," was the observation of the merciful monarch.

"The headsman has no terrors for me," was the cool remark of the noble captive.

"Are you a witch or a devil?" observed the king. "Now I will soon test your courage."

The king suddenly retired from the scene, but returned within an hour and handed the death-warrant to the lieutenant of the Tower, with an order for execution on the following morning.

"Oh! mercy; the time is too short," remarked the humane governor.

"Dare not dispute my command, or else your head shall roll in the dust," was the tyrant's final judgment.

The Countess of Salisbury suddenly rose from the stone bench on which she sat, and stretching out her withered arms, and in a powerful voice which struck terror in all present, addressed the king in these words:

"Your highness acts like a being who has no conscience. You look upon your subjects as if they were born to be your slaves. For many years back you have been slaughtering innocent people. All the judges and public men form your footstool; they are just as you desire—base, unprincipled, corrupt, and cowardly, for at your order they trample in the dust all that is honorable, noble, and virtuous. O thou man of blood! tremble for thy *hereafter*. Your reign has been marked by the most shocking barbarities. You sent the Carthusians and the Observant Fathers to the scaffold; your own venerable schoolmaster [Bishop Fisher] was likewise handed over by you to the headsman because he refused to accept *you* as the vicegerent of our Blessed Lord on earth. You sent the holiest and the best of our priesthood to the scaffold. Sir Thomas More, the greatest lay Catholic and the most just judge in the realm, met a similar death at *your* hands. You have destroyed nearly all the ancient families who were the pride of the land, and you have raised low-born men—thieves, villains, and murderers—to places of honor and trust. Your highness knows well that I am telling God's truth to your face—a sentiment which you will never learn from your Archbishop of Canterbury [Cranmer] nor from your chancellor. Now you have turned your warfare against women. You sent Lady Bulmer to the flames in Smithfield; you sent the queenly Katharine to the grave broken-hearted and deeply wronged. By a process of law of your *own creation* you sent your second wife to the scaffold. . . . O cruel, wicked man! tremble for the future, for the measure of thine iniquity is nearly complete."

The narrator states that the king listened attentively to the admonition of his ancient kinswoman.

As the reader is aware, Crumwell's fall took place before the Countess of Salisbury was sent to the scaffold. When informed that the king intended to prosecute him under the statute specially enacted by *himself* to send the Marchioness of Exeter and Lady Salisbury to the scaffold, he wrung his hands and in bitter agony exclaimed: "Alas! alas! this is retribution indeed. The prayers of my victims have been heard in heaven." When informed that the populace were exulting at the mere thought of his execution he sobbed, looked down, and trembled. He *now* realized his position. The man who had attended so many executions at the scaffold and at the stake, to witness the torture and insult heaped upon his victims, was himself terribly dismissed from life. The hour of retribution had arrived. A vast multitude of people congregated to behold the "Grand Inquisitor," as Crumwell was styled, in the hands of the headsman. No one anticipated the horrors of the scene. Two unskilful executioners, in the absence of their chief, are described as "chopping Lord Crumwell's head for nearly half an hour," the blood flowing profusely along the scaffold. The ruffian mob of London danced and shouted in frantic excitement of mingled joy and horror.

What an awful spectacle! A long roll of terrible deeds surrounds Crumwell's memory at all points, yet we are assured many times by a recent biographer of Crumwell that his "aim was noble—the overthrow of popery." Notwithstanding the Puritan flourish here quoted, Crumwell's last hours were spent in contrition and sorrow for having been the sacrilegious agent of Henry Tudor in his career of blood and robbery. "There were three priests attached to the Tower at this period, and to one of them Crumwell made divers confessions." The night before his execution he sat several hours conversing upon religion with the priests. Thorndale, who was present at the Mass at six o'clock in the morning, relates that "Lord Crumwell most reverently received the Bodye and Bloude of our Adorable Maker and Saviour." And again he says: "The poor man's knees were much swollen from long kneeling."

A fatality attended the family of the Countess of Salisbury. Within the chamber, or cell, in which she had been confined at the Tower, her brother, Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick, was confined by Henry VII. and subsequently beheaded. In another dungeon of the Tower Lady Salisbury's father was mysteriously murdered. Henry VIII.'s deadly hatred to the Pole family became intensified about the period of the Pilgrims of Grace, when the king, through his foreign agents, offered fifty thousand crowns to any person who might seize upon Cardinal Pole and "carry him alive to England." Several members of the family were beheaded, amongst whom was Lord Montague. During the disastrous movements of the Pilgrims of Grace many of the tenants and retainers of the Countess of Salisbury were "hanged, drawn, and quartered." Amongst the victims were two fine-looking young women, both of whom died bravely and exhorted the people "to be true to the old religion of the country."*

The chivalrous Lord Montague was confined in a cell of the noted Beauchamp wing of the Tower. The Beauchamp Tower is the central fortification on the west side of the inner ballium.

The Countess of Salisbury possessed the distinction of being a countess in her own right, and some historians have described her under the various names connected with her family. She was the daughter of George, Duke of Clarence, by Isabel Neville, the eldest daughter of Richard, Earl of Warwick, the noted "setter-up and puller-down of kings." The countess was also the niece of King Edward IV., and therefore no very distant

* Woodville's *Anecdotes of the Pilgrims of Grace.*

relative of Henry VIII. himself. Her brother, the Earl of Warwick, was impeached and beheaded, his only offence consisting in the fact of a close relationship to the crown. The family received several warnings from Henry VII., whose suspicious mind was ever jealous of a Plantagenet. Lady Margaret was compelled by Henry VII. to marry a Welsh knight named Richard de la Pole, by whom she had a large family and "lived in love and peace." Her husband is described by a chronicle of the times "as a chivalrous knight and a well-meaning man, who was much esteemed at court and respected by the people."

In Henry VII.'s reign Lady Salisbury was placed in charge of the royal children, so that Henry VIII. had known her almost from his infancy. On the arrival of the Infanta (Katharine) from Spain the countess, as she was generally styled, conducted and arranged the young princess' household. A feeling of mutual friendship sprang up between the lady companion and the princess. When Katharine was married to Prince Arthur the countess was still attached to her household; was at Ludlow at the period of Arthur's death; was with the princess during a great portion of her widowhood, and again at her marriage with young Henry—"so marked with hope and love." The Countess of Salisbury stood amongst the noble dames who thronged around the youthful king and queen at their coronation; when the Princess Mary was baptized the royal infant was held at the font by Lady Salisbury. At the Confirmation of Mary she appeared again, enjoying the privilege of kindred as a Plantagenet. At this period King Henry seemed much attached to his kinswoman. He visited the royal nursery almost daily and conversed freely with her; he listened with pleasure to her tales about his own days of childhood; he had perhaps heard of the sonnets written on the historical Margaret Plantagenet when styled the "Maid of the Golden Tresses." Time rolled on and the "Maid of the Golden Tresses" became an old and a feeble woman, with snow-white hair, who was impeached for high treason; a prisoner for nearly two years in one of the dungeons in the Tower; next on the scaffold, defying the blood-stained headsman in the strength of her innocence, and right royally meeting her death at the command of that kinsman whom she had nursed in childhood, and to whose own offspring she had accorded almost a mother's care. Such was the fate of one of the noblest of the Plantagenet family, of whom the people of England felt so proud.

Several of the London reviewers contend that I have used unbecoming language in referring to the actions of Henry VIII. as a sovereign and as a man. I regret, for the credit of humanity, that the life of an English ruler should not deserve a more courteous delineation. However, Protestant writers must and do admit the evil deeds of this prince. Even Sir Walter Raleigh, who possessed the friendship of Queen Elizabeth, described her father as "the very incarnation of human wickedness." Of course Raleigh did not paint this picture during the lifetime of the "gentle Queen Bess." Hallam has used strong epithets in reference to Henry's actions. Miss Strickland designates him in relation to his wives as "a regal ruffian," and again she styles him as the "English Blue-beard." Dean Hook, in his great work, the *Archbishops of Canterbury*, in referring to Henry's correspondence with Archbishop Cranmer concerning the marriage with Anne of Cleves, uses the following language: "Perhaps there is not in historical literature a viler document than that in which King Henry assigned his reasons for seeking a divorce from Anne of Cleves. He cared not what he did or said, if only he could carry his object."

Have the panegyrists of Henry ever seen this document? Yet there are letters of this "reforming prince" extant equally infamous.

The reader will be rather astonished at the fashion in which another English writer of some distinction has written of Henry VIII. Sharon Turner remarks: "King Henry was *warm-hearted, gentle, and affable in private life, untainted in morals, sincere in religion, respected abroad, and beloved at home. Happily for mankind,* Henry had *none* of *the inhuman qualities*, the fierce spirit, and persevering insensibility of a great and active conqueror. He took *no pleasure in causing or contemplating fields of human slaughter.*" Mr. Sharon Turner must have lost all recollection of the fate of the "Pilgrims of Grace."

Looking to the valuable space of The Catholic World, I cannot enter at greater length in rebutting those falsehoods which abound in all the relations concerning the English Reformers and their precursors. I refer the reader to volume ii. p. 264 of the *Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty* for King Henry's instructions to Lord Hertford, who was then commanding the "army of invasion" about to enter Scotland. The military despatch in question is one of the most sanguinary and atrocious passages in all history. Titus could scarcely have issued a more terrible order to his pagan legions when besieging Jerusalem.

This never-to-be-forgotten slaughter of the Scots occurred three years before Henry's death (10th of April, 1544). Yet even to the present day writers endorsing the eccentricities of Sharon Turner affirm that Henry *took no pleasure in causing or contemplating fields of human slaughter!*

The records of the reign of Henry enable Macaulay's judgment and integrity to present the following: "A king whose character may be best described by saying that he was despotism itself personified; unprincipled ministers, a rapacious aristocracy, a servile Parliament—such were the *instruments by which England was delivered from the yoke of Rome.* The work which had been begun by Henry—*the murderer of his wives*—was continued by Somerset, the *murderer of his own brother*, and completed by Elizabeth, the *murderer of her guest.*"

Sir James Mackintosh observes that "Henry Tudor is the only prince of modern times who carried judicial murder into his own bed and *imbrued his hands in the blood of those whom he had once caressed.*"

An Anglican divine, who has been engaged for some years in writing a history of the "revolution of Religion in England" has drawn a portrait of Henry VIII. which is full of acute discrimination:

"Henry VIII. was the man who was fittest to direct the revolution of the wealthy against the poor. His stupendous will was guided by certain primary and unfailing instincts; his fierce temper could not be restrained or calmed by any human being, however virtuous or exalted. The subtlest flattery failed to insinuate itself into him; the haughtiest spirits got no hold upon him; arduous or splendid services awoke in him no sentiment of royal confidence. The proud Wolsey or the astute Thomas Crumwell, to whom in succession he seemed to have abdicated his kingship, found that they had no more power over him than the last 'dicing-man whom he had enriched. When he met with a conscience that resisted his enormities his resentment was implacable. These evil qualities, however, were less apparent in his dealings with his brethren of the 'throne and sceptre' than in his treatment of his own subjects. In more than one contest of obstinacy with the Emperor Charles V. Henry came off baffled; and he certainly found his match in the French monarch, Francis I. In truth, there was something unintelligent in the incapacity of attachment, the inaccessibility to kindly feeling, which was King Henry's strength. The savage creatures would bite every hand; the services and kindness of the keeper exempt him not from the precautions which must be taken by the stranger who approaches them. The well-known lineaments of Henry expressed his character. That large and swelling brow, on which the clouds of wrath and the lines of hardness might come forth at any moment; those steep and ferocious eyes; that small, full mouth, close-buttoned, as if to prevent the explosion of perpetual choler—these give the

physiognomy of a remarkable man, but not of a great man. There is no noble history written in them; and though well formed, they lack the clearness of line which has been often traced in a homelier visage, the residence of a lofty intellect. A great tyrant tries the nature of men; nor have we the right, if we witness, to exult over the spectacle of the humiliations, the frailties, or the crimes of those whose fears, whose cupidity, whose arrogance were excited by such a sovereign as Henry. Under him all were distorted, all were made worse than they would have been. It is the last baseness of tyranny not to perceive genius. Of Seneca and of Lucan the slaughterer was Nero. Henry VIII. laid the foundations of his revolution in the English Erasmus, and set up the gates thereof in the English Petrarch." *

I close these few but noted incidents of the reign of Henry VIII. with a description of the "death-bed scene":

"The last day of Henry Tudor had now passed, and the night of dying agony commenced. It was a condition of fearful bodily suffering to the king, broken by intervals of remorse and prayer. Had human pride vanished? Had mercy returned to the royal breast? Was the king at peace with all the world? No! Another act of vengeance was to be consummated. For a year or so before the king's death the warrants for executions were signed by commission in consequence of the monarch's state of health. But in this special case the royal tyrant expressed his determination and pleasure to sign the Duke of Norfolk's death-warrant *with his own hand.*" †

Dean Hook justly remarks that nothing more terrible than this scene can be imagined: "At ten of the clock, *when the cold sweat of death covered his face, when in dreadful agony from head to foot*, the awfully prostrated monarch was making a faint effort to sign the fatal document." The action manifested the mastery of a ruthless spirit and evinced the domination of a final impenitence. In the very arms of death he would destroy the living; on the threshold of the grave he would turn from the presence of his God to make one more sacrifice to the Enemy of Mankind. Yet even that thirst for the blood of an illustrious subject whose age he had left nearly childless might not have been the worst, if it had not been the last, of the crimes of this unforgiving prince.‡ A few hours more elapsed (two o'clock in the morn-

* Canon Dixon's *History of the Church of England*, vol. ii. pp. 408–9.

† Domestic State Papers of Henry's Reign; *Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty*, vol. ii.

‡ When the death-warrant was signed, with the aid of the lords in waiting, the king became immensely exhausted and did not utter a word for some minutes; then he said, "Let the Duke of Norfolk be in the hands of the headsman at six of the clock." Being informed that there was not sufficient light of a January morning at six of the clock for such an important business, he commanded that when the execution took place to let him know how the traitor died. At this moment the miserable man was seized with fresh convulsions, when he "roared like a wild beast upon the rack." Morning came, but the Council hesitated to begin the new reign by shedding Norfolk's blood.

ing), and the shadow of death was casting a deep and solemn gloom upon the royal chamber. The end *now* came. The final contest was brief; and, in a pulse's throb, the spirit of the long-dreaded King Henry was wafted to the presence of that Omnipotent Tribunal where so many of his iniquitous judgments deserved to be reversed. A death-bed has been described as the altar of forgiveness, where charity and tears commingle as the spirit of prayer communes. These attributes were absent from the dying couch of Henry Tudor, whose last, despairing words, chronicled by Anthony Browne, "*All is lost!*" express an awful consciousness of the retribution due to a merciless, selfish, and remorseless career.

Some forty minutes after the king's death, before the domestics could even partially recover from the dreadful scene they had witnessed, Lord Hertford and Sir William Paget held a conversation outside the apartment where the body of the dead monarch lay, still warm and horribly convulsed in feature, the very sight of which made Sir Anthony Browne fall to the ground in a swoon. Yet Hertford and his friend Paget were made of sterner stuff. The subdued parley between the whisperers was the first access to a deliberate perjury in relation to the late king's "last testament." Paget hesitated, and, glancing at the door, half open, for a few moments looked thoughtfully at all that remained of his royal master, and told Hertford that his "observations were ill-timed." The sudden appearance of Archbishop Cranmer upon the scene gave more confidence to Paget. A terrific storm raged at the moment (three o'clock in the morning). A look from one to the other was understood. Still they feared one another; nevertheless the first step had been taken.* They had resolved to violate Henry's "most Catholic will," and to keep his death a secret for three days till the conspirators had arranged their plans.

Mr. Froude remarks that Lord Hertford "*did not dare to make public the last conversation he held with the king the day before his death.*" † This sentence contains a withering verdict, and is an exposition of the author's sentiments as to Hertford's actions at this time, not the less valuable from its fortuitous candor. Another question remains still unexplained: Did Lord Hertford and Archbishop Cranmer read for the predoomed boy-king, Edward VI., at any period of his painful regal pupilage, anything, even a

* MS. Letter of Sir Edward Denny; Dr. Whyte's secret correspondence with Father Peto "concerning the last hours of King Henry."

† Froude, vol. v. p. 2.

syllable, from his father's last "will and testament"? Or what explanation did they give him as to the *special command* to have him *educated in the ancient Catholic Church of England?* Did they impart to the young king his father's injunctions for Masses for his (the father's) soul's health and the due maintenance of the olden religion? Do the Protestant eulogists of Archbishop Cranmer approve of the unparalleled deception in this regard of himself and his *confrères* in the Council? Do they approve the worst kind of perjury—*the violation of solemn oaths sworn at the bedside of a dying man?*

It is worthy of remark that during his lifetime King Henry had drawn up no less than eighty-six "last testaments." "The king had," writes his devoted courtier, Sir Anthony Browne, a "great horror of death, and when some gloomy feelings visited his highness he generally began to think of altering his will and bequeathing more money for Masses for his soul *after* death."

And now, *in memoriam*, here is a striking incident, new, perhaps, to many of your readers:

The royal remains, being carried to Windsor to be buried, stood all night among the dilapidated walls of the Convent of Sion, and there the leaden coffin being cleft by the shaking of the carriage along a bad road in heavy weather, it was placed upon a stand, and after a while the attendants discovered that the pavement of the chapel was quite wet from a stream of blood proceeding from the coffin. In the morning came plumbers to solder the coffin, which had burst, when suddenly the men discovered *two dogs licking up the king's blood.* The narrator—one of the royal household—says: "If you ask me how I know this, I answer, William Greville,* who could scarcely drive away the dogs, was my informant." The plumbers, who were greatly affrighted, corroborated the above statement.

The dismantled convent alluded to had been the prison of Queen Catharine (Howard), whose execution took place just five years before the corpse of her ruthless husband reached its temporary resting-place.† The reader will remember the denunciation of Father Peto at Greenwich Royal Chapel (1533), in the presence of the haughty monarch and *his* then idolized Anna Boleyn, when the fearless friar compared the king to Achab, and told him to his face that "the dogs would in like manner *lick*

* Greville was one of the king's domestics, all of whom were attached to their royal master, who treated them with much kindness and often conversed in a jocular manner with them upon rural or sporting affairs.

† MS. in the Sloane Collection. Harpsfield to Father Peto. The original MS. is to be found at the Vatican.

his blood." Some Protestant writers question the above relation. Be it, however, coincidence or the verification of prophecy, the fact stands and needs no further reference from me.

The Rev. Mr. Dixon, whom I have just quoted, describes Somerset's government as that of a usurper, and the period one of the most disastrous in English history. "The doings of unbridled fanatics and unscrupulous self-seekers made the late tyranny seem in comparison a time of law and order; and men who groaned beneath the Seymours and the Dudleys were presently crying out for the *church* and the *laws* of Henry VIII. The magnificent architectural decorations were destroyed, the frescoes *white-washed*, and in the rood-loft the *royal arms* took the place of the *crucifix*." The above passage is the honest statement of a learned and painstaking historian, whose object is to discover *facts*. The Rev. Canon Dixon's *History of the Church of England from the Period of the Parliamentary Abolition of the Roman Jurisdiction to the Death of Henry VIII.* is a most valuable work for every student of history to consult.

SAINT MAGDALENE.

LIFE'S choicest blessings would I freely give,
Fair Magdalene, fair Magdalene,
If so thy gift of tears I might receive
And weep alone, of men unseen.

For to the feet of Him who spoke to thee
Sweet words that e'en to me give hope,
Through blinding tears alone my way I see
From out the darkness where I grope.

O tears that spring from Hope's eternal fount
And from the bruisèd heart of love!
These pearls do silver o'er the souls that mount
On wings of light to God above.

If sorrow in that blest abode could be
'Twere like to thine, sweet Magdalene,
For in thy grief is such divinity
As pain doth pleasure make, I ween.

Through sweet salt tears and those full eyes of thine,
That upward look with burning love,
As white as lilies washed with dew doth shine
A soul that now no more will rove.

Not purer, fairer on thy mother's breast
Did thy young face in sleep repose
Than, at the feet of thy dear Lord, at rest,
While all thy heart in love o'erflows.

Oh! that thy grief were mine, as mine thy sin,
That love might lead me to the feast
Where Jesus is, and I might enter in
And of my burden be released.

O Saint, that sinner wast, pray thou for me,
Who walk in darkness and in woe,
Who, bound in heavy chains, but would be free,
If where my Saviour is thou'lt show.

Into the desert then alone I'll go,
Nor miss the world that I do leave;
And my sweet tears shall never cease to flow,
And I shall never cease to grieve.

ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ.

A WRITER in *The Century* magazine some time since undertook to give an account of a certain famous place of pilgrimage, St. Anne de Beaupré, which he chose to designate as "the Canadian Mecca." But it is not our intention to notice in detail the idle and misplaced sneers with which this "holiday lounger," as he styles himself, saw fit to interlard his article.

Long ago, in some far-away time too distant for actual history to have recorded the fact, a few Breton sailors, coming up the great river, were surprised by a terrific storm. In all the terror of the moment, the blackness of the night, the howling of the winds, and the rushing of the waters their hearts went back to distant Brittany. In childhood and in youth they had been taught to have recourse to the beloved patroness of their *chère Bretagne*. Never had St. Anne d'Auray failed to hear a simple and heartfelt prayer. They registered a vow: if the good saint brought them once more to land, there where their feet touched they would build her a shrine. A morning came blue and cloudless. These brave men were ashore, and where? They looked about them. To the northward rose the Laurentian hills, to the southward the wide rolling St. Lawrence, to the eastward a little stream, now the St. Anne, dividing the settlement from the neighboring parish of St. Joachim. In such surroundings they built a simple wooden chapel and laid the foundation of a shrine now famous throughout America.

The years went on; these hardy *voyageurs* passed on their way and were heard of no more in the village they had founded. But habitations soon grew up, and the settlement of Petit-Cap began to be known by the little temple which stood in its very heart. Meanwhile, in the passing years, the springtime floods and the winter storms, and even the hand of time itself, began to tell upon the sturdy wooden frame of the good saint's shrine. The project of rebuilding it was first seriously entertained somewhere about 1660. A prosperous farmer of the village, named Etienne Lessard, made a generous donation of land sufficient for the erection of a church, provided only that the work was begun at once. A discussion now arose as to the propriety of changing the site; but the matter was finally decided, and M. Vignal, a priest from Quebec, went down to Petit-Cap to bless the founda-

tions. He was accompanied by M. d'Aillebout, governor of New France, who went thither expressly to lay the corner-stone. But the people long before this, it seemed even from the very origin of the settlement, had learned to love and venerate the mother of Mary, who had come, as it were, in so extraordinary a manner to their shore. Even the Indians heard in their distant trading-posts from the voice of the Black-gown this message of peace, and, hearing, they believed. So they urged their swift canoes thitherward over the great, wild river from their homes in the trackless wilderness, where only the dauntless hearts of the missionaries had as yet dared to penetrate. Their solemn faces and uncouth figures gave a savage wildness to the groups of pilgrims as their grotesque and unfamiliar tongue mingled often at morn or evening, in prayer or hymn, with the sweet, soft *patois* of Brittany or of Normandy. To the Bretons who were so thickly interspersed throughout the colonies this spot truly was a glimpse of home. Had not St. Anne heard their childish prayers or some passionate heart-cry of fervid youth, and did they not find her here again among these dreary, rugged wilds where otherwise the soul of the exile found only desolation? Many a tear stole down the weather-beaten faces of hardy mariners as they knelt with the familiar "*Sainte Anne, Mère de la Vierge-Marie, priez pour vous.*" They had found for the moment home, country, and youth. This second church, which remained in use till 1876, was built of stone and stood just at the foot of the hill, where the present chapel for processions now is. During the years following its erection multitudes of pilgrims flocked thither.

Amongst those whose interest in the welfare of the church and the propagation of the devotion have woven a halo round this village shrine is that immortal bishop of Quebec—he who, coming of the ancient and knightly race, the Barons Montmorenci de Laval, forsook the splendors of a luxurious court and the softness of a southern climate to devote his wonderful intellect to the service of the primitive Canadian Church. He was truly a knight of God—a man whose life, full of all the interest that a lofty and self-denying purpose can give it, is likewise teeming with the romance engendered by the wild and savage surroundings from which he shone out with meteoric glory. Lance in rest, he broke down all bulwarks that separated his mission from full accomplishment, and, ever ready to seize the means which the providence of God placed at his hand, he devoted himself to the work of making St. Anne ever better known and

more beloved. Somewhere about 1670 he sought and obtained from the chapter of Carcassonne a precious relic of that good mother, to which the *Century* writer no doubt refers when he speaks of "the dried bones of a saint." This relic is, in fact, a portion of the saint's finger, and is vouched for by the cathedral chapter of Carcassonne, by Mgr. de Laval, and by the present Archbishop of Quebec, Mgr. E. A. Taschereau. So that we think even the *Century's* "educated classes" may accept this relic "without reserve." It was not for more than two centuries later —1877—that the church at Petit-Cap, or St. Anne de Beaupré, as it is now called, came into possession of a second relic of this saint, which was brought from Rome by the Rev. M. N. Laliberté, some-time curé there.

Rich gifts began to pour in, and the attention of royalty itself was drawn to the spot; for a gleam from the magnificence of that traditionally splendid court of Louis le Grand fell upon that humble sanctuary hard by the blue stream which still bore the Indian *voyageur* upon his way. It is part of the romance which antiquity has lent to the place, this offering made by the queen-mother of Louis XIV. Anne of Austria's own royal hands worked a handsome chasuble as a gift to the good St. Anne. The ornaments upon it are red, white, and black arrows, and the whole is richly wrought in gold and silver. Now, though that splendid pageant of a dream, that gorgeous phantom of a dead royalty, has passed into tradition, the vestment worked by the royal mother's hands is still seen at the altar of St. Anne's upon grand occasions. Another patron of the little temple was the Marquis de Tracy, viceroy of New France. In danger of perishing by shipwreck, this devout man made a vow that if St. Anne procured his safety he would make her a handsome offering. So there the offering is, now hung above the high altar of the new church. It is a painting from the pencil of Le Brun and represents St. Anne, Our Blessed Lady, and two pilgrims, a man and woman. At the base of the picture are the arms of the donor. A costly silver reliquary adorned with precious stones, and two pictures painted by the Franciscan friar, Luc Lafrançois, are the gifts of Mgr. de Laval; while there is a crucifix of solid silver presented by the hero of Iberville in 1706 in return for favors obtained. So does the past intermingle everywhere with the present, and such tokens speak like the voices of the dead, giving testimony of answered prayers. Kneeling there before that beloved mother of the Mother of Christ, we can see in fancy, as humble suppliants by our side, the great and good prelate whose name

shines out from the early Canadian annals with an unsurpassed lustre, or the valiant soldiers, proud and warlike viceroys, gay and gallant barons of France, who have bent the knee here, humble, believing, hopeful as the poor fisher whose boat rocked the while upon the surging waters without. In 1875 a magnificent banner, seven feet and a half high by four and a half broad, was presented to the curé by his Excellency Lieutenant-Governor Caron, of Quebec. On one side of it is St. Anne teaching the Blessed Virgin, the two figures encircled by a silver shower. Above and below is inscribed: "St. Anne, Consolation of the Afflicted, pray for us." The reverse of the banner represents St. Joachim as a pilgrim, proceeding to the Temple with his simple gift of two white doves. The work thereupon was done by the Sisters of Charity. The walls and sanctuary are fairly covered with crutches, hearts of gold and silver, and the like, each one telling of a belief in some cure obtained, or petition heard.

But of course all this is in the new church. For the second edifice, which was in use till 1876, became gradually insufficient for the growing wants of the mission, even though it had been several times enlarged and otherwise improved, and in 1787 was almost totally rebuilt. A dispute again occurred as to whether this third new church should be built upon the former site or removed to a greater distance from the water. The ecclesiastical authorities took the latter view; but the question was discussed with more and more warmth, till at last it was agreed upon that the church should be built upon the old site. Immediately all discord ceased and the work was soon carried to the desired end. Clearly the good St. Anne herself preferred the ancient site.

The chapel during all these years had been served by missionaries, amongst whom were Jesuits, Franciscan friars of the branch known as Observantines or Recollets, and secular priests from the Seminary of Quebec. The lives and incidents in the lives of many of them are replete with interest. The first recorded is Father André Richard, of the Society of Jesus, who was a missionary; the second, Father Lemercier, also a Jesuit missionary. The latter had been for almost twenty years laboring in the Huron missions, of which he was afterwards superior. He left Quebec in 1685 and died in the Antilles. Another pastor of St. Anne's from 1690 to 1699 was M. Filon, a secular priest, who was drowned returning by canoe from Baie Saint-Paul under the following heroic circumstances: There were some others in the canoe with him, and in attempting their res-

cue he lost his own life. Just as he brought the last passenger to shore he was struck by a floating spar, which hurled him among the rocks and caused his death. His body was found by a young girl named Bouchard. With tender reverence she placed it in a birch-bark coffin and planted a cross above it. Some days later she brought it to Cape St. Anne, letting it float after her canoe. Tradition adds that on its being buried next day in the little village where the dead priest had ministered a superb cross of gold was placed above it. This young girl afterwards became a sister of the Congregation de Notre Dame in Montreal, under the name of Sœur Saint-Paul. Mgr. Morin, also for some time at St. Anne's, enjoys the distinction of being the first Canadian priest. M. Portneuf, who, after leaving Petit-Cap and its shrine, became curé of St. Joachim, was forced to place himself at the head of his parishioners to offer resistance to the English, who were putting everything to fire and the sword. He, with many of his little band, fell victims of their own heroism on the 23d of August, 1759, and the brave curé was buried without a coffin.

In or about 1871 the first steps were taken towards the erection of the present church. In May, 1872, the bishops of the province issued a pastoral letter calling upon the faithful to unite heart and soul in this enterprise. The parishioners at once subscribed amongst themselves the sum of sixteen thousand dollars, and the foundations of the new structure were laid as early as June, 1872. But the parishioners were not left alone in the work. From all parts of the province subscriptions poured in, and hosts of pilgrims flocked thither, bringing offerings to lay at the feet of the "good St. Anne." The new church, which has cost close upon two hundred thousand dollars, is fifty-two feet long by sixty-four broad. The steeple is forty-five feet high. The whole stands as a splendid monument of the faith and love of the people. It is in vain that petty and foolish sneers are directed against the "superstitious" belief of the French-Canadian peasant. Still with lofty and generous trust in the power of God the people of the Province of Quebec have gathered about the sanctuary of the mother of Mary and built this stately temple in her honor. In 1876 the new church was solemnly blessed. The bishop, followed by priests, acolytes, the students of the Seminary, and a vast concourse of people, bore the relic from the old church to the new. Every year pilgrimages go thither from various parts of the province.

The year of 1876, the year of the building of the new church,

was crowned by a rescript of His Holiness Pius IX., bearing date the 7th of May, by which he declared St. Anne patroness of the Province of Quebec, as long ago St. Joseph had been declared patron of all Canada. This decree was received with universal joy by the faithful.

The interior of the church is adorned with eight altars, the high altar being the gift of his Grace Mgr. Taschereau, of Quebec; the Blessed Virgin's, that of the bishop of Montreal; one to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, that of the bishop of St. Hyacinth; while St. Joseph's is donated by the bishop of Ottawa, the Holy Angels by the clerks of St. Viateur.

Two really beautiful stained windows which adorn the chancel are the gift of four parishioners. Various pictures upon the walls commemorate remarkable deliverances from shipwreck and the like. Such is Le Père Pierre and the crew of the ship *Saint-Esprit* making a vow to St. Anne; or the king's vessel, *Le Héros*, on the point of foundering; or yet another caught in the ice and saved through the intercession of St. Anne. Of the artistic excellence of many of these pictures we say nothing.

Besides the relics of St. Anne already mentioned the church of Beaupré can boast many others, such as one of St. Francis Xavier, of St. Deodatus, St. Benedict, St. Valentine, St. Remi, St. Eulalie, St. Amantis Pontianus, St. Cæsarius, and others. The Rev. M. Gauvreau, curé from 1875 to 1878, almost completely finished the exterior of the new church. In 1876 he likewise built a school chapel for the children of the neighboring concessions. He also conceived the idea of building the Chapel of the Processions out of the materials of the old church. It was consecrated October 2, 1878, and is intended to perpetuate the ancient edifice, being erected after the same fashion and surmounted by the same bell-tower, whence the same sweet-toned voice calls the people to prayer that called the dead and gone generations ago. Situated upon an eminence, and being used especially when the concourse of pilgrims is very great, it is an imitation of the altar of the *Scala Sancta* at St. Anne d'Auray. There is a fountain just before the entrance to the new church, where crowds of pilgrims are seen using the water. It is surmounted by a statue of St. Anne, which statue, or some image of the mother of Mary, is, as the author of the "Canadian Mecca" remarks, seen everywhere throughout the village. Somewhat to the northeast of the church is the *presbytère*, or parochial residence, now occupied by the Redemptorist Fathers, who have been in charge of the mission since 1878.

The one principal street of St. Anne's runs along the slope of a hill which in the summer-time is thickly covered with fruit-laden trees. Canadian homesteads of comfort and of plenty line it on either side. The population consists of some hundred and fifty families, who, experiencing little of "life's long and fitful fever," spin out their days in a primitive and rural simplicity which belonged to the golden epoch of *la Nouvelle France.* The traveller fresh from the restless bustle of a modern Babylon seems to find himself suddenly transported to some far-away Utopia of simple content which has slept for centuries an enchanted sleep, and awakes isolated indeed from the Juggernaut of progress. The handsome church, sole token of modern enterprise, arises like a new Aladdin's tower from amid the group of quaint, almost mediæval, dwellings. In the spring and summer time St. Anne's awakes from a lethargy in which it has been plunged during the long winter, and, as the city of some Arabian Nights' tale, is suddenly aglow with life and animation. Pilgrims of every rank and condition of life fill its street; matron and maiden, priest and layman, the young and the old, the grave and the gay, come thither, an eager but silent and recollected throng, to the feet of the good St. Anne. Prayers go up, hymns ring out on the stilly evening or at tranquil morn, and the pilgrims take their homeward way, with a vision of the calm, restful loveliness of nature there in that favored spot to haunt them for many days. They remember Nature at St. Anne's, with her dim and night-empurpled hills, amongst which linger the memories of hundreds of years, with her flowing sunlit streams, the waving of trees and grass, the dreamy village life, and above all a something indescribable. That something is not, however, of nature, but is beyond and above nature—the solemn spectacle of hundreds of believing souls setting the cold sneers of an infidel world at defiance and praying heart-prayers that as surely arise to the throne of God as the sun that gilds their course mounts at morning to the mountain-tops. The chant, and the organ-tone, and the murmur of pilgrim voices fade into a distant memory, but the voyager down that sapphire stream, the St. Lawrence, to that hill-shadowed sanctuary keeps for a lifetime the impression of what he has seen and heard.

JAMES FLORANT MELINE.

THE ancestor of James Florant Meline came out of Sweden with Gustavus Adolphus and settled at Besançon, in the south of France. It was here that his father, Florant Meline, was born; but, full of the spirit of adventure and enthusiastic in his admiration of the young republic, he left his home at the age of nineteen, and, crossing the Atlantic, was commissioned a lieutenant in the United States army. After seeing some service he became more fully identified with his adopted country by marrying Miss Catharine Butler, daughter of a Catholic gentleman of Philadelphia, and sister to the Revs. Thomas and James Butler, both professors at Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg.

James Florant Meline was born in 1811 in the United States garrison at Sackett's Harbor. The eldest of four children, James was cradled upon a battle-field, and thus early learned to know the flag of his country, which throughout his life he loved with devotion. At the close of the war of 1812 Lieutenant Meline, being retained in the peace establishment of the army, was ordered to Bellefontaine—now St. Louis—then a little frontier post in the wilderness. His children were young, their mother too delicate to undertake the long and dangerous journey. In exchange Florida swamps were offered, and, as this was worse, a resignation was unavoidable. Investing his means in a disastrous business speculation and losing all, there followed some years of struggle with adverse fortune and failing health, but he died before he succeeded in re-establishing himself.

James had been sent to Mt. St. Mary's College, the two little girls to St. Joseph's, where their family had already had a representative in the person of Miss Mary Anne Butler, their aunt, one of the devoted little band who with Mother Seton laid the foundation and watched over the infancy of the mother-house of the Sisters of Charity. After the death of Mrs. Meline, who survived her husband but a short time, Florant, the younger son, joined his brother at the Mountain. James' career at college was brilliant. To fine abilities he joined great industry, a strict adherence to duty, and an unconquerable will—qualities which endured through life. To quote the words of one of his old professors:

"He was noted for his manly bearing and gentlemanly conduct, his singular talents for almost any pursuit, and his reserve when any one was ready to say 'Admirable' after the performance of some difficult piece of music or declamation, as though to let it be understood that he did not wish to hear much about it. One instance of his musical ability recurs to my mind, when, at one of our annual commencements, he took up four instruments in succession—the oboe, French horn, clarionet, and flute—playing his part on each to the satisfaction of the leader and the delight of the audience. Then his attention to his religious duties was such as to show that they were ever in his thoughts."

At this period the future *littérateur* was fortunate in having for instructors such men as Mr.—now Cardinal—McCloskey, the Rev. John B. Purcell, now Archbishop of Cincinnati, Fathers Sourin, Whelan, Jameson, Hitzelberger, and others who were distinguished in a broader field in after-years. His circumstances forcing him to leave college a year before being graduated, the faculty presented him with a document certifying to his high qualities and acquirements.

It was in Cincinnati, already a thriving town, that the young lad decided to begin the battle of life, and his life, like that of most men who achieve honor and success, was a record of struggle with difficulties. When the Rev. Mr. Purcell was appointed bishop of Cincinnati and established the "Athenæum" on Sycamore Street, Mr. Meline became one of the professors, and in the intervals of his duties studied law and was admitted to the bar. He also turned his fine talent for music to good use by teaching the art. It has been said of him that at that time, and in later years when his home was the favorite resort of artists and amateurs (where, led by the talented host himself, was executed such music as was at that time heard nowhere else in the city), he did much to foster that love of good music in Cincinnati which has found its fruition in the great College of Music. He may be said, indeed, to have laid a stone in the foundation upon which has risen the mighty Springer Hall, the princely gift of another Catholic gentleman, whose name it bears —Mr. Reuben R. Springer. He was also engaged in early years, in addition to his other numerous occupations, in editing the *Catholic Telegraph* of Cincinnati, in conjunction with Mr. Young, afterwards bishop of Erie, then, as ever after up to the period of his untimely death, the devoted friend of Mr. Meline.

After several years of hard work he was able at last to carry into effect a long-cherished plan of foreign travel. First visiting his uncle (who resided in Brussels at the head of the

publishing house of Meline, Cans & Co.), and enjoying fine opportunities for study and improvement in the society of men of letters and note who were entertained at the house of Mr. Paul Meline, he afterwards spent eighteen months travelling upon the Continent and in Great Britain.

His journal at this time gives evidence of his powers of observation and criticism, and of the refined elegance and purity of his tastes. His love of music, always an unfailing source of enjoyment, was gratified by hearing the great musical celebrities of the day in Europe.

Returning to Cincinnati, Mr. Meline began the practice of law, which he continued successfully for some years; but he had determined upon a second visit to Europe, chiefly with the view of perfecting his knowledge of German—French and Italian he spoke with fluency—and studying at the fountain-head various subjects in which he was interested. Always an ardent and devoted student of art and literature, three months' residence at the University of Heidelberg, and further travel and study in Munich, Vienna, Dresden, and Berlin, so enriched and strengthened his mind that he was said at that time by high authority to be the most brilliant belles-lettres scholar among the Catholic laity of the United States. Both before and after his return from Europe he was a frequent contributor to the papers of the day, and lectured in his own and other cities upon "Education in Austria," "The Study of Modern Languages," and various topics of popular interest and utility.

In 1843 John Quincy Adams was invited to lay the corner-stone of the Cincinnati Observatory, and in the address which he delivered on that occasion he repeated the old calumny of the persecution of Galileo by the "Roman Inquisition." This called forth from Meline a forcible rejoinder and denial of Mr. Adams' statements, published first in the daily papers and afterwards in a brochure in which he made it an introduction to an article from the *Dublin Review* on the Galileo controversy. In after-years, upon the discovery of new light upon the subject, he took up Galileo's case again in THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

In 1847 Mr. Meline was married to Miss Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. John Rogers, of Cincinnati, one of the pioneers of Catholicity in that city. As a shorter road to the attainment of the scholarly leisure and culture which he craved, Mr. Meline relinquished his profession, and, in connection with the numerous foreign consulates which he had gradually acquired, established a banking and exchange business which for several years proved

successful and bade fair to yield in the course of a short time an assured competence. But these fair hopes were destined never to be realized. In the financial crash of 1860 his house was involved in ruin and the savings of his life were entirely swept away. His newly-built suburban home and all his other property were at once given up to his creditors. Although keenly alive to the mortification of failure and morbidly sensitive to reproach, of which he received a full share, his was not a spirit to succumb, and he prepared to renew the struggle with adversity.

But other subjects were agitating his mind as well as his own private affairs, which were peculiarly harassing. The civil war had begun. Deeply interested in the vital questions at issue, he had employed his pen in their discussion on various occasions in his usual earnest and vigorous manner. Now that hostilities had begun, there was no hesitation as to his duty, and the pen was laid aside for the sword. As soon as it was possible to arrange his affairs he joined the army and was appointed major and judge-advocate on the staff of Major-General Pope. This was in July, 1862, just previous to the Virginia campaign, so that his initiation as a soldier was a severe ordeal. He thus speaks of it:

"From the time we left the Rapidan until we reached the Potomac we were (literally) sixteen days in the saddle, under fire constantly—marching by night, fighting by day, sleeping on the ground, without a change of clothing, and half starved. During the terrific battles of Friday and Saturday (Manassas) I had four hard biscuits for eight-and-forty hours' sustenance, and was as well off as the remainder of the staff. I should like to relate to you the whole story of the campaign and the battles, for I could tell you much that will not find its way into the papers. One discovery I made that I cannot refrain from telling you of. It was my entire self-possession and *sang-froid* under fire. My *baptême de feu* was at Cedar Mountain, when the enemy made a dash at us with infantry and cavalry to cut off Pope and his staff. We had been under a hot fire of shell when the dash was made. In the midst of it I was left alone (through the stupidity or cowardice of my orderly in allowing my horse to escape) on foot in a ten-acre ploughed field between our own troops and the enemy, in a cross-fire of musketry, minie-rifles, and carbines. It rained! My *baptême* was not by sprinkling but by total immersion. From that time we were under fire every day, and I attribute my indifference to it to its refreshing contrast with the terrific warfare I had sustained for months previous in which my reputation, far dearer than life, was at stake."

Soon promoted to a colonelcy, he served throughout the war with a zeal and devotion that seriously impaired his hitherto

vigorous health and sowed the seeds of the disease which ultimately caused his death.

In 1865 and 1866, making a tour of inspection with General Pope through Colorado and New Mexico, Colonel Meline embodied the result of his observations in the sprightly volume, *Two Thousand Miles on Horseback*—an entertaining *mélange* of description of scenery and character-etching, containing much new and valuable historical information especially concerning the Spanish conquest and occupation of the Western country. His health being seriously impaired, Colonel Meline severed his connection with the army and was about taking up his residence in New York, with the view of using his pen as a means of support, when he was once more summoned to public duty as chief of Bureau of Civil Affairs in the Third Military District, including Georgia, Alabama, and Florida. Entering upon the duties of this post, he continued in the work of reconstruction for two years, living in Atlanta, attached to the staff, first of General Pope, then of General Meade (his successor), until the State governments were reorganized—all the time acting as correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* and the New York *Tribune*.

Going then to New York, Colonel Meline at once took a prominent place among the writers for the *Galaxy*, *Nation*, and THE CATHOLIC WORLD, being foreign critic for the two former, besides contributing numerous essays, among them one on "The Man with the Iron Mask" which excited much interest and discussion. The subjects treated in THE CATHOLIC WORLD were chiefly historical—viz., "Sixtus V.," afterwards published in a volume; "The Fable of Pope Joan," "Jerome Savonarola," "Columbus at Salamanca," "Sanskrit and the Vedas," "Vansleb, the Oriental Scholar and Traveller," "Montalembert, a Son of the Crusaders," "Galileo," "Mary Queen of Scots," etc. In an article entitled "An Uncivil Journal" a scathing rebuke was administered to *Harper's Weekly* for its unscrupulous and scurrilous attacks upon the church and its disgraceful caricatures of the Holy Father.

But the crowning effort of his life, securing for him solid eminence in literature, was his *Mary Queen of Scots and her Latest Historian*. It is an expansion of four articles that appeared originally in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, controverting with great ability Mr. Froude's treatment of the character of Mary Stuart in his *History of England*. Renewed interest in the subject was awakened by the appearance of Mr. Froude in the United States as a lecturer upon "Ireland" shortly after the

second edition of Colonel Meline's book had been issued, and the English historian was called upon by critics on all sides to reply to the very damaging accusations brought against him by the author of *Mary Queen of Scots*, not only of "inaccuracy," but of "bad faith in his treatment of historical documents," "interpolations," "suppressions of inconvenient facts," and other disingenuous artifices, and of "totally failing," as the London *Saturday Review* remarked, "to grasp the meaning of inverted commas."

The press generally supported Colonel Meline in his charges against Froude, and in addition a score of prominent writers, private correspondents—notably among them the historians Hosack, Caird, M. Weissner, and Agnes Strickland, all ardent champions of poor Mary Stuart, and, although Protestants, uncompromising in her defence against Mr. Froude—wrote to Meline in approbation. So universal a chorus of adverse criticism, and so powerful a pressure brought to bear upon him, at length forced Mr. Froude to break the silence which he seemed determined to preserve. In his third lecture at Association Hall, Boston, November, 1872, after dwelling with much feeling upon "the discredit thrown upon his statements by the American press, following the lead of the *Saturday Review*," and the complaints made of his abuse of authorities, he brought forward the following singular proposition:

"Let a board of examiners be appointed to take any one, two, three, four hundred pages of his *History*, and verify his statements by the records of the State Paper Office in London, the expenses to be defrayed by him—providing only that if he were entirely cleared from blame an apology and retraction should be pledged by those who had made the charges."

Colonel Meline was called upon to take up the gauntlet thus thrown down, and did so in the columns of the New York *Tribune*, November 23, 1872, from which the following is an extract:

"Mr. Froude proposes that issues already made be set aside, and that some one should take the trouble to frame new ones which shall be restricted to a certain designated class of cases to be examined and decided upon as Mr. Froude himself suggests. If Mr. Froude had been accused in merely general and sweeping terms of bad faith in his treatment of historical documents, he might justly say that it is impossible for him to reply to the vague and indefinite, and demand something specific.

"The charges made against him in *Mary Queen of Scots* are clear and explicit in every instance, citing volume, page, chapter, and verse. Wherever the historian is charged with unauthorized assertion or suppression, with interpolation, with adorning his own language with inverted commas, with changing expressions which do not suit him for such as do—every such objectionable passage is designated by italics or otherwise, and, where he

claims quotation, confronted with the original in such a manner as to leave no possible room for mistake. Now, these originals are not always English State Papers. Many of them are published works; some relate to French history, some to the Simancas papers. A very large number of Mr. Froude's historical assertions are totally without support of reference, and what are charged as his gravest offences, his suggestions, concealment, innuendo, attributing of motives, pictorial exaggeration, and pretended psychological introspection, are all matters which utterly elude any such test as he proposes. There are few indicted persons who specially admire the indictment under which they stand charged. There are probably still fewer who would not prefer one drawn in accordance with their wishes, and from which should first of all be excluded the larger part of the accusations made. Of the gravity of the charges in the book in question I am perfectly well aware, and so state (p. 9). I believe I have made them good. It is not a mere attempt to show that certain passages as cited by the historian do not agree with the originals. It is an arraignment of his historical method, his treatment of authorities, his want of fairness, his absence of the judicial sense, and what I can only designate as his intrepidity of statement. These are not matters to be measured by anything in the State Paper Office, and I confess my inability to understand why it should be 'impossible to reply in detail,' etc."

Although very much debilitated from the disease which was rapidly exhausting his strength, and well aware that it was incurable, Colonel Meline bravely continued each day to perform some allotted task, and, at the urgent solicitation of the editors of the New York *Tribune*, contributed still another able and conclusive reply to Mr. Froude's Boston proposition.* It is a singular fact that after the publication in the *Tribune* of this last reply Mr. Froude made no further rejoinder, but shortly after cancelled his engagements for lectures in the West and returned to England.

Catholics, of course, were eager to applaud a champion of a cause so dear to them, and felicitations and congratulations poured in upon him from bishops, priests, scholars, strangers as well as personal friends. They brought the purest pleasure and solace to his sensitive heart. But bright as was the promise of the future, and manifold the opportunities suggested to him for agreeable and remunerative occupation, he knew that his work on earth was nearly over. Invited to lecture in New England and strongly urged to review Mr. Froude's *History of Ireland*, "Next year, perhaps," he said. Yet, though all effort was now become a task, at the request of Bishop Corrigan he prepared and delivered a course of lectures on English literature at Seton Hall College, also at the College of the Christian Brothers and at the Aca-

*Given in the appendix to the new edition of *Mary Queen of Scots and her Latest English Historian.*

demy of the Sacred Heart, Manhattanville, in the winter of 1872–73. These lectures have never been published. The following summer Colonel Meline was induced, at the urgent solicitation of his family, to try the virtue of Berkeley Springs, where he visited his kind friend Mr. Strother ("Porte Crayon"), but with no benefit. Saratoga was next tried, but with no better result. After a short sojourn he returned to his beloved family to die, generous and self-forgetful to the last, striving to conceal from anxious eyes the pain he endured with so much Christian fortitude. Calmly he received the announcement of his approaching end, and by a superhuman effort compelled the forces of nature to yield to the stronger dominion of the soul while with the deepest humility and reverence he prepared to receive the Viaticum. "My Lord is too good to come to me!" were his last conscious words. Scarce had the Holy Unction been administered when his agony began, and continued throughout the night, but ere the dawn of August 14, 1873, his eyes had closed for ever on the scenes of earth. In a lovely secluded spot beneath the shade of forest-trees in St. Joseph's Cemetery, Cincinnati, the mortal part of the writer and soldier was laid to rest.

He was a man who loved his religion and his country, and never, when occasion demanded, let an attack upon either go unpunished; whose pen was as true to its cause as his sword to the country he loved and served even with his life. In person Colonel Meline was rather below medium height, but he carried himself with so much dignity, and with so erect and martial a mien, that he seemed of greater stature. He had a noble head and refined, classic features, inheriting from his Swedish ancestry a fair complexion, blue eyes, and a profusion of sunny auburn hair. There was an air of breeding and refinement about him which distinguished him in every company. Reserved, grave, and taciturn in ordinary society and among strangers, proud to a fault under unmerited reproach, with a high, lofty spirit that disdained to justify himself when unjustly accused, and, like all men of positive and earnest character, impatient of shams and entirely indifferent to popular regard, and too quick, perhaps, to take offence, he was not fully understood, except by his intimates. But in the home-circle and among his chosen friends the grave and serious scholar became the genial host and delightful companion, whose varied talents as elocutionist, raconteur, and musician enlivened the hours with such a charm by his inimitable wit, playful humor, and the music of his melodious voice in song that they will never fade from the memory of those who were admitted to his friendship and intimacy.

MEMORY AND ITS DISEASES.*

WHATEVER pertains to the wonderful faculty by which we are enabled to live the past over again, to recall the pleasant events of our early life and dress them in a garb of infinite attractiveness, or to dwell with sweet melancholy on sorrows long gone by, has always been a matter of the deepest interest to most inquiring minds. Were not this marvellous gift the heritage of every normally constituted mind it would appear to us as weird and mysterious as that of foreknowledge. For is not the past as really non-existent as the future? Are not the events of yesterday as much a nullity as those that are to transpire to-morrow? And yet whilst an impenetrable veil hides the latter from our view, we can at pleasure enter the shadow-land of the past and recall in detail and in vivid coloring scenes and incidents that have ceased to exist for ever. Not without reason, then, has Kant called memory the most wonderful of all the powers of the human mind. Psychology alone has hitherto failed to account for this wonderful ability to reproduce the fleeting impressions of each passing moment, and, though it may have determined some of the laws that govern the exercise of memory, it has left us in the dark as to the nature of the faculty itself. It was reserved for modern physiology to shed a strong and steady light on this obscure and difficult subject, and to supply us with a mass of authentic information concerning the fundamental processes of memory, which a one-sided system of psychology never could have mastered. Yet while we thus freely accord to modern physiology the merit of having opened up new lines of legitimate inquiry in regard to psychical processes, and having brought to light most interesting truths concerning them, we protest against the materializing tendencies of certain modern physiological inquirers; and we shall aim, in the course of this article, at discriminating between established facts and unsupported theory, and at showing that, while such facts are in complete accord with the orthodox notion of soul as a distinct entity from body, mere theories have no necessary connection with the known data upon which they pretend to be based. Nothing, indeed, has been more

* *Diseases of Memory: An Essay in the Positive Psychology.* By Th. Ribot, author of *Heredity*, etc. Translated from the French by William Huntington Smith. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1882.

unfortunate for the cause of sound science in our day than that it has been identified in the popular mind with demoralizing theories, and that scientific men have heedlessly accepted conclusions with which their discoveries have really nothing to do. Thus Maudsley, Huxley, and Lewes, together with the author of the interesting monograph whose title is given at the beginning of this article, not satisfied with having conducted their inquiries in a province of thought hitherto unexplored and having discovered many fruitful facts, have endeavored to link the latter with a system of materialism which, if generally accepted, would lead to consequences most disastrous to society. But the cause of truth has nothing to fear, since it is readily demonstrable that all the *facts* of physiology are susceptible of an explanation as fully in harmony with Catholic truth (indeed, more fully so) as with the materialism to which they are popularly supposed to have given birth.

Dealing now with M. Ribot's treatise on memory, we remark that the title of the book is not in keeping with his treatment of the subject; for one-half the work is devoted to an elaboration of his peculiar theory of memory, and the latter part alone deals with its diseases as interpretable in the light of that theory. For this reason we have suggested in our review of the book the more appropriate title of "Memory and its Diseases."

In his conception of memory M. Ribot includes three elements—viz., the conservation of certain conditions, their reproduction, and their localization in the past. The first two elements alone he deems to be indispensable, and the third he holds to be variable and unstable, as helping to complete but not constituting the act of memory. Given the two first, we have, according to M. Ribot, memory in its essential features, without which the third condition—*i.e.*, localization in the past—would be impossible. Now, conservation and reproduction are independent of consciousness, which alone determines localization in the past; and yet these, in M. Ribot's opinion, constitute the essence of all memory, and by themselves alone enter as the fundamental conditions of the great majority of our acts of memory. Memory, therefore, according to our author, is most frequently coexistent with unconsciousness, and this statement he attempts to prove as follows: Conservation and reproduction are facts of organized life like the other functions that take place in the living body. The former is the result of an organic change wrought in the registering ganglia of the brain by frequently-repeated impressions. The cells of these ganglia are not like the

waters of the ocean, which may be traversed by innumerable fleets and yet return to their former static condition. On the contrary, these cells undergo an inward and organic change on the occasion of each mental operation with which they are connected, and the consequence of such a change is a predisposition on their part to adapt themselves more and more readily to the same operation in proportion to the number of repetitions and on the application of the proper stimulus. Every impression, therefore, made upon the mind leaves behind it, in the nerve-cell which it had called into activity, a trace—or, as physiologists call it, a residuum—which organically better fits it for adapting itself to the same impression another time. Such is the process of conservation through the nervous system, set forth in terms which, while virtually admitting the existence of the soul, yet present themselves in a sense incompatible with it. As usually stated by physiologists such as Maudsley and Ribot, the impressing force is not exercised upon the mind but upon the nerve-cell, whereby it becomes organically better fitted for the reception of each succeeding impression. Especially does Maudsley thus endeavor to get rid of the notion of mind as aught else than a function of what he calls mental organization—*i.e.*, an actual exercise of nerve-power. But we shall point out the fallacy of this attempt after having said a few words touching the second condition of memory, or reproduction.

An organic change first produced in a nerve-cell through a display of mental energy is preceded by a discharge of nervous power through which the change was accomplished. As the cell in question possessed no previous adaptability to accompany the mental manifestation, a greater effort of the will was necessary, and the resulting action is likewise stamped with comparative imperfection. Should now the mind repeat the operation, the nerve-cell upon which it depends for its power of manifestation being better prepared for its work through a first conservation of fitness, less will-power is required and the resulting action grows nearer to perfection in its form. When the mind reawakens the cell to fresh activity it perceives therein the conserved traces of former energy, and in this consists reproduction. We thus realize the terms of Locke's definition of memory as the power which the mind has "to revive perceptions which it once had, with this additional perception annexed to them, that it has had them before." Rightly understood, conservation and reproduction mean that the mind is dependent for its active manifestations on the nervous system; that the latter, indeed, is

the medium through which spirit mysteriously works, and that such working leaves an indelible trace upon the cells, by virtue of which they lend themselves more readily to the service of the mind—a fact of which the mind becoming cognizant is reminded that it had passed through a similar experience previously. Applying these principles to a concrete case, let us see what takes place in the acquisition of the knowledge of locomotion. The first attempts are painful, clumsy, and laborious; the movements are badly co-ordinated and the tiny toddler often comes to grief. During this time the child is painfully conscious of the efforts he is making, till the repeated discharge of nervous power engenders in the nerve-cells concerned an organized aptitude for the performance of the act and consciousness participates less and less in the proceeding. At last a secondary automatic action is established, and soon the child walks and runs without the slightest advertence to his movements. According to Maudsley and Ribot, the nerve-cells and filaments which preside over locomotion become endowed with memory—*i.e.*, they conserve traces engendered by organic changes, and these they reproduce whenever the will commands the action.

An initial act of the will alone distinguishes such secondary automatic actions as walking, fingering the keys of a piano or the strings of a violin, etc., from the primary automatic actions of winking or raising the hand to avert a blow. When fully established as automatic these actions have their root in an organized aptitude consisting of conservation and reproduction, and are thus, according to the physiologists in question, the result of the essential conditions of memory. Consciousness, accordingly, is not essential to memory, and nerve-cells distributed throughout the various ganglia of the body can with propriety be said to remember. This is materialism pure and simple, since it removes one of our most important intellectual functions from the domain of the mind considered as a distinct entity from the body. Now, while we admit all the facts which modern physiology has brought to light, we contend that no such conclusion is necessarily entailed. In the first place, the ordinary usage of every language is violated; for no matter how great an aptitude may be engendered in an organ through repeated action, no one outside of Messrs. Maudsley and Ribot would attempt to say that it remembers. Indeed, the admission is attended with a palpable absurdity into which M. Ribot is unwittingly betrayed, but which Dr. Maudsley vainly attempts to evade. Ribot says: "Our psychological (*i.e.*, conscious) memory is ignorant of the

number of steps in a staircase we have been accustomed to ascend and descend; but the organic memory *knows* this, as well as the number of flights, the arrangement of the landings, and other details." Actual unconscious knowledge, then, is possible —*i.e.*, the subject knowing may know without knowing that it knows! Maudsley says: "We need not brave the fire of psychological scorn by calling this retention of impressions *memory*, or care greatly what it is called, so long as due heed is given to the fact." He evidently felt, when writing this passage, that the admission of unconscious memory implied an absurdity he would fain avoid; but he must have forgotten what he had written a few pages before. "Thus," he says, "it appears that memory in this case becomes less conscious as it becomes more complete, until, when it has reached its greatest perfection and is performed (?) with the most facility, it is entirely unconscious" (Maudsley, *Physiology of Mind*, p. 514). Here surely we have the undoubted admission of unconscious memory, implying the consequence just mentioned and wilfully violating the usages of language. This is all the more unpardonable as an explanation is at hand which will at once remove all nerve function from identity with mental function, and account for the former consistently with the admission of the latter. We will grant organic change, increased aptitude, and residual traces in nerve-cells and their filaments whenever the act of memory is performed, but it by no means necessarily follows that the whole act consists in such organized change. Let us consider the soul as a substance capable of manifesting itself only through the medium of nerve-tissue, and depending, consequently, for the perfection of such manifestation on its mastery over the organ it employs and on the greater or less fitness of that organ for its normal functions, and we can theorize consistently with the known facts of physiology even more satisfactorily than the avowed materialist.

Repeated action through the medium of an organ ensures to the agent a greater control thereof and a fuller knowledge of its capacity and mode of action. If, as we all know, the hand accustomed to its work, and having acquired dexterity by usage, can elicit entrancing notes from the violin, while the novice gives forth the sound of jangled bells, notes out of tune and harsh, why not concede the same power to the mind in respect to the nerve-cells, and not view the latter as exclusively concerned in the operations with which we find them connected? As well might we say that the violin which is skilfully played has acquired

through repeated action a greater aptitude for reproducing sound, an organized capacity, etc., all of which would leave the accomplished player out of sight and out of the question. This view is not meant as opposing the notion of an inner change wrought in a nerve-cell by repeated function, but as showing the absurdity of endowing the cell with the sole and supreme control over the mental acts with which it is connected just because of such a change. The mind, in the case alleged, stands towards the nerve-cells as the player towards the violin, with this difference: that memory is a vital act and supposes a vital change in the nervous system. But since all comparisons are lame, we neither can nor do we intend to establish a complete similarity between the two cases; it is sufficient that the comparison hold good so far as it is intended to apply.

So far we have considered the mind as an agent which obtains more and more control over the organ it employs, and, as a consequence, performs its functions with ever-increasing facility, rapidity, and effectiveness. Let us now consider what takes place in the nerve-cell as a consequence of such repeated action. Though the microscope has revealed no organic change wrought through function, the facts of memory strongly indicate it, and such change we call conservation and reproduction taken in connection with a mental act. M. Ribot excludes mental act because he finds the nerve-change sufficient to account for all without invoking an additional agent. This is a mere assumption, or rather partakes of the nature of a negative proof. His means of investigation reveal to him in the memorative process nothing more than a series of nerve-changes, and he infers that nothing more is present. Let us illustrate the reasoning by a rude comparison. A piece of machinery, when first set in operation, works imperfectly: journals become heated, the piston-rod fits too tightly in the cylinder, etc. By degrees adjustment of all the parts takes place and perfect smoothness of movement ensues. Repetition of action is certainly the cause of this desirable result, but nobody would call that repetition the cause of the energy manifested by the machine. The machine might well be considered as endowed with memory did the steam (the motor power) possess intelligence whereby it might know on the repetition of each movement that the parts concerned therein had been called into operation previously. The act of memory, then, as performed by the mind may be explained, conformably with facts of physiology, in the following manner: The will commands an action whereof the mind is at first pain-

fully conscious because of its unfamiliarity with, and consequent lack of mastery over, the nerve-cells controlling the muscular tissues concerned in the action. The nerve-cells themselves, being as yet unaccustomed to the performance of the work imposed upon them, increase the difficulty experienced by the mind. Both, however, approach nearer to perfection as experience on the part of the mind and practice on the part of the cells increase, till their task becomes comparatively easy, requiring little or no effort on the part of either.

But, as has been remarked before, the act of memory is a vital one and leaves traces, permanent and organic, in every nerve-cell called into operation. Now, these changes, or residua, are conservative in this sense: that at each repetition of a given act the mind becomes aware of the changes a nerve-cell has undergone in consequence of the performance of that same act previously, and in the light of such knowledge remembers the act in question. We may here be asked how co-ordinated movements come at last to be performed without the intervention of the mind—*i.e.*, unconsciously. We reply that unconsciousness does not imply non-intervention of the mind, else we must allow spontaneous activity to the nerve-cells, in consequence of which they might begin to act at any moment by an impulse from within. This might be the case, indeed, if we were all somnambulists or pure automata. Consciousness teaches us that every action must have an initial will-power to start it, and however much the mind may cease to advert to the continuance of the act, the same extra-nerve force that gave the first impulse must continue or the action must cease. It is owing to the mastery the mind possesses over certain cells, and the extreme fitness of these latter for their work, that it performs its functions with so little outlay of energy as not to be aware of its own activity.

The intelligent engine-driver must first know the various complicated parts of the machine to be entrusted to his charge. He must understand what tubes and apertures the steam enters or leaves on the turning of this crank or that lever, etc., and his mind at first may be likened to a panorama of his engine. But this does not continue; he forgets the internal arrangement and at last works mechanically. Yet he is the same potent influence that directs every motion of the machinery, and it is not necessary for any internal portion thereof to *remember* what to do because the principal agent has forgotten all about it. When likewise the violinist begins to play he must keep his eye fixed on every motion of each finger, etc., till he ac-

quires the ease and dexterity that relieve the mind from such painful supervision. Are we now compelled to say that the fingers have acquired a memory of their own—a memory acquired from constant previous repetition, and in consequence of which they can recall the necessary movements to be made? As well say that the inside works of a machine possess a memory of what they are doing because the engineer has forgotten their arrangement and disposition. Actual knowledge cannot be unconscious, mental action may; and if materialistic physiologists speak of unconscious cerebration and conscious cerebration, why may not we speak of conscious and unconscious mental activity? Unconscious cerebration is a term supposed to have been happily chosen by those who sought an explanation of a phenomenon with which we are all familiar. It is this: a person endeavors to recall a name or date, but cannot do so; the more, indeed, he perseveres the more futile his endeavor, till he is compelled to abandon the effort altogether. Should he now turn his attention to something else and lose sight of his attempted act of memory, suddenly, sooner or later, the much-looked-for name or date will flash vividly before his mind, and he comes into possession of it without the slightest exertion. As a matter of experimental psychology one has but to make the test at any moment in order to become convinced of its truth. Some modern physiologists contend that during the interval while the mind has been drawn away from the effort to recall a forgotten word a gradual harmony is being established between the nerve-cells, on the completion of which the act of memory is accomplished. They refer the whole process to the nerves, and claim that the mind, whose efforts indeed have ceased, can have no part in the proceeding. There can be no question that some rehabilitation of nervous conditions takes place in so-called cases of unconscious cerebration, but it is plain that if it were to remain unconscious there never could be memory; or, if we admit unconscious memory, might we not as well have none at all, since unconscious memory, so long as it remains unconscious, could never give us a knowledge of the matter we have attempted to remember? The word unconscious in connection with cerebration is inaccurate and misleading: it is inaccurate since the question of consciousness does not come up for consideration in the matter, and it is misleading since it implies such a thing as conscious cerebration. Indeed, we might as appropriately speak of unconscious digestion or circulation as of unconscious cerebration, since consciousness has naught to do with either function.

So far, it is evident, we have not called in question a single established fact of physiology, but have simply separated the golden wheat of truth from the barren chaff of unsupported theory. Thus we admit the fact of unconscious cerebration while rejecting the terms in which that fact is couched. What, then, is this so-called unconscious cerebration which plays so prominent a part in memory? Before answering the question we will show the importance attached to it by M. Ribot as a factor in the acts of memory.

"In summing up," he says, "we may picture the nervous system as traversed by continuous discharges. Among these nervous actions some respond to the endless rhythm of the vital functions; others, fewer in number, to the succession of states of consciousness; still others, by far the most numerous, to unconscious cerebration. Six hundred millions (or twelve hundred millions) of cells, and four or five thousands of millions of fibres, even deducting those in repose or which remain inactive during a lifetime, offer a sufficient contingent of active elements. The brain is like an active laboratory full of movement, where thousands of occupations are going at once. Unconscious cerebration, not being subject to restrictions of time, operating, so to speak, only in space, may act in several directions at the same time. Consciousness is the narrow gate through which a very small part of this work is able to reach us."

Unconscious cerebration therefore lies at the basis of memory, according to M. Ribot, and but a very small share of its work can ever become known to us. This is very true when properly understood. It means that the innumerable nerve-cells which constitute the bulk of the nervous system are constantly in a state of agitation; they are in a state of molecular activity induced by vital force. When now the intellect, obeying the stimulus of the will, performs an operation *sui generis*, it does so through the medium of the nervous system, and it must take that medium just as it may be affected at the moment by the molecular activity just mentioned. If the condition be favorable to the production of the required act, undoubtedly unconscious cerebration is a condition favorable to the manifestation of a phase of consciousness; otherwise we find an opposite result. Let us apply this statement to memory. When the mind applies itself to the recollection of a word, and does not succeed, it has seized a moment when the conserving nerve-elements are not harmoniously disposed to reproduction; and since the mind cannot bring about such harmony, such an operation pertaining properly to nerve-force, it had better abandon the effort till the harmony has been re-established. This re-establishment is felt by a sort of

cœnesthesis.* The mind instinctively adverts to the re-established harmony and finds the word or fact of which it was in quest. This is a pure hypothesis, we grant, but it is an hypothesis as tenable as any set forth by some recent physiologists, and fully as much in harmony with the known facts. Indeed, a significant incident taken from Carpenter's *Mental Physiology* seems to strengthen the explanation just proposed. A mathematician had long and fruitlessly sought for the solution of a geometrical problem. At length, after years, the correct solution flashed upon his mind so suddenly that "he trembled as if in the presence of another being who had communicated the secret" (p. 536). In this case the sudden adjustment of all the nerve-cells, which the mind had vainly sought for outside of that condition, effected a cœnesthesis so marked that the mind at once adverted to the harmonious state of the nerve-cells and therein discovered the long-sought-for solution. To sum up, then, our view with respect to so-called organic memory as distinct from conscious memory, or what we would call memory proper: the former represents the anatomical conditions under which memory can act, and the latter is the remembrance of a past event as modified by the condition of the nervous system at the time. In passing we may remark that M. Ribot frankly and sensibly admits that he sees no way of explaining the transition from unconsciousness to consciousness—an admission which in one sense necessarily invalidates the position he implicitly assumes that there is such a transition. How can there be a transition from a state which is not, or from a no-state to a state? The proper expression of the thought that M. Ribot had in his mind would be that we don't know the genesis of consciousness, which is perfectly true. But these gentlemen make much ado about unconsciousness (which is nothing), that they might give color to their theory of organic memory, or, as they sometimes style it, unconscious memory.

Thus, then, the mind is so closely dependent on the nervous system that it cannot perform the slightest act without nerve intervention; and not only that, but the nerve-cell which has co-operated with the mind in the production of a given act undergoes a vital change which leaves an indelible impress behind.

Psychology, as a science, has not kept sufficiently abreast of recent physiological researches, and, though it makes admissions

* Cœnesthesis is the general feeling of well-being which results from a healthy condition of all the organs of the body, which is, indeed, the expression of a favorably proceeding organic life, and which is sometimes described as an emotion. But it is not truly an emotion; it is the body's sensation or feeling of its well-being, and marks a condition of things, therefore, in which activity of any kind will be pleasurable.—*Maudsley.*

broad enough to cover the whole ground of dispute, it has not met the conclusions of modern materialists at each individual step; and yet this is what it must do in order that the specious reasoning of the latter may not work for evil.

Accepting now the strictures made upon M. Ribot's theory of memory, and bearing in mind the suggested possible explanation of all the facts of physiology brought forward by him in support of his view, we feel ourselves at liberty to agree with his ingenious explanations of many interesting facts which each one's experience with the memorative process has made him acquainted with. It is not uncommon for a person who strives to remember a name to recall, however imperfectly, a letter or a sound that occurs in it, which he at once makes the basis of his endeavor. He meets a friend in the street, whom he greets as Mr. ——. He is at a loss, he hesitates; he remembers that *oo*, or *u*, or *um* is a component part of the name; but at last he is compelled to acknowledge his forgetfulness till informed that the name is "Cummiskey." (The circumstance occurred in the writer's experience.) The explanation of this phenomenon is both interesting and ingenious. Nature is exceedingly economical in her higher functions, and if one factor can do a multiplicity of acts she is not disposed to summon others for the purpose. The conditions of memory suppose not only a modification of nerve-elements, but a variety of relations on the part of the same nerve-elements to an indefinite number of groups. Thus the same element, when once impressed with the traces of a given conservation, is awakened to activity not only when found amid the same elements with which it received its first impressions, but whenever it can do the same work in the company of other elements and with a view to producing entirely different results. The elements once impressed cannot take on other impressions, but rather resembles the letter of the alphabet which, while remaining always the same, can enter into an indefinite number of combinations with a result always the same on its own part, but very different in the aggregate. Most apposite, then, is the remark of G. H. Lewes in his *Problems of Life and Mind*: "Who does not know," he observes, "how, in trying to recollect a name, we are tormented with the sense of its beginning with a certain letter, and how, by keeping this letter constantly before the mind, at last the whole group emerges?" The important feature, therefore, with regard to the basis of memory, is not only the modification impressed upon each element, but the manner in which a number of elements group themselves together and form a com-

plexus. Again, Mr. Lewes, in the work just cited, adduces an instance similar to the one quoted by the writer, and which gives point to the last remark: "I was one day," he writes, "relating a visit to the Epileptic Hospital, and, intending to name the friend—Dr. Bastian—who accompanied me, I said, 'Dr. Brinton'; then immediately corrected this with 'Dr. Bridges'; this also was rejected and Dr. Bastian was pronounced. I was under no confusion whatever as to the persons, but, having imperfectly adjusted the group of muscles necessary for the articulation of the one name, the one element which was common to that group and to the others—namely, B—served to recall all three." This argues an association—*i.e.*, a specific connection established between a given number of elements and constitutes the dynamic foundation of memory. There is, therefore, not one memory but many; the conscious agent that remembers is one, but memory differs according to the object remembered. There may be but one rainbow in the sky, but it differs for every beholder according to the diversity of stand-points. We cannot dwell at greater length on the interesting treatise of M. Ribot. It is an ample proof of the great progress that has been made in physiological psychology, which it is to be hoped, however, will no longer be made to subserve the purposes of a grovelling materialism.

THE CRUSADES.*

THE work placed at the foot of this page is only a new edition of what is now almost a French classic, and it would therefore be a mere waste of time to dwell upon its well-known characteristics. But, highly as we appreciate the author's brilliant story of those great, august, and sacred wars, we should fail in our sense of duty did we not point out where he failed. Michaud was a Catholic, but of the Gallican order, which was particularly prevalent in France during his day; and, in consequence of this, we perceive throughout an altogether uncalled-for tenderness towards the Bourbon dynasty and towards imperialism of all kinds, which effectually interfered with a just and philosophical estimate of the many bearings of the Crusades, especially in relation to the popes. No doubt the undertaking was a bold one, because the Crusades, having been breathed upon by the mocking Voltaire in the previous century, were simply regarded by the world at large as blots upon history, and only timidly defended by the successors of those old chivalrous Catholic knights whose lives and deaths so hardly purchased the faith, the freedom, and the civilization of Europe. Michaud was one of the earliest writers to set himself to reverse the calumny of the Encyclopédistes; but now the state of the question is far beyond even him. The truth of history disinclined men to receive longer the mere sayings of a perverse school as final verdicts, and the result of the inquiry has been such a reversal of those verdicts that it would astonish Michaud himself, were he alive to see it.

Scarcely had Europe emerged from the chaos occasioned by the barbaric invasions of the North when a new danger menaced her. In the period of three centuries the creed of Mahomet, preached on the sword's edge by his hardy followers, extended its sway over a large portion of the earth. From the Oxus to the Atlantic Ocean, from the head-waters of the Nile to the Hellespont, there was one consolidated Islamism, often warring within itself, but victorious and aggressive as a whole. Spain had been conquered, and the warlike hordes of the false prophet

* *The History of the Crusades.* By Joseph François Michaud. Translated by W. Robson. A new edition, with a preface and supplementary chapter by Hamilton W. Mabie. Three volumes. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. 1881.

had been successfully met by Charles Martel only after penetrating into the heart of France. For a time divisions among its rulers sufficed to curb in the triumphant career of Mahometanism. But with the coming of the Turks, who renewed the vigorous despotism of the elder dispensation and supplied fresh blood and warlike fervor to the degenerating empire of the caliphs, a new impetus was given to their power. The most calamitous divisions existed at the moment amongst the Christians of the East, and the thunder-cloud of Islam hung menacingly on the borders of the Greek Empire, ready to burst at a touch.

These Turks came originally from Tartary, that great central plain of Asia which has so often poured forth its swarms in descents upon the South. From the same northern regions of the earth many wild hosts had flowed down upon the civilized belt of the temperate regions, but none such as they. Goths, Vandals, Lombards, Franks, Anglo-Saxons, Germans, and Danes had come successively like destructive deluges, but were successively converted and civilized by the church.

"No race," says Cardinal Newman, "casts so broad and dark a shadow on the page of ecclesiastical history, and leaves so painful an impression on the mind of the reader, as the Turkish. . . . The Saracens even, who gave birth to an imposture, withered away at the end of three or four hundred years, and had not the power; though they had the will, to persevere in their enmity to the cross. The Tartars had both the will and the power, but they were far off from Christendom, or they came down in ephemeral outbreaks which were rather those of freebooters than of persecutors, or they directed their fury as often against the enemies of the church as against her children. But the unhappy race of whom I am speaking, from the first moment they appear in the history of Christendom, are its unmitigated, its obstinate, its consistent foes. They are inexhaustible in numbers, pouring down upon the South and West, and taking one and the same terrible mould of misbelief as they successively descend. They have the populousness of the North with the fire of the South; the resources of Tartars with the fanaticism of Saracens. And when their strength declines and age steals upon them there is no softening, no misgiving; they die and make no sign. In the words of the Wise Man, 'Being born, they forthwith ceased to be; and have been able to show no mark of virtue, but are consumed in wickedness.' God's judgments, God's mercies, are inscrutable; one nation is taken, another is left. It is a mystery, but the fact stands—since the year 1048 the Turks have been the great Antichrist among the races of men."*

The stream of this new Tartar race gradually trickled down upon the Saracen dominions, generation after generation strengthening their forces in the empire. The caliphs employed

* *Historical Sketches*, vol. i. pp. 104–5.

them as soldiers in place of the degenerate Arabs, and in the end found this support to be their own destruction. At the time when their independent kingdom extended no farther than the comparatively obscure limits of Sogdiana the mixing of their increasing numbers in the fabric of the caliphate was preparing it for the final overthrow; when reinforcements could follow in the path already made. And so in the course of history the Saracens were crushed down by them, and they stood forth the one redoubtable foe of Christendom. But in reality, even at the opening of the first Crusade, the bulk and the most warlike part of the Saracenic armies consisted of Turks. A Turk was the cause of that Crusade. From an early period it had been a pious custom in Europe to make pilgrimages to the Holy Land. If we thrill with emotion while treading the plain of Marathon or overlooking Salamis, how much more must the sight and touch of the land where our Saviour walked, and which contains his tomb, appeal to the imagination of the religious enthusiast! Sometimes the pilgrim found shelter and protection at the end of his long journey, sometimes persecution and wrong. The rule of Islam varied between the most absolute toleration and the most iniquitous oppression. During the former periods the foundations of wealthy pilgrims were allowed to receive the multitudes that flocked to the sacred city in order to kiss the tomb of the Saviour and pray in the places where he had walked. During the latter periods, when the pilgrims arrived they found their hospitals desolated and plundered, their sacred places profaned, their religion insulted, and were only too happy to escape outrage and death. As to the character of these pilgrims a single extract shall suffice. Says Michaud: "History does not record a single act of violence committed by one of the travellers who absolutely covered the route to the East. A Mussulman governor, who had seen a vast number of them pass to Emessa, said: 'They have not left their homes with any bad design; they only seek to fulfil their law.'" * Exceptions there were, but after the first burst of fanaticism the Saracens had settled down to the indifference consequent on religious divisions in their ranks; and in those last days of their withering dynasty it was either Turkish soldiers or roving hordes of Turcomans that oppressed and terrified the Christians.

A Turk was governor of Jerusalem when, towards the close of the eleventh century, Peter the Hermit visited the sacred city. There he saw such sights as filled him with horror and

* Vol. i. p. 24.

sent him from end to end of Europe, pleading with rude but fiery eloquence the cause of the oppressed Christians and of the august tomb they flocked to adore. Peter the Hermit was the immediate cause of the first Crusade; in the long period of time over which they extend many others might be named with him as promoters of the holy wars. This order of men came in as elements of fiery zeal, kindling nations at moments, and when they died their cause died with them. But there was one power that from the first remained constant, vigilant, ever on the alert, and sustained for seven or eight centuries the righteous warfare against the sons of Belial. The Christians below might faint or fail, or grow prosperous and content as they were, or engage in deplorable divisions and strifes among themselves. But a watchman sat upon the high tower—a watchman ever renewed, ever aware of the menacing danger, and ever sounding the alarm on the eve of a barbarian inroad. Who else could this be but the never-dying pope? "Who is the pope?" asked the Turks of a Christian embassy. "Is he a man five hundred years old?"

"The Holy See," says Cardinal Newman, "has the reputation, even with men of the world, of seeing instinctively what is favorable, what is unfavorable, to the interests of religion and of the Catholic faith. Its undying opposition to the Turks is not the least striking instance of this divinely imparted gift. From the very first it pointed at them as an object of alarm for all Christendom, in a way in which it had marked out neither Tartars nor Saracens. It exposed them to the reprobation of Europe, as a people with whom, if charity differ from merciless ferocity, tenderness from hardness of heart, depravity of appetite from virtue, and pride from meekness and humility, the faithful never could have sympathy, never alliance. It denounced not merely an odious outlying deformity, painful to the moral sight and scent, but an energetic evil, an aggressive, ambitious, ravenous foe, in whom foulness of life and cruelty of policy were methodized by system, consecrated by religion, propagated by the sword. I am not insensible, I wish to do justice, to the high qualities of the Turkish race. I do not altogether deny to its national character the grandeur, the force and originality, the valor, the truthfulness and sense of justice, the sobriety and gentleness, which historians and travellers speak of; but, in spite of all that has been done for them by nature and the European world, Tartar still is the staple of their composition, and their gifts and attainments, whatever they may be, do but make them the more efficient foes of faith and civilization."

The general incidents of the first Crusade are so well known that there is no necessity for dwelling upon them; besides which, we desire here rather to draw the mere outlines and to locate the contending powers of those great successive strug-

gles between the East and the West, between Mahometanism and Christianity, between resultant barbarism and resultant civilization. Many deeds of cruelty and rapine marked with foul blots the career of crusading hosts; but, on the whole, no wars since the beginning of time have exhibited such glorious valor, self-sacrifice, devotion, manly bearing, Christian fortitude, and deathless perseverance. Surely things are not to be measured in this world by success only; surely, if the Crusades accomplished but this: the arming and union of vast hosts of warlike men, in an almost hopeless cause, at the call of faith, this is a spectacle to men and angels, and an inspiring memory in the annals of the world which the slumbering nobleness in all of us will not willingly let die.

With incredible patience and unflagging ardor the crusading army led by Godfrey penetrated to the sacred city. After escaping the treachery of the Greek emperor one hundred thousand warriors, cased in complete armor, swept into Asia Minor. The first foe their swords encountered was the just triumphant and still flourishing power of the infant Turkish Empire. Togrul Beg, Alp Arslan, and Malek Shah, three successive leaders of them, each possessing the genius for military conquest and for founding a mighty empire, had established their dynasty in Persia on the ruins of their former masters, and extended their sway over the fairest portions of classic Asia. The Greek Empire trembled before them; from the borders of the Indus to the Mediterranean their arms were undisputed; and they held Jerusalem in their grasp. Twenty years before Pope Gregory had watched with anxious eyes the expanding career of this fresh and vigorous race, and in vain endeavored to rouse Europe to a sense of the impending danger. Now Urban accomplished, by the assistance of Peter the Hermit, what Gregory had been unsuccessful in; and so this crusading host, having marched forth with his blessing upon it, confronted and grappled with the growing energies of a gigantic and monstrous brood.

What matchless chivalry, what heroic deeds, what Christian valor marked the progress of that first great struggle cannot here be fitly told. Into the deathless traditions of European civilization, through legendary story, noble poetry, and historic monuments, all these have passed and have become to us a priceless possession.

The measure of their usefulness is found in the fact that they broke and hurled back the Seljukian dynasty of the Turks. The immediate line of Seljuk, driven into an obscure town of Roum

(as the Turks called Asia Minor), continued to live, but dwindled away to nothing; while the divisions and contentions of the other parts of the Turkish-Saracenic empire disabled them from becoming really formidable enemies of the Christians. For a long while the Christians held Jerusalem without any extraordinary exertion, the number of knights in the city on some occasions sinking to incredibly small proportions. No crusade after the first was entirely powerful in all points—that is, united, well appointed, large in numbers, headed by able leaders, and directed with irresistible force and single-minded purpose to one end. The Syrian barons engaged themselves in petty warfare with the surrounding Mahometan cities, and the fortunes of war varied as a matter of course. Numbers of cities fell into their hands, were lost, and then gained once more, only to be finally lost again—Jerusalem itself experiencing this fate. Also, the Crusades that were undertaken were no longer poured into the same channel, but were shaped by circumstances, or the ambition of their leaders, or by the knowledge of the weak places of the common enemy. Thus I should say that the Venetian Crusade was one of ambition mainly, being perverted, in spite of the warnings and denunciations of the pope, into the conquest of the old and failing empire of the Greeks. On the other hand, that of St. Louis was directed against Egypt, because that country had become the storehouse and granary of the Mahometan world, and the Christian princes naturally thought that in striking here they would strike the heart of their great enemy. In fact, the first Crusade had so broken the Moslem empire to pieces that it now lay extended, a vague and impalpable mass, still capable of strenuously defending itself, and uniting sometimes vast portions of it under some daring leader like Saladin, but really unfitted for becoming evermore a strong, vigorous, united power acting in the spirit of the whole and an instrument of aggression. Accordingly, as there was no occasion for union among Christians, so in fact there was none; and thus the Crusades assumed to a large extent the aspect of national enterprises—enterprises not directed with large ends in view, but merely warlike incursions into the paynim regions of the earth, weakening the Moslem world in its details and harassing it to death. Thus attacked from the West, and going down daily in power, at length the Turkish dynasties encountered from the East the weight of an enormous shock that instantaneously ground them to pieces and swept them off the earth.

The account of the rise and progress of the Mogul empire

reads like some story of the *Arabian Nights* magnified tenfold. From those same plains of Central Asia which had given birth to such monstrous races of men, the Turks themselves remotely, suddenly rushed a whirlwind of devouring wrath upon the South. Never before or since, except once, can such diabolical and awful atrocities be found in the course of history. For many years this mysterious power had been nursing itself in Tartary, gradually growing and increasing in diverse parts and warp, and causing men's eyes to be directed thither in uneasy expectancy as on the eve of some impending calamity. At length a ruler of satanic genius and cruelty sprang up, united or crushed all factions, and welded into one living mass the countless hordes of Asia's interior plains, which he directed upon the countries below. China, Hindostan, Persia, Cashmere, and Asia Minor on the south; Muscovy, Hungary, Germany on the west, all of which were countries and empires, each in itself of enormous extent and population—these were the fruits of his conquest, if the desolation of abomination that he left on his victorious track may be so called. Zingis' usual plan, when he took a peaceful city which offered him no resistance, was to order out the whole population on some adjoining plain and to sack the place high and low. Then he divided the host into three parts. First were the strong or those capable of bearing arms; these he either enlisted in his army or slaughtered, as the whim seized him. The second part consisted of the rich, the women, and the artisans; these he portioned among his followers. The third class consisted of the old, the sick, and the poor, and these he permitted to go back and inhabit their rifled city. On the contrary, if he experienced the slightest resistance his fury knew no bounds and his former barbarity became mercy in comparison. He destroyed the three great capitals of Khorasan, and the reckoning of the slain is as follows: at Maru, 1,300,000; at Herat, 1,600,000; at Nishapoor, 1,747,000—total, 4,647,000 human beings immolated on these spots. He proposed, not in heat, but in deliberate council, to exterminate the Chinese, root and branch, and turn their empire into a cattle-walk. Seven hundred thousand men marched under his banners; and he was as irresistible in might and as high in military genius as he was cruel and barbarous in applying them. Such were the kinsmen of the Turks, who now came upon them as foes and completed the work of the Crusades by finally grinding them to dust.

But the empire of Zingis was not made to stand; it accomplished the work it was sent to do, and then suddenly ceased to

live. The desolation of four years continues yet after six centuries, marking almost imperishably the enormous ruin of his footsteps long after he and his perished. Such is the nature of sudden empires that are sheerly barbarous and military; they rise, flourish, and die in terrific throes and short periods of time. But Zingis did his work, swept the field clean of Turkish dynasties, and made Europe safe for three centuries.

From the thirteenth to the sixteenth century Europe seemed sunk in apathy. No sooner had the Seljukian dynasty gone down than another portentous dynasty arose, increasing, like the first, gradually and slowly, and founding a power which endures to this day.

"There is a certain remarkable parallel and contrast," says Cardinal Newman, "between the fortunes of these two races, the Seljukian and the Ottoman. In the beginning of the twelfth century the race of Seljuk all but took Constantinople, and overran the West, and did not; in the beginning of the fifteenth the Ottoman Turks were all but taking the same city, and then were withheld from taking it, and at length did take it and have it still. In each case a foe came upon them from the North, still more fierce and vigorous than they, and humbled them to the dust. These two foes which came upon the Seljukian Turks and the Ottoman Turks respectively are names by this time familiar to us: they are Zingis and Timour. Zingis came down upon the Seljukians, and Timour came down upon the Ottomans. Timour pressed the Ottomans even more severely than Zingis pressed the Seljukians; yet the Seljukians did not recover the blow of Zingis, but the Ottomans survived the blow of Timour, and rose more formidable after it, and have long outlived the power that inflicted it.

"Zingis and Timour were the blind instruments of divine vengeance. They knew not what they did. The inward impulse of gigantic energy and brutal cupidity urged them forward; ambition, love of destruction, sensual appetite frenzied them and made them both more and less than men. They pushed eastward, westward, southward; they confronted promptly and joyfully every peril, every obstacle that lay in their course. They smote down all rival pride and greatness of man; and therefore, by the law (as I may call it) of their nature and destiny, not on politic reason or far-reaching plan, but because they came across him, they smote the Turk. These, then, were one class of his opponents; but there was another adversary stationed against him, of a different order—one whose power was not material, but mental and spiritual; one whose enmity was not random, or casual, or temporary, but went on steadily from age to age, and lasts down to this day, except so far as the Turk's decrepitude has at length disarmed anxiety and opposition. I have spoken of him already; of course I mean the vicar of Christ. I mean the zealous, the religious enmity to every anti-Christian power of him who has outlasted Zingis and Timour, who has outlasted Seljuk, who is now outlasting Ottoman. He incited Christendom against the Seljukians, and the Seljukians, assailed also by Zingis, sunk beneath the double blow. He tried to rouse Christendom against the Otto-

mans also, but in vain; and therefore in vain did Timour discharge his overwhelming, crushing force against them. Overwhelmed and crushed they were, but they revived. The Seljukians fell in consequence of the united zeal of the great Christian commonwealth moving in panoply against them; the Ottomans succeeded by reason of its deplorable divisions and its decay of faith and heroism."*

The Mogul conqueror returned to Samarcand in triumph after his exploits against the Ottomans, dragging the Sultan Bajazet in his train and meditating by turns the conquest of Africa, the invasion of the West, and a war against China. Prostration and civil strife among the Turks followed this disaster and elevated the hopes of the Greeks and Latins alike, but they took no advantage of the situation.

"Twenty years after the battle of Ancyra the Ottomans had retaken all their provinces; their armies again environed Constantinople, and it is at this point we may apply to the power of the Turks the Oriental comparison of that serpent of the desert which an elephant had crushed in its passage, which joins its dispersed rings together again and raises its head by degrees, reseizes the prey it had abandoned, and clasps it within its monstrous folds." †

In spite of the heroic resistance of Constantine, the last monarch of the long line of Greek emperors, Byzantium fell before Mahomet II., who had succeeded Bajazet as the sultan of the Turks, and the unhappy city experienced all the horrors which that brutal conqueror knew only too well how to inflict. Strange spectacle, yet one often seen. In the very moment of its ruin the Eastern Empire had the bravest, wisest, and most virtuous sovereign of any after Constantine I., perhaps; in her expiring throes, and amid the disgraceful and cowardly scenes that marked its fall, exhibiting in the forefront of battle a man that deserved the dazzling glory of a hero in its highest sense!

The fall of the Greek Empire spread consternation throughout Europe and made the Christian powers seriously contemplate for a moment the cessation of their internecine wars for the purpose of uniting in the common defence. Bishop Sylvius took the principal part in trying to rouse a vigorous crusade, and devoted his whole life to this object. This learned and eloquent prelate, destined afterwards to ascend the papal chair, addressed himself first of all to the Holy See. The pope—Calixtus III.—ever zealous in watching over the safety of Christendom, ardently seconded and confirmed his efforts, and joined his authority to the voice of Bishop Sylvius in order to awaken the rulers of

* *Historical Sketches*, vol. i. pp. 107–8. † Vol. iii. pp. 133–4.

Europe to a due sense of the impending danger. Frederick III. promised to take the cross; but his promise, as usual, came to nothing, for the indolent emperor never raised an arm. Hunyadi of Hungary was left alone to bear the brunt of the conflict, for Mahomet II. immediately poured his armies upon that devoted country. Assisted by the prayers and exhortations of John Capistran, a humble monk, afterwards canonized, and depending on the skill of himself and the valor of his followers, the great Magyar captain overthrew the Turkish hordes before the walls of Belgrade, inflicting upon the invaders a terrible slaughter. The news of this victory spread joy throughout Europe; but Sylvius, who soon after ascended the pontifical throne, could not bring the Christian powers to unite, so that all the advantages which might have been reaped from the defeat of the Mussulmans were lost by short-sighted policy. Mahomet, notwithstanding his defeat, continued to extend his power, and soon, as he unfurled his banners on the shores of vanquished Greece, stretched his gaze towards Italy and contemplated invading Germany. Scanderbeg, the heroic king of the brave Albanians, was the last remaining bulwark of Italy. Unaided he inflicted defeat upon the Mussulmans; but their multitudes would have at once overwhelmed him had it not been for an unexpected diversion. The sultan of Persia had led his army into Asia Minor, and Mahomet was obliged to hasten there to meet him. But after driving back the Persians, Mahomet returned to the West, breathing destruction to the Christians. Place after place fell into his hands, the possessions of Venice and Genoa, and the island of Cyprus. At last only Rhodes, defended by the noble Knights of St. John and the Hospitalers, remained to oppose the victorious career of the Turkish sultan. Every day Christendom was falling into greater disorder, and men's minds, occupied by distractions at their doors, viewed with increasing indifference the wars against the Turks on the borders of Hungary and in the tideless sea. It is not my purpose to indicate even in outline the political revolutions of Europe. Suffice it to say that in this period, instead of the old spirit of enthusiasm which had hitherto led the warriors of Europe to meet and break the power of the Moslems on the plains of Asia, there was now small interest taken in the abortive or sporadic Crusades, except at the points attacked. Three glorious deviations from this rule can only be mentioned here: the defence of the island of Rhodes by the Knights of St. John; the exploit of John Sobieski, the Polish king, before the walls of Vienna; and the naval battle of Lepan-

to, in which the Mussulman power on the sea was broken for ever. But all of these are probably the best-known events of the latter Crusades.

Two causes of this indifference must here be hinted at—the so-called Reformation, which divided Christendom, and the discovery of America. Luther and his brother preachers did not hesitate to say that war against the Turks was wicked, and one of them went so far as to declare that Protestants should unite with the Turks in their war on the papacy.* The discovery of America opened up a new field for enterprise, and all those who had been attracted to the Crusades by the hope of adventure or profit had here a wider field for both. Long since it had been found out that there was more peril than spoil in Asia, and so adventurers could not be induced to go there.

Fortunately, or rather providentially, for Christianity and civilization, the Ottoman empire contained within itself the seeds of a speedy decline. The warlike fervor of the Turks soon exhausted itself; they never were the match of any undegenerate Christian nation; they could only successfully contend with barbarous nations like themselves or with the corrupt and fallen Greeks. Their invasion of a province was the signal for a social and religious as well as a political revolution; accordingly the one way they had of holding their conquests was by peopling them, and their people gave out with the Greek Empire. Even there they have constantly declined. The desolate fields and the ruined cities of their empire too plainly reveal the weak iniquity of their rule. All that immense tract of country ruled over by them, now the abode of hunger and rags, was once the seat of great, prosperous, and flourishing states. Syria at the time of the Crusades was blossoming like a rose; now it is a desert. These reflections would lead one to deplore the ill success of the Crusaders. Instead of contemplating an obsolete despotism sitting like an incubus upon its shuddering slaves, we might see now in that East so haunted by classic and religious memories and traditions as many rich and happy states as there were in antiquity. But the policy of most European cabinets has been to maintain the Ottoman power, and the "unspeakable Turk" sits undisturbed on his polluted and detestable throne, smoking his pipe in stolid patience and waiting like a brute the inexorable stroke of fate.

At this point of his history Michaud closes, and in a curious chapter of one hundred pages discusses the results of the Cru-

* Vol. iii. book xvii.

sades. It is well known that there prevails the greatest difference of opinion upon these results, the extremes on the one hand seeing in the holy wars nothing but an unmitigated curse, while on the other they can be brought to recognize no evil consequences whatsoever. In favor of the first there is no doubt that modern feeling against war simply as war, and the destructiveness of the Crusades in regard both to life and to wealth, must be fully admitted. Michaud sets down a balance to these. Without at all entering into a minute list of material benefits conferred by the Crusades, and for which readers can consult the eloquent historian, some of them shall be glanced at. Rapidly viewed, they comprise the many new arts, manufactures, and plants introduced at different periods by returning Crusaders: the enlargement of the bounds of commerce because of the great intercommunication necessitated by the transportation of large bodies of troops and supplies; and Michaud does not hesitate to affirm that the commercial enterprises thus fostered hastened the discovery of America. These benefits may be held to balance the losses occasioned by the holy wars. But were there no benefits greater and larger than these, and whose magnitude sinks all others as well as losses into insignificance?

"Let us now," cries Michaud, after pointing out the preceding facts, "attempt another hypothesis, and let our minds dwell for a moment upon the state in which Europe would have been without the expeditions which the West so many times repeated against the nations of Asia and Africa. In the eleventh century several European countries were invaded and others threatened by the Saracens. What means of defence had the Christian republic then, when most of the states were given up to license, troubled by discords, and plunged in barbarism? If Christendom, as M. de Bonald remarks, had not gone out by all its gates, and at repeated times, to attack a formidable enemy, have we not a right to believe that this enemy would have profited by the inaction of the Christian nations, and that he would have surprised them amidst their divisions and subdued them one after another? Which of us does not tremble with horror at thinking that France, Germany, England, and Italy might have experienced the fate of Greece and Palestine?" *

But incontestable as this stand is, the Crusades produced another result which Michaud, the devoted partisan of the Bourbon dynasty, could bring himself only partially to admit. I can follow him as he traces the decline of feudalism, which at the opening of the Crusades enveloped Europe in its iron network. The power of the barons passed into the hands of the kings, to be held by them for a while; this was beneficial to the development

* Vol. iii. p. 345.

of the social man, in so far as it united great tracts of country under one rule and gave them some semblance of law and justice. But the movement then begun has had much more far-reaching consequences, and the world has not yet seen the end. I shall for this purpose consult the supplementary chapter of Mr. Mabie, which, with the exception of a single sentence, is at once luminous and just:

"The Crusades," he says, "sprang out of a feeling which was as strong in the heart of the peasant as in that of the noble. A great cause and a universal sentiment gave the church the opportunity for which it sought. A solemn council made the preaching of Peter the Hermit the voice of the church herself. Feudal distinctions were forgotten in the enthusiasm of a service which transcended in its sanctions and its aims all earthly duties, and in which earthly differences were for the moment laid aside. The power of the feudal nobility, hitherto the dominant authority in Western Europe, became, for the time being, secondary to that of the church. Men were summoned no longer to the service of their lords, but to the service of their church. The change was radical. It was the introduction of a principle which is still struggling to assert itself in practical legislation and political action. Its development has been slow, but it has revolutionized society, and what its ultimate outcome is to be no man can predict. King, baron, burgher, and peasant found themselves side by side in the same cause, one class serving another, not by virtue of a feudal but of a spiritual authority—comrades in arms in an enterprise which addressed what was common and eternal in them all rather than what was distinctive and conventional. Not suddenly, but by the slow processes of growth which belong to great moral changes, men forgot their abasement and slavery under feudalism in the dawning light of a liberty conferred by a superior and a spiritual power. A conception of a higher power than that lodged in the hands of the feudal lord took root in the mind of Europe and became fruitful of vast change. In Syria the leaders of the Crusaders were not able to keep their followers in subjection when they attempted to follow their personal ambitions. The commanding purpose which drew them thither overmastered all private designs and made insubordination a virtue. An influence more powerful than feudalism entered into European life with the Crusades, and was perhaps the most far-reaching and potential effect which they produced upon the world."*

There can be no doubt that Mr. Mabie is right in assigning the cause of the movement towards liberty to the Crusades, giving as they did to the church that commanding power which she lacked before, and which enabled her to enforce the practical doctrine of equality in relation to justice, necessarily one of the central ideas of Christianity. Nothing is more repugnant to the teaching of the Saviour than the oppression of the poor and

*Vol. iii. pp. 554-5.

humble; and feudalism, an organization resting on serfhood, instinctively recognized the foe with which it had to deal. Practical Christianity would have been smothered by the tyranny and anarchy of the barons had it not been for the glorious triumph of the popes. What enabled them to triumph was the spirit of the Crusades, which placed baron and peasant at once at their feet, when they did not hesitate to strike the shackles off the slaves. Presently the monarchs, growing more powerful by the ruin and limitations of the barons, began to seize the reins of all authority. Then was presented the strange spectacle of a war between kings on one side and popes and peoples on the other. From no other stand-point can we view with justice this apparently unequal strife between a poor old man in the Vatican and the greatest and most magnificent rulers. Armed with the thunders of heaven and a patience and wisdom not of earth, the man of the Vatican often came off victorious. The end is not yet. The madness of men may seek to divorce democracy from Catholic Christianity, but true democracy ever finds its firmest friend and ablest advocate in "the faith that maketh souls acceptable to God."* United once again, as they should never have been divided, pope and people may prove triumphant in the end, but it would be hazardous to predict what is going to occur. One thing is certain: the present attitude of the European powers cannot be maintained. Their jealous isolation renders necessary the great standing armies they employ; and these in turn form not only an obstacle to the advance of humanity, but also a perpetual menace to the public peace. Outraging right and freedom, as most of them are doing, the low growls of conspiracy cannot be hushed by the mailed hand being laid on the mouth of *demos*. Flaming signs announce a new epoch of terrific revolutions. The rulers of the earth had better listen to the voice of reason and religion, and not wait to receive their lesson in fire and blood, crying vainly then, "Too late, too late!"

* Dante.

A BALLAD OF THINGS BEAUTIFUL.

WHAT the spell in the rimpled rill is
Who can tell? or the charm of roses?
What the secret hidden in lilies
Or in the song the nightingale knows is?
What power holds us when evening closes
The eyes of the day, and veils his face,
And lays on his heart two sunset roses?
The beauty thereof, the unspeakable grace.

He that made marble all but speaking
Bartered all that ruder men treasure
To win for himself this pearl of his seeking,
To crown Art queen of his heart's high pleasure.
What drew him—and draws us in our measure—
To bow to the might of a perfect face,
And make of its memory a life-time's treasure?
The beauty thereof, the unspeakable grace.

He that in silver-cliffed Colonus
Sang, and his holier head who chanted
The songs that the world's fair morn have shown us,
And he to whom myriad souls were granted,
And he of Florence who trod undaunted
The halls of Dis and the terrible place—
What is the charm in the songs they chanted?
The beauty thereof, the unspeakable grace.

But fairer far than lovely faces,
With bonds that are stronger to bind than the golden
Bonds that are woven of all the graces
Of Art and Song, are the pure hearts moulden
Like to that Heart wherein is holden
The whole wide world, in a sacred place;
And they hold us, too, by the same chain golden—
The beauty thereof, the unspeakable grace.

ENVOY.

Now, the beauty of these and their grace have birth
  In the splendor that beams from God's high place,
And falls on the thousand things of earth—
  The poem, the flower, the heart, the face—
Endowering them with this sum of their worth:
  The beauty thereof, the unspeakable grace.

THE GOOD HUMOR OF THE SAINTS.

"AN honest, humorous sense of ridicule," says Father Faber, "is a great help to holiness." And, by way of rendering this statement still more emphatic, he adds: "Perhaps nature does not contribute a greater help to grace than this." Here, then, is a deliberate opinion which, however startling to some of our preconceived notions, carries with it a double weight in view of the writer's great sanctity and undoubted sense of humor. In him, as in Cardinal Newman, a keen satiric power blends ever with a spirit of simple piety, and the two work together as harmoniously as in some of the early Fathers of the church. All the little foibles of human nature lie bare before him, and he touches them with a caustic grace, severe yet not unpitying.

But nowadays we have come, strangely enough, to regard humor as a natural foe to religion, for no particular reason except that so many modern humorists appear to be irreligious; in the same way that some of us imagine scientific study to be a dangerous ground, simply because a handful of modern scientists have apparently forgotten their God. We have a shadowy idea that humor is given to poking fun at holy things—relics, miracles, and such—and that it is best in our spiritual life to lay it entirely aside and keep ourselves within the safe limit of dulness, reserving our brighter parts for worldly matters alone. Yet because men of the Mark Twain type have a jeer ever ready for things they fail to understand, we need not suppose that there is no proper field for that sense of fun which was manifestly given us for some good purpose. Humor is born partly of keen perceptive powers, partly of natural lightness of heart; and thus the holy men who have adorned the history of the church, having been wont to study human nature freely and

having the happiness of living in the friendship of God, were often blessed with a sense of humor pure and delicious.

What else, indeed, but a sense of humor could have enabled Father Faber to strip from the shoulders of his penitents the comforting mantle of self-deception in which they had shrouded their more petted faults? With what half-veiled amusement he contemplates the fashionably devout ladies who crowd the church of the Oratory! With what keen satire he lays bare the mingled piety and worldliness that fill the feminine soul!

"Their voluntary social arrangements," he says in his *Spiritual Conferences*, "are the tyranny of indispensable circumstances claiming our tenderest pity, and to be managed like the work of a Xavier or a Vincent of Paul, which hardly left those saints time to pray. Their sheer worldliness is to be regarded as an interior trial, with all manner of cloudy grand things to be said about it. They must avoid all uneasiness, for such great graces as theirs can only grow in calmness and tranquillity."

And again when he ventures to make what he acknowledges to be an unpopular complaint, and to deride that spirit of liberalism which we have trained ourselves to accept as the essential virtue of an advanced civilization:

"The old-fashioned hatred of heresy is becoming scarce. It is assumed that God must do nothing painful and his dominion must not allow itself to take the shape of an inconvenience or a trammel to the liberty of his creatures. If the world has outgrown the idea of exclusiveness, God must follow in our lead and lay it aside as a principle in his dealings with us."

Father Faber can also be epigrammatic when he is so inclined, and the terseness and vigor with which he expresses a happy thought, makes it live for ever as a warning to our souls:

"A moderation," he carefully explains, "which consists in taking immoderate liberties with God is hardly what the Fathers of the Desert meant when they preached their crusade in favor of discretion."

And in sheer despair over the perverse contrariety of human nature he cries out with whimsical dismay:

"Self-deceit seems actually to thrive on prayer and to grow fat on contemplation."

But we must not dwell too long on one example of the power of humor when there are so many claiming our attention. Let us take that spiritual writer who of all others is most read, not only by Catholics and their enthusiastic imitators in the Anglican denomination, but by many thoughtful men and women of various creeds or of no creed at all. We mean Thomas à

Kempis, whose *Imitation of Christ* is, after the Bible, perhaps the best known of all spiritual books, and of whose "holy simplicity" we hear such a vast amount of praise. Simplicity! Yes, the old monk is simple enough, with the quiet straightforwardness of one who lives always in the sight of God; but the good people who read the *Imitation*, with a comfortable feeling that the writer is not going to be satirically severe on their shortcomings, must not trust too much to this much-admired simplicity. Surely there is a half-cynical wisdom in the advice, very gently and quietly given, not to seek too much intercourse with those whom we desire to please:

"It happeneth sometimes that a person while unknown shineth highly in good report, but whose presence offendeth the eyes of them that see him.

"Sometimes we think to please others with our company, and we begin rather to be displeasing to them from the bad qualities they discover in us."

And there is another warning given by A Kempis, who presents it with a delicate satire that is truly inimitable:

"In judging others a man toileth in vain; for the most part he is mistaken and he easily sinneth; but in judging and scrutinizing himself he always laboreth with profit."

Could sarcasm be more pointed and subtle than in this suggestion? We give ourselves no end of trouble in satisfactorily settling our neighbor's conscience, and have only committed a sin for our pains.

If from the writings of holy men we turn to their lives we are often surprised by the curious gayety with which they bear burdens that to our unsaintly eyes appear absolutely crushing. It is not only patience and resignation; it is a downright cheerfulness, sometimes a positive sense of amusement in their own trials. The knowledge that they are enduring these hardships for Christ's sake seems to make them not only bearable, which we can understand, but absolutely entertaining, which is beyond our comprehension. There is, perhaps, nothing less conducive to good spirits than the history of the Catholic Church in China. A few pages of Marshall's *Christian Missions* are sufficient to sicken us with the recital of man's barbarity to man, and we close the book unwilling even to read of further atrocities. But the missionaries themselves, those heroic men who lived in the midst of these terrible persecutions, ever ready to suffer and die when their turns came, were not only courageous but perfectly serene and cheerful. Even at its best their life was one of

poverty, toil, privations of many kinds, and ceaseless danger; yet these things, objectionable as they seem to us, appear to strike them as rather humorous than otherwise. Bishop Tabert, one of the vicars-apostolic in Cochin China, writes to France with an evident amusement in his own utter destitution that is more touching than the most sorrowful complaints. He has just suffered the loss of his ecclesiastical vestments, presented to his predecessor by Louis XVI.

"They were old and worn out," he says, "but they were the best I had, and I kept them for the greatest solemnities. Now I have lost everything. I have only two poor chasubles, of which one is in strips and the other patched with linen." And he adds, with a comical despair at the situation: "What a bishop!"

Father Gleyo, after eight years of close imprisonment, starts forth bravely to evangelize a new part of the country, without a farthing, his entire worldly wealth consisting of "a single shirt, a pair of drawers, and a pair of stockings"—no great fortune surely for a stranger in a foreign land. Whichever way we turn we hear the same story. The Abbé Retord receives a letter from one of his colleagues, then hiding from the authorities, which pleasantly describes the delights of his situation:

"I am concealed," he says, "in a hole four feet and a half in width and nine in length, inaccessible to any ray of light. The silence is broken only by the hum of mosquitoes and the gambols of rats, who show no respect for my presence. For thirty-four hours my retreat was surrounded by seventy soldiers, and for eighteen I remained without motion. I confess that at the beginning such a life appeared to me tedious."

But perhaps the most delightful of all is the letter written by Father Féron to his mother and sisters at a time when the Christians were in daily and hourly peril, and which has also been preserved for us by Dr. Marshall. In it we find to perfection that spirit of cheerfulness which distinguishes the true servant of God:

"I live," he writes, "in one of the finest houses of the village—that of the catechist, an opulent man; it is considered to be worth a pound sterling. Do not laugh; there are some of the value of eightpence. My room has a sheet of paper for a door; . . . the rain falls through my roof as fast as it falls outside, and two large kettles barely suffice to receive the water that filters through the grass-covered roof of my presbytery. . . . The prophet Elisha, at the house of the Shunamite, had for furniture a bed, a table, a chair, and a candlestick—in all four articles. There was no superfluity here. For my part, if I were to search well I could also find four pieces of furniture. Let us see: first, a wooden candlestick; second, a trunk; third, a

pipe; fourth, a pair of shoes; total, four. Bed, none; chairs, none; table, none. Such being my furniture, am I richer or poorer than the prophet? This is a problem which is perhaps not easy to solve; for, admitting that his room was more comfortable than mine, we must also consider that none of the furniture belonged to him; whilst in my case, granting that the candlestick belongs to the chapel and that the trunk was lent to me by Mgr. Berneux, it cannot be denied that at least the pipe and shoes are mine. The latter I only put on to say Mass in. As to the pipe, it serves to keep one in countenance when travelling in a country where every one smokes, though I have not succeeded in discovering any charm in it, and have even been intoxicated by it after two experiments, which has quite taken away from me the desire of making a third."

Here indeed is "holy simplicity," mixed with a keen and what Father Faber would call an "honest" sense of humor which no doubt helped its owner to endure the many hardships of his lot. He makes no mournful parade of his tribulations, but tells them with amusing frankness and with a real appreciation of the comic side of poverty. Now to see the comedy in such situations when we read of them is possible to us all; but to see it in relation to our own trials requires more sanctity and a gayer heart than most of us can lay claim to. It is no wonder that Bishop Berneux, whose palace was "a room three yards long and two wide," should quote Father Féron with evident delight in one of his own letters to France. He had sent the holy and witty priest to a post where "he had a better chance of finding provisions than elsewhere," in consideration of his being a newcomer. But Father Féron is plainly anything but struck with the sense of plenty, and writes to the bishop that, "compared with Corean missioners, the Trappists are complete Sybarites"; adding, however, that he willingly accepts this "ultra-Trappist regimen" and expects to become quite habituated to it before long. And, indeed, those priests who were brave enough to select China for their field of action had ample opportunities to grow "habituated" to every description of hardship, beginning with exile and ending often with imprisonment, protracted sufferings, and death.

Whenever we see the lives of holy men written with that accuracy of detail which is only possible when they have been really known and loved by their biographers, we are apt to find little traits of humor lurking in their every-day actions and in their ordinary conversations. In such histories we are not merely treated to a synopsis of the saint's or hero's many virtues, recorded with a systematic precision that dulls the mind and discourages the soul, but we are permitted to enter into his life and

see for ourselves how natural instincts blend with supernatural grace.

In his sketch of the holy "Curé d'Ars," M. Vianney, the Abbé Monnin has given to the world a book which, without any great literary pretensions, fulfils to the letter the first grand requisite of a biography. In it we gain, not a bald statement of abstract perfections, but a real knowledge of the man who was one of the most striking examples of the divine charm of saintliness. M. Vianney was not only admired and revered by his flock, but he was the object of their passionate and exacting devotion. His whole life is full of pregnant lessons. Not highly educated, tormented alike by bodily infirmities and spiritual temptations, overworked beyond the utmost limit of his strength, sighing always for the solitude and repose he never gained, how could such a man exert a supreme influence over the minds of all who met him, how retain that delicate sense of humor, that charming lightness of heart?

"Father," said a religious to him once, "people believe generally that you are very ignorant."

"They are quite right, my child," was the naïve reply. "But it matters not. I can teach you more than you will practise."

If there is one thing that can be trusted to dull all humorous propensities in the ordinary soul, it is the monotonous burden of an overtasked life. Great sufferers have been known (though rarely) to retain keenness of intellect and a ready wit, although the latter is apt to be sharpened by pain into a two-edged sword of acrimony. But the wearisome strain of an ever-repeated labor deadens the mind, sucks all joy out of life, and reduces us to a state of stupid lassitude or dull indifference. If, then, a man weak and sickly, suffering day and night, and withal so cruelly overworked by his own never-resting zeal, could still remain alive to a spirit of humor, surely that same "sense of ridicule" must have been, as Father Faber asserts, a great help to holiness. Or may we not take it even as one of the proofs of sanctity?

"Madam," said Johnson indignantly to the unfortunate old lady who ventured to declare her own happiness—"Madam, you are old, you are ugly, you are sickly and poor. How, then, can you be happy?" And, humanly speaking, we are also tempted to cry: "How could a man be happy when week after week he spent sixteen hours out of twenty-four in the confessional? How could he possibly have any vivacity left in his over-wearied mind?" And the answer—the answer can be found in M. Vian-

ney's life, in his wonderful gayety, in his ready repartees, in the charming vein of humor which runs through the many anecdotes related of him.

"M. le Curé," said a lady of rank in the condescending tone of one who confers a privilege, "I am come to make my confession to you."

"It is well, madame," was the reply; and then, with perhaps the faintest tinge of malice, "We have heard confessions before."

Even with his works of charity there is mingled a certain boyish spirit of fun. Sœur Lacon, having made a most beautiful pie with which to tempt him from his rigid austerity, hid it carefully away in an old cupboard in his kitchen. When evening came she ventured to say insinuatingly: "M. le Curé, will you have a little piece of pie?" "Certainly," was the unexpected answer; "I should like it very much." Astonished and delighted, the good woman flew to her hiding-place. Alas! the pie had vanished. M. Vianney had discovered its retreat, and it had gone the way of all his other delicacies—into the basket of a beggar.

Humble and readily abashed, the praises and gratitude lavished on him by those whom his prayers had cured were his particular dread. Upon one occasion a woman whose crippled child had been restored to health at Ars begged permission to see him. Nothing, however, could persuade M. Vianney to grant the interview. He was safe inside of the sacristy and would only come out to say the Mass. After the service another attempt was made. The poor woman, he was told, entreated that he would help her to thank St. Philomena, through whose patronage the curé obtained his wonderful graces. To this appeal no refusal was possible. He returned to the church, silently blessed both mother and child, and, when the ordeal was over, said in a tone of deepest annoyance and mortification, as one who felt himself ill-treated in the matter: "St. Philomena really ought to have cured the little thing at home."

But if we owe a debt of gratitude to the Abbé Monnin for the knowledge he affords us of one holy soul, what is the extent of our obligation to Cardinal Newman, who, laboring "con amore," has given us a wonderful insight into the lives of those giants of an infant creed, the early Fathers of the church? He has striven to select and arrange such portions of their numerous letters and exhortations as will serve best to show us what manner of men these were, and he has added short sketches of their lives and labors, written in a style which has now no equal for

clearness and simplicity. He does not desire to tell the history of a saint, but rather to let the saint tell his own, confident that in this way only shall we glean some true knowledge of the hidden depths of character which not even a man's actions can always reveal. With his accustomed keenness he fully understands and appreciates the greater opportunities we enjoy of studying the early Fathers through their copious epistles, while of so many of the modern saints we know little, save what their biographers have told us. He acknowledges that he "exults in the folios of the Fathers," and he is fain to confess that through them he gains an insight into their writers' hearts which no amount of histories could ever give him.

"What I want to trace and study," he says earnestly in his introductory to "St. Chrysostom," "is the real, hidden, but human life, or the interior, as it is called, of such glorious creations of God; and this I gain with difficulty from mere biographies. Those biographies are most valuable, both as being true and as being edifying. They are true to the letter as far as they record facts and acts; I know it. But actions are not enough for sanctity—we must have saintly motives; and as to these motives, the actions themselves seldom carry the motives along with them. In consequence they are often supplied simply by the biographer out of his own head; and with good reason supplied, from the certainty which he feels that, since it is the act of a saint which he is describing, therefore it must be a saintly act. Properly and naturally supplied, I grant; but I can do that as well as he, and ought to do it for myself, and shall be sure to do it if I make the saint my meditation. The biographer in that case is no longer a mere witness and reporter; he has become a commentator. He gives me no insight into the saint's interior; he does but tell me to infer that the saint acted in some transcendent way from the reason of the case, or to hold it on faith because he has been canonized. For instance, when I read in such a life, 'The saint, when asked a question, was silent from humility,' or 'from compassion for the ignorance of the speaker,' or 'in order to give him a gentle rebuke,' I find a motive assigned, whichever of the three is selected, which is the biographer's own, and perhaps has two chances to one against its being the right one. We read of an occasion on which St. Athanasius said nothing but smiled when a question was put to him; it was another saint who asked the question and who has recorded the smile, but he does not more than doubtfully explain it. Many a biographer would, simply out of piety, have pronounced the reason of that smile. I should not blame him for doing so, but it was more than he could do as a biographer; if he did it he would do it, not as an historian, but as a spiritual writer."

Neither does Cardinal Newman take much interest in books "which chop up a saint into chapters of faith, hope, charity, and the cardinal virtues." He does not wish this "glorious creation of God" to be "minced up into spiritual lessons," but rather to see

him as he stood, a living whole, his weaker human nature balancing in the scale with holy aspirations and the power of divine grace. This is the view he has endeavored in all sincerity to lay before his readers, and with what result? In the first place, we are astonished by the singular sensation of coming so near to these servants of God, and of finding them men just like all other men, only stronger, holier, and purer than their unsaintly brothers. At the same time they are essentially men, and not mere synonyms for strength, holiness, and purity, which is the light in which we have hitherto been often too apt to regard them. In the second place, we find them vastly more entertaining, from a purely secular view, than we had ever been led to suppose. They are wonderfully light-hearted, these Fathers of the church, and have a strong tendency to be amusing in their long friendly letters, which is the more surprising when we consider the troubles among which they lived and that persecution and exile were common to all.

Let us take St. Chrysostom, the man whom Newman calls "a bright, cheerful, gentle soul," and who possessed "a sunniness of mind all his own." An ordinary biographer would of course tell us that this great saint retired to the mountains when only twenty-one, and that he lived there with the monks for six years. A few might even go a step further and say that he chose this penitential life in order to overcome by strict fasting his natural daintiness of appetite. But Newman takes us nearer still and shows us the real anxiety with which the saint regarded the hardships he was about to embrace. In a letter written at that time to a friend, he confesses that he has been much concerned as to

> "Whether it would be possible to procure fresh bread for my eating; whether I should be ordered to use the same oil for my lamp and for my food, to undergo the hardship of severe toil, such as digging, carrying of wood and water, and the like. In a word, I made much account of bodily comfort."

Surely this is very much the way we would ourselves feel in the matter, and we begin for the first time to realize that it was as hard for the saints to deny themselves the pleasures of life as it seems to be for us. Yet six years of such rough discipline effected its object, and the dreaded austerities became in time a light and easy yoke.

Towards the end of St. Chrysostom's life his "sunniness of mind" stood him in good stead; for his exile was but a prolonged

martyrdom, which he endured with a mingled resignation and hopefulness pathetic to behold. Driven from his see through the hostility of an empress, and sent in his old age into a bleak and desolate country; subject to the harsh treatment of brutal guards, and suffering miserably from the inclement weather; forced ever further and further from his home and friends by the unrelenting hatred of his enemies, and finally, when exhausted nature could bear no more, yielding up his life near the inhospitable shores of the "strange and mysterious" Euxine—such were the last years of this feeble old man, whose letters breathe not only a spirit of patience but of cheerful hope for himself and kindly thoughts for others.

Writing from Cæsarea to Theodora, he is forced to confess that he is utterly spent and wretched, that he has "died a thousand deaths" in his miserable journey, and that he has been prostrated by continual fever. Yet, ever inclined to make the best of things, he is able to take a half-humorous comfort in the thought that now, at least, he has clean water to drink and bread that can be chewed. "Moreover," he adds triumphantly, "I no longer wash myself in broken crockery, but have contrived some sort of bath; also I have got a bed to which I can confine myself." A bath and a bed! Behold the crowning luxuries of an exiled Christian bishop, who considers himself fortunate that even these comforts should be allowed him by his enemies.

But the saint who of all others best illustrates the truth of Father Faber's assertion, he who unites great gentleness of heart with a delightful spirit of raillery, is Gregory of Nazianzus, the friend and fellow-laborer of St. Basil. St. Gregory was indeed a man of letters and a poet, grave enough when the occasion demanded gravity, a defender of the true faith amid the rage and hatred of an heretical city, an eloquent preacher at all times, yet nevertheless a humorist, from the shafts of whose witty satire not even the grave and austere St. Bazil escaped unwounded. There are two letters written by him after his visit to Basil's solitude at Pontus, both of which are quoted by Newman, and which illustrate the graver and the lighter side of Gregory's character. In one he expresses the real sentiments of his heart, the joy he felt at sharing this holy retreat with his dearest friend; but the other—well, the other is plainly written with the laudable intention of teasing Basil to the utmost by ridiculing the many discomforts which attended their hermit life.

"I have remembrance," he writes, "of the bread and of the broth—so

they were named—and shall remember them; how my teeth got stuck in your hunches, and next lifted and heaved themselves as out of paste. You indeed will set it out in tragic style yourself, taking a sublime tone from your own sufferings. But for me, unless that true Lady Bountiful, your mother, had rescued me quickly, showing herself in need like a haven to the tempest-tossed, I had been dead long ago, getting myself little honor though much pity from Pontic hospitality." And after more of the same style he adds in plaintive self-defence: "If you are not annoyed at this description, nor am I; but if you are, much more I at the reality."

Surely such a letter written by one saint to another, and on such a subject, must have at least the claim of utter novelty in our eyes; yet the facts of the case are that Gregory far more even than Basil was devoted to a life of solitude. In his eyes silence and reflection, time to write and time to pray untroubled by the cares of office, was an ideal existence not too often realized. He loved St. Basil and reverenced him beyond measure, yet nevertheless seems to have taken particular pleasure in railing at him whenever an occasion offered. Does Basil complain, not unnaturally, that Tiberina is cold, damp, and muddy, Gregory descends upon him in another letter, charging him with being a "clean-footed, tip-toeing, capering man," which last two epithets Basil of a surety never deserved. Even the rigid austerities practised by his friend are a butt for his humor; for when expecting a visit from him Gregory writes to Amphilochus to send him "some fine pot-herbs, if he did not wish to find Basil hungry and cross"—a remark which we forbear to take too literally.

And Basil himself—he who at first sight appears one of the gravest figures in the early church; Basil, stern, reserved, a prey to acute bodily infirmities, and a mark for the violence of his enemies? He too, Newman asserts, possessed a "pensive playfulness," even while "from the multitude of his trials he might be called the Jeremias or Job of the fourth century." And, indeed, there is a lurking spirit of humor in Basil which few biographers have taken the trouble to bring to light. His noble reply to Modestus is familiar to many, but who ever hears of his answer to the vicar of Pontus? In the first instance he was dragged before an Arian prefect, who threatened him harshly with confiscation, exile, tortures, and death.

"Think of some other threat," said Basil quietly. "These have no influence upon me. He runs no risk of confiscation who has nothing to lose except these mean garments and a few books. Nor does he care for exile who is not circumscribed by place, who does not make a home of the spot

he dwells in, but everywhere a home whithersoever he be cast—or rather everywhere God's home, whose pilgrim he is and wanderer. Nor can tortures harm a frame so frail as to break under the first blow. You could but strike once, and death would be gain. It would but send me sooner to Him for whom I live and labor, for whom I am dead rather than alive, to whom I have long been journeying."

This is indeed worthy of a page in the church's history, and the whole account of Basil's interview with Modestus has been carefully preserved for us by St. Gregory. But if we turn now to another scene we will have an illustration of the lighter side of Basil's character. He was at all times a miserable invalid, whose sufferings ended only with his death. Having upon one occasion given his protection to a widow of rank who sought refuge at the altar from the importunities of a powerful suitor, he was summoned before the angry magistrate, who brutally threatened to tear out his liver. "Thanks for your intention," said Bazil, with suave politeness. "Where it is at present it has been no slight annoyance."

Enough has been said to show that a keen sense of humor may keep pace with our spiritual advancement, each helping on the other.

A RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

Dead—he is dead! "A mistake on the line,"
Somebody said. My God! is it true?
Am I waking or sleeping? Give me some sign.
Yesterday morning we parted; he drew
Out his route for me; I laughed at leave-taking—
I laughed, my dear Lord, and my heart now is breaking.

Breaking? Oh! no; there is nothing to break.
My eyes are dim and my spirit is sore—
I am used to that—and my temples ache,
And I feel very lonely—nothing more.
Nothing more; but the sunshine has faded away,
And the shadows have suddenly lengthened to-day.

Breaking! Yes, surely my life seemed to break.
Where is my will? I am not quite sure.
Am I not dreaming, though? Father, I make
My act of abandonment always. Secure

Me just now. I stand on the brink of some dark,
Deep abyss. Thine omnipotent love is my ark.
. . . . . .

I remember it now: he died to-day,
My only friend I loved as my soul—
More than my soul. One can love in that way
Once and no more; for I gave him my whole
Little child's heart, nothing knowing of life,
With its depths, and its shoals, and its strange hidden strife.

Dead! Oh! the clouds have closed in on my sky.
Lonely I used to be; what am I now?
I ask him not back again—cowardly cry!
Earth was no Paradise for us, I trow.
He has passed through the long waste and mounted the peak,
But the journey's before me, alone and so weak!

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By William Edward Hartpole Lecky. Volume III. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1882.

An unwonted interest is being taken in us of late by the people of England. Mr. Freeman, for instance, who a few years ago published a *History of Republics from the Achæan League to the Dissolution of the American Union*, finds us to be more English than the English themselves, or at any rate than the Scotch, which is saying a good deal. But then the Scotch ought by this time to be prepared for hard knocks from English writers. And Mr. Gladstone, too, who once seemed more than pleased at what he supposed to be the nearing end of the Union, has kindly spoken of us as "kin beyond sea." Of course it is amusing to observe this change of view as an accompaniment to the wonderful growth of our republic since the civil war, and it is all the more amusing that if we are "kin" to the English we are also, though in a greater degree, kin to the Irish and to the Germans, without counting how much of Dutch, and French, and other bloods run through the veins of Americans. But the ready commercial instinct of the great empire has never failed to show in English literature. If we lacked any other evidence of our success we have a right to be convinced by this haste of English writers to claim us as their own. It ought, therefore, to be a matter of great pride for us that, whatever may be our origin, Dutch, or Irish, or German, or Swedish, or French, or, to speak more accurately, a mixture of all these and more, we yet have attained to such a height in English eyes that no pains are spared to prove to us that after all we are but an excel-

lent type of Englishmen. Yet, of course, such an assumption rests on a wilful violation of the truth. An American, whatever his ancestry, is an American, and nothing else. If the fifty millions who constitute our people today were to range themselves in classes according to their birth or origin, we should have no Americans, while the English element would be scarcely more than visible.

Still, though we are not English, the record of the struggle which the thirteen poor little colonies of the Atlantic seaboard successfully carried on for their independence of England must always be of the greatest importance to us. It is a record which has been written repeatedly from both sides. Now we have an Irishman's account of it, and an account which, though brief, will repay attentive reading. The third volume of Mr. Lecky's important *History* begins with an analysis of the royal prerogative as held by George III. for some time after his accession to the throne. But to the American reader generally chapter xii. will most strongly appeal, for it gives within its two hundred pages one of the best narratives of the beginning of the Revolution that have yet been written. Mr. Lecky does not think that the colonies were justified in rebelling against the taxes levied on them for imperial purposes. He thinks (p. 384) that England was

"Quite right in her contention that it was the duty of the colonies to contribute something to the support of the army which defended the unity of the empire. She was quite right in her belief that in some of the colonial constitutions the executive was far too feeble, that the line which divides liberty from anarchy was often passed, and that the result was profoundly and permanently injurious to the American character. She was also, I think, quite right in ascribing a great part of the resistance of America to the disposition, so common and so natural in dependencies, to shrink as much as possible from any expense that could possibly be thrown on the mother-country, and in forming a very low estimate of the character and motives of a large proportion of those ambitious lawyers, newspaper writers, preachers, and pamphleteers who, in New England at least, were laboring with untiring assiduity to win popular applause by sowing dissension between England and her colonies."

But perhaps Mr. Lecky lays too much stress on what to him seems the flimsiness of the pretexts used to justify separation from England. He does not appear to appreciate the sentiment that impelled the colonies on their course. Sentiment, indeed, which plays so great a part—the great part, in fact—in all popular or national movements, is nearly always rather superciliously ignored, or at best but half contemptuously alluded to, by philosophic historians trying to keep within the lines of the supposed principles of political economy. Yet no people ever successfully overthrew an oppressive rule merely for the sake of dollars and cents. No matter how avaricious a people may be individually, they act in the aggregate for a sentiment only, as real statesmen and wise politicians have always recognized. Yet here and there amid his discussions of the good or evil effects of certain policies of finance a glimpse is had of the sort of ideas that were working in the minds of the great body of the American people, who could have had but a vague understanding of policies of finance. "The treatise," says Mr. Lecky, "which, half a century earlier, Molyneux had written on the rights of the Irish Parliament now became a text-book in the colonies." And the degraded condition to which that parliament had been reduced since Molyneux's time was thoroughly known to the intelligent portion of the colonists, but especially to the Irish immigrants and their children. At the opening of the Revolution the two great sources of hos-

tility to English rule were the Puritanism of New England and the presence everywhere of a numerous Irish element. Except among the Irish there were few Catholics in the colonies outside of Maryland. It has been the fashion to forget how large a share the Irish element had in determining the colonies to break with England. Mr. Lecky says (p. 479): "The greatest danger to the colonial cause was the half-heartedness of its supporters. . . . Two-thirds of the property of New York was supposed to belong to Tories, and, except in the city, there appears to have been no serious disaffection." And again (p. 481): "Among the poor, vagrant, adventurous immigrants who had lately poured in by thousands from Ireland and Scotland there was indeed a keen military spirit, and it was these men who ultimately bore the chief part in the war of independence." In support of this he quotes, in a note, the testimony which the loyalist Galloway, who had been Speaker of the Pennsylvania Assembly, gave before a committee of the House of Commons in 1779, that the rebel army consisted of "one-fourth natives of America, about one-half Irish; the other fourth were English and Scotch." As confirmatory of this it is well to refer to a recent book, *The American Irish*, by Mr. Bagenal. Mr. Bagenal quotes from the report of the same committee of the House of Commons the testimony of Major-General Robertson, an English officer who had served twenty-four years in America: "'How,' asked Burke, 'are the Provincial (American) corps composed—are they mostly Americans, or emigrants from various nations of Europe?' The answer was: 'Some corps mostly natives; the greatest number such as can be got. . . . General Lee informed me that half the rebel Continental army were from Ireland.'" Facts in our history like these are naturally more apt to attract the attention of foreigners than Americans.

Mr. Lecky has usually been happy in his portraits, and he is almost up to his best in this volume. Of Burke he says: "No other politician or writer has thrown the light of so penetrating a genius on the nature and working of the British Constitution, has impressed his principles so deeply on both of the great parties in the state, and has left behind him a richer treasure of political wisdom applicable to all countries and to all times." Benjamin Franklin, too, is pleasantly sketched. The estimate of Washington seems in the main fair. He says of him: "He was in the highest sense of the words a gentleman and a man of honor, and he carried into public life the severest standard of private morals. . . . Men of this moral type are happily not rare, and we have all met them in our experience; but there is scarcely another instance in history of such a man having reached and maintained the highest position in the convulsions of civil war and of a great popular agitation."

In chapter xiii. Mr. Lecky treats of the disabilities and persecutions to which Catholics were subjected in England in the last century. He gives a vivid description of the awful "No-Popery" riots of 1780.

ELIANE. By Mme. Augustus Craven, author of *A Sister's Story*. From the French by Lady Georgiana Fullerton. New York: William S. Gottsberger. 1882.

It is only at long intervals that the Catholic reviewer comes across a novel in English that he can so freely, unreservedly commend as *Eliane*.

It is a love-story full of the real "sweetness and light" that accompany, without any affectation or any straining after effects, a life of sound Catholic piety when adorned by cultivated manners. The heroine is in a certain sense an old acquaintance with novel-readers. She is a poor relative whose heart is made to suffer in order that the matrimonial interests of her more fortunate relatives may not be damaged, and especially that the strong and rather tyrannical will of the otherwise kind old lady who is her guardian may not be thwarted. Though there is not much of what is called plot, the story runs on in a very lifelike way, and, fortunately for the reader as well as the heroine, turns out as it should, in every one being made happy without any resort to theatrical expedients. It is easy, though, for the reader to see how it might quite naturally have turned out otherwise. Indeed one of the author's motives obviously was to point to the dangers that lie in the French fashion by which parents arbitrarily make matches for their children without regard to their personal choice or feelings.

Having said so much for this beautiful story, it must in fairness be added that the translation is not always idiomatic, and that sometimes it is singularly unhappy. For instance, a "pretty French *romance*" is spoken of, when it is no doubt that a pretty French *ballad* is meant. Again (p. 15): "'Yes, indeed,' Blanche answered; and throwing her hat on the *canopy*," etc.—a strange place to throw a hat. The *sofa* was meant (in French *canapé*), no doubt.

Oswin the Saxon; or, Baptized by St. Augustine. London: D. Stewart, 49 Essex Street, Strand. 1882.

In the introduction we read that "this little work was designed by the late Miss Elizabeth Stewart, authoress of several mediæval works, and its two opening chapters were written a few days before her almost sudden death." The book, it appears, was developed from the MS. notes left by Miss Stewart. The intention of the romance—for it is an historical romance—is to show how Christianity tamed and civilized the Anglo-Saxons: how from ferocious, almost savage, barbarians it made them mild-mannered, charitable-minded men and women. Historical fiction which professes to be fiction, as *Oswin the Saxon* does, is in a sense above criticism from the historical point of view; otherwise an objection might be made to the manifest unfairness in which the famous Conference or Council of Whitby is described. Miss Stewart, or her editor, had apparently no fondness for the missionaries who had worked their way down through Saxon England from Lindisfarne in the north and from Bangor—Beann-chor, *i.e.*, blessed choir, for Celtic religious life without music was something unheard of—in the west. The book shows, however, that its author, or editor, had made considerable research among the authorities on the history of the Anglo-Saxon Church.

Uncle Pat's Cabin; or, Life among the Agricultural Laborers of Ireland. By W. C. Upton. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1882.

Many years ago, when her romance of life "among the lowly" slaves in the South had made her name famous and she was setting out on a journey to Europe, it was said that Mrs. Stowe was going to visit Ireland with the intention of writing up "Uncle Pat." But Mrs. Stowe's supposed in-

tention only made her reception in England all the more enthusiastic, by those especially whose landed interests would have been damaged by the publication of such a book; and, perhaps in gratitude to the cordiality of her guests, she—did not write it.

The *Uncle Pat's Cabin* that *has* been written is dedicated by its author to Mr. Davitt. It is intended to be a realistic picture of life among the poor laborers and the poorest of the farmers of Ireland. It is not a pleasant subject, even for those whose duty forces their attention to it, but when cast into the form of a novel it is simply repulsive. It is depressing from beginning to end. No wit, no humor, none of the old-time Irish playful fancy—nothing but sadness and distorted political economy.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE MOST REV. JOHN MACHALE, ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM AND METROPOLITAN. By the Rev. Ulick John Canon Bourke, P.P., M.R.I.A. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1882.

This memoir of the illustrious and spirited old prelate whom O'Connell, with his soft, round rhetoric, used to love to refer to as "the Lion of the Fold of Juda," has been written by Canon Bourke in obedience to the desire of a number of the clergy and literary men of Ireland. In sketches such as this of men who have for many years been living in the bright glare of public life, it is easy to guess beforehand what important features of the subject's life will be brought out, and how. But if the maker of the sketch or memoir is himself a man of decided characteristics it is well to look out for occasional touches which display the peculiar bent of the author's mind as well as what particularly belonged to the subject. A politician writing a life of Archbishop MacHale would be naturally drawn to the part the archbishop played for many years in the struggle for repeal, against the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, and, still later, for the freedom of the higher Catholic education. But Canon Bourke is more of a scholar than a politician, with a strong bias for Gaelic studies—he having, in fact, written a ponderous but unpractical grammar of the Irish language. It is doubtful, indeed, if any Celt in Ireland has done as much towards the attempted revival of the language as Canon Bourke, to whom, if it came by inheritance, it came as a foreign tongue. So that if the modern man in search of information on "repeal" or "Young Ireland" opens this book he need not be astonished at such headings to some of the pages as "Footprints of the Past," "Who was Fiachra?" "The Danann Kelts," "Welshmen of Tirawley," "Fionn and Goll," etc., or at the frequency of notes throwing light on the career of Gaelic worthies who flourished fourteen hundred years ago and more. But, aside from the canon's hobby, this beginning of a series of shilling volumes, contemplated by the publishers, will be welcomed by all who have known and loved the life of good old John of Tuam.

THE LIFE OF MARY WARD (1585–1645). By Mary Catharine Elizabeth Chambers, of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin. Edited by Henry James Coleridge, of the Society of Jesus. Volume the First. London: Burns & Oates. 1882.

The finely-engraved portrait of Mary Ward which makes the frontispiece to this volume, and is taken "from the original oil-painting (circa 1620) in the possession of the nuns of the English Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Augsburg, Bavaria," shows a noble face, very refined in its ex-

pression, yet undoubtedly possessed of a strong will, though tempered by the discipline of a religious life.

It is only of very late years that the English-speaking world is beginning to know something of the lives of those devoted men and women who were driven out of England during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries by the laws against Catholic worship, and especially against the ecclesiastical and religious states of the Catholic Church.

This book merits an extended notice.

HALF-HOURS WITH THE SAINTS AND SERVANTS OF GOD. Including biographical notes and many translations. By Charles Kenny. With a preface by the Very Rev. W. T. Gordon, Provost of the London Oratory. London: Burns & Oates. 1882.

While the importance of spiritual reading as an aid to progress in the Christian life is unquestioned, it must be confessed that the works in our language suitable for such a purpose are so few that any addition to them is most welcome. This book, containing, in short sections, extracts from the writings of the great saints and servants of God, is peculiarly adapted to meet the wants of a large class of our Catholic laity whose daily cares do not admit of any long time for spiritual reading, and to such we earnestly commend it.

NAMES THAT LIVE IN CATHOLIC HEARTS: Memoirs of Ximenes, etc. By Anna T. Sadlier. New York: Benzigers. 1882.

Miss Sadlier's subjects are well chosen. They are Ximenes, Michael Angelo, Champlain, Archbishop Plunket, Carroll, Henri de Larochejacquelein, Simon de Montfort. The sketches are written in a sprightly and ornate style, and gracefully introduced to the public by a preface from the pen of Mrs. Mary A. Sadlier, the mother of Miss Sadlier, a lady of well-known fame as a writer. We trust that Miss Sadlier will continue her instructive and attractive biographies.

THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS. Boston: Thomas B. Noonan & Co. 1882.

This picture is remarkable for beauty of expression and finish of execution.

SECRET SOCIETIES: A QUIET TALK ABOUT THEM. By W. H. Anderdon, S.J. London: Burns & Oates. 1882.

A little pamphlet published in England to dissuade Irishmen there from joining anti-English secret societies.

POEMS. By B. I. Durward. Vol. i. Milwaukee, Wis. 1882.

A MASS IN THE MOUNTAINS, AND POEMS. B. S. M. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1882.

STUDIES IN SCIENCE AND RELIGION. By G. Frederick Wright, author of the *Logic of Christian Evidences*. Andover: Warren F. Draper. 1882.

HISTORY OF THE FORMATION OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. By George Bancroft. In two volumes. Vol i. Second edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1882.

SAFEGUARDS OF DIVINE FAITH IN THE PRESENCE OF SCEPTICS, FREETHINKERS, AND ATHEISTS. A series of eight essays, chiefly addressed to men of the world engaged in their various professional and social avocations. By the Rev. H. Formby. London: Burns & Oates. 1882. [For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.]

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GOD OR NOTHING!*

A DISPASSIONATE VIEW OF THE STRUGGLE IN BELGIUM.

THERE was once a man who had heard of Niagara Falls. He had been told also that all visitors to America deemed it the correct thing to see them. Accordingly he went. When his vehicle drew up before that most stupendous sight he quietly observed to the driver: "So *this* is Niagara Fall; you're perfectly sure it is the *right* one—there's *no other* of the same name, eh?" Receiving an assurance to the contrary, he ordered the coach to be turned round, quite satisfied that he knew all about it. How many persons who write books of travel imitate him! If they are going to the Continent of Europe they grind up Murray and Baedeker in the space of a journey between London and Dover. They have all the points of interest mapped out in their minds —churches, ruins, pictures, priests, beggars, theatres, shops. They rush frantically from one point to another, merely verifying the descriptions of their guide-book. In ten days they are of opinion that they know all about it, and exhibit to the initiated their lamentable ignorance in some sketches of travel with an airy title. Now, the testimony of any person who pronounces judgment upon a subject with which he is imperfectly acquainted is, at the outset, worthless. He may, however, so present a garbled version of facts, narrated with such a disin-

* *The Educational Question in Belgium.* By the Rev. Henry Leach. *Macmillan* for August, 1882.

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genuous air, that his statements may command for a while the belief, and even reverence, of persons as ignorant as himself. We can find some excuse for the young man who perpetrates a silly book full of the idea that "a book's a book though there's nothing in it." Generally such books by their very absurdity are harmless. But it is very different when a grave person sets himself to air the little knowledge which is a dangerous thing, merely to support a conclusion arrived at inconsiderately and often recklessly.

With every disposition to deserve the title we have placed at the head of this paper—"*dispassionate*"—we are compelled to put a recent writer in *Macmillan's Magazine* in this class. This reverend gentleman is doubtless one of those of whom residents in Brussels and Antwerp see a good deal. In the early spring they begin to show up at the Bellevue and the Bois de la Cambre. By June they are more numerous, and on to August "the cry is, Still they come." Who does not know the slim man in the "M.B." vest, with usually a fat wife in an outré costume, who, under the impression that she speaks French, asserts an authority over him to which he restively submits? Sometimes he has all his family. A certain hotel register in Italy once bore the announcement that the "Vescovo di Kilmore, la Vescova," and five "vescovini" were domiciled there. But this is exceptional. One thing you may be sure he will do. He hires a carriage the morning after his arrival and goes to the cathedral. He whines pathetically over popery and bad pictures. He goes to a restaurant and tries the temper of the waiter by his absurd orders, and, in his suspicion of Continental cookery, dines badly and pays twice as much as he ought to. I knew a clergyman who dined eighteen consecutive days on "rosbif"—a slice of reddish-blue flesh floating in a pool of lukewarm gravy—simply because he could not order anything else and felt it unsafe to risk eating an unknown dish. He is sure, too, to go into churches with his Murray in time of divine service, and push his way rudely through the kneeling worshippers, and criticise the paintings and architecture in loud and contemptuous tones. At the end of three days he votes it slow work, and he pays his bill and departs. You may be sure that his disposition to grumble (which Carlyle thought innate in an Englishman) is intensified fivefold. He is disposed to find fault with everybody and everything. He attributes all the good he sees in Catholic countries to superstition, and all the evil too. His leading sentiment is, "Thank God I'm a Briton" and not a priest-

ridden Continental. The amount of knowledge derived from travel is infinitesimal, while bigotry and narrow-mindedness are greatly enlarged. Such an one lately said to the writer: "I never go to Catholic churches on Sunday, because I hold that it is sinful to frequent places of amusement on that day."

Now, between the lines of Mr. Leach's paper we read all this. He resembles the man who went to London to spend a week and master the British Constitution. He professes to know all about a mighty problem which has exercised the most philosophic minds for years—a problem still unsolved, and seeming to gather around it fresh phases of difficulty as time advances—all within the compass of a magazine article. We have studied the question for nearly two years; we have conversed upon it with church dignitaries of the highest rank, parochial clergy, monks, college professors, editors of influential papers, liberal and clerical; we have heard the opinions of Ultramontane, Republican, Royalist, Jews, Flemings, French, Germans, Walloons, English, and yet we are *far* from arriving at any adequate solution of the question. Then it may be said: "Why do you write about it?" Because, although the matter is highly complex and difficult, there are *special aspects* which may be mastered. And in replying to the strictures of Mr. Leach we shall almost exclusively adduce the opinions of natives, personages who are in the front rank of the combatants, who have a large stake at issue, both in church and state, and are daily applying themselves heart and soul to the solution of the difficulty. One of these, whose opinions we shall largely quote, recently said to the writer: "I have studied this question for twenty years, and now, as I stand on the confines of the other world, I have asked myself, Ought I to alter anything of what I have said or done? and I can only answer that if I had to begin again I should follow the same course."

It is not surprising that Mr. Leach's article has been largely quoted in the journals of this country. The question is of *world-wide* interest. It assumes different aspects in different countries; but, after all, it is a factor in the life of nations quite independent of politics and parties, and resolves itself into the query, *God or —nothing?* This is an old battle under a new banner. It was fought in Greece, when the recusant minority was Socrates and his disciples. It has been fought in every nation wherein mere animalism and materialism have conflicted with intellectualism. Mr. Leach is right, then, in saying that the question is too important to be ignored. He might as well try to ignore the extor-

tionate charges of the hotel-keepers, at whom, if he had not been a cleric, he would probably have sworn. But

"Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere *causas*."

This is his explanation of what has "divided into two hostile camps the whole country, urban and rural":

"A few words may serve to explain how the conflict has arisen. By the Belgian constitution primary schools, unsectarian in character and free to all who could not afford to pay for instruction, were to be established in every commune. The law was, however, regarded as merely permissive, and to avoid expense schools under the control of religious orders were in many districts *adopted* by the commune and partly supported by local taxation. In 1842 political exigencies made clerical support indispensable to the party in power. The demands of the Roman Church in the matter of education are sufficiently ample and they were practically all conceded. . . . In 1879 it was determined to revert to the constitutional basis of education. Absolute liberty of conscience was enacted, the authority of the state in official schools reasserted. . . . No sooner was the design of the government known than it elicited the most determined opposition from the Catholic party."

If Mr. Leach had been retained by M. Bara to state his case *doucement* to the British public he could not have done it better. At first sight the righteous Briton says: "What do those papists want? I never heard of such inconsistency; it ought to be put down, sir." Yet it is scarcely fair to quote the testimony of an *avowed enemy*, as if it was incontrovertibly true. What Mr. Leach says has been alleged over and over again by the anti-clerical journals, and answered in Parliament, the pulpit, and the press. We shall, however, restate it briefly, nothing extenuating or setting down aught in malice.

In the first place, what is meant by *liberalism* in Belgium? It is an old name with a new signification. Generally we associate it with a man who, while respecting ancient institutions, does not believe them incapable of improvement, and estimates their value as they are calculated to co-operate in the advancement of nations toward the highest ideal of civilization. In this sense the Catholic Church is eminently liberal. Aiming at the very highest development of the human race, she has directly or indirectly fostered all that assists it. We emphasize the phrase *highest development of the human race*, because we insist that the dogmas of so-called liberalism are no more calculated to ensure this than the draught of Circe was to restore true manliness. We shall prove this further on by contrasting the *visible* results of the two systems. Your Belgian liberal starts with this

thesis: Catholicism is and has always been on the side of despotism. Despotism is either political, religious, or social; all three are opposed to the spirit of the age.

> "'Tis life of which our nerves are scant,
> More life and fuller that we want."

Catholicism maintains its despotism by the school, the confessional, and the pulpit. Hence to wage war successfully against these forms of tyranny Catholicism must be opposed both in the abstract and in detail. The consistent liberal, therefore, throws up everything belonging to religion except the *name* of Catholic. He emancipates his mind from all respect for revelation and the priesthood. He frees himself from all restraint in language and speaks blasphemous levities with an evident gusto. The next step is that he discards all moral restraints, too, and his *liberalism* becomes libertinism and lawlessness.

This is no imaginary picture; we could give names to bear it out—young fellows of noble promise, fired by a grand ambition to *do something*, to escape from the baneful selfishness which is eating like a canker into society. Their intentions were of the noblest; they would have been horrified if they could have foreseen the lengths to which they have gone. They have discarded the Scriptures and À Kempis for Émile Zola and Alfred de Musset. They plume themselves on their contempt for time-honored observances and all that they denominate "les sottises sacrés." Mr. Leach is in error in saying that the *clericals* have invented the soubriquet *Gueux*. It was the liberals themselves. They *rejoice* in it, and we recently heard the present burgomaster of Antwerp, M. Léopold de Wael, say: "I am a Gueux, and so are you, and *I wish we were only like those who anciently bore the name.*" What these iconoclastic fanatics were may be seen in the pages of Prescott; and their modern emulators glory in the very things that most excite our indignation. Even liberals themselves deplore the departure of such old-fashioned things as parental obedience, truthfulness, commercial honor, and the spread of flippant blasphemy, dissolute morals, and thoroughgoing selfishness.

But it may be asked, Do you charge this to liberalism? To the liberalism *of Belgium*, certainly. Ask the men who fought in 1830, ask those who have seen every phase of the movement, and they will tell you the same.

This ought to be well understood at the outset. For, according to Mr. Leach, the liberal is an ill-used patriot, a striver after

moral and social progress against a grasping, ignorant, and unscrupulous clergy. According to his quoted statement it would seem that the opposition of the Catholic Church was next to causeless; that the state adjustment of the educational difficulty was equitable and impartial, and only incurred the animosity of the clergy when it sought to curtail their influence.

The initiated know that it was only after every effort had failed on her part that the church was forced into her present attitude. She had ever been on the side of the people. The movement of 1830 was indirectly produced by the patriotic preachments of her clergy. The heroes who lie buried in the Place des Martyrs at Brussels were educated in her schools and worshipped at her altars. But never for one single moment had she forgotten that "*righteousness*" alone "exalteth a nation." She had striven to break the fetters of the slave, but in order to give him the liberty of the sons of God, not to load him with the heavier fetters of moral and intellectual slavery. She had seen by a divine prescience that a highly educated individual without religion—that is, without morals—is more dangerous than the wildest barbarian. And what is true of individuals is true of nations. Never would she dare to aid by a jot a nation to attain to even passing pre-eminence by other means than religion. She adheres to the belief that IT alone is the foundation of social and political life—the only rock that can resist the storms of ages, the only guarantee of the stability of a nation's life. Others believe the contrary. They may be consistent in trying to uproot what they deem inimical to progress, but let them at least concede that the Catholic Church is consistent and unswerving in her aim and endeavor. But Mr. Leach is quite in error in supposing that the *Loi Scolaire* originated in any patriotic design. "Trifles light as air"—as, for instance, the quacking of a goose—have ere this led to important results. The present condition of Belgium arose in the advent to office of an ambitious demagogue who was quite as much surprised to find himself a minister as everybody else was disgusted. Unlike the man he servilely worships, Paul Bert, the Minister of Public Instruction has no *original* genius. The ape who had just seen his master shave, and thought himself clever enough to do the same, found that it was not so easy as it seemed and cut himself badly with the razor. So what M. Paul Bert may have audacity and talent to accomplish will very likely fail in the hands of M. Bara. But his party determined to use him to secure their ends. It was also represented to him that *popularity* might be secured if he would

only copy the author of the *Morale des Jésuites.* This is the key to his career. The liberals found that the only chance of retaining office in the Frère-Orban Ministry was by something startling. The socialists and internationals, with the wildest republicans of Germany and France who reside in the country, had influenced the public vote and gave them a majority. Every member returned was pledged to oppose the church. No matter what were the merits of the question, the church was to be opposed AS THE CHURCH, as the foe of progress, the bar to national advancement and prosperity. She had watched from afar the coming war and unswervingly adhered to her Master's precept: "Seek *first* the kingdom of God and his righteousness." Whatever the issue, she would stand like the martyr of old amid the flames and cry to the end, "*Christ alone!*" The conflict thus originating in party politics has grown into a struggle between religion and atheism; it is no longer a question of codes and regulations, but GOD or NO GOD.

Fortunately for Belgium, the right man was in the right place. The primate was a man of the people. He had moved among them as a Redemptorist and was fully versed in all the ways of Fleming and Walloon. From the time when his burning eloquence stirred the hearts of listening thousands till he had made "by force his merits known" and was considered the proper man to guide his countrymen in troublous times, Victor Dechamps, Cardinal Archbishop of Malines, has won the admiration and respect of his foes and the affectionate love and veneration of his friends. We assert that he tried every possible method of bringing the state to a better perception of its duty. And it was not until informed that no concession would be made and that still further aggressions were contemplated that he obtained the following decision of the Holy Office:

"The official schools cannot be frequented with a safe conscience.

"So great a danger should be avoided at any risk of worldly interests, or even of life itself."

Surely there must have been grave reasons for the deliberate and tardy officials of Rome to pronounce such a judgment. *There were.* The Belgians are notorious copyists of the French. But it is the *worst* features of the Parisians that they imitate. If there is a vile book published in Paris it finds an immediate sale in Brussels. Things too audacious *even for the French* command an audience there—as witness the production of the blasphemous opera "Hérodiade." And as the minister was a spe-

cial imitator of Paul Bert, it was but reasonable to expect that what Paul Bert had accomplished already in Paris would be attempted at Brussels. At Paris "the Christ" had been taken down from the school-rooms; the manual of Paul Bert was compulsory. And what is this manual? A book in which gross materialism is taught and the very name of God and Christ ignored—a book which an atheist may use with pleasure as denying human responsibility and an hereafter, but one to be avoided by every Christian parent.

One of the fears of the Catholics, as stated by Mr. Leach, was that—

> "Immoral books not yet introduced into the schools were ready packed and would be foisted in at a convenient opportunity. If any morality survived it would be tainted by the indescribable and indefinable poison of Freemasonry."

Alas! this is more than realized. The act passed in 1879, and within three years such an influx of immoral literature has taken place as could not have been anticipated. One frightful book against which we have heard Protestants loudly protest, *Le Bible pour Rire*, filled with unutterable and foulest profanity, has gone through numerous editions; while another, *Sottises Sacrés*, even a shade viler, is more popular still. The shop-windows abound with the most indecent literature, and few works have a chance of being sold unless of this sort.

Mr. Leach supposes that the only difference between the schools before 1879 and afterwards was that formerly religious instruction was *optional*, and not *obligatory*. That is, under the old régime the manuals in use were approved by the church and incidentally recognized her dogmas, while at stated times the parish priest gave special instruction in the catechism. Afterwards the books were changed and a time fixed upon for religious instruction, at which any pupil might stay *who chose*. But mark the *chicanery* of this proceeding. The hour selected was *after all the school classes were over*, and it is not surprising that boys and girls who never evince any particular ardor for instruction should, after the drudgery of the day, decline another voluntary hour of study. The clergy clearly foresaw that it was not in human nature to expect they would stay behind for catechism when play in the sunny fields was far more agreeable.

The position of the clergy, slowly *forced* upon them by the obstinacy of the state, may be thus summarized: The church

denies that a man can do well even as regards *this* world without religion. Morals are the necessary basis of society, and morals are inseparable from religion. The system of education now in use, in divorcing instruction from religion, is dangerous to morals and therefore dangerous to society. Thus the duty of the clergy, as those that watch for souls, is to guard the people against godless, and by consequence *immoral*, schools.

Will it be maintained that this is not a logical position? It has certainly taken a deep hold upon the Catholics of Belgium. Nowhere have larger efforts been made to erect and maintain suitable schools. Even Mr. Leach says:

"All the offerings of the faithful are devoted to the maintenance of their schools; and no one can deny that the *parti prêtre* has made large sacrifices to carry out their principles."

It is no rare thing for Catholic gentlemen like M. Moretus de Theux and the learned and devout Mgr. Van den Berghe to devote whole fortunes to this end. It cannot be that such self-sacrifice is for the aim this writer supposes:

"All this violence has been exercised to crush an educational system which until 1879 commanded the loud approbation of the priesthood, and which since that date remains unchanged—teachers, books, instruction, all remaining as before."

It is charitable to suppose that a clergyman and a gentleman would not *wilfully* misrepresent so grave a subject. Yet nothing can be further from the truth than this assertion. The system of 1879, on his own showing at the outset of his article, was made to *oppose* the clergy.

"The church had obtained a complete monopoly of education throughout Belgium. This condition of things was not likely to be tolerated by the liberals."

The *Loi Scolaire* upset the known doctrines of the church on this subject. They were: that the church alone has the right to teach religion; she has the right to control all branches of instruction which are combined with religion; any government concerning itself with education is bound to recognize these rights of the church; in regard to education, religious or scientific, all Catholics are subject to the church and bound to accept its decisions.

This is sufficiently explicit, and, because the school law in use from 1842 had fully recognized it, it received the hearty support of the clergy. But the law of 1879 declared the state to be a

competent and sufficient authority on matters of education, and that the interference of the church therein was only to be "*tolerated conditionally.*" We ask, How can any one declare that such a system "commanded the loud approbation of the priesthood"? It was condemned in the pastorals of every Belgian bishop, all of which were approved at Rome. We say unhesitatingly that "teachers, books, instruction" *are all changed.*

Undoubtedly the bitterest acrimony has resulted from the strong demarcation lines which have divided almost every parish into two hostile camps—not stronger than once existed in England against papists, or between Free-trader and Protectionist, Whig and Tory, and in this country between defenders of the Union and Secessionists. Mr. Leach tries to make his article seasonable and pungent by "piling up the horror." In this age of sensational novels even a quiet, jog-trot English monthly must have an occasional fillip, a moral electric shock, or the English reader might arrive at the dreadful condition foretold by the late Dr. Cumming, "when Protestant England shall deem that popery is harmless and even beneficial."

The document Mr. Leach cites as his authority is little known to his readers. He ushers it in with a flourish that is calculated to make one suppose that the *Enquête Scolaire* is as respectable as a royal commission of the British Parliament, and its decisions entitled to as much respect. Unhappily "it denotes a foregone conclusion," and the people of Belgium are aware that it is only intended to furnish excuse for the iniquitous bill for the suppression of the Jesuits and the general spoliation of the religious orders. Perhaps Mr. Leach may remember that when Henry VIII. had a similar design in view he ordered an inquiry into the state of monasteries. But it is requisite that the persons composing this inquisition should be *unbiassed* and *worthy of credit.* Will Mr. Leach assert this of any *one* member of the committee composing the *Enquête Scolaire?* If charity did not restrain our pen we might startle and probably shock Mr. Leach by a plain narration of facts well known to the Belgian public respecting them. But of course "they are all *honorable* men." We are unpleasantly reminded of Jack Cade's court which Shakspere has told us of. A most learned priest invited us to accompany him to one of these sessions. Be it borne in mind that these worthies come into a parish to listen to all the slanders, *on-dits*, malicious rumors, and imaginations of all the enemies of the parish priest. He is to be put on his trial. Unhappily this particular priest had in a recent book so convicted M.

Bara of malevolent falsehood that he had no mercy to expect. We found the commission enthroned in the mayor's parlor, guarded by a large number of police and military. We observed that the parishioners, who usually showed their appreciation of their pastor's holy and beneficent life by saluting him, did so on this occasion as though afraid to be caught in the act, furtively and on the sly. We entered and bowed to the court, which was too rude to return our civility. The usher conferred with one magnate, probably as to where we were to be placed, whereupon a slight discussion arose, which ended in a policeman conducting us to a couple of chairs on the *floor* of the court. Presently the commission was declared open and the room began to fill. There was the drunken shoemaker who maltreated his wife, and hated M. le Curé because he protected her from his violence. There was the village scold, "no better than she should be"—rather a shade worse; the systematic gossip; the haunter of the *estaminet* and political oracle of the place; the blatant republican, so enamored of the red that he had steeped his nose in it; the sneaking police spy; the dishonest tradesman, frequently reproved for false weights; the debauchee. All the *canaille* of the parish assembled, well knowing that anything they might say against their pastor would be religiously believed and printed. Voluminous reports lay before the trio of commissioners, which reminded us of Burns' remark:

"Some books are lies from end to end."

The president (an excellent judge of Bordeaux) seemed a little ashamed of being in such company; but he nerved himself to his work by fiercely taking a pinch of snuff and blowing his nose in a defiant manner. "*M. le Curé!*" and our learned friend came forward. He was addressed in a tone so flippant and sneered at so irrelevantly that he at last lost patience and quitted the room. He had played into the hands of the enemy, who were embarrassed by his presence, which they rightly thought might exercise a wholesome restraint even on the wretches assembled to denounce him. I felt curious to know what passed and remained in my place. Some of the "*flagrant*" charges against the clergy were investigated, the design being to prove that they persecuted those who sent their children to the public school. In every case the evidence was partly *suggested* by the adroit questions of the lawyer, and the animus of the witnesses was obvious. Not one that had been censured for grave sins and

open scandals but attributed it to his refusal to send his children to the Catholic schools. Ah! says our author—

"It should be added that all the witnesses have been examined on oath, and have admitted the accuracy of the *précis verbal* drawn up by the secretaries to the commission."

Quite true. Good, simple man! He deserves to live a few years in Belgium for his sins. How soon he would find out that for cool, unblushing lying a Fleming stands alone! Their habitual invocation of the most solemn names and things serves only to aggravate their deception.

On this occasion the circumstance quoted by Mr. Leach was investigated:

"In one case the *bon Dieu* was left upon the table of the sick-chamber, the poor moribund all the while torn by uncertainty and the fear of dying before the bishop's answer could be obtained."

Now, this statement resolves itself into this: A man who had led a notoriously evil life, and been the cause of much evil in others, on the point of death sent for the curé. The good man had tried to gain admittance already, but the miserable man's friends had barricaded the door. However, the priest went. Every one knows that the Catholic Church refuses her absolution to a sinner who refuses to make reparation for his sin to the utmost of his power. In this case the sin was so flagrant that a manifest wrong and scandal would have been inflicted, even if the priest had dared to forego the church's demand. The penitent (?) refused, and so anxious was the curé to get the advice of his ordinary, that if possible he might do anything for his parishioner, that late at night he walked six miles to the nearest station and took train to Gand, returning only next day. Now see out of what slender material a slanderous charge can be made. This clergyman had a small silver pyx in which the Blessed Sacrament was carried to the sick. He had also a silver snuff-box which very nearly resembled it, except in the chasing. The latter was his solace in very perplexing moments, and as he listened to that unhappy man's confession he laid the snuff-box on the table. Priests who may read this will at once recognize the action. In his excitement he left it behind him, much to his regret, for the people were too *honest* to restore it. Moreover, it was duly polished up and made to figure in the story our author cites. He might have discovered that such an act of neglect as he charges, if true, would in all probability have involved suspension at the hands of a bishop so rigid in everything respecting

the Eucharist as the Bishop of Ghent. Much stress is laid in the *Enquête Scolaire* upon the refusal of absolution. A priest cannot absolve a man who refuses to give up his sin. All those persons treat the priest with the grossest neglect, and even rudeness, while in health; but no sooner are they ill than they send for him at any hour to absolve them, thinking they are doing him a compliment.

Mr. Leach gives us another astonishing piece of information:

"To avert such evils a new petition was added to the Litany: 'From schools without God and teachers without faith good Lord deliver us'"

We should have cried "*Amen*" heartily to this, but it is wholly mythical. The form "*good* Lord deliver us" is evidently Anglican, the Roman being "libera nos, Domine." This points, too, to the Litany of the Saints or the Litany of the Holy Name of Jesus, in which alone this petition occurs. But these prayers cannot be interpolated after this fashion. If so, how convenient and appropriate would have been the Scotch minister's advice in this crisis: "Noo, brethren, let us pray for the puir deil, for he *needs it much*." "Comparisons," says Mrs. Malaprop, "are odorous."

Let it be honestly admitted that the rural clergy in Flanders, being after all only *human*, have not always tempered zeal with discretion. It requires great grace to keep one's temper always under such peculiarly trying circumstances. A man who has in some cases labored thirty years in the same parish suddenly sees all his patient labor of love thwarted by a handful of firebrands without God and without conscience. He has to fight over again the old battle of early times when the distinction between Christian and infidel was so sharply drawn. But the case is worse. He has to do with practical apostasy—to see the children of those who died with his blessing, whom he baptized and prepared for First Communion, growing up atheists and renegades to the church. He loses his temper sometimes, and you say it's *very wrong*. We say it is *very natural*. And yet our author gives us a choice selection of Billingsgate—which is all clerical, of course, the other side being proverbial for the urbanity of their language and the scrupulous politeness of their manners. Yet he is obliged to admit that bishops and priests are insulted at the altar and in the pulpit, and we can assert that a villanous sheet called *La Bombe* is full of the basest scurrilities and the most atrocious fabrications. For all this we do not claim that the clergy are faultless. Considering the extreme

delicacy and difficulty of their position, too much caution cannot be used. But really we doubt if an angel, under the circumstances, would escape censure.

The reader who is unacquainted with this subject, and takes Mr. Leach's statements for granted, would conclude that the results of the two systems of education now on trial in Belgium are wholly in favor of the secularists. Let us jot down a few facts.

The Catholic schools are not all that could be desired. We admit the charge, "Some of their schools are insufficient in structure and teaching power"—chiefly because they lack money. The state offers thousands of francs for teachers where they can only offer hundreds. But this does not apply to such establishments as the Collége de Notre Dame at Antwerp or the Collége Saint-Michel at Brussels. The instruction in the former is quite on a par with that of the Athénée Royal or the Université Libre of Brussels. The discipline is decidedly better. In fact, our experience proves that it is quite impossible to restrain the tendency which youths have to corrupt one another, or to promote habits of truthfulness, personal chastity, and obedience, without the aid of the *confessional.* The results are visible everywhere in Belgium. The boy who is unrestrained by this check is early addicted to bad language, secret vices, gaming, and other dissipations. He evinces a contempt for authority, despises his parents, and frequently disgraces his family. Heads of houses, while they affect to despise the clerical system of teaching, frankly admit that its moral effect is admirable.

OUR LADY OF THE LILACS.*

One afternoon in May, 1869, I was sauntering with a friend in the Boulevard de la Madeleine. It was a perfect spring day. The budding foliage had not acquired the dusty aspect of everything which in Paris attempts to remind one of the fields, and glittered like emeralds against the tender blue of the sky or the cream-colored glare of the sunlit house-fronts. Henri de Pontmolain and I chatted lightly of anything which happened to enter our heads or pass before our eyes, skimming the surface of each subject as it came, and going no further—doubtless for fear we might call up some shadow into the brightness of the glad May sun.

Suddenly a little way from us, at the corner of the Rue Duphot, we heard a piercing cry and saw the passers-by run together in a group which grew larger every moment, for all the world is curious and agape for exciting incidents. "An accident," said Henri. "You think so?" "Let us see." We reached the little crowd, and found that a workman had just picked up and seated on the edge of the side pavement a poor old woman pale as a shroud. "Why, what ails you, mother," he said good-naturedly, "to fall all your length in the street like that? That's not good for your constitution. Are you ill?" "Yes," she replied in a faltering voice—"yes, I am." "May be you are in want of something?" The old woman hid her face in her thin hands and did not answer. "Poor soul! she is hungry, you see, and shy to own it. Come, ladies and gentlemen, a *sou* will not ruin you. I begin; who will give something for *la pauvresse?*" And the honest workman, taking off his cap, threw into it ten centimes and held it out to the people pressing around.

O shame! The crowd immediately grew smaller, and all the charity of a hundred gapers amounted to an alms of six *sous!* A young man's purse is never over-well stocked, as possibly you who are reading these lines may be aware; but God makes it his business to reward a kind action. Pontmolain and I did our best to make up for the miserable indifference of the crowd.

* The writer begs to offer her acknowledgments to M. Oscar de Poli, the author of *Histoires du Bon Vieux Temps*, etc., for the narrative of which the following is a more or less close reproduction.

The workman thanked us warmly and slipped into the poor woman's trembling hands the produce of his *quête*, saying as he helped her to stand up: "There, mother, now you need want for nothing for a week to come! Where do you live?" "*Mon Dieu!*" she answered tearfully, "I have nowhere to live. I have no home." "You have no friends or relatives?" "Neither friends nor relatives." "Well, well! At any rate, go and get something to eat somewhere." "I cannot walk." "Will you ride?" "I will pay the driver," said Henri.

During this debate a handsome carriage drew up close to the group, and a lady of about fifty years of age, still handsome and dressed with a certain severe elegance, descended from it and heard the last words of the colloquy. "You have no home, my poor woman?" she said kindly. "Alas! madame, no." "And you are not strong enough to walk?" "No, madame." "Come with me. Some one will help you as far as the carriage, and then we can find out together what had best be done."

"A brave heart that!" murmured one of the workmen, looking at the great lady with admiration and respect. He and his comrade helped the poor old woman into the carriage. As the lady mounted she said to the footman: "Home." The man closed the carriage-door. The armorial bearings upon it were those of a marquis.

The crowd which could not raise six *sous* to hinder a woman from dying of hunger was now eager to applaud. A second collection would doubtless have produced a good sum. Such is the privilege of charity—to multiply itself by its very presence and by the contagion of example. The carriage drove away.

"Well," I said to my companion, "for a noble lady and a *Parisienne* thus to trample on the code of laws imperative in her circle and station, she must be an angel." "That is exactly what she is." "Do you know her, then?" "Certainly I do. She is, as you say, the good angel of the poor. She was once poor herself—so poor that this old woman she is succoring need not have envied her." "Can it be possible? Tell me her history."

We walked on towards the Champs Elysées, and from the account then given me by my friend, and completed from additional sources, I learnt the details of the following narrative.

If you have lived in Paris you may, at least once in your life, have chanced to pass along the Rue Fontaine-Molière, formerly called the Traversière-Saint-Honoré, and which, before you read these lines which I am writing, may have changed its name, like

so many of its neighbors, once, if not twice, again in honor of the democratic instabilities of the most unstable of governments and the most mutilative of municipalities. The street is dark and narrow. You would scarcely notice, probably, at the corner of the Clos Georgeau, the habitation of M. de Voltaire, and still less an antique tenement, high and narrow, standing opposite, with nothing remarkable about its dilapidated exterior except its windows of two centuries old and the quantity of rusty iron which apparently serves to hold it together. This latter was formerly the abode of Maître Germain Domarus, the royal notary in the latter half of the last century. But the gilded panels, emblazoned with the arms of France, have long disappeared, together with the files of gilded coaches and velvet-lined sedan-chairs, from which alighted many a noble lady of the court to enter these once busy precincts, from which all sign of life has long departed. We must go back sixteen years from the incident which formed the opening of my story—namely, to 1853, when this antiquated building belonged to the Abbé Bernard Domarus, a venerable priest, son of the worthy notary of the Rue Traversière-Saint-Honoré.

The Domarus family came from Pontivy, in Brittany; they were foremost among the upper *bourgeoisie*, and enjoyed the double consideration paid to personal worth and the representatives of an honorable race. Bernard, notwithstanding his father's resistance from motives of worldly ambition, and in spite of the mutterings of the coming storm of revolution, had persevered in following his vocation and entering the priesthood. Geneviève, his faithful nurse, kept house for him as long as she lived, and when she died her daughter Yvonne took her place. But it seemed as if complete loneliness were to be his earthly portion. Yvonne followed her mother, and the Abbé Domarus looked sorrowfully around him, not knowing how to replace the services of these two devoted hearts by those of a stranger.

How many losses are irreparable! and few more so than of those whose humble, intelligent, and watchful ministrations, as unobtrusive as they are constant, are ever about us like the air we breathe, and only realized when over and past recall.

Resigned, but sad at heart, the abbé prayed and waited. He had not waited a week when one morning he heard a timid knock. Quitting his easy-chair of faded crimson damask, he went downstairs and opened the door. A woman, poorly clad, wearing a veil which concealed her features, said in a voice

trembling with emotion: "I believe the Abbé Domarus lives here?" "Madame, I am the Abbé Domarus." "I wished to be allowed to speak to you—perhaps I am presuming—but I thought —I hoped—" And she could say no more. "Come in, madame, come in," said the abbé kindly; for he knew the timidity of trouble, and his ready sympathy at once divined the sensitive poverty of one who had seen better days. "I will show you the way; follow me." And he slowly mounted the dark staircase, and, entering his little salon, asked his visitor to be seated. "No, no, M. l'Abbé," she said, with a strange animation; "I must only speak to you standing." "Madame, I beg you to sit down," said the abbé, struck by the contrast between the extreme poverty of this person's garb and her distinguished bearing, between the humble attitude she chose to take and the refinement of her voice and speech. "No, M. l'Abbé," she repeated with respectful firmness, "thank you; I would rather not."

"Well, then," he rejoined good-naturedly, "we shall both stand."

This was effectual. She at once sat down. "M. l'Abbé," she began, "I am alone in the world." "Alas! madame, and so am I." "I hear that you have lost the good Yvonne, and I am come to ask—" She hesitated. "Speak, madame," said the abbé in a tone of paternal encouragement. "If I can do you any service—" "I come to ask if I may take her place." "You, madame?" "Yes."

There was a tone of gentle decision in these words, a certain cheerful resignation, which greatly struck the old priest. He felt that a kind Providence might have sent this good woman to his door, and after a momentary prayer he said: "I do not know your name, madame, nor anything respecting you; but something tells me that you are worthy of the highest regard, and, although the position you ask for is evidently inferior in every respect to your education and merit, I am prepared to accept your offer should you be able to satisfy a few inquiries I am bound to make."

After a conversation of some length the abbé gave the desired answer. It was received with the warmest expressions of gratitude. "And I, doubtless," he said, "shall have cause to thank God for your coming. You will be my friend." "I shall be your servant, monsieur." "My *friend*," repeated the old man. "I feel that you have suffered much. I will pray for you, and you will, I doubt not, be a comfort to me."

The stranger then raised her veil. "Marie!" exclaimed the priest, rising in astonishment. "I cannot be mistaken? It is twenty years since I saw you, but surely I know the face too well. My poor child, what can have happened that Marie le Tellenec de Rozancourt should ask to take the place of the peasant girl Yvonne?"

Leaving Marie to tell her own story to her aged friend, who questioned her as to every detail, we will give it in a form more consecutive as well as concise.

In the first place, we ought to mention that the family of Le Tellenec, like that of Domarus, had lived near Pontivy. They were formerly Comtes de la Tour-Quelven and of Guern, Barons of Malguénac and of Stival, lords of Fonfroid, Kergrist, Coëtlez, Locquyon, "*et autres lieux.*" These last words are regularly added in the deeds when there is nothing more to add, as a precautionary measure.

During the Terror the Abbé Domarus and Marie's mother, the Comtesse de Rozancourt, were arrested at Pontivy, dragged to Vannes, thrown into a pestilent dungeon, and, lastly, tied together and given up to the satellites of the atrocious Carrier, the man of the *noyades*. It was what these monsters called "a republican wedding." In the night, at a given signal, the fatal trap was opened and hundreds of victims thus at once precipitated into the sea. Fortunately, the man who had been charged to bind together the countess and the abbé was the son of a farmer who had received great kindness from the Comtes de Rozancourt. This man had a heart, and proved it by showing himself grateful. He tied the ropes but slightly round the two and furtively slipped a knife into the hand of the young priest. The Abbé Domarus, on the first cracking of the boat's timbers, cut the bonds encircling himself and his companion. The latter could not swim, but he managed to keep her head above water and made superhuman efforts to get her, in the darkness, safely to land.

Every night when these horrible massacres were taking place Breton fishermen plied about, under cover of the obscurity, to pick up any chance victims they could snatch from death. The Abbé Domarus and his nearly exhausted charge were saved by one of these brave men and contrived to cross to England. There the comtesse was soon after joined by her husband, who had also effected his escape, and there they remained until 1815. On returning to France the Comte de Ro-

zancourt was named prefect by Louis XVIII., and later on received a share of the indemnity of the *émigrés*. His fortune, though by no means on its former footing, was still considerable. In 1825 he married his daughter to the Marquis de Kerlautrec, a young officer of great promise, but having no fortune except his heart and his sword.

The Abbé Domarus kept up an occasional correspondence with the two families, and in 1829 spent two months at the Château de Malguénac, an old domain of the family, which the Comte de Rozancourt had recovered.

Then burst forth the revolution of 1830, from which period the misfortunes of Marie dated. Her husband broke his sword rather than serve under the new king. Her father gave up his political career and retired to Malguénac. Being of an active disposition, he embarked largely in certain industrial enterprises the success of which appeared assured. It was about this time that the Abbé Domarus came to live at Paris in the house he inherited from his father; his relations with the De Rozancourt family became less frequent, and it was by chance that he learnt some time afterwards that they were ruined, had sold Malguénac and all they possessed in Brittany, and had disappeared. He made repeated endeavors to learn what had become of them, but in vain. It was not until this unlooked-for arrival of Marie that he recovered the thread of her family history and found that the Comte de Rozancourt had died of grief, his wife shortly afterwards following him to the grave. The Marquis de Kerlautrec had been killed in a political duel, and his widow found herself alone in the world, without support, without fortune, and suffering all the more from her poverty on account of her name —doubly noble by birth and by alliance.

But the Marquise de Kerlautrec was a courageous as well as a religious woman. She laid aside her title, went only by the name of Widow Marie le Tellenec, and lived by her beautiful needlework and embroidery, receiving for it miserably inadequate payment. Still, for fifteen years she patiently worked on in her little garret-chamber in the Rue d'Argenteuil, earning at the best of times sixty francs a month. An existence more pure and resigned than hers, more laborious and pious, could not be. In this crowded quarter the natural distinction of the pale and stately but gentle *ouvrière* had not failed to be remarked. She was known to the poor among whom she lived by the name of "*La Madone.*"

Suddenly, at the age of forty-two, she was attacked by oph-

thalmia, and for more than two months was unable to work. All her little savings disappeared, and Marie, too proud to ask for help of man, suffered hunger in silence, and, instead of repining against the providence of God, went to lay her cares before him in his sanctuary.

One morning a funeral Mass was going on in the Church of St. Roch. "Happy is the good Christian who lies dead," thought Marie, scarcely able to kneel from exhaustion. A priest passed by her with tears in his eyes. He was a fine old man, somewhat bent with age, and his hair white as snow. Marie was attracted by his face, which seemed familiar to her. A moment's reflection told her it was the Abbé Domarus, who had saved her mother's life. "And why," she thought, "should he not save mine also?" Doubtless it was God's doing that he should cross her path in this sore time of need. She rose to follow him to the sacristy, but her strength failed her and she fell unconscious on the stone pavement of the church.

On reviving she found herself on her own poor couch in her little attic, and the kindly neighbor who had had her carried thither watching by her side. From this neighbor she learnt that the funeral at St. Roch was that of Yvonne, the housekeeper of the Abbé Domarus, who lived facing the Clos Georgeau, not far from the Rue d'Argenteuil. From that moment Marie had fixed her plans. Three days afterwards, when, thanks to the care of her good neighbor, she had recovered a little strength, she went to knock at the door of the abbé. We have seen how she was received.

The abbé's favorite sitting-room, which went by the name of the *chambre-salon*, was almost the only part of the house which still retained its eighteenth-century aspect, and it was to this particularity, doubtless, that his preference was due. Here every object was a memory speaking of the past; the furniture, the curtains, the almost colorless carpet—except where its large crimson pattern showed out in the shady corners into which the sunshine never peered—the pictures, the faded bouquets of artificial flowers, the stiff festoons, tied with meandering ribbons, carved in the panels over the doors and chimney-piece, all belonged to another century. Of how many houses in Paris can the same be said? "It seems as if we were not satisfied with having morally broken with our past, but we must also tear down the ancient stones, the very sight of which would fill us with remorse. Family life is passing away because there is no longer

the family home. We no more dwell, we encamp; and the piety of family tradition evaporates because memory has no longer anything on which to fasten, anything in which to rest." *

There were four paintings in the abbé's salon: the portrait of Master Germain Domarus in the costume of notary royal; that of his wife, Madeleine le Gaillard, of Pontivy; a bunch of wild flowers; and, lastly, a Madonna, and it is of this only that I am going to speak.

The figure of the Blessed Virgin was half the size of life. Her robe was blue; her hair fell in waves of gold-gleaming brown over her shoulders—so lightly that it seemed as if a breath of air would lift them; the delicacy of color and expression in the heavenly countenance, as well as the general grace of form, possessed a beauty and at the same time a majesty and serenity indescribable. The hands held a cluster of fresh lilacs wonderful for the magic of their tints. A soft ray of light fell on the countenance, as if further to idealize its human beauty. Into this picture the artist had evidently thrown all his soul, all his faith, all his genius. It went by the name of "La Vierge aux Lilas," but by whom it was painted or whence it came no one knew. The abbé had inherited it with the house, and prized it, firstly, because it represented the holy Mother of God, and, secondly, because it was a possession of his family. On its merit as a work of art he bestowed no thought; few people came to visit the old priest, and among them no connoisseurs. The few who noticed it at all usually awarded it the cold and guarded tribute of half-admiration which is thrown to art without a signature; for it is a golden rule with many to look at the ticket before they can admire. "It is of the Florentine school," said one. "Rather of that of Bologna," said another; a third inclined to Venice, a fourth to Milan; but no one could name with any approach to certainty the artist or his school.

Marie le Tellenec, then, was installed under the roof of the abbé. As may easily be supposed, she did much more than merely replace the worthy Yvonne. To a willing heart and skilful hands she added the delicate intuitions of a refined and cultivated mind, and her gratitude lavished upon the aged priest every thoughtful attention. He himself smilingly owned that he had never been so well cared for in his life, or at least never since the death of his mother. Marie was like a daughter to him, and he loved her as such, daily thanking Heaven for so great a consolation in the last remaining years of his long career.

* M. Oscar de Poli, *Histoires du Bon Vieux Temps.*

One day—it was about three years after her arrival—the abbé sat thinking, as it was his habit, opposite the "Vierge aux Lilas," and presently said to Marie: "My child, I am eighty-eight years old to-day. It cannot be long before God will be pleased, I trust, to call me to himself. You are still comparatively young, and have, I hope, a long future of usefulness and happiness before you. If, as you say, I first saved your mother's life and then yours, I also may say that your pious mother saved mine—it was only for her sake that the knife which cut our bonds was given me—and you, her daughter, have saved, or at least prolonged, it in my old age. I am not rich, but all I have will be yours, and still I shall be your debtor." "Father," said Marie, "do not talk of dying yet! You have grown five years younger since the day I first saw you at St. Roch. Besides, you still have relatives," she added; for her generous and delicate nature shrank from accepting the heritage of the good priest as if it were a mercenary recompense for a good action. "Relatives?" he answered. "May be; but so distant that I have never seen them." "No matter; I should not wish to deprive them of their lawful inheritance, if I have the misfortune to lose you." "You would deprive nobody, my child; my property belongs to me, and this very day I am going to—" "No, no," she said; "not to-day. Wait till to-morrow or some other day."

And he would yield to her persistency for the moment, and after a time renew the attack, with, however, the same result—the postponement of his visit to the notary. Daily the old man and Marie knelt for their morning and evening prayers before the picture of Our Blessed Lady.

"Marie," he said one day, as they rose from their knees, "you have the name of the sweet Mother of our Lord. When I am here no more to pray with you do not part with this picture of the 'Vierge aux Lilas.' Do not give it up to any one; promise me you will not. Something tells me it will bring you happiness." Marie gladly promised.

One afternoon not long afterwards the old man was plunged in his easy-chair, as usual, facing the picture, and Marie sewing by him. Suddenly he turned pale as marble, stretched out his arms towards Our Lady; then they fell helpless by his side, his venerable head bowed on his chest—the Abbé Domarus was dead.

Marie, scarcely knowing what she did, flew for the nearest doctor. He came, but could only affirm that the abbé was out

of reach of succor. The poor woman felt as if stunned and bewildered by the suddenness of the blow. Again she was alone in the world—alone and without resources.

Distant relatives, at least in France, form a category apart—a sort of caste by no means always exhibiting pleasing characteristics in cases of succession. And there is no inheritance without its claimants. Those of the Abbé Domarus were seven in number: four second cousins once removed and three third cousins—namely, MM. Justin Lecamus, proprietor; Nicolas Tamon, who called himself *négociant en bonneterie* (otherwise "muslin-cap merchant"); Antoine Picard, solicitor; and Alfred Lefur, a notary at Versailles. It is plain that Marie had a strong party to deal with.

The women were more eager than the men after the game. Ill-natured people pretend that this is the rule, but then the ill-natured people who say so are the men. The female trio, who bore no resemblance to the Three Graces, were the Widow Dubuisson, *née* Lecamus; the Widow Soufflot, *née* Lefur; and Mélanie Tamon, a grasping and niggardly spinster.

All these people one fine day suddenly invaded the house in the Rue de la Fontaine-Molière, the shrill voices of the females screaming, laughing, and criticising, and all seven busily rummaging the cupboards and drawers. Marie, who had received them with tranquil politeness, felt amazed and wounded at their remarks and heartless jesting. "Who is this woman?" asked Widow Dubuisson. "The famous housekeeper, no doubt," answered Mlle. Mélanie, shrugging her scraggy shoulders. "His housekeeper?" "That is what curés call their *bonnes*, you know; she was in fact his servant." "And what is she doing here now?" "Keeping the house; that is her trade, don't you see?" "But, now I think of it, she has been alone here six days!" "Eight, if you please!" "Suppose she has carried off anything?" "You make me tremble!" "We must see to the silver!"

If only the two hags would have lowered their voices! But they shrieked by nature; besides, what did they care? Marie de Rozancourt, Marquise de Kerlautrec, did not lose a word of their colloquy, but her grief was too great to leave room for indignation. She stood, pale and calm, by the chimney-piece, drinking in silence this cup of humiliation.

"He was old, *le bonhomme!*" observed the muslin-cap merchant in his turn. "Nearly ninety—*ma foi!*" "But he was

younger than his furniture: this easy-chair must have belonged to his great-grandfather." "Yes; it's a fossil *fauteuil*." "Don't laugh! It's no laughing matter to come in for worm-eaten, moth-eaten bric-à-brac." "And family portraits." "Oh! I am willing to put on mourning for them." "As far as I am concerned they may follow their master underground. A notary of old times; but that will do for you, Alfred." "And the old lady—ah! the notaress; that for my wife." "And a Virgin—see, Tamon, it's not bad." "Pooh! only fit for a curé." "But what is it worth? What might it fetch, think you?" "Well, I saw one sold at Versailles for ten francs which was worth a dozen of this tame thing. The colors were twice as bright—just laid on." "Decidedly, the house has nothing in it!" "Well, a house is always a house." "And is it certain that the old man left no will?" "As certain as that we seven are his sole heirs." "But what did he do about this woman here?" "Nothing." "Strange!" "Bah! These old folks go on living till they think there is never to be an end of them." "But what are we to do with her?" "What! the servant? Give her her eight days and let her go—where she will."

Marie felt the color rush to her cheeks. "I could have inherited this house," she said with dignity, "and all it contains. M. l'Abbé Domarus wished it, and I refused." "Easy to say this now," sneered old Mélanie, "but it is only to get something out of us." "Let us see, now," said the cap-merchant. "What is it you want?" "I only ask one thing, messieurs." "Ah! ah! I knew there was something. Well?" "That I may have a *souvenir* of the venerable priest who was my friend." "She is going to ask for the silver; see if she doesn't!" muttered Mélanie. "I ask for one of these pictures." Marie was trembling with anxiety. "Come, come, she is not so clever as I fancied," whispered the spinster, much relieved. "Take the four, as far as I care," said the man of muslin. "I only desire this portrait of the Blessed Virgin." "Oh! well, I care for that the least of all—take it and welcome." "But not the others," croaked Mélanie; "the notary and his wife will do very well in my salon." "By all means," said the chorus.

Meanwhile Marie took down her beloved Madonna from the wall, made a bundle of her clothes before the eyes of the three females, threw a shawl over her shoulders, thanked the seven heirs for their generosity, and left the house of the Abbé Domarus, carrying with her the "Vierge aux Lilas." Her tears fell fast as she walked along the street, but they relieved her heavy heart.

The sacred burden she carried in her arms gave her a feeling of companionship; the sweet, grave face seemed to look at her with maternal love and sympathy, and a feeling of hope, undefined but real, arose within her. "Yes," she said to herself, "I promised the good abbé, and I will keep my promise all my life. Dear, holy Virgin, I will never part with you!"

One of the noblest mansions in the Rue Lafitte belongs to M. Gérard du Prat de Marquemont, Marquis de la Rochegéry. At the age of twenty he had entered the body-guard of Charles X. in the company of Gramont. He had but a moderate fortune at that time, but his uncle, Lieutenant-General Comte de Chasteniers, died of grief two months after the revolution of 1830, and the Marquis de la Rochegéry, being his sole legatee, inherited at the age of thirty a fortune equal to fifty thousand francs a year. The royal body-guard had ceased to exist. The new government had none of the sympathy of the marquis, who kept aloof alike from diplomacy or the administration. Chivalrous and refined, however, he occupied his time in intellectual pursuits and in the indulgence of a devoted love of art. Painting had for him an especial attraction, and his princely galleries were enriched with the finest works he could obtain, both of ancient and modern masters. He lived almost the life of a hermit among his pictures and books, sometimes at the Château de Chasteniers, sometimes in his hôtel of the Rue Lafitte, and was known as the best amateur in Paris. More than this, his delicate benevolence took delight in seeking out and succoring needy artists. Poverty and merit were certain to meet with his sympathy and assistance; nor, indeed, was merit an indispensable quality where he saw a struggle with real adversity. Many an inferior picture—but never of an unworthy subject—was bought for four times its value and stowed away in some attic, out of sight of anything but the spiders who might kindly spin their webs over faulty outline, inharmonious coloring, and all the sins that ignorance is heir to.

In the gallery of the marquis every great southern master was represented except one, and for this one he had a particular admiration; it was Correggio. He knew by heart every recorded incident in the life of this great but unfortunate genius, and could have written his biography from memory. He could tell you all the works he had painted, the prices paid for them, who were their possessors, or where they were to be seen; in fact, he had a sort of *cultus* for Correggio—a cultus which, being to the comparative detriment of artists equally great, might possibly be

explained by the value we are apt to set on the unattainable. "Nous désirons toujours ce que nous n'avons pas." In spite of persistent researches and splendid offers he had been unable to acquire a single little painting by his favorite master, and was in perpetual mourning for hopes destroyed as soon as they were born. He diligently studied an obscure little book called *Storia dei Pittori di Parma e di Modena, con quella delle loro Opere*, by one Gregorio Berucci. Here he found in detail the history of every painting by Correggio, and traced each to its present home, whether Dresden, Paris, London, Parma, Florence, Naples, Rome, Madrid—all except one, of which Gregorio said: "It is generally supposed that this was destroyed at Parma in 1645 when the convent of Santa Maria was burnt." "But," thought the marquis, "suppose that it was *not* destroyed?"

Like all people who change a desire into a fixed idea, the noble amateur ended by the conviction that the lost picture named by Berucci still existed and that it was possible to recover it. "What a triumph it will be," he often said to himself, "when I have found my Correggio!" And so firm was his conviction that he should find it that in his gallery an empty space was left, over which one might read the words, "Antonio Allegri, called Correggio." This space had waited empty for twenty years.

One morning M. de la Rochegéry came out of his house in the Rue Lafitte, gained the boulevard, and was walking up the Rue Richelieu towards the house of the late Comte de P——, whose heirs were disposing of his gallery. When he had passed the Fontaine-Molière he observed about fifty paces before him a woman, humbly dressed, carrying a painting. A painting! The marquis, at once attracted as the needle to the magnet, quickened his steps to see what might be the subject it represented. The poor woman was walking slowly, carrying the heavy picture in such a manner that it could easily be studied by any one walking behind her. The marquis was following her closely. Suddenly his eyes opened to double their usual width. In feverish haste he snatched a well-worn little book from his pocket, read and re-read it, gazing in turn at the picture and the page, as if corroborating some description. "The same—the very same! I have found it! *Found it!*" he shouted in the excess of his joy. "Stop! madame, stop! For pity's sake stop!"

Marie le Tellenec looked round. He did not see her pale and tearful face; he saw nothing but the "Vierge aux Lilas." In

his ecstasy he was ready to kneel before her in the street. "Madame, to whom does this picture—this marvel, this treasure—belong?" he asked. "To me, monsieur." "To you—to you alone?" "To me alone, monsieur." "Tell me, I entreat you, from whom you had it." "From my friend the Abbé Domarus." "And he—he had it from—?" "His father." "Let us go and see them. Come, kindly take me to them." "Monsieur, the Abbé Domarus, who was nearly ninety, was buried a week ago." "Well, then, madame, come with me to my house, I supplicate you. I am the Marquis de la Rochegéry. Only come and I shall be grateful to you for the rest of my life."

Marie comprehended nothing of what appeared to her a state of delirium; but there was something in the countenance of the marquis that inspired her with confidence, and she assented without hesitation. "Give it into my hands, madame; let me have the honor of carrying it!" And he took it reverently. It was a curious spectacle for the passers-by to see this elderly nobleman carrying the painting with outstretched arms before him, smiling at it and otherwise expressing his joy in involuntary exclamations. Happiness gave him strength; he felt no fatigue as he hurried on, while Marie accompanied him in silence until they reached his house in the Rue Lafitte.

"Be so kind, madame, as to come in; I wish to speak to you—to propose—come in!" He took her at once to his gallery, hastened to the empty space we know of, hung up in it the "Vierge aux Lilas," and withdrew a few steps to admire it more at his ease. Then, taking up the little work of Gregorio Berucci, he read aloud:

"One of the finest *chefs-d'œuvre* of Antonio Allegri, surnamed the Correggio from his birthplace, was undeniably the Madonna he painted at Parma in 1530 for the convent of Santa Maria. The Virgin was half the size of life, with long brown hair whose golden gleaming seemed to play in the breath of zephyrs. No painter had ever succeeded in giving to the countenance of the Mother of Christ a so sweet and benignant expression. Allegri had thrown on the canvas one of those wonderful effects of light of which he possessed the secret. The form of Our Blessed Lady belonged to all that is loveliest in terrestrial beauty, but the head belonged visibly to heaven. It was neither a memory nor a copy, unless the painter had in his dreams been transported into celestial spheres, and had there contemplated Mary in all her purity and glory. By a graceful arrangement which brought out the ideal delicacy of the visage Allegri had placed in the Virgin's hands a bunch of lilacs of charming brilliancy. Unfortunately this work of the great painter has disappeared. It is believed that it was burnt when in 1643 the convent of Santa Maria at Parma was on fire. The picture was called 'Our Lady of the Lilacs.'"

"La Vierge aux Lilas!" exclaimed Marie le Tellenec. "This, too, was what my dear Abbé Domarus always called it. What! M. le Marquis, is it, then, the work of Correggio?" "Most assuredly, madame! You see it for yourself. O happy day, long looked for, come at last!" After a pause he added: "Madame, you must let me have this *chef-d'œuvre*." "Never, M. le Marquis. I made a solemn promise to the dead that I would never part with it as long as I live." "You do not seem to be very opulent, dear madame," he said kindly. "I have been rich, monsieur; I am so no longer, but I make more account of a promise than of a fortune." "But who are you, then, madame, if I may ask?" said M. de la Rochegéry, struck by his visitor's dignity. "I was housekeeper to the Abbé Domarus. My name is Marie le Tellenec. I am at this time homeless, but for no amount of money would I give up this picture." "Not for a hundred thousand francs?" "No; I have said my last word." "A hundred thousand crowns?" "After what I have had the honor to say to you, M. le Marquis, it is useless for you to insist." "Well, then," said the marquis, obstinately clinging to the conquest he thought he had made, but found he had not, "be it so. Do not give it but *lend* it me. Make this house your home; live here always; have all you can wish for, only do not tear this treasure from the place which has been waiting for it these twenty years. You accept, do you not?"

"You are noble, M. le Marquis, and you are rich. Who has told you that Marie le Tellenec is not the mask of a name as noble as your own? Who has told you that your last offer is not the most wounding offer that could be made to me? I am inured to labor, but I could not eat bread that was given." "I implore your pardon, madame; but, once more, may I not know to whom I have the honor of speaking?" "Marie le Tellenec de Rozancourt, Marquise de Kerlautrec." "Madame! The widow of Christian de Kerlautrec, my companion-in-arms in 1829?" "Yes." "If I might I would beg you to tell me by what series of misfortunes a daughter of your noble house has come to—to—" "To *poverty*, M. le Marquis. Poverty like mine may be painful, but it is no dishonor, no reproach. Willingly I will tell you all that you desire to know."

The marquis was deeply and doubly interested. His kind heart was already busy with a double hope. The conversation lasted long. Fresh mutual interests arose as they talked; each felt for the other a genuine sympathy and admiration. At last

Marie rose to go, uncertain whither. "Madame la Marquise," said M. de la Rochegéry, "I have been asking you many questions, none of them without importance to me; I am going to ask you now the most important question of all. I ask you for—" "Not for the picture?" "For a still greater treasure—for yourself. Will you be my wife?"

"Well, then, my friend," said Henri de Pontmolain, "Marie de Rozancourt de Kerlautrec, the needlewoman, housekeeper, owner of the Virgin of Correggio, and Marquise de la Rochegéry, is none other than this noble lady whom we have just seen pick up the poor old beggar-woman in her carriage."

Yes; the Abbé Domarus prophesied truly: "Our Lady of the Lilacs" did indeed "bring happiness" to her who was the stay of his last years.

THE "SALVATION ARMY" IN GREAT BRITAIN.

DURING the past few years a body of religious enthusiasts has sprung into existence in Great Britain which, while it presents many remarkable features, has attracted much attention and has met with undoubted success. The community which we are about to discuss rejoices in the appellation of the "Salvation Army," and has regular barracks and stations throughout the country. It edits a weekly paper, entitled the *War-Cry*, which has a large circulation and appears to be very extensively read by the lower, middle, and artisan classes. It numbers among its ranks members of all classes of society, from the highest to the lowest, including both sexes, and has been patronized by ministers of the Established Church in England, as well as by the clergy of various dissenting sects. The plan of operation appears to be marching in formal procession through the streets of towns and villages on days when large crowds are expected to be present, and by means of singing hymns whilst on the march to attract individuals to headquarters, in order to induce them to attend the somewhat sensational services that are daily held. Offshoots of the Army have been sent as far as France, and it is somewhat amusing, in such a city of worldliness and dissipation as Paris, to read the following account from an enthusiastic supporter of the cause:

"I have," says the writer, "had the pleasure to visit with my mother the Salvation Army in Paris, Rue d'Angoulême. We attended a meeting which did us much good. What courage! What faith! What ardor! We had never heard the Gospel announced in a manner so simple, so touching, with so much warmth and so much joy, with a something difficult to express. Yes, in spite of all that people have said and will say, the Salvation Army will do good. This is incontestable, and that it will do a great deal we have satisfied ourselves. It is impossible for me to express to you all that I experienced in that meeting. Ah! what is needed is for all Christians to have this self-abnegation and to be animated by as ardent a desire to save souls. I am convinced that if all the French Protestants were as much alive [as this Army] in five years France would be believing."

Ireland, as might be expected, is not so successful a recruiting-ground as Scotland or England. The North was alone feasible, but even there the attempt to establish branches resulted in rioting and disorder. The town of Enniskillen, celebrated in bygone days for its strongly Protestant and Orange spirit, has been the scene of many extraordinary attacks on those who have publicly patronized and aided the efforts of the Salvation Army. Belfast may be considered the principal stronghold, but Lurgan, Derry, and Antrim have all strong contingents.

Scotland, the birthplace of countless sects, naturally embraces adherents of the Salvation Army. Captain Clark writes from Glasgow that the "holiness" meetings are well attended, and graphically describes the opening attack of the Army in one of the poorer districts of the town, where "the enemy—*i.e.*, the unconverted—returned the fire with stones, potatoes, and other missiles." The police had to be called in there, as in other places; and if the Army is to continue to make progress it is probable the work of the police throughout the whole country will be considerably increased, for its advent in many districts is the immediate signal for disturbance. The following items are taken from the *War-Cry* and show the peculiar phraseology and tactics of these peculiar people:

"*Aberdeen* (Captain Wilson).—The past week has been a blessed time. On Wednesday night three big men made an attack on our colors, but unsuccessfully. Inside one man came out for salvation. After he got off his knees he said: 'I want to invite you all to Jesus, but I must take off my coat.' And he pleaded with the people in his shirt-sleeves. While thus exhorting the audience eleven came forward to the penitent form.

"*Govan* (Captain Emmerson).—We are still toiling on and gaining victories over sin and Satan. Big sinners are being brought low at the feet of Jesus, and others, deeply convicted, are standing silently looking on, as if meditating a plunge into the crimson tide. On New Year's eve we expect

some extraordinary doings. On that night we are to be presented with our colors, a report of which shall be sent on.

"*Kilsyth* (Captain Birkenshaw).—We had a grand open-air on Thursday; thirty in the ranks. On Saturday we had a crowning time. In the market-place we had a glorious 'go'; fifty on the march. We met Captain Birkenshaw and Lieutenant Wallace at the train and gave them one of our 'Blood and Fire' salutes. Splendid meeting in our barracks. More grand news to follow.

"*Partick* (Captain G. Deakin).—Since this station has been opened upwards of five hundred have professed salvation. Very few nights have passed over but what some have come out to the penitent form. Partick is noted for being a rough shop, and so we have found. But God has been with us all along, and we are still rolling the old chariot along."

The following extraordinary paragraph we take from the same paper:

"*Penzance.*—Fifteen pounds, nearly fifty souls. On Sunday the unction of the Holy One fell on us all day, and many daggers of conviction went home from every meeting. Joseph Henry Foster was laid on the altar in the afternoon amid tears and prayers. The influence will never be forgotten by many of the people present. Mr. Foster gave one pound as a thank-offering, and we all prayed. . . . We had a melting meeting in the afternoon —shrieks for mercy, shouts of praise, and lots of people in the fountain. A similar meeting at night which nobody could describe—husbands and wives, parents and children, hugging each other and rejoicing in full salvation. Well done, Penzance! Tell it in Cornwall, tell it in every station, tell it to every reader, tell it in England, Wales, and Scotland, tell it across the seas. 'The liberal soul shall be made fat; and he that watereth shall be watered also himself'" (Proverbs xi. 25).

The ceremony of laying a full-grown man upon an altar is certainly sufficiently novel to attract a large congregation, though it is just possible the language used is simply figurative and means nothing; for we were always of opinion that one of the few things upon which all Protestants were agreed was that there was no altar and no sacrifice under the Christian dispensation. Presuming, however, that the adherents of the Salvation Army are possessed of altars and make use of them for such peculiar purposes, we are still at a loss to see what lesson is to be derived from a ceremony which might have been supposed to be handed down from paganism.

Nor do we understand the following:

"*The Altar Scene.*—A poor man in the centre of the chapel was up almost at once; then another and another, till scores, if not hundreds, were on their feet. There could be no doubt about the depth of feeling expressed in their singing, and when the meeting was closed we felt a great deal had been done."

Why such a scene, which is of ordinary occurrence in many revival places of worship, should be designated as *an altar scene* we are at a loss to conceive, unless, unlike the evangelical section of the Anglican Church, an altar is a recognized piece of ecclesiastical furniture in the conventicles of the Salvation Army, and unless there are some notions of a sacrifice and of a priesthood extant amongst them.

Disturbances of a somewhat serious character are of frequent occurrence, and Sheffield was not long ago the scene of a disgraceful riot. The authorities had decided on holding a grand special council in the Albert Hall, Sheffield. For this purpose they selected a Sunday, and appointed General Booth (the commander of the Salvationists) and his wife to address the audience. The result was most disastrous and proves the danger of allowing excitable religious enthusiasts to propagate their tenets among unsympathetic mobs in the public streets. The procession through the town, which was composed of three carriages containing the officers of the Army, was headed by a brass band. In the procession was Lieutenant Emerson Davison, a converted Northumbrian wrestler, who had carried the principal banner at the Stephenson centenary at Newcastle. On that occasion he was presented with a scarlet uniform, in which he now attired himself. He was mounted on a gray horse and rode just before the general's carriage. Stones and mud were freely thrown at the officials of the Army, both female and male, and the local papers say they had a fearful time of it. The crowd around them numbered some four thousand, who amused themselves by howling, jeering, and spitting on them—an amusement which they occasionally varied by pelting them with stones and mud. The standard-bearers were attacked by the mob and dragged about by the hair of their heads, and their banners were taken from them. The converted wrestler was violently struck on the back of the head by a stick, which caused concussion of the brain, and many persons were seriously wounded. The pluck and determination of the members of this sect is very remarkable, for we find that, in spite of all these manifestations of a hostile spirit, they would not succumb, but finished their march through the town and held their council, which was also supplemented by a meeting in the evening that was pronounced by the papers a great success. Most of the leading journals had articles on the episode, and expressed themselves to the effect that, no matter what might be thought of the Salvation Army and their proceedings, nothing could excuse the gross

outrages to which they were subjected. At the same time that one and all denounced their literature as detestable and their public displays as ridiculous and objectionable in the highest degree, they held it intolerable that any one should be exposed to attacks by mobs of street-ruffians.

The feeling against the Salvation Army appears to be stronger amongst Anglican churchmen than among dissenters. We may account for this by the fact that the majority of Anglicans are more or less tinged with Puseyism; but it is curious to observe the conduct of the Wesleyans, who might almost be considered to be the prototype of the Salvation Army, and who yet hold aloof. It is, indeed, possible that England may be about to witness a repetition of the scenes of last century when John Wesley and Whitefield traversed the country, preaching and teaching the masses at meetings held in the open air. Then, as now, the majority of Anglican dignitaries held aloof, and Wesley, as is well known, was inhibited by the bishops of that day and practically driven into schism. The similarity between the early career of the followers of John Wesley and those of General Booth is somewhat remarkable. Then, as now, the Anglican Church as a whole looked coldly on, shutting its pulpit doors and sneering at the people it was pleased to call Methodists, Monasticists, Men of the Rule, etc., who stood up in its midst in such wild raptures proclaiming their fellowship with God. Then, as now, hundreds of the laboring classes were addressed from the streets and alleys of large cities and from fields and hedgerows in country districts. Then, as now, the bishops were not inclined to favor men who were ready at a moment's notice to convert them or deal faithfully with their souls. Preaching in the open air has been but little practised since the Catholic times of old when barefooted friars traversed the country, and when Wesley first started it it was considered a great and objectionable novelty. Decorum forbade any service outside the walls of a consecrated building. After the death of Wesley the custom again died out until revived formally by the Salvation Army.

The description given by Wesley of one of his open-air services is interesting:

"The trees and hedges were full," he says; "all was hushed when I began. Sometimes as many as twenty thousand collected around the little hill; at times a thrill of emotion ran through the crowd. They wept aloud together over their sins; they sang together with that wonderful voice of a multitude which has something in it more impressive than any music. The sun fell aslant over the sea of heads; the solemnity of approaching evening stole over the strange scene."

We find in histories of that time that then, as now, as soon as Wesley began to preach a great outbreak of the strange phenomena which generally attend the beginning of every great religious movement took place. People were seized upon, whilst listening to his preaching, by paroxysms of nervous emotion often reaching the length of positive convulsion fits. They cried out and shouted as if in the agonies of death. They fell on their faces on the ground; they poured forth sometimes wild blasphemies, sometimes wild confessions of sin. They roared for the very disquietness of their heart; and Mrs. Oliphant, in her life of Wesley, states that with the wonder, half-consternation and half-belief, of youth she witnesesd a band of devout Methodists kneeling round a groaning, prostrate figure, adjuring God, by every kind of wild argument, to save the sinner *now*. "*Now*, Lord!" shouted these grandchildren of the disciples of Wesley, with an excitement of eagerness which no doubt was chiefly traditionary—an inheritance from the period when Wesley and his brethren threw themselves on their knees around the convulsionist just struck down among them and ceased not calling upon God till he raised him up full of peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

Exactly the same things happen now. The preachings of the leaders of the Salvation Army, like those of the early followers of John Wesley, are made the occasion of wild and wonderful scenes, exhibitions of the most strange and indecorous emotion. A great contrast between the movements may, however, be found in their constitution. The strong personal influence of Wesley, so marked in the movement of the last century, appears wanting in this; for General Booth is no autocrat, whilst we read of Wesley that his rule was more absolute than that of any pope. Protestant critics express the utmost astonishment that Wesley, himself a man not endowed with that overflowing human sympathy which attaches all who come within its sphere—a man, on the contrary, not over-warm in his affections, but imperious in character and full of natural arrogance and severity—should have placed himself at the head of so extraordinary a hierarchy as that established by him, and declare that had such a rule of Methodism been enforced by any government, lay or ecclesiastical, it would have roused the whole energy of human nature in a struggle against the intolerable tyranny. Yet we know as a fact that thousands of people submitted to it joyfully at the mere will of Wesley and his ecclesiastics, and we hardly know of any more extraordinary fact in the history of religion.

Thousands of people in the same manner now submit to the authority of the Salvation Army, and expose themselves to the vilest abuse and cowardly attacks of mobs in order to induce others to join them. Crazy enthusiasts both may be, but enthusiasts who are filled with laudable zeal for the salvation of souls. It is somewhat difficult to ascertain what are the exact tenets of the Salvation Army, for hitherto they have shown themselves willing to coalesce with all religious parties, regardless of dogma or doctrine. Their aim would seem to be to awake the masses to a sense of their sins, to make religion a fact too visible to be denied, and to change the spiritual complexion of the age. Were its leaders sons of the church they would be utilized and might take their places with the founders of vast communities; but Protestantism is never able to make use of such exuberance of devotion. The Anglican Church loves the orthodox and has a genuine horror of anything she considers irregular. Such has always been her characteristic—a characteristic more strongly marked in the time of Wesley than now, when ritualism has made such inroads in her practices and worship, but a characteristic that still exists and will probably exist as long as the Anglican communion itself; for it is the prevailing characteristic of Anglicanism not only in England, where it had its origin, but in the United States and in the colonies. Protestant dissent likewise, though far more elastic than Anglicanism, is unable to utilize to their full extent such persons as Wesley, because the principles on which these persons act are in reality not the principles of Protestantism but of Catholicism. Were the adherents of the Salvation Army sons of the Church they would doubtless be used as a special preaching order, and their sermons would carry conviction to the masses without producing any of those scenes that may be described as half-painful and half-profane. Whether or not the present race of Anglican prelates are wiser in their generation than those in the last century we know not, but it is significant to note that a dignitary of such standing as the archdeacon of Northumberland not only invited the co-operation of the Army at Stockbridge—a town near Newcastle—but with his curates headed a procession through the streets the rear of which was brought up by the soldiers of the Army. Addresses were delivered by the archdeacon and others, and the matter is thus referred to by the organ of the Army, the *War-Cry*:

"We certainly think that the church and its high officials have taken their true position by showing how willing and how capable it is of utilizing all agencies that are attempting true religious work."

The High-Church press, as may be supposed, was extremely indignant and denounced the archdeacon in strong terms; but the bishop of the diocese apparently believed the maxim that "silence was golden," for he refused to interfere, and in any case it may fairly be presumed that the archdeacon would not have acted contrary to the wishes of his diocesan. The celebrated ritualistic monk, the Rev. E. Lyne, who goes by the name of Father Ignatius, and who founded some years ago a quasi-Benedictine monastery in Wales, of which he himself, though only in deacon's orders of the Anglican Church (and inhibited by most of the bishops), is abbot and superior, in the course of a sermon lately preached in Birmingham alluded, however, to the Salvation Army as "a body of men who believed what they talked about," and proceeded to use the following words :

> "They have taken Christ at his word: they have a mighty love of souls and would go through fire and water to win one. Therefore," he said, "God speed the Salvation Army! Let us have such men as Wesley, General Booth, St. Francis Xavier, St. Francis of Assisi, and then the Gospel will be a different thing from the cut-and-dried, fashionable, worldly formality which it too often is in our midst."

Such language from the mouth of an advanced ritualist like Father Ignatius is significant and shows the strong feeling that exists in men's minds as to the necessity of doing something to counteract the worldliness and indifference of the day.

The Salvation Army act on the belief that Christianity is dying surfeited with ease. They say that once it was the Gospel of the poor and of the outcasts, but that now it is the property of the well-to-do and the respectable; that with danger to face it grew strong, but that with luxury around it has become enervated. They hold that its true precepts are radical, Protestant, and uncompromising, but that as it is it is sadly changed. With the old words staring it in the face, the teachings of to-day manage to be their opposites in spirit. There is doubtless much to be said on this side of the question. The Established Church of England, which may be considered the representative of Christianity in England, is certainly more the church of the wealthy than of the poor, and the adherents of the Salvation Army are presumably too prejudiced against, or too ignorant of, the Catholic faith to know that it stands out pre-eminently in every country and in every clime in a contrary aspect. But, educated as they have been in a land where the light of the true faith has been for centuries falsely represented, and where even now in

many places it carries on only a fitful existence under great difficulties and hardships, we cannot be surprised that their notions of a "church" are derived from that one which is called "Established," and which enjoys the exclusive possession of the good things of this world. This church appears to them, as to so many others who dissent from her, as one who strives to crush her children's vigor to deadness and dryness like her own; as one who does not and cannot admonish, having no burning words at hand, but as one who gives up the sincerest and most courageous members of her flock to the judgment of her most unspiritual children, and whose lawyers decide, as far as they can, who are and who are not Christians.

The Salvation Army hold that conformity is the death of Christianity, that the smooth customs of the world, little by little, assimilate to themselves the ideal of the individual who lives in them. They assert that the true Christian is always a nonconformist in the strongest sense of the word, for he bows no knee to the prince of the power of the world; that a new coming-out of nonconformists and Protestants is constantly needed to replace those who fail or fall away, or are seduced by the false dream of the world, or who die themselves, or who let the tradition of warfare grow indistinct. They insist that it is infinitely more easy and agreeable to conform to custom than to follow the star of conscience; that the one road is wide, easy, and well trodden, whilst the other leads among thorns and steep hills; while those who are not with the pilgrim are against him—very bitterly so—and very many in number, whilst he is but one. Christianity, they teach, was undoubtedly in its origin the most masculine (if we may use such an expression) of all forms of religion, but that now it is the most effeminate. Once, they say, it bowed only to the Almighty Father and feared nothing in the world, neither hunger, persecution, nor disgrace. It armed itself in its faith and went on gladly to war and death. Persecution was then real and terrible. Now all is changed, and Christianity, in the eyes of too many persons (alas! even Catholics must unhappily be included in the number), is Christianity if it occupies a soft pew-cushion with respectable regularity one day in the week. Women, they think, make better Christians of this kind than men and are more plentiful in the churches. The picture they draw of too many places of worship in the present day is severe, but unhappily true—a number of people, richly dressed, who yawn decorously for a few hours seated on benches that are sheltered from all storm, and then go home imagining they have

partaken in a Christian service; and yet these people are the so-called followers of Christ, who have contented themselves with the letter and not the spirit of the teaching of Christ. When such Christianity is so widely prevalent can we wonder at the birth of sects like the Salvation Army, who, wearied and disgusted with the coldness, unbelief, and apathy around them, seek to inaugurate a system more resembling the original?

The argument made use of by the agents of the Army when defending themselves against the attacks of members of the *national* church is similar to that made use of by other dissenting communities, and one in which there is a great amount of truth—viz., that the vow to renounce the world in the baptismal service is essentially absurd, for the Church of England is emphatically *the world*, being the creation of the state. The government of the world rules the church, appoints her bishops, deans, and clergy, and the prayers are those ordered to be prayed by the parliament of the world. Therefore if the young person is true to his confirmation vow to renounce the world he must of necessity there and then leave the world's church. A few of the High-Church party who believe Anglicanism to be a divine institution are scandalized by such sentiments, but the majority of impartial outsiders recognize their truth and believe, with a late lord chancellor, that the Church of England is a *human* institution, the creation of the state, and under its support and government. Professor Bonamy Price, of Oxford, and other eminent economists hold this view. The Salvation Army practically agree with the Catholics that Christ is the head of the Church of God, but the queen that of the Anglican. Both assert that Christ is the dispenser of gifts of the ministry, according to Holy Scripture (Ephesians iv.), and both believe that man is their dispenser in the Anglican body. The Church of God and the Church of England have really nothing in common; and though we may consider the adherents of the Salvation Army as more logical than Anglicans, we feel that they and all religious denominations outside the pale of the church are in a hopeless condition. The people of England, who succumbed to the voice of Henry VIII., Luther, and Calvin in the sixteenth century and abjured the ancient faith, have during the past three hundred years agreed so well together that in this latter part of the nineteenth century the country is flooded (like other Protestant countries) with hundreds of discordant sects cordially hating and devouring one another, linked together by the one single bond of hatred to Rome. The remedy suggested by those who look on at

the strife without participating in it is abnegation of all religion—*i.e.*, open unbelief. This, they hold, is the sole method of allaying the ceaseless animosities bred in their midst. Outlandish, however, and peculiar as are the tenets and practices of this latest sect, it is possible some good may be effected by it in a nation so eaten with materialism and indifference as Great Britain.

As a nation we fear it must be said of Great Britain, as indeed of most nations at the present time in the world, that it is a poor satire upon Christianity and a false distortion of it—atheist in politics, materialist in philosophy, socially unfraternal and individually selfish. If the preachers of Christianity were to cease prophesying smooth things, and if the voice of Mammon men listen to so eagerly, saying, "A measure of wheat for a penny, and three measures of barley for a penny, and the oil and wine hurt thee not," could but be hushed for a time, then the strange silence might find room for a few words that seem wonderfully appropriate: "Thou sayest I am rich, and I have become wealthy, and have need of nothing; and knowest thou not that thou of all others art the wretched one, and the pitiable one, and poor, and blind, and naked." Were these words to be brought home to us we might then wonder whether it was the phantom of Christianity expiring that had spoken them or the herald of its inauguration. We may always find relief in turning from the contemplation of the debased kingdom of the Christian to the kingdom of heaven which a plain Carpenter brought into light before our eyes, which kingdom is the spiritual concourse of all men of unselfishness and of purity, of charity and of honor, of courage and of toil, of faith and of purpose, of sincerity and of tenderness.

There seems, indeed, to be abundance of indications that unbelief under one name or another is making considerable progress in the ranks of Protestantism, though there is no lack of protective and curative efforts on the part of Anglican prelates and pastors. The Protestant Archbishop of Dublin (Dr. Trench), for instance, is reported to have said that he thought grammar was among the most effective specifics for scepticism; but such a belief is not general, and many think, on the contrary, that the more education spreads itself the greater will be the amount of scepticism. Be that as it may, there can be no doubt that the churches in most of the large towns are badly attended, and even if they were crowded they could not contain half the people. We speak, of course, without reference to Catholics, and deduce our arguments from the religious census that has been recently taken

in various parts of the country. Christian England is, in fact, to a very large extent of no religion at all. It was to remedy this that the Salvation Army was formed, and if it can succeed in rescuing even a few individuals from paganism and immorality it will have done a good work and be deserving of the praise of all Christian people.

THE COMEDY OF CONFERENCE.

Part II.

Scene: *Exeter Hall, London.* Time: 18—.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

American Delegates.	English Delegates.
Rev. Bishop Latitude, Methodist Episcopal.	Rev. Dr. Chosen, Presbyterian.
Rev. Dr. Topheavy, Baptist.	Rev. Dr. Sophical, Wesleyan.
Rev. Dr. Flurry, Presbyterian.	Rev. Dr. Ballast, Baptist.
Rev. Dr. Liberal, Congregationalist.	Rev. Dr. Whistle, Independent.
Rev. Dr. Bounce, Lutheran.	Rev. Washington Dipwell, Baptist.
Rev. Dr. Jocund, Methodist Episcopal.	Rev. Luther Knockpope, Wesleyan.
Prof. Augustus Synonym, having the chair of Lost Arts and Occult Sciences, —— College.	Rev. Amen Hallelujah, Primitive Methodist.
	Prof. Jeremy Ratio, holding the chair of Algebraic Inequalities, etc., etc., —— University.

Together with a large, enthusiastic, and somewhat demonstrative audience.

Dr. Ballast instanced the almost total cessation of the rite of confirmation in the evangelical churches as a further indication that the unity of Protestants could not be of the same nature as that of the primitive church, which evidently practised this rite. He would ask his learned brother, Dr. Chosen, if he did not hold confirmation to be apostolic.

Dr. Chosen, while thinking the present attitude of debate reprehensible, was compelled to admit that confirmation was Scriptural. Calvin, in his *Institutes*, had so declared it.

Rev. Washington Dipwell also testified to its Scripturalness. An association of the Baptist Church in America in the year 1742 had maintained that "the laying on of hands" was of equal authority with baptism, prayer, and the singing of psalms.

DR. BALLAST rejoiced to hear these admissions. He had read a sermon preached by that sterling Protestant, Richard Hooker, on confirmation, in which Tertullian,* Cyprian,† Irenæus,‡ and Jerome § were cited as asseverating with great distinctness the practice of this rite in their day. Bingham, the eminent authority referred to by other speakers, had with much particularity described the ceremonies used in conferring it—viz., 1st, the unction, the consecration of the chrism; 2d, the sign of the cross; 3d, imposition of hands; and, 4th, prayer—practices, happily for the promotion of the view before the house, now as notoriously disregarded in the evangelical churches as retained in the Romish Church.

DR. BOUNCE would venture to direct the attention of Conference to one point of departure from primitive usage—a matter of some delicacy, yet one in which probably most of its members would feel a personal interest. Nothing was further from the mind of the comfortable evangelical preacher than the practice of asceticism. Yet Bingham had argued that it had always existed in the church, and that the monastic life was fully established in the fourth and fifth ages.‖ He (the speaker) was not there to recommend the celibacy of the clergy, though the fourteenth chapter of the Revelation of St. John certainly seemed to view celibacy with favor.

REV. AMEN HALLELUJAH had a word to say on celibacy. He had found it impossible. (Roars of laughter and calls to order.) Let him not be misunderstood. (Cries of Oh! oh!) He had not referred to a want of the gift of continency. (Uproar; calls to order and cries of "Louder.") He possessed it (Hear, hear, and cries of "Question"), and in early life had mentally vowed to remain single, but his necessities had driven him to seek for a discreet person who should become Mrs. Hallelujah. (Cries of "Chair," "Order," etc., etc.)

DR. CHOSEN begged to know, in view of the gentleman's premises, what necessities had driven him into matrimony.

REV. AMEN HALLELUJAH had referred to his pecuniary neces-

* "Caro manus impositione adumbratur ut et anima Spiritu illuminetur" (Tertull., *De Resur. Cor.*) "After baptism administered, then followeth imposition of hands, with invocation and invitation of the Holy Ghost, which willingly cometh down from the Father to rest upon the purified and blessed bodies, as it were to acknowledge the waters of baptism a fit seat" (Tertull., *De Baptis.*)

† Cyp., Epist. ii. ad Donat., c. ii. ‡ Iren., liber ii. cap. xxxii.

§ "I deny not but the custom of the churches is that the bishop should go abroad, and, imposing his hands, pray for the gift of the Holy Ghost on those whom presbyters and deacons far off in lesser cities have already baptized" (Hieron. advers. Lucif. c. iv.)

‖ Book vii. c. i. § 1.

sities. (Laughter.) He would explain. (Hear.) When he first began to preach he received one hundred dollars per annum. The asceticism practised by him on that salary he begged Brother Bounce to make a note of (laughter), as perhaps in excess of anything related by Bingham. He was aware that by getting a wife he could thereby double his income. Providence had smiled on his efforts, and the lady was soon found. (A voice: "You bet.") Providence had continued to smile, and a large family was given to him. As so much *per capita* was added to his salary, he was placed in a position to demonstrate to young preachers that grace of a substantial nature actually flowed from matrimony.

DR. BALLAST demanded that debate be restricted to the question.

DR. CHOSEN trusted Conference would now, perhaps, be favored with additional proof that evangelical unity and incomprehensibility were synonymous. This whole subject, to his mind one of the simplest, had, by the sophistries of ingenious argument, been converted into an unwholesome fog.

THE CHAIR called attention to the fact that although several of the Fathers had been appealed to on other subjects, none had yet been cited in support of visible unity.

DR. SOPHICAL said that Cyprian, in the third century, had written: "The church sends forth her rays over the whole earth; yet the light is one and her unity undivided. He that does not hold this unity of the church, can he think that he holds the faith?" * And again: "The church cannot be separated, or divided against itself, but preserves the unity of an inseparable and undivided house." † Ignatius ‡ had said: "Where division is God dwelleth not." Justin Martyr § had spoken of "one church, one synagogue, one soul." Clement of Alexandria ‖ had observed: "The excellence of the church, like the principle of everything *concrete, is in unity.*" Chrysostom had taught: "If it" (the church) "be of God, it is united and it is one."

THE CHAIR thought, from what had been extracted from the writings of these Fathers, it was clear that they believed in visible unity. It now became essential, in order to give force to Dr. Topheavy's theory (which, for sake of brevity, the chair suggested be called the Topheavian theory), to show that visible unity was joined with false doctrine, even as the invisible unity of the Evangelical Church was now identified with the pure faith.

* Cyp., *De Unitate Eccl.* † Sermo xxiv. in Nat. Dom. ‡ First century.
§ Second century. ‖ Third century.

DR. SOPHICAL said this could be easily done. Cyprian, to begin with, had taught that the unity of the church flowed from the chair of St. Peter and the Church of Rome, and styled it "the principal church, whence the sacerdotal unity takes its rise." It was a matter equally simple to show that other, and even earlier, Fathers, all of whom had flourished in an age when the visibility of the church was unquestioned, had held doctrines totally at variance with the standard of faith of the invisible Evangelical Church. Thus Irenæus* had taught that "the faithful of all countries" must have recourse to the Church of Rome "because of its superior headship." Jerome† had written: "One is chosen, that by the appointment of a head all occasion of schism may be removed."‡ And again: "I speak to the successor of the fisherman and to the disciple of the cross. Following no chief but Christ, I am united in communion with your Holiness—that is, with the chair of Peter. I know that on that Rock is built the church."§ Optatus of Milevis,‖ writing to some separatists from the church, had used the following language: "It cannot be ascribed to ignorance on your part, knowing as you do that the episcopal chair in which, as head of all the apostles, Peter sat was first fixed by him in the city of Rome; that in him alone may be preserved the unity of the church; and that the other apostles may not claim each a chair for himself, so that now he who erects another in opposition to this single chair is a schismatic and a prevaricator."¶ (Sensation.)

Origen** had said of confession: "The holy do penance; they feel their wounds; are sensible of their failings; look for the priest; implore health; and through him seek to be purified."†† Basil‡‡ had enjoined that "the confession of sins must be made to such persons as have power to apply a remedy." Ephrem of Edessa§§ had written: "The remission of sins is not granted to mortals but through the ministry of the priest." Tertullian‖‖ had taught that praying for the dead was apostolical; and Cyprian had mentioned a discipline in the church which for a certain offence operated as a bar to the offering of sacrifice for the soul of the departed. The Council of Nice had asserted the doc-

* Second century. † Fourth century. ‡ Liber i. contra Jovin. in med. et epist. 57.
§ Catechism of the Council of Trent, art. ix. on the Creed. ‖ Fourth century.
¶ Catechism of the Council of Trent, art. ix. on the Creed. There is preserved in the Vatican Museum a silver-gilt cruet, on one side of which is depicted the head of Christ with a nimbus, and on the other that of St. Peter, a relic of the first or second century. See plate 174, *Religious Life of the Middle Ages and at the Period of the Renaissance*. Paul Lacroix. New York: Appleton & Co.
** Second century. †† Hom. x. in Num. ‡‡ Fourth century.
§§ Fourth century. ‖‖ Second century.

trine of indulgences.* Justin, who suffered martyrdom at Rome in 166, had taught transubstantiation as clearly as the Council of Trent: "As Jesus Christ, made man by the word of God, took flesh for our salvation, in the same manner we have been instructed that the food which has been blessed by the prayers of the words that he spoke, and by which our flesh and blood in the change are nourished, is the flesh and blood of that Jesus incarnate." † Irenæus had asked the separatists from the church in his day "how they could prove that the bread over which the words of thanksgiving have been pronounced was the body of the Lord, and the cup his blood?" Cyril ‡ of Jerusalem, in addressing the catechumens, had said: "The eucharistical bread, after the invocation of the Holy Ghost, is no longer common bread but the body of Christ"; § and Ambrose, ‖ in his book on the "Initiated," had declared that "the same true body of our Lord which was assumed of the Virgin is received in the sacrament"; and in another place, with the greatest distinctness, had taught that "before consecration it was bread, but after consecration the flesh of Christ." Polycarp, Cyril, and Ephrem, all before the fifth century, had sanctioned the veneration of relics. The latter had said: "God dwelleth in the relics of the saints; thence they are able to work every kind of miracle." ¶ But that to which he (the speaker) would specially direct the attention of Conference was the antiquity of veneration paid to the Virgin Mary. In the liturgy of St. James she was addressed as "Most Holy," "Most Glorious," "Immaculate," "Mother of God," and "Ever Virgin." (Sensation.) In the liturgy of St. Mark was to be found "Most Holy, Immaculate, and Blessed Mother of God, and Ever-Virgin Mary." The same expressions were to be found in other ancient liturgies. St. Athanasius, the champion of the doctrine of the Trinity, had exclaimed, "Queen and Mother of God, intercede for us"; ** and the prayer, "We fly to thy patronage, O Holy Mother of God," now used in the Litany of the Blessed Virgin in the Romish Church, originated with Ephrem †† in the fourth century. (Increased sensation.) The learned doctor's speech, which commanded more than ordinary attention, concluded as follows: "Such examples demonstrate the force of the Topheavian theory. (Cheers.) Pure evangelical faith cannot be united with a visible unity, which is perversely seen to be always inseparable from Romish error." (Hear, hear.)

* In 325.
† *Apol. ad Imper. Anton.*
‡ Fourth century.
§ *Cat. Mystag.*, iii. n. iii.
‖ Fourth century.
¶ *Vita B. Abra.*
** Serm. in Annunt.
†† Serm. de Laud. B. V. M.

DR. FLURRY said no better evidence of the prevalence of false teaching and superstition in early times could be afforded than was to be obtained from a view of the liturgies to which he had before referred. Nearly every distinctive doctrine of Rome was therein asserted. Certainly, he continued, the testimony of the learned Bingham in regard to the particulars of the ancient practice and worship would be received without question in a Protestant assembly. The frequent genuflections which Catholic priests and ministers made before the altar had formed a feature in the superstitious practices of the ancients; the Jews, from whom the Christian religion had sprung, having been accustomed to bow themselves down towards the mercy-seat. The Christians after them, in the Greek and Oriental churches, from time out of mind, in like manner had bowed themselves towards the altar or holy table, saying, like the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner,"* as appeared from the liturgies of Chrysostom and Basil, and had continued to do so to the present day.†

In treating of the psalmody of the ancient Christian Church Bingham ‡ had explained the office of the *precentor*—a personage yet in demand at certain Romish services—and showed the primitive use of the plain song or intonation. He had made certain that the *Magnificat*—now termed in the Romish Vesper service "The Song of the Blessed Virgin"—the Creed, and the *Te Deum* were all sung. The superstition now employed at solemn High Mass, at the reading of the Gospel, of carrying lighted candles before the sacred text; the salutation *Pax vobis*, the equivalent of which was now found in the Mass;§ the standing up at the reading, and the responses, "Glory be to thee, O God" and "Thanks be to God" (the *Gloria tibi*, *Domine*, and *Deo gratias* of the Mass), were all shown to have been parts of the ancient services; the authorities relied on by Bingham being Cyprian, Chrysostom, Ambrose, and Jerome. Bingham, continued the learned doctor, had not scrupled to speak as follows of Chrysostom and what he (Bingham) had termed the essential parts of his liturgy:

"In the sixteenth homily he" (Chrysostom) "takes notice of the use of the seraphical hymn in the eucharistical service: 'Consider,' says he, 'you that are initiated, what a mystical service you have been employed in, with whom you have sent up that mystical song, with whom you have cried out, "Τρισάγιος—Holy, Holy, Holy!"' In the thirty-sixth homily, upon Pentecost and the Holy Spirit, he treats at large of that ancient form of

* Bing., *Antiq.*, book viii. c. x. § 7. † Ibid. ‡ Book xiv.
§ *Domine sit in corde tuo*, etc.

salutation used in every office, "Peace be with you," or "The Lord be with you" (the *Dominus vobiscum* of the Latin service), and the usual response, "And with thy spirit" (the *Et cum spiritu tuo* of the Roman Church). 'Our common father and teacher, the bishop, pronounces, "Peace be with you all," and you all make answer with a common voice, "And with thy spirit." Neither do you make this answer only when he goes into his throne, or when he preaches to you, or when he prays for you, but when he stands by the holy table. When he is about to offer that tremendous sacrifice—'"

REV. LUTHER KNOCKPOPE demanded to be heard.

DR. FLURRY refused to yield. He threw himself upon the fair dealing of the chair. He refused to be choked off, and repelled this attempt with the scorn it merited. Did the gentleman pretend to say he was out of order?

REV. LUTHER KNOCKPOPE replied that in a well-regulated Protestant assembly all Romish and Latinized phrases should be deemed out of order. Was the doctor a Jesuit in the rôle of a disciple of the Master?

THE CHAIR resented the gentleman's reply as a reflection on the chair. The gentleman was clearly affected by aberration of his theological vision. Dr. Flurry might proceed under the protection of the chair.

REV. LUTHER KNOCKPOPE disclaimed any intention of reflecting on the chair, for whom he had, both personally and evangelically, the greatest possible respect.

DR. FLURRY continued the quotation from Chrysostom as follows:

"'When he (the bishop) is about to offer that tremendous sacrifice (they that are initiated will know what I say), before he touches the elements lying upon the table he prays, "The grace of the Lord be with you," and ye reply, "And with thy spirit"; reminding yourselves by this answer that it is not the minister that effects anything in the matter, neither is the consecration of the gifts the work of human nature, but that it is the grace of the Spirit then present and descending upon the elements which constitutes that mystical sacrifice.'"*

In homily xli., continued Dr. Flurry, Chrysostom mentioned part of the solemn prayer for the dead then in use in the church.

(The Rev. Luther Knockpope here made a movement towards rising, but was restrained by the Rev. Amen Hallelujah and others.)

DR. FLURRY went on:

"It is not without reason," said he, "that he that stands at the altar when the holy mysteries are celebrated says: 'We offer for all those who are dead in Christ and for all those who make commemoration for them'";

* Bing., *Antiq.*, book xiii. chap. vi. § 5.

and a little after he declared, "We at that time also make prayers for the whole world, and name the dead with the martyrs, and confessors and priests; for we are all one body, though some members exceed other members in glory." *

In homily xxxv., continued the reverend speaker, Chrysostom had noted the words "for ever and ever"—the *per omnia sæcula sæculorum* of the Romish Church—as the common conclusion of the primitive eucharistical thanksgivings.† As to the use of the Lord's Prayer in the celebration of the Holy Eucharist, Bingham had quoted St. Austin as follows: "After the sanctification of the sacrifice we say the Lord's Prayer" ‡—an observance which he (the speaker) had ascertained was yet followed in the Church of Rome, the *Pater Noster* immediately succeeding the prayer of consecration and the *Memento* of the living and the dead.§ Bingham, in book xvii., had shown the ancient use of ashes by penitents on the first day of Lent—a fast which was found to have been as superstitiously practised then as it is now by the Romanists; and also, by Cyprian and Tertullian, that the festivals of martyrs were observed in the second century, the term *natalitia* being used by the latter to designate, "not their natural birth, but their nativity to a glorious crown in the kingdom of heaven." But the heresy of the ancients perhaps the most pertinent to this inquiry was their objection to be known by denominational names. Thus Bingham had transcribed from Chrysostom: "We take not our denominations from men; we have no leaders, as the followers of Marcion, Manichæus, or Arius"; ‖ and from Epiphanius: "The church was never called so much as by the name of any apostle; we never heard of Petrians, or Paulians, or Bartholomæans, or Thaddeans, but only of Christians, from Christ"; ¶ and from Gregory Nazianzen: "I honor Peter, but I am not called a Petrian; I honor Paul, but I am not called a Paulian. I cannot bear to be named for any man, who am the creature of God." **

DR. LIBERAL called the last speaker's attention to the fact that Bingham †† had shown, in connection with the practice of fasting before receiving the Eucharist, that the sacrament was celebrated at funerals; and had cited authorities to prove that at St. Austin's‡‡ funeral this was done, as also at the burial of the saint's

* Bing., *Antiq.*, book xiii. c. vi. § 9. † Ibid. ‡ Ibid. c. vii. § 3.

§ As to the ancient use of *Sursum corda* ("Lift up your hearts") see Bishop Hall's sermon on "Common Prayers, Ancient, Useful, and Necessary" (Brogden's *Liturgy and Ritual*, vol. i. p. 403).

‖ Chrys., hom. xxxiv. in Acta. ¶ Epiph., *Hær.* xlii. Marcion.

** Gregor. Nazian., orat. xxxi. †† Book xxiii. ‡‡ Better known as St. Augustine.

mother, the pious Monica. The same author had quoted the words of St. Ambrose respecting the funeral of Valentinian: "Bring me the holy mysteries; let us pray for his rest with a pious affection." He had also shown that Eudius had buried his notary singing hymns to God at his grave "three days together, and on the third day had offered the sacrament of redemption."

TO BE CONTINUED.

TO A WATER-LILY.

O WATER-LILY, who with full content
On the calm bosom of this land-locked pool
With cedars fringed art, 'neath shadows cool
'Mid limpid waters breathing forth thy scent
In safety, while the mid-day heats are spent;
To me thou say'st—to me, whose heart as fuel
Doth flame beneath temptation's heats too cruel
For one so weak—"Thine hours of earth are lent
And not for ever giv'n; before God's feet,
O'ershadowed by the eternal hills—strife o'er—
Thou shalt enjoy, like me, a rest complete,
And grateful praise thy soul for evermore
Shall breathe, like my fragrance a tribute sweet
For heavenly joys, thy everlasting store."

LAKE GEORGE, HARBOR ISLANDS, 1882.

A REAL BARRY LYNDON.

The fondness and familiarity of Thackeray with at least the social history of the reign of Queen Anne and the earlier Georges is apparent throughout his entire work as well as in the special subjects of some of his most important novels. It colored the style with which he treated his studies of contemporary society, and he returned to it with as unconcealed fondness as Scott to the traditionary and family history of Scotland. It was the subject of his first complete story and his last unfinished fragment, and one of the most important, if not the greatest, of his novels. In point of art, finish, and skill Thackeray never wrote anything superior to the *History of Henry Esmond;* and although we agree with those who are of the opinion that every author's greatest work is that which he devotes to contemporary life and is founded on the knowledge which is his by birthright, observation, and the unconscious saturation of circumstance rather than by the study of books, however minute, sympathetic, and complete, there is no dispute but that *Henry Esmond* is one of the most accurate as well as one of the greatest of English historical novels. *Ivanhoe* is a boy's book in comparison, in spite of its vigor and genius; and *Barnaby Rudge*, in spite of the extraordinary vividness of the pictures of the Gordon riots, has nothing of its assumption of contemporary style and thought, while its single historical portrait, Sir John Chester, is an exaggerated caricature. Its only English rival founded on study and an attempt to recreate an ancient life from contemporary literature is *Romola*—for Scott's historical Scotch novels were more the result of traditionary than literary knowledge, and when he left that familiar field his figures instantly became those of the contemporary melodrama.

We doubt whether in the finest and most accurate historical novel, even in *Henry Esmond* and *Romola*, there is an exact reproduction of the underlying and essential element which is the manner of thought and feeling; and however minute and faithful is the copy of the language and method of expression, to say nothing of the more obvious accuracy of incident, social custom, and other accessories, the characters think and feel after the fashion of the time of the author and not of their own. It may be said that the human heart is the same in one century as in another, and that the pleasures and pains of life produce the same

effect in one generation as another, which is perfectly true. But it is also true that there are essential shades of difference in the current thought of one age from any preceding one. We need not take the difference in religious sentiment and belief for an example, although it is a very marked one, but may point to differences in humanity, in perceptions and acquired tastes, hardly less noticeable. It does not require any particular knowledge to perceive that this is a more humane age than its predecessors, whether from the spread of a more genuine philanthropy or a more nervous weakness at the sight of physical suffering; and that not only in our daily conduct but in our sports and the execution of the law we would not tolerate things which our ancestors regarded with indifference or which accorded them positive pleasure. It is a well-understood fact that the admiration and appreciation of the grand and picturesque in nature has been the growth of comparatively a few years, and that it was not only wholly unknown to the ancients, so far as expressed in their literature, but that it cannot even be found in English poetry before the time of Gray. Other instances might be noted equally conclusive of the peculiar differences of one age from another, and as a final test it may be said that no historical novel, however accurate and skilful, could ever be mistaken as the product of the time of which it treats; and if *Henry Esmond* and *Romola* were discovered in manuscript without any clue whatever to the date of their authorship, there would be no difficulty in assigning the time of the writing of the one or the other without any other evidence than the fashion of thought.

The individual difference of temperament, of course, has its effect, and is strongly marked in Thackeray's treatment of the scenes and characters of a former age. One of his most marked characteristics was his sensibility, in spite of the mask of cynicism which he often put over it. His feeling for the pathos and misery of life was as keen as the ear of Goldsmith, of whom the touching story is related that the voice of a street-singer singing an ordinary ballad so moved him with its underlying grief that he could not rest until he had left the gay company, who had heard nothing but the words and tone of the song, and went out and relieved the poor creature. Fielding was the avowed literary exemplar of Thackeray, the model of his satire and his humor, his nice observation and his honest declaration of what he saw, and in these things he did not surpass his master. But he did infinitely in his pathos. It would be too much to say that Fielding had no sensibility for anything but the outward misfor-

tunes of life, but in comparison with the keen insight and sensitive sympathy of Thackeray for the wounds and pains beneath the fair outside, or the woes that may be hidden under a boisterous merriment, he was no more than a man born blind. Nothing is more notable in Thackeray's treatment of subjects in which his predecessors had seen only the coarse humor and farce than his exhibition of their real misery, the unhappiness and the cruelty of villany, and the tragedy under the rude jest. Two of the characters of his first historical novel, *Catharine*, were avowedly taken from Farquhar's comedy of "The Recruiting Officer," and Captain Galgenstein and Corporal Brock are expressly described as a later Captain Plume and Sergeant Kite. Their appearance and adventures are essentially the same. But while in reading of the latter we are simply conscious of their high spirits and coarse humor, and rather admire and sympathize with them than otherwise, taking no thought of the harm of crimping and seduction, their counterparts are instantly impressed upon our minds as a pair of unconscionable scoundrels, and their frauds, sensuality, and selfishness are shown to be as detestable and ruinous as they really are. Their fine laced coats are not taken off, but the stains of drink and dirt are shown on them, and there is no more glamour about their personality because they lived in the time of Queen Anne than if they were a couple of drunken brutes who ought to be walking the treadmill in the time of Victoria. At least Thackeray's historical characters are not theatrical lay figures, but persons of very genuine flesh and blood, and this makes an essential difference between him and the ordinary historical novelist.

Thackeray's sympathy and understanding of the essential elements of Irish nature is also very marked, and was the natural result of his keen sensibility and the melancholy underneath his humor. It is true that he often caricatured it coarsely and severely. He was full of the English prejudice against Ireland in the concrete, and never hesitated to give it vent upon occasion when his political or national animosities were aroused. The book which he wrote of sketches in Ireland, almost wholly unworthy of his genius in a literary point of view, is a singular compound of the prejudices of the travelling cockney, annoyed by the disorderly ways and the improvidence and discomfort which he saw and experienced, with a genuine expression of the peculiar melancholy charm of the Irish landscape, and a keen and sympathetic appreciation of the pathos and humor of the Irish character. The dark wastes, the gray lakes and richly-

colored heather hills of the west of Ireland never had a more sympathetic describer, and again and again he made pilgrimages to the Irish Highlands to renew the charm. The same book that contains his sneers at the "Liberator" and at everything un-English in the ways and manners of the people also contains his charming portrait of Peg of Limavady and a hundred touches that show how keenly he appreciated the native pathos and humor. His novels show his fondness and appreciation of Irish character still more plainly. His portrait of Captain Costigan was drawn *con amore*, nor is there any concealment of the fact that he felt a hearty liking for that amusing vagabond, whose very degradation does not deprive him of respect for his sense of honor, his generosity, and his unselfishness. Those who regard it merely as a coarse caricature can see nothing in Sir Lucius O'Trigger but a perpetrator of ingenious bulls. That Thackeray thoroughly appreciated the humor and pathos of the native Irish ballad-poetry and songs he has himself declared in so many words through the mouth of Captain Costigan, and there are scattered allusions and quotations throughout his novels to show his fondness and familiarity with them. This may have been partly the result of his acquaintance with Dr. Maginn and others of the Irish literary adventurers who did in his time, as they do now, so much of the work on the London press, and enlivened the cider-cellars of his favorite resort with so much song and joke. But it was chiefly because his character and temperament were so much in consonance with the Celtic spirit in the deep pathos underlying its humor, its keen sensibility, and its kindly generosity. His life as well as his books are full of evidences of this, and he need only to be compared with Dickens to show completely the Celtic element in his nature.

One of the most striking and remarkable of Thackeray's historical novels is devoted to an Irish theme, and in some respects he never surpassed it. There is none of his work that shows more strength, remorseless faithfulness in the development of his characters and his theme and in vivid reproduction of an historical time, than *The Memoirs of Barry Lyndon.* The subject is not an attractive one. The account of a coarse-minded, low-bred scoundrel, who rose from the crude and boastful knavery of his youth to the accomplishments of a successful *chevalier d'industrie* in Europe, and was as heartless as he was profuse, as cowardly as he was impudent, and as foolish as he was cunning, from his brutal youth to his idiotic old age, is not a pleasant one, but it is drawn with marvellous force and vivid-

ness. As a study of villany the character of Blifil is a coarse caricature in comparison with it, and that of Jonathan Wild, the Great, is an exaggerated satire beside its natural truth. In individual and in national characteristics it is faithful throughout, and in none of his books is there a more powerful historical sketch than the *Princess' Tragedy*, or the account of a soldier's life in the armies of Frederick the Great. But it is in relation to the Irish life of the time that we are more specially interested in this connection.

In this respect we believe it to be not only faithful in the way of a general resemblance, but that it was taken from an individual model, whose character was not only an exact prototype of that of Barry Lyndon, but whose career and fate were similar and even more extraordinary. It is needless to say that Barry Lyndon and his friends and relatives are not portraits of Celtic Irishmen and Irishwomen as they now are. They were of the English colony in essence at the worst age of the Protestant ascendency, when the Catholics were depressed to the last degree by the penal laws forbidding education, social freedom and patriotism, and when the Protestants were equally degraded with the vices of mastery, unbridled license, and unworthy aims in life. This age produced several characters who more than rivalled Barry Lyndon in the flagitiousness of their careers at home and on the Continent, and bred that race of fortune-hunters who afforded such material for English satire in the pump-rooms of Bath. The notorious "Fighting" Fitzgerald had a career far surpassing in its extravagance that of Barry Lyndon, and in some episodes not unlike it. But George Robert Fitzgerald was essentially a very different person from Barry Lyndon. He was of noble blood and not a low-born upstart, and in his wildest flights never forgot that he was a gentleman and a descendant of the Herveys. He was much more of a madman than a villain, and was never a rake or a debauchee. He won and retained the love of two admirable women as wives, and the taint of insanity in his blood, in addition to a bullet-wound affecting the brain, was more accountable for his frantic escapades than innate viciousness or ferocity. His life was written by himself and by others, and Thackeray was doubtless familiar with it; but there were other examples furnishing much more direct models for the character of Barry Lyndon, and one of these, whose origin, life, and end were almost exactly similar, was also dealt with in contemporary memoirs, and, if we are not mistaken, furnished the direct material for Thackeray's portrait. This was the once celebrated

individual known as "Tiger" Roche. It is true that his military career was in America and not on the Continent, but the novel was written before Thackeray had made that study of colonial life which resulted in *The Virginians*, whereas he was familiar with the European scenes, and in all other respects there was a singular resemblance in his character, adventures, and fate to those of Barry Lyndon. At any rate his story is remarkable enough in itself to be interesting as a study of character and an illustration of the time, even if it is not an addition to the bibliography of Thackeray.

William, alias "Tiger," Roche was born in Dublin in 1729, and consequently his youth was passed in what was probably the most flagrant period of Irish society in the metropolis, when the ferocity had not the excuse of actual contention between the two races, without being abated in degree, and was displayed in private brawls and duels, and when profusion and debauchery ruled the hour. It was the era of the "Hellfire Club," the "Mohawks" and "Cherokees," in which the young men endeavored to rival the savages after whom they named themselves and to fillip their debauchery by ingenious blasphemy and outrageous indecency. It was such a time and such a society as might be expected to produce a "Fighting" Fitzgerald and a "Tiger" Roche as its bright and consummate flowers. The origin of our hero is wrapped in obscurity—that is to say, his family was obscure and its fortunes meagre. He was very probably the younger son of a reduced gentleman, too proud to work or to engage in any useful occupation, and yet without the means to live comfortably or to more than hang upon the edge of semi-genteel society. This class was very numerous at that time, when there was much more gentility than prosperity, and of aspiration for fashion than the means of sustaining it, and unfortunately has not disappeared at the present day. Neither Roche's appearance nor manners gave evidence of good blood and gentle breeding. He was handsome in feature and form, but his face had an impudent look and his bold black eyes an insolent stare, as though demanding that consideration which did not naturally belong to him; and his frame, athletic and vigorous, although not tall, was marked by the broad shoulders and robust calves considered by English satirists as characteristic of the Irish adventurer. And although he dressed with all the extravagance and display of the time in gold lace and velvet, it is very doubtful if he had anything of that grace and high breeding that enabled George Robert Fitzgerald to carry off his

diamond buttons and buckles, his silk small-clothes, his lace, his bejewelled rapier, and his sable muff with an air that made them proper adornments, and to more than rival the Comte d'Artois and other noble French dandies on their own ground. "Tiger" Roche was of a decidedly lower social quality.

The first that is heard of him is that he attracted the attention of Lord Chesterfield, then lord-lieutenant, and at the age of sixteen was offered an ensign's commission without purchase. This was a fine chance in life for a young Irish adventurer, but it is said that his friends, having other views for him, declined it. This can be hardly more than an euphemism for the fact that they were unable to furnish him with a suitable outfit; for there could have been no career more suited to such a young man or more agreeable to the fashion of the time, nor was there anything else for him to do but to continue a life of idle debauchery. It was a very serious injury to young Roche, as it both embittered him and made him more reckless, and it is possible that with an honorable commission he might have worked off his combative spirit in a legitimate way and had a creditable if not a peaceable career. At any rate he became more idle and dissipated than ever, and was the leader of a crew of the most desperate young ruffians in Dublin. One night they killed a watchman, and Roche, being held mainly responsible, was obliged to flee the city. He took refuge in Cork, where he remained concealed for a time, and, having obtained a small sum of money, sailed to try his fortunes in the New World. The French and English War was raging at the time, and, according to his memoir, he took service as a volunteer—that is, fought in the ranks, although not as a regularly enlisted soldier. He was at home in the wild adventures of the frontier, and his desperate daring and energy attracted the notice of his superior officers, so that he was in a fair way to obtain a commission, when a misfortune occurred which blighted his career for a time and led to the ferocious savagery from which he derived his name. One of the officers of the regiment possessed a valuable and much-coveted fowling-piece, which was stolen. On a search it was found in Roche's quarters, and he was accused of the theft. He declared that he had bought it of one Bourke, a corporal in the regiment. Bourke was sent for and examined, but he solemnly denied under oath that he had sold the gun to Roche, and the latter's statement was disbelieved. He was tried by court-martial and convicted, but in consequence of his gallantry his sentence was commuted to ignominious dismissal from the regi-

ment. He challenged the officer who had prosecuted him on the spot, but the latter refused to meet a degraded man. He then insulted him on the parade in the grossest terms, and, suddenly remembering his real enemy, he rushed to the picket-guard and attempted to kill the corporal. Having been disarmed, he crouched down and sprang upon his enemy with the ferocity of a wild animal, fastening his teeth in his throat and bringing away a mouthful, which he declared was "the sweetest morsel he ever tasted." From this time he was known as "Tiger" Roche.

By the advance of the army upon Ticonderoga Roche was left in the wilderness; but he sought out some friendly Indians accompanying the expedition, and arrived in time to take part in the attack upon the fort, where he displayed such desperate bravery that he attracted the attention of General Abercrombie; but the fatal stain of theft was upon his character, and no exploit could recover his position. He left the army and made his way to New York, after suffering very severe hardships from poverty and illness. There he attracted the attention of Governor Woods Rogers, who sheltered and aided him, and finally, having obtained a sufficient sum of money from home to pay his passage, he sailed once more for Great Britain. A small legacy having fallen to him, he purchased a commission; but soon after he had joined his regiment the news of his disgrace in America arrived and he was sent to Coventry. He characteristically undertook to reinstate himself with his sword, and he began by challenging the officer to whom he had traced the origin of the charge, who consented to meet him, and in the duel both were desperately wounded. Before he had recovered he met his former colonel and another officer of the regiment in the Park, and savagely attacked them, getting the worst of the encounter. He then followed one of them to Chester and attacked him in the street, receiving a disabling wound in the sword-arm. At this time a more effectual vindication arrived from America. The corporal confessed on his death-bed that he had stolen the gun and sold it to Roche, and his character was thoroughly re-established. There was so much sympathy for him on account of his unjust sufferings, and admiration for his gallantry, that he was promoted to a lieutenancy without purchase, and for a time he was the lion of Dublin, being under no affliction of modesty about relating his exploits or swaggering in the highest society he could reach. In Dublin he had the opportunity of distinguishing himself by another exploit. While going along the

streets at night he came upon a gang of young ruffians who had attacked an old gentleman and his son and daughter, who were returning from a dinner-party. Hearing the shrieks of the young lady, he ran to the spot and attacked the whole gang single-handed, rescuing the young lady from the grasp of the one that held her, and severely wounding one of the assailants and putting the rest to flight. It might very easily have happened that he had been one of the attacking party; but as it occurred the other way, and he received such praise for his exploit, he formed a body which undertook to put down the lawlessness and ruffianism by patrolling the streets and engaging the rowdy mobs with their own weapons. Something of this kind of thing occasionally occurs to frontier communities in the West, where the most dangerous desperado is engaged as town marshal and works off his fighting energies by quelling his former associates, and preserves the peace because it is even more exciting than his former lawlessness. As long as Roche had active employment and plenty of fighting his better qualities were the more conspicuous and he might be called even a valuable member of society. But this element was necessary to his well-being.

Idleness and peace developed all his worst qualities. By the reduction of the army after the peace of 1763 he lost his commission and his income. He went to London, where he became a mere gambler, roisterer, and fortune-hunter. He made his *coup* in the latter capacity—not so grand a one as that of Barry Lyndon, but still quite a prize for a penniless adventurer—by marrying a Miss Pitt, who had a fortune of four thousand pounds. The command of this sum completely turned his head and he indulged in the wildest extravagances until it was gone. His reduction to poverty developed the brute in him and he turned upon his unfortunate wife, beating and abusing her until she was obliged to leave him. He was arrested for debt and thrown into the King's Bench prison. In his confinement even his courage left him, and this ferocious man-eater and desperate dare-devil degenerated into an abject and shameless coward. His fellow-prisoners insulted and kicked him, and instead of resenting it he would blubber like a cowardly school-boy. On one occasion the notorious Buck English, who was confined in the same prison, beat him savagely with a cane, while he crouched under the punishment without attempting resistance. It was hard to imagine that this broken-spirited imbecile was the terrible "Tiger" Roche, if history was not full of the cowardice of bullies "down on their luck."

At length he was liberated under an act of grace, and, having received a small legacy, he was enabled to set himself up again as a figure in the gay world. He became as impudent and as daring as ever, playing the professional bully in the coffee-houses and gambling resorts, and ready to maintain his character with as desperate duels as ever, while he even showed examples of the singular freaks of generosity which sometimes possessed him. At one time, while returning home to his lodgings at night, he was attacked by two robbers, who presented pistols to his breast. He attacked them with his sword, pinning one to the wall, while the other fled. He took his prisoner to the watch-house, and the other was arrested the next day. They were tried at the Old Bailey and sentenced to be hung, but at the earnest interposition of Roche their sentences were commuted to transportation. So high was his reputation as a desperate and skilful duellist that he was selected by the Wilkites to intimidate Colonel Luttrell, afterward the infamous Lord Carhampton, at the time of the Middlesex election, and was actually put in nomination for Brentford. But he had not the faithfulness of the Italian bravo, and thought it cheaper to take money for not fighting than for fighting; at least he was accused of having made terms with the opposite party, and was obliged to fight another duel to avenge this imputation upon his "honor." The strange fascination which persons of this character and reputation frequently exercise upon women furnished him with another victim in a young lady of respectable family and some fortune, who clung to him until he drove her away by blows and brutality after squandering her means.

Finally he obtained a commission as a captain in a regiment of foot in the service of the East India Company. In the transport-ship his ungovernable temper brought him into a quarrel with Captain Ferguson, a fellow-officer. The vessel put into the Cape of Good Hope and the officers went ashore. Roche was seen lurking about the inn where Ferguson lodged, and the latter went out on receiving a message that some one wanted to see him in the street. His body was found around the corner of the house, weltering in blood from nine deep wounds in the left side, which was significant that he had been attacked without an opportunity to defend himself. Suspicion, of course, immediately fixed on Roche, who fled during the night and took refuge among the Caffres, as he had before among the American Indians. He remained with them until the vessel had sailed, and then returned to the Colony, where he was arrested and tried by

the Dutch authorities, but acquitted on account of the absence of all the necessary witnesses. He then sailed for Bombay, where he was again immediately arrested for the murder of Captain Ferguson; but the offence having been committed outside of the British dominions, he was sent to London to avoid the expense of a special commission under the colonial law. He was tried at the Old Bailey, and acquitted on the ground that he had once been tried for the same offence by the authorities at the Cape of Good Hope. This was the end of his career. He rapidly sank into complete poverty and degradation, was reduced to ask for alms in the streets, and died and was buried in the wretchedness and obscurity of the unfortunates of his condition.

His character and career present such singular resemblances to those of Barry Lyndon, although differing in the locality of his military career, that although he was the type of a considerable class it seems quite probable that he was the actual model, and that Thackeray had read the memoir of his life and adventures with a keen appreciation of its materials for a romance. The story will be remembered of his saying that after having invented Captain Costigan he was astounded to see the original in face, figure, and dialect walk into a tap-room where he was sitting and offer to sing a song. If he likewise invented Barry Lyndon he would have been equally surprised at the faithfulness of his conception in learning of the life and career of "Tiger" Roche. Whatever was the fact, the resemblance in character was perfect, except that Barry Lyndon was the more unconscionable villain and never deviated into magnanimity or forgot his selfishness for a moment; whereas if Roche had only been supplied with enough of fighting in the way of his profession he might have died creditably.

The spirit of man is like the earth, which, fertile although it be, produces nothing but briars and thorns so long as it remains without cultivation.

Never offer any great opposition, especially in regard to things of little importance.—*Instructions of St. Teresa.*

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

THE English universities are not what they were. They have lost their religious influence over the country. They are little more than big schools for big pupils. Thirty years ago the exact opposite was the case. The country was largely influenced by the universities, by the tone of thought and of church polemics which they favored. Indeed, "religious movements" were chiefly begotten at the universities, though much more so at Oxford than at Cambridge. Distinguished men may have come chiefly from Cambridge, but religious movements have come chiefly from Oxford. Perhaps Evangelicalism was a plant of Cambridge culture; but High-Churchism, the most important of English movements, was both begotten and fully developed at Oxford. The country now hears nothing—or it most certainly cares nothing—about what may be "going on" at the universities. They have ceased to be the nurseries of English thought. And as the fact is quite as patent as it is curious, it may be interesting to inquire into the causes.

Lord Carnarvon said recently in the House of Lords that "the divorce between religion and learning had brought it about that many students end their academical careers utterly reft of all religious belief"; and certainly he might have added, had he thought it prudent to do so, that *most* students are the mere sport of private "views," equally baseless and fantastic, in regard to faith. The Archbishop of Canterbury, speaking on the same occasion, and being desirous of making the best of a hopeless case, offered the following apologetic observation: "There is still a *something* left in the universities which *may*, under a happier state of things, be the means of keeping alive religious instruction in the universities." What that "something" is we are left to conjecture, though doubtless the archbishop was alluding to the influence of the few clerical dons who are still at Oxford. But it is somewhat humiliating to be told, on the very highest authority, that our universities have almost ceased to be Christian. As we have remarked, this was not the case thirty years ago. In those days it may be said with perfect truth that the dominant element of Oxford thought was religion. Of Cambridge thought this could not be said with equal truth; yet the assertion might be allowed to pass without cavil. Religious movements being characteristic of Oxford

thought from the time of the Stuarts down to thirty years ago, the religious element was most "lived on" by the great body of undergraduates, as well as by professors and dons. Indeed, the Oxford of thirty years ago was more emphatically polemical, more absorbed in theological disputation, than the Oxford of the time of Cromwell or of James II. In the time of Cromwell the Oxford attitude was that of disgust; in the time of James it was that of "Anglican" alarm; but thirty years ago it was an attitude of intensely earnest inquiry, of an almost passionate desire to find the truth. And the chief reason of this enthusiasm was that in those days there were great leaders of great parties or great schools of religious thought. High-Churchmen and Low-Churchmen, and even a Christian sort of Broad-Churchmen, had their gifted and thoroughly trusted leaders and champions, who were looked up to by their disciples as men of the purest aspiration as well as of high attainment in theology. Hence it followed that the enthusiasm about a leader became the same thing with the enthusiasm about his "views." It was impossible to separate the one from the other. The students being all young men, and the leaders being all matured men—besides being clergymen, doctors of divinity, college dons—it was not only natural but inevitable that the hero-worship of the don should be the inspiration of the enthusiasm about his "views." This was in the days when *all* the dons were clergymen, except the few who had the intention of becoming so. But in these days only a *few* of the dons are clergymen; there will be fewer and fewer in the course of years; the whole professorial and tutorial element is becoming not only lay but anti-clerical, and with the change comes indifference to theology. It is easy to see how, along with the indifference, there must grow up the spirit of antagonism. Just as it was thought unworthy, almost contemptible, thirty years ago for an undergraduate not to attach himself to some party, and therefore to some leader of that party, so now, rationalist teachers being in a majority, rationalist ideas have come naturally into favor. Just as in the old days it was the "fashion" to be theological, so in these days it is the fashion to be sceptical. Clerical dons having ceased to attract disciples, rationalist dons have begun to corrupt students.

It follows naturally that the country has ceased to be interested in the "theological tone of thought of the universities." This is the fault of the universities, not of the country. Thirty years ago there was as much enthusiasm in the country about what was "going on" at the universities as there was enthu-

siasm among the "sets" of the undergraduates in regard to their chosen leaders and champions. But it is totally impossible for the country to be enthusiastic about communities from which every pulse of enthusiasm has died out. The country cannot be expected to be enthusiastic about scholarship, for that is a matter which concerns scholars alone. Nor are the constitutions, the statutes, the endowments of the universities of the smallest interest to any persons in the world, save only to the few persons who profit by them. No; if the country is to be really interested in the universities it can only be because great movements are either begotten within their spheres or learnedly, and also earnestly, developed by them.

Let us briefly trace the process by which Oxford—say in the last twenty years—has lost its (religious) influence with the country. We will speak only of Oxford, because its greatest movement was its own movement, unaided by any force outside itself. About the year 1845 there began the movement which throughout England was nicknamed the "Puseyite" or "Tractarian." Its development shook the country to its very depths. Fathers and mothers who had sons to send to Oxford were profoundly stirred by the risks of "Romeward teaching" to which their sons would be exposed while at college. Yet "Puseyism" seemed to fascinate half the nation. Even the *Times* newspaper, usually cautious and far-seeing, adopted the new theology as a "national success." After a time that politic organ changed its tone; but it shows how almost "national" was the enthusiasm that even the *Times* believed that Puseyism would win the day. Then came three great changes—great developments. First came the conversion of Dr. Newman; secondly, the (natural) reaction from that conversion; thirdly, the twofold counter development—on the one side in the direction of fictitious ritualism, on the other in the direction of rank scepticism.

But has not the country, it may be asked, rather adopted the new ritualism than adopted the alternative of rank scepticism?

The answer, we fear, must be as follows. Ritualism having been proved to be logically a fallacy, and practically a Protestant ape of Catholic authority, the country, like Oxford, has abandoned it as a sound movement and has grown indifferent to its excesses and pretensions. It is true that many Anglicans continue to toy with pretty ritualism; its dresses attract the educated and the multitude; its choral music and mimic chasu-

bles still delight; its *mise en scène* of decorous services still allures. But all this is but purely natural taste; it has but little to do with faith; it has simply nothing to do with the conviction of possession. So that the country, taking the example from Oxford—which was primarily responsible for the new ritualism—has sat down calmly in an attitude of speculation, and even amuses itself with wondering what the next movement is likely to be in the usually prolific maternity of Oxford thought.

But is it credible, it may be inquired, that both Oxford and the country have thrown aside the old interest, the old enthusiasm? Even if the country has really done this has Oxford become so utterly changed? Has Oxford lost all passion for polemics? Has Puseyism become a thing of the past? Has High-Churchism ceased to be thought worth wrangling about? Has controversy grown too cold to be even a pastime? It must seem that this is practically the case. Dr. Pusey is absolutely nowhere!* St. Mary's pulpit is a mere chair of (Christian) free thought. Divinity professors are heavy accessories of a big system. Indeed, theology, except in terms or watchwords, has ceased to be a science worth the combating. Not only is there no chance of a new development, but there is positively nothing left to be developed. As an Oxford professor said quite recently to the present writer: "We have gone clean through the possible processes of developments." Not even the imagination can picture yet a new one. It is not possible, we should assume, to develop rationalism. Nor is it obvious how dull indifference can be developed. It is not easy even to develop the shams of pretty ritualism, except in the way of toilet or of affectation. So that the "something" of which the Archbishop of Canterbury spoke, as being just possibly a new germ of a new movement, is really nothing more than a tradition of decorous piety sweetly lingering round the chapels and the cloisters. And at this point let us inquire for one moment: Is that "something" possibly pregnant with fresh revival?

It has been abundantly proved that the having always before one's eyes the glorious monuments of a faith which has passed away is not in itself any inducement to "go back to the old religion" which animated the founders of those monuments. England is crammed full of Catholic monuments. Yet England is crammed full of dull Protestantism. It is true that Oxford is exceptionally Catholic in its monuments, both in their number and

* This article was written before Dr. Pusey's death, a few weeks ago.—ED. C. W.

in their exquisite richness. But who knows this? or who notes it? Who considers, when he is walking through Christ Church, that St. Frideswide, with twelve other holy virgins, laid the foundation of the college in the eighth century? Who remembers, when he is visiting All Souls, that it was originally the "collegium omnium animarum fidelium defunctorum de Oxon," and that the society was commanded to pray for the souls of Henry V., Henry VI., the Duke of Clarence, and for such soldiers as had fallen in the war with France? Who cares—if he even knows—when he enters Balliol that the founder ordered Masses to be said in perpetuity for the repose of certain persons named in his charter; any more than he cares—if he even knows—that the scholars were required to speak Latin during dinner, and, if obstinate, were served last or not at all? Who reflects, as he wanders in the cloisters of that most exquisite of the gems of even Oxford, "Magdalen, the queen of cloistered colleges," that the architects were pure idealists *because* they were Roman Catholics, and that it was in the "dark ages" of Roman Catholicism that such angels of art achieved monuments of genius and of faith such as Montalembert called "inspirations from a higher world"? Who has any recollection, as he passes Corpus Christi, that the charter recites that the founder endowed this college in honor of "the body of Christ, and of the Blessed Virgin, . . . of St. Cuthbert, St. Swithin, St. Birin"; and that the founder, like all the other founders of Oxford colleges, such as Waynflete and Sir Thomas Pope, Wykeham, Edmund le Riche, and Walter de Merton, appointed requiems to be said in perpetuity for themselves and for those who were dear to them? No one thinks of such "superstitions," even if he remembers them. At the most they are but the dream of the antiquary. A certain poetical interest may be attached to such traditions in the mind of the educated or the imaginative; but Cromwell and Fairfax, who quartered their soldiers in Magdalen College and ordered all the stained glass to be smashed to pieces—like Parker and Grindall, who destroyed the grails and the processionals, and effaced the fairest monuments of Catholic art, which had made New College one of the wonders of the middle ages—were really not more Protestant in the coarseness of their actions than are most Oxonians in the coldness of their spirit.

So that we do not attach much importance to the eloquent pleadings of Catholic monuments, whether they be colleges, cathedrals, or sanctuaries; nor do we think that the "something" in which Archbishop Tait still believes can be found in

the Catholic structures of a community which has turned a deaf ear to those structures for three centuries.

What, then, is that "something," or where shall it be looked for, either within or without the universities?

Now, first, let it be noted that the Catholic bishops of England have decided that the "something" does not exist! Not only have they failed to detect any quickening of the dry bones of the once living Catholic colleges, but they have emphatically declared that Oxford and Cambridge are but dry bones from which no future life can be expected. At a meeting of the English bishops in last Low week it was resolved that Catholic parents could not send their sons to the universities without incurring a more than grave responsibility. The reasons given were quite as plain as they were numerous. The universities are now thrown open to both non-Christians and Christians; the heads of houses may be laymen—may be even rationalists; the fellows need not necessarily be resident; the resident tutors in the colleges are reduced to such small numbers as to be incompetent to exercise personal influence; the obligation to attend chapel has been done away; a paid chaplain may perform the functions in the college chapels; the whole character of the universities has been rendered secular, even more so than that of the army or of the navy. How, then, can Catholics "go to Oxford"? If in 1867 it was made known that the Holy See had set its face against such perils to young Catholics, it is probable that in 1882, now that the perils have grown greater, the Holy See would not only warn but forbid.

So that the "something" of Archbishop Tait must not be looked for in a new infusion of the Catholic with the Anglican-Rationalist element. Before the commissioners had changed the character of the universities by pronouncing emphatically that they were *not* Christian, the first impression of the young "Freshman" was that he was in an Anglican college where religious duties were as binding as religious tests. All tests and all duties have now vanished. It may be true that the old restrictions were much more formal than real; but there is all the difference in the world between affirming that there are *no* restrictions and leaving Freshmen to be sincere or insincere. It may be true that a Freshman, as a rule, regarded chapel as he regarded the obligation of dining in hall; he might seat himself beneath the don who read the prayers as he would take a chair at the don's lecture on Aristotle; but at least there was the recognition of the postulate, "Let it be granted that this college is

Christian." In the same spirit, when a Freshman went to lecture, he might be disposed to smile at the white tie of the reverend don; he might appreciate the droll requirement that the don must be a divine in order to lecture on Horace or Juvenal; but at least there was the recognition of the statutable fact that a Fellow and a Christian were the same man. With the exception only of one or two institutions, such as the observatory, or possibly the music schools, or the chair for Sanscrit or for any exceptional study, the representatives of all studies were ecclesiastics, and their title was at least "reverend," if not "doctor." In this fact lay the confession of Christianity. Undergraduates could seldom get through half an hour without being reminded that they had "sworn to the Thirty-nine Articles."

And be it remembered that this "confession of Christianity" had been *always* the backbone of the universities. There might be changes from age to age in the scholarly fame of the universities, in their literary as well as social prestige, in their influence with the country as courts of appeal on points of taste, or in their political relations to the reigning dynasty; but there was never any question that Oxford and Cambridge were first Christian, and only secondly classic or loyal. Take, for example, that one period of their history when James II. sought to compel them to become Catholic. Now, there was no period in their history when they more deserved the sympathy of English Catholics than when they fought their hardest against the king who would "convert" them. If the principle were once conceded by the two first communities in England that the king might force a religion upon all his subjects, it was obvious that any king, no matter what his religion, might in any age abuse the same prerogative. Loyalty to English liberties was therefore a higher political duty—nay, it was even a higher Christian duty—than loyalty to King James or to his religion. It was not a question which religion was the right one; it was a question whether all future generations were to be enslaved by the caprice of the ruling despot. It so happened that in the time of James II. the universities held the highest social position which they had probably ever held in the country. More than this, they held a higher social position than any other university in Europe. Louvain or Leipzig, Padua or Bologna, Leyden or Utrecht, were as nothing, in their inherited dignity, to the immemorial universities of England. English nobles of the highest degree were proud of their academical robes. English orators, statesmen, lord-chancellors, thought as much of their de-

grees as of their official rank. Isaac Newton, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, perhaps the greatest of geometricians and natural philosophers, was esteemed more highly for being a teacher of undergraduates. No literary man of any pretension to success could dispense with the kindly criticism of the universities. And it was just at this time, when the universities were supreme, that James II. tried to force them to become Catholic. Christ Church, University College, Magdalen College, at Oxford, were commanded to become Catholic against their will. Cambridge had Catholic masters thrust upon it, while its Anglican masters were turned out into the streets. High resentment followed such high-handed treatment. The universities were intensely Tory, intensely loyal; but they were, above all else, intensely loyal to their Church of England. It was this loyalty which gave them their favor with the country. And when these two great bodies pronounced boldly against tyranny —against King James' usurpation of all legislative power and his assumption of illimitable prerogative—they judged rightly that it was not a question of the true religion, but a question of the future existence of religious liberty. We Catholics in England owe to King James' stupidity, to his perpetual breaking of his royal promises to defend all liberties, more than a century of the bitterest persecution. Just as Charles II. threw away his political opportunities, as well as his Catholic opportunities, for the sake of the most frivolous gratifications, so did King James throw away his opportunities of "popularizing" Catholicism for the sake of playing the despot and the tyrant. Faithfulness, prudence, generosity would have won the hearts of all the Protestants in the land; but James II. taught English Protestants to believe that English Catholics were equally faithless and pitiless. The universities took the side of the country in resenting both the perfidiousness and the cruelty. Nor can we blame either their politics or their principles. Had King James learned his lesson from the universities, and become as prudent as he was dull and self-willed, it is probable that there would have been no need for the "Catholic Emancipation," because Catholics would not have been made to suffer through his fault.

Thus the relation of the universities to the country, which was always theologically important and always academically interesting, was dignified, just before the revolution, by a vast addition of political sympathies, and became auxiliary to the overthrow of the dynasty.

From that time to this neither Oxford nor Cambridge has

exercised much influence in politics. Their influence has been social and literary. As seminaries for the clergymen of the Establishment they have also had ecclesiastical influence. Yet these three kinds of influence—the social, the literary, the ecclesiastical—have now faded into little more than imputed merits from which all substance of real power has vanished. Socially, the "Germanizing" of the universities has lost to them their aristocratic tone. Literarily, the great spread of education, the institution of new seminaries of the highest class, and the competitive examinations for public offices have somewhat thrown into the shade the old dignity of Oxford and Cambridge by doing away with their monopoly of granting grades. Ecclesiastically, Oxford and Cambridge are simply nowhere; for since they cannot now direct the "views" of the nation, having abandoned all earnest views of their own, the nation cares no more for the theology of Christ Church, Oxford, or for the theology of Trinity College, Cambridge, than it cares for the theology of the London University or for that of St. Bees or St. Aidan's. Moreover, the introduction of the new order of "literates," or non-graduated clergy, in the Church of England has lowered the social standard of the Establishment—a fact which must react on the universities, because their influence as sole nurseries of clerical thought has been taken from them, never to be restored. So that, from the social, the literary, the ecclesiastical point of view, Oxford and Cambridge have gone down; and though they must always retain their rank from their prestige, they cannot hope to recover their influence from their monopolies.

It would be a mistake to suppose that there are not a great many Englishmen who look back with regret on a past time. There are many old-fashioned "Anglicans," both Oxonians and Cantabs, who grumble at all the modern innovations. Putting religious questions aside, they grumble at the new tone, the new ideas. They are wont to say: "Ah! in my day, sir, some forty or fifty years ago, we had leisure to think of other things than the schools. We were not bored to death with incessant lectures nor worried out of our lives with examinations. We used to ride, sir, and hunt, and enjoy life; and we were none the worse scholars for not being 'crammed.' In these days, sir, cramming ruins the men. They have not time to think of anything worth thinking of. They are mere plodders—not gentlemen, not men of thought, but big school-boys who are always thinking about their 'pass.'" And there is a great deal of truth in such grumbling. "Cramming" is undoubtedly a great evil.

The system has spread all over England. Instead of cherishing individuality and developing natural powers, mere memory is the one thing crammed and worried. From this cause, to some extent, comes the comparative disregard which university men now show to "religious movements." They have not time to be interested about such things. It is all very well to scoff at the old days, when the Don Amiable, the Don Gentlemanly, the Don Learned, the Don Churchy, the Don Pious, the Don Proctorial, the Don Presidential appeared to outsiders to be academical monuments to which undergraduates looked up with divided sentiments. It is very easy to cast ridicule on the "fast men," on the formal character of attendance at lecture, on the wildness of wine-parties and supper-parties, on the indevout spirit of "keeping chapels," or on the Sunday morning university sermons. But in those days there was a fine spirit of the best sort of aspiration, which had plenty of leisure to develop itself between studies. The new system is to make studies everything and to taboo both religion and personal bias. The university commissioners have effected this great change. Not a word can be said against inciting to industry; but why do this at the expense of higher objects? It was better that the men should have good leisure, during which to develop their own minds, than that they should be taught that to be always cramming, and *not* to believe in any religion, are the highest discoveries in modern training. Are the Germans or are the French any better, as men, citizens, cultured gentlemen, or good Christians, from the system of substituting machine-work for the old development by thought and observation? The present condition of Europe does not show this. Neither Bismarck nor Paul Bert can be said to show it. "Education" in these days has little to do with *e-duco;* it is rather a forcing down of alien sympathies into alien natures.

We must arrive, then, at the conclusion that modern progress is rather a sham, and that the rejuvenescence of the universities, like the "something" of Archbishop Tait, is a purely visionary hypothesis of vague hopes. It would seem that if the universities are ever to become what they were the "movement" must be external, not internal. It is just possible—if we shall not be thought too complacent in venturing on such a sanguine expectation—that the immense rise and vast improvement in English Catholic colleges may teach a lesson to the now rationalist universities. The Catholic axiom that in all Christian education we must not separate Catholic theology from Chris-

tian philosophy; that the light of nature without the light of revelation is insufficient to "educate" the whole man; and also the Catholic fact that the Catholic Church made the universities, with the reasonable inference that what it was once competent to make it is equally competent at this day to make again—are considerations which must commend themselves to such of our countrymen as are not wholly blinded or indifferent. Moreover, the statistical fact that the students of Catholic colleges—notably of Ushaw and Stonyhurst—have come out among the first in the open and wide competition of the undoubtedly first-class London University is a proof that English Catholics, intellectually and aspiringly, are fully competent to compete with all comers. The fascinations of science and of culture, which are assumed to be antagonistic to Catholicism, have been proved by hundreds of Catholics to have no injurious charm over their industries, their attainments, or their faith. Not only so, but the superficiality of those pretensions before which Protestant students fall down helpless, and the positively ludicrous state of muddle, intellectual and spiritual, into which modern thought has dragged its votaries, are sound reasons, in the mind of the Catholic student, for continuing to combine theology with philosophy. If Oxford and Cambridge would recruit their ranks for five years from the English Catholic colleges alone, refusing admission to all non-Catholics with the same deliberateness of will with which they now welcome all wanderers from all faith, there is not the smallest doubt that at the end of the five years the universities would have recovered their national place. For it is confusion which has made the universities to seem weak, and doubt which has destroyed their teaching influence. Once let them be harmonious in belief, and their combined culture and creed would be irresistible. This, however, cannot be. The universities are lost to the church. There is no more hope of their becoming Catholic from an inward movement than of the dean and canons of St. Paul's Cathedral inviting Cardinal Manning to replace them with priests from Southwark or from Kensington. And as to an outward movement, from what source is it to come? The state, which has assisted Oxford in becoming rationalist, is now hesitating whether it shall declare itself infidel. The legislature is uncertain whether a confession that God exists should be made a requirement from those Englishmen who make the laws, just as it is uncertain whether a confession that God exists can be desirable in the teachers of English youth. It has even decided that such

teacher s*may* be rationalists, which is exactly the same thing with saying that they ought to be. For if Christianity is an open question it is obvious that no college tutor would be justified in pronouncing it to be paramount. So that Oxford and Cambridge, perceiving this, may just possibly become alarmed and may be disposed to look outside for Christian help. In other words, the better sort of university men may one day ask Catholics to help them in recovering the Christian belief. Shall we hope this against hope? Shall we hope that just as the universities in the seventeenth century welcomed the foreigner to deliver them from persecution, so one day they will welcome Catholics as their only possible deliverers from their deterioration by a deteriorated state? The hope might seem dreamy were it not for the natural law that extremes always bring about a reaction. Thus France, having got to its lowest ebb, thanks to its anti-Christian government, is now exhibiting a desperate Catholic earnestness which will probably lead to a revision of the education laws. Oh! that the English government would persecute the universities instead of tamely encouraging them in rationalism. It is the detestable politeness of English, rationalist liberalism which removes the sting of offence from its infidelity. The universities want shaking. They have no guardians in the government, in the Established Church, in the (now departed) clerical college dons, in the gifted leaders of thoughtful schools of Anglican theology, nor even in any outside orators or writers. If Cardinal Newman were to return to residence at Oxford he would find "sets" which would regard him with deep respect, but which would be unaccustomed to enthusiasm about conscience. Enthusiasm has died out—for the present. Nor is there any hope of its being revived from within. If a new enthusiasm is to be begotten at all it must be begotten from the great body of English Catholics. It is for *them* to make the next "religious movement." In other words, it is for English Catholics to convince Oxford, by an effort which they have not yet gravely attempted, that education, to be perfect, must be Catholic.

Is such an effort out of the question? Intellectually, there is no doubt it is practicable. But there is a coldness and a stiffness about the English Catholic body—in the ordinary, social sense of the word "body"—which promises badly for a vigorous initiation. The failure of the new Kensington University showed how disjointed are English Catholic sympathies. It is unfortunate that whenever some big idea is to be carried out, no matter

whether it be academical or ecclesiastical—or even the starting of a first-class periodical to be in harmony with the wants of the time—the various sections of Catholic Englishmen pull this way and pull that way, but do not pull, as they should do, all together. This person is afraid of offending that person, and this caste is afraid of offending that caste; so that the new idea drops through, or is so hampered by sensibility that it does not ripen into the full stature of its first intent. This comes from the long habit of being "bullied," of being "sat upon" by a Protestant country, till at last the very idea of big movements has come to be thought risky or temerarious. Time may possibly mitigate the evil; but unless all English Catholic magnates, in all spheres and in all professions, will try to forego a certain egotism of sensitiveness and to combine heartily with those from whom they differ, there is little hope that the old dignities of the old Catholic universities will be inherited by a new Catholic university. It is manifest that a mere conviction of the superiority of a religion is insufficient to "convert" institutions, as it is insufficient to convert a whole country. There must be, naturally speaking, the recognition of a collective power, of a combined energy, resoluteness, and calm enthusiasm, before the ancient seats of learning can come to recognize that superiority which would make it safe to transfer their interests and their obedience. We have no right to trust to the supernatural when we do not make the best uses of the natural. Now, it cannot be said that, from the natural point of view, English Catholics present a conquering front. Neither in the House of Lords, nor in the House of Commons, nor in literary ventures of a commanding kind is there that superiority of Catholic men and of Catholic works which would strike astonishment or deep respect into the Protestant mind. There is a shrinking from a bold front, from combined power. There is even a smallness about Catholic public life. No individual can be to blame for such smallness—we cannot be born giants at our own discretion—yet the smallness might become largeness, if the "bundle of sticks" were not divided, or if the big sticks and the little sticks were less sensitive. It has been one of the greatest misfortunes to the Catholic Church throughout her history that her natural side has seemed to disprove her supernatural. It has happened a thousand times that her biggest men were her smallest men; that her grandeur of heart and her gentle purity of intellect have been "typed" in some tyrant or some quibbler. It is not the Catholic religion which has ever failed to make conquests; it is Catholic men who

have failed to commend their own religion. And so, too, in the social life there is little winning of the outsider by magnanimity, by delicacy, by superiority, but rather a presentation of narrow-minded sectarianism—the exact opposite of the "spirit of the church." It may be excusable to allude passingly to this subject when we have to face the undoubted fact of national failure. We have not conquered the intellect nor the heart, nor even so much as the imagination, of the British public. And the great seats of learning are now calmly indifferent to the "Catholic body," as they are to the superb logic of Catholicism. Oxford and Cambridge, once Catholic, "sit as easy" to Catholicism as they do to the gentlemanly religion of the Dean of Westminster. They *would* like to be impressed by Catholicism, but Catholics are not sufficiently impressed by it themselves. They recognize, indeed, the faith of English Catholics, but not their exceptional force of combination. They may be even convinced of the splendid harmony of Catholic doctrines, as they are convinced of the splendid harmony of the heavenly bodies; but they are disappointed because the harmony of the doctrines does not inspire all Catholics with a sublime will. They will not distinguish, as we do, between the natural and the supernatural. It is, indeed, impossible that they should do so. But Catholics ought to remember that impossibility. And not until Catholics remember it, and keep it always before them, and unite magnanimously to do great works in a great way will the universities invite their confidence and their fellowship, or say to them, "Come over to us and help us."

Always accommodate yourself to the dispositions of those with whom you converse. Be cheerful with those who are in good spirits, and show your sympathy for those who are depressed; and, in short, become all things to all that you may gain all.

Never speak with exaggeration, but express your thoughts in a calm and simple manner.

Never speak positively about anything of which you are not perfectly sure.—*Instructions of St. Teresa to her Religious.*

MR. BANCROFT'S NEW VOLUMES.*

These volumes are printed on clear and substantial white paper, in large, open type, with the words well spaced apart, and present very easy reading to dim eyesight. If the style of the author had been as clear and transparent, and the construction of his sentences as simple and natural, one could have scarcely desired anything more for the perfection of book-making. The first volume, of five hundred and twenty pages, contains an appendix of two hundred and forty pages, consisting, in smaller type, of "letters and papers illustrating the formation of the federal Constitution." The second volume, of five hundred and one pages, has a similar appendix of one hundred and thirty-three pages, in continuation of that in the first volume. Thus there are in both volumes six hundred and forty-eight pages of the text and three hundred and seventy-three pages of appendix, which may be regarded as a comfortable amount of what the booksellers call "padding."

The contents of the text are divided into four books, of which the first treats of "Confederation"—meaning by the term any indications and opinions in favor of a confederation. The title of the second book is "On the Way to a Federal Convention." The third book contains "The Federal Convention," and the fourth book treats of "The People of the States in Judgment on the Constitution." Every one will hail with lively interest whatever relates to the original formation of the Constitution of the United States, however partial or imperfect it may be when compared with the whole subject. It is on such ground that this work must rest for a complimentary reception with the public; for although its sub-title is *The Constitution of the United States of America*, and its full title *The History of the Formation of the Constitution*, etc., yet it is due to the reader to say that it is justly neither one nor the other. The author says: "That which I attempt to do is to trace the formation of the federal Constitution from its origin to its establishment by the inauguration of its President. I have spared no pains to compress the narrative within the narrowest limits consistent with clearness. . . . Large extracts from my collections are printed at the end of each volume. The selection

* *History of the Formation of the Constitution of the United States of America.* By George Bancroft. In two volumes, pp. 520 and 501, octavo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

has been strictly confined to those of which I have authentic copies in manuscript. Unless my knowledge or memory fails me, not more than half a dozen of them all have been printed heretofore, and those are inserted for some special purpose. They are so numerous and so different that I cannot but hope every one will find something of interest, as well as assistance in watching the movement of the mind of the people and of Congress from a league of States to a perfect Union."

It is hardly necessary to say that the simple province of history is to describe events and the actions of men after the manner in which they are viewed by the mind; in other words, according to the laws of the mind, which views them in the light of cause and effect. Thus the inquiry is for the cause of an event or the reason of an action; its nature, origin, and attendant circumstances; the nature of the effect and consequences; and the connection between the cause and the effect is distinctly traced. Only after these details have been presented the mind is said to comprehend the subject of them. It is thus that whatever bears the name of history must be written to be entitled to its appellation. With what lively emotions would the citizens of the United States welcome a work of such high character! Let it commence at the period when the colonists first realized the danger impending over them from the military preparations of the mother-country; when they were disunited, dissevered, inexperienced in a common interest, and unused to sacrifices for a public welfare; when they were depressed with apprehensions and the future was veiled in impenetrable darkness; when the hour had come in which a new and a higher era was to begin in the civil affairs of all nations by the elevation of the people to the supreme control. It had fallen to the lot of these feeble colonists to go from the Red Sea through the wilderness of struggles and trials and blood until they were trained up and ripened to lay the foundations and erect a structure to the liberty and equality of men which should be like a city set on a hill and attract the gaze of coming generations. To trace the unfolding of the principles of our liberty through the actions of these men, to present the motives or causes of those actions, with their haltings, their fears for the loss of their liberties, their jealousies of the central power to be created, the obstacles encountered and the gradual moulding of their minds to accept and achieve the great conclusions—these would form the charm of a truly-constructed history of the formation of the Constitution of the United States.

Such is not this work. It does not appear whether it was the purpose of the venerable author of these volumes to issue them as supplementary to his previous *History* or as an independent work. If the latter was his design he has left these volumes sadly deficient in that preliminary information necessary to aid the reader in comprehending the state of affairs in which this subject holds a place. Without this knowledge from some source the mind of the latter will soon become confused and wearied. He finds in Book I. a collection of incidental meetings for some common cause on the part of two or three States; extracts from letters speaking of the feebleness of "the powers that be," without scarcely a word in explanation of what those powers are; extracts from resolutions of some legislative assemblies, and finally a reference to the dissatisfaction existing in the army of Washington when disbanded. These are presented as evidences of the movement of the mind of the colonists towards a new constitutional union. Whereas the first impression on the mind of the judicious reader will be that the most of them are simply clamors of despondent or ambitious individuals for a stronger government; and if the proceedings of the Constitutional Convention are looked into some of these persons appear there as the advocates of national union. Even the sagacity of Washington is put at fault in these quotations. He wrote to a member of Congress: "I never expect to see a happy termination of the war, nor great national concerns well conducted in peace, till there is something more than a recommendatory power in Congress." Yet he lived to see a happy termination of the war and many years of peace without any additional grant of power to Congress. No indications are given in these pages of the views of those who did not clamor for a strong government, but the preamble of a resolution of the State of Virginia offers some light, thus: "The permitting any power other than the General Assembly of this commonwealth to levy duties or taxes upon the citizens of this State within the same is injurious to its sovereignty, may prove destructive of the rights and liberty of the people, and, so far as Congress may exercise the same, is contravening the spirit of the confederation." Here our author remarks: "The contest was between the existing league of States and a republic of united States; between 'State sovereignty' and a 'consolidated union'; between 'State politics and continental politics'; between 'the centripetal' and the fear of 'the centrifugal force' in the system." But of this contest we are allowed to see and hear only one side in these pages, as if the other had gone out of

existence. When the Constitutional Convention assembled a few years later Luther Martin, a delegate from Maryland, in his report to the Legislature of that State thus described the three parties in the former body: "One party whose object and wish it was to abolish and annihilate all State governments, and to bring forward one general government over this extensive continent of a monarchical nature, under certain restrictions and limitations. . . . The second party was not for the abolition of State governments nor for the introduction of a monarchical government under any form; but they wished to establish such a system as could give their own States undue power and influence in the government over the States. . . . The third party was what I consider truly federal and republican. This party was for proceeding upon terms of federal equality; they were for taking our present federal system as the basis of their proceedings, and, as far as experience had shown that other powers were necessary to the federal government, to give those powers. They considered this the object for which they were sent by their States, and what their States expected from them."

Book II. is entitled "On the Way to a Federal Convention," and commences after the appearance of Washington's letter to the governors of the States "urging a convention of the people to give energy to the federal Constitution." Of this address our venerable author says: "It was to a nation which had not as yet a self-existent government, and which needed and felt the need of one, that it went forth." The people of that early day whom he designates a "nation" were then living in a harmonious union under "Articles of Confederation" so prepared as to protect the rights and liberties of the people, and to preserve them from all efforts to institute over them a strong centralized government. Therefore this confederation was declared to be "not as yet a self-existent government"; therefore these clamors of its feebleness, of its imbecility, of its want of power to grasp the people as individuals and put their bodies in the army as soldiers and their property in the treasury as taxes, were raised that it might be got rid of. It is such clamors, together with incidents of dilatoriness of State legislatures, indifference in paying imposts, and other events indicative of feebleness in Congress, that form the current topic of this book and of the first volume. Admitting their existence, they seem to have achieved nothing, although they are here presented as constituting the public sentiment of the colonists. On the contrary, the colonists accepted the "Articles of Confederation" which conducted them to a

triumphant issue of the war and preserved them in peace some years, during which their prosperity greatly revived. This experience made apparent some defects in the Articles and proved them to be inadequate for some necessary purposes. Hence the real idea of a reorganization arose from the necessity of regulating commercial intercourse between the States and with foreign nations, and of making provision for the payment of the debt. Some measures were taken at a meeting of commissioners from the Middle States and Virginia, which were of no avail until Congress on February 21, 1787, adopted a resolution expressing the opinion that delegates appointed by the States should meet in convention in Philadelphia "for the sole and express purpose of *revising* the Articles of Confederation and reporting to Congress and the several legislatures such alterations and provisions therein as shall . . . render the federal Constitution adequate to the exigencies of government and the preservation of the Union." Rhode Island gave no attention to the resolution. The legislatures of all the other States appointed delegates, and gave them instructions, in almost the very words of the resolution, to join in discussing and devising "such alterations and further provisions as may be necessary to render the federal Constitution adequate to the exigencies thereof." In every instance except New Hampshire and Maryland the instructions were to revise and amend the federal Constitution, which was the Articles of Confederation. How could this be unless the people accepted the Articles of Confederation? Those Articles, revised, altered, and amended, would now be in force, probably, if the delegates to the convention had not disobeyed their instructions.

Sufficient has been said to show that these volumes present a very imperfect view of the history of the formation of the Constitution, and one which would induce the reader erroneously to think that the fathers, with one mind, demanded a consolidated government. There are many meritorious features in the work which will cause it to be regarded as a valuable contribution to the subject.

BEAR it in mind that you have but one soul, that you can die but once, that your lifetime can be but short, and that there is but one glory which is eternal: and this thought will detach you from a multitude of things.—*Instructions of St. Teresa to her Religious.*

IN THE NEXT HOUSE.

When we came to live here the house next door was vacant, and had been for a long time. It looked so. Not that it had been neglected or needed repairs, for the paint was fresh, the shutters carefully closed, the gate locked, and even the vines against the small front porch were trimmed, if not thriving; but the whole place wore a withered, shrunken, hollow aspect, betraying the long want of the warmth and vigor of human life. An impalpable, grim forlornness had settled down upon it, as the thin shadow of dark green mould had formed along the edges of the brick walks and in the small brick gutters under the rain-spouts. Our own yard presented quite a jovial and enlivening contrast of scattered wrapping-papers, wisps of straw, and cast-off hats. Muddy footprints, large and small, went up the worn front steps before us and led us on cheerfully through the bare, sunshiny rooms. The echo of last words in strange yet welcome voices lingered along the entries and lurked in empty closets. Three days before this had been the home of a large family, and no haunting idea of a loneliness like unto that the same roof sheltered was possible. We were glad of it. We are a cheerful family from principle, having worked it out as a soul-trying problem through trials when cheerfulness was a triumph. Consequently, gloom and dreariness are the more distasteful in that they are reminders of a past we have happily surmounted but find it impossible to forget. "Only the sorrows of others cast their shadows over" us nowadays, but we are sensitive to them. This voiceless, fireless, lampless house was an oppression, and the dirt and litter with which we had to contend in "settling down" greeted us like a smile on a freckled face beside the blank beauty of a blind and sullen one.

Naturally it came about that we made a joke among ourselves of our dislike to our quiet neighbor. Where there are a number of kindred souls, lively, impressionable, communicative, there is a vast amount of talk which is often chatter, harmless and even inspiriting. Over our breakfast-table we let that house to all sorts of people, we fitted it to all sorts of "wants" in the daily papers, we conjured up all sorts of horrors in its past, and pictured all sorts of futures for its occupants who surely *must* come, sooner or later. Amid all the chaff and dust of this there

were often certain ripe and perfect grains of thought and fancy we knew how to value. They were part of the daily bread of life, sweetening and strengthening its dry crustiness. But it wore itself out at last as a subject of interest, and still stood, empty and forlorn, greener as to the walks and gutters, more withered and shrunken as to its general aspect, when the second year of our stay came in.

"Is the house haunted, Mr. Trexle?" we asked the landlord during one of his monthly settlements. Mr. Trexle was "a study." We always contrived to form an admiring and appreciative audience around him.

"Well, no," he answered, unmoved and deliberate; "there's nothing the matter with the house, but—you see—" Then he paused. We brightened into expectancy and waited. "You see, there don't nobody seem to come furrard. *Good*-mornin', ma'am!"

He slid away, as was his custom, backing through a crack of the door and bobbing out of sight, placid, wrinkled, dry, and shabby, as though he had no part or lot in anything beautiful, generous, or gracious, here or hereafter. We looked at each other and burst into a laugh.

"I was *so* disappointed!" exclaimed Mabel. "I was so perfectly sure he was about to say *something*."

"He did," remarked John. "It was the 'yea and nay' of Scripture—the literal truth."

Before his next call some one had "come furrard." The house was taken.

I had been out to our old home in the country for several days, and, coming back in the serene, sweet calm of a late spring evening, it was a pleasant surprise to me to find the windows open and the gate swinging hospitably on the latch. A faint yellow glow from an inner room struck through the long-accustomed blackness of the hall-door lights. I could scarcely believe my eyes. But our own hall-door flew open and I was taken into the bosom of my family with a rush.

"O mamma, the spell is broken! The house is taken!" were the first intelligible words.

"So I see!" I responded as eagerly. "Do tell me about it! Who are they? When did they come?"

"They are, not 'seven,' but two apparently—*very* young, very 'shiftless,' I should judge, and *not* very happy. And they came night before last and last night."

"Came at night?" I questioned, puzzled.

"Yes, mamma, at night. It was nearly ten o'clock on Tuesday night when we heard the wagons drive up, and in a little while one of the men came to borrow our keys to open the gate. Later a pale young fellow, a mere boy, came to return them and to ask something about the kitchen range. It was easy to see they had taken the house without even looking at it. Yesterday and to-day we have seen the mistress going in and out. She looks younger than Mabel. Another wagon came late last night."

"Well," I said, "I am glad the spell *is* broken. Where is John?"

"Gone to New York. They sent for him the day you left. He will be home to-morrow. Oh! have you had your tea?"

The little ripple in the quiet tide of our lives had died upon its surface. It was not until I awoke in the middle of the night that my thoughts reverted to the next house. Some one was moving restlessly to and fro in the room adjoining mine; the despairing tones of one youthful voice and the tender replies of another were distinctly audible in the profound stillness. I was too tired and sleepy to speculate long, but hand-in-hand with the consciousness that we had neighbors at last came the assurance that they needed help and comfort of some kind; that however young they might be, "the trail of the serpent" had marred their Eden. I fell into confused dreams, during which I was present, in some unaccountable manner, at all sorts of tragedies in the next room, and from which I was only roused by the sharp click of a gate-latch. "John, of course!" was my first thought as I sprang to the window. But, no. A pale and slender young fellow was leaning over the next gate, fastening the stiff bolt. He *was* very young and very sad-looking, and he walked away, when he had accomplished his aim, with a weary, heavy step that fell on my heart. It was six o'clock, and I went on with my toilet, while sounds of awaking life began to make themselves evident through the rooms; but I could not get rid of the idea that there was keen suffering very near us. It quite dulled the lovely sunshiny morning, as it always must to those who have suffered themselves and are the better for it. The tie of brotherhood is never loosened by the chastening hand of God.

But, again, the claims of my own sufficed to exclude kindly fancies. There was a great deal to do which met me at the very threshold of my room, and there was a telegram from John on the breakfast-table. "Home on Saturday" it said; and this was Wednesday, and I needed him for consultation over matters

I must attend to at once. Altogether I pushed aside my midnight revelations, my dreams, and my pale ghost of youth in the dawning, only to take a hurried, wistful glance at them when an occasional remark from one of the girls proved their interest had received the added impulse of a discovery of some sort. John came home on Saturday at noon, and we opened our budget to him.

"She is such a pretty little thing, John, and they seem so fond of each other," said Mabel when we had reached the next house in our journalizing. "But she is awfully shabby. I think she hates to be seen. Isn't it too bad we can't be neighbors after all?"

"Why not?" questioned our lord and master serenely. "Mother, haven't you called on them?"

"No, not yet. They seem so shy."

"And well they might seem shy!" he exclaimed indignantly. "What were you thinking of—all of you? Where are your country manners to allow two poor young strangers to struggle through the horrors of such a home-coming? I am ashamed of you!"

"O John, everything is so different here. One does not know what to think of people," remonstrated Bessie.

"Nonsense!" cried John, the straightforward. "*I* never found them anything but men and women, whether you added saint or sinner. And how on earth are you to find out what you ought to think, shut away from them like royal mummies?"

"There she is now!" broke in Mabel, who faced the window. John looked over his shoulder, rose, walked straight to it, and gave a low whistle of surprise. We looked at him in very much the same state.

"Why, mother," he said, "that's Palgrave's daughter. Don't you remember her on Fanshawe Street?"

"And her blue silk and white feather!" cried Mabel.

"And her lazy little ways with those boy-beaux of hers," cried Bessie. "I wonder if she has married one of them?"

"No; I remember *him* now," I said, enlightened as the others. "That is her brother. He used to be in the store, John. But where are the others?"

John had returned to his easy-chair. He changed the subject: "Mother—just while I think of it—Thompson, Reynolds & Co. would like you to send down that tin box of papers when their boy comes up to-night. And you had better take a list of the papers. Where is it? It *is* curious you did not

recognize poor little Sweetbrier, Mabel. That is what the fellows used to call her down there. I never knew her, but I used to hear them talking, and they said she was sharp enough when it was necessary, for all her wild-rose prettiness and lazy, careless way. I remember now the father came to some kind of grief. Never was much of a man, anyhow. Mother, here! What does this mean?" And we left our gossiping idleness for the time, while I explained, sorted out, and numbered the papers John had before him. When he had finished we were alone.

"Palgrave's daughter!" he exclaimed softly, leaning back in his chair and slowly shuffling his memoranda like a pack of cards. "Mother, the old man is a specimen of total depravity, they say—brought his family into all sorts of straits, and got himself into prison somewhere. May be it is as well you and the girls have not called?" He looked at me with a question lurking in his brown eyes which the words did not express.

"I am very glad we found out something about them before we called," I answered. "It might have been awkward. But I think I had better go in this afternoon."

"That is a good mother!" he assented heartily. "Poor little thing! she looks a very wilted blossom now."

She did indeed. While I was getting ready to make my call, and waiting on the little porch before the dumb brown door, a vision of two years ago was very vividly present to me. We had then made harmless little jokes among ourselves on the pretty girl who passed and repassed the house half a dozen times in each day, brave with ribbons and cheap yet tasteful adornings, fresh, child-like, whimsical, as any one could see, and the "adored object" of some half-dozen callow youths. There had never been anything about her to object to, and we only knew of her as the daughter of the druggist on the next corner, just come home from school and enjoying her girlish triumphs as any light-hearted girl has a right. But now! She opened the door herself. She was pale and thin, with heavy shadows under her shy, sweet, sad eyes, that looked half frightened at her sorrowful experience of a life she had believed so different. Her dress was worn and faded, but she had made it neat as far as her poor means allowed, and she had added a touch of bravery in ribbons—pretty, richly-tinted, carefully-cleaned ribbons, tied at her throat and on her soft hair in the old cunning bows we used to think she had such a knack for making. She looked a little startled, and a shade of color flared into her cheeks when she saw who had rung the bell.

"I am your next-door neighbor, my dear," I said, directly and cordially, for there was something in her face that warranted it. "I thought perhaps you might be so far settled down as to feel a little lonely this afternoon, and not quite averse to a strange face, so I came in."

She opened the door with a quick, eager touch of welcome succeeding her embarrassed first inspection. "She is used to unwelcome guests," I thought, "and has learned to try, ineffectually, to guard her poor, desecrated hearth."

"I am very glad," she said, holding out a slender hand and brightening into a smile as girlishly pretty as any face of seventeen ever wore. "I think I *was* lonely, but I hardly have time to feel anything. We are not very much at home yet." There was a sudden falling of her voice on the last sentence, and a darkening of her bright look, as she led the way into the parlor; but she struggled with both bravely and did her best to seem unconscious of the bare and forlorn room. There was no carpet and no curtains, two old and faded sofas of one style, three old and worn chairs of another, and a shabby table with a shabby cover, strewn with books, an old portfolio, a handsome old silver inkstand, and some closely-written papers.

"We have to use this room constantly," she said, "as we must keep a fire here for my mother's room over it. If you don't mind—if you please"—hesitating, and then suddenly pulling herself together again in the way I had noticed before and seriously doing what she had to do—"mother is never able to see any visitors. I am *really* 'the person of the house.' And *I* am very glad to see *you*," with a little questioning look.

"I am Mrs. Byrne, my dear. We have lived here for more than a year and like the place very much. Our only objection was this empty house, and now that is removed. I hope you will like it well enough to stay with us as neighbors."

"Yes," was all she answered—a quiet little "yes" that meant volumes. It was rather a curious visit, I thought afterwards. She certainly seemed glad to see me, and did not want me to shorten the call, but she was not quite at her ease and we had some difficulty in "making talk." All the time of my stay there was not a sound or so much as a movement in any part of the house. All was as silent and, I could not but feel, as empty as a grave.

"Now, you must be very sociable and come in to us very often," I said as I made my adieux. "My girls are older than you, but they are very lively and fond of company. It will make

it pleasanter for you to have friends at hand, as you say you cannot leave your mother."

"Yes," she said again—that quiet, not-to-be-gainsaid, but very unaffirmative "yes." I felt she would not come, although at the last, when I gave her my hand, she held it warmly for a moment, and then, quite impulsively, all gracefully and tenderly, raised herself on the tips of her toes and kissed me on the cheek. It was a shy, entreating, daring little caress. She blushed over it, but looked me full in the eyes silently, and I knew she was holding back tears. I was never more moved. Through what fierce storms the little wild rose must have passed to be so torn loose from all shelter and support, so beaten down under sunshine, so fluttering and wasted! Yet how sweet it was and how lovely still! I went home quite in love with this blossom, and poured out my whole treasure of enthusiasm for—John! Yes, I did. My son is certainly easier to confide in than my daughters, and easier to get on with, although many people think him less "sensible." He listened quietly to all I said and made no remark of any moment, but he did not forget it.

I was right in my conjecture as to her not coming to see us. She never came. But I saw her quite often after a little. She was alone in the house with her mother from early dawn until dusk, and any little errands or outside calls she was forced to attend to herself. We used to meet on the pavement and hold interviews over the fences, back and front. She was very bright usually, and strove so earnestly to hide all the miseries in the background that I could only help her by accepting the view she set forth for my inspection. I never saw a braver spirit, a more determined fight against adversity. She grew paler and thinner day by day, shabbier and shabbier, and the light in her great eyes was pitiable, it was so despairing. No one ever came to see them, nothing was ever sent to them. Then there commenced each night a noise of tacking, which continued until the dawn was close upon the darkest hour. At first we were quite delighted with it. "Some one has come to their aid and given them some comforts!" Mabel exclaimed the first evening. "They are putting down a carpet." But no, it could not be that, we found. It went on and on and on, until, thinking of what was behind it and the shadow over all, it awoke dismal fancies of coffin-making and sepulchre-hewing. One night John came into my room, looking more worn and anxious than I had seen him for years. It was about nine o'clock, and the tacking had just commenced. We had located it some time before in the

third story front, next to John's room, which was just over mine.

"Mother," he said, coming up to my writing-table and beginning at once to move its many trifles restlessly to and fro—"mother, I can't stand this any longer. I believe they are starving to death in there. Have you seen her lately?"

"Why, no!" I answered, stopping to count—"no, not since day before yesterday, and then only at the window."

"Well, I have. I saw her to-night. I—I stopped there. She opened the door, and she looked so wan and ghastly I could only just make some foolish excuse—I believe I said you sent me, mother—and come away again. It is dreadful! I walked in with the brother this morning—he was a little late, he said—and he has just that bloodless look, like a wax figure, I remember in the face of a man I saw once. They said *he* was starving when they found him and brought him to the hospital." I could not speak. Thought was too busy. I believed John was right, for some fear of the kind had been busy within me during many days, and I had racked my brain in the vain endeavor to offer them "a good square meal" without wounding that wonderfully sensitive pride, that brave reserve which *would not* complain.

"What *are* we to do?" I asked my son.

"You will have to go in and ask them," he said steadily, looking me gravely and even commandingly in the eyes with his father's dear brown eyes. "Mother, there comes a time when we must risk being disagreeable. Those poor young things have striven to face the inevitable and deceive even it, if possible. They cannot exist without help of some kind, and they must submit to it."

"Very well," I said quietly. I must say I like it when John takes me out of my own hands and makes himself responsible for me. I have been a lone woman for twenty years, and have done well for myself, but I do *not* like it. A lord and master is necessary to my happiness, since freedom brings two cares to every privilege.

"I have been afraid of this very thing," I went on, as he settled himself at his ease to consult with me; "and all that I could do in the way of fruits and fancy, nourishing dishes sent to the mother I have done as often as I could. But you know I dare not—what is that?"

It was a cry from next door. The tacking had ceased, I now remembered, soon after John came in, and there had been steps

in the next room. Hardly had the cry died away when our bell rang violently. John was off like the flash of a gun, and I hurried after him to the head of the stairs. A breathless and agitated voice came floating to me, and then John's voice:

"Mother, you are wanted at once! Don't stop for anything."

I ran down instantly and out into the porch. John seized my hand and went with me into the next house. "It is the mother," he whispered. "He thinks she is dead. Don't be frightened! I will wait here."

He had led me to the top of the stairs, dimly lighted by the lamp burning in the front room on the second floor. I went in at once.

It was a large, white, bare room, without carpet, without curtains, without chairs. A bed stood in the centre of it, and there was a chest of drawers, old and black, between the windows. Not another thing!

Except the motionless, emaciated, gray-haired figure on the bed, the white, rigid, despairing creature kneeling beside it, and the poor young fellow vainly trying to raise her in his trembling arms.

I went over to her side and spoke to her in my usual voice as much as possible:

"My dear, you *must* move, if you please. Let me get to your mother to bring her to. She has fainted."

She gave a wild cry and sprang to her feet. "*Can* you do anything? *Does* she live? O mother, mother! I have killed her."

"Indeed you have done no such thing!" I said decisively; for, whether her mother lived or died, I knew the poor dear was innocent of any share in her fate. "Just take your sister away, will you, please? John, call the girls and bring me some brandy. And have you any sal-volatile or camphor at hand?"

"We have nothing," answered the boy (he was not more than eighteen) in a dull, hopeless, passionless way that almost sickened me, it revealed such depths of misery. He had taken his sister in his arms in the window-seat, and they sat, two forlorn images of utter despair, neither moving nor speaking, although at intervals a strong, convulsive shudder shook her slender frame. My girls came in and John went for the doctor. We did all that we could, and I was soon convinced the poor lady was not dead, but it was something more than a fainting-spell. The doctor, arriving, at once pronounced it stupor resulting from some narcotic.

"What has she taken?" he asked, looking round on the waiting group.

"Maddie?" questioned the boy.

"I gave her some coffee. There was—nothing else," answered the girl.

"Coffee! Impossible! What was in it? How was it made? You must tell me the exact truth, or I cannot save her."

"There was nothing in it. I poured the water on it from the hydrant, and I got the sugar at the store. We had no milk. Oh! I know it *was* coffee," she cried out with a sudden terrible earnestness. "I made it myself, and I pounded every grain almost separately, because I wanted it to be nice."

"Pounded!" exclaimed the doctor, with evident satisfaction. "Get me what you pounded it in."

She went into the next room and brought him a small and dingy-looking mortar and pestle, evidently a relic of the druggist father.

"This has been used in the preparation of some narcotic drug," said the doctor after a moment's inspection. "I had a case of the same kind once before. I think we can pull through now. Just clear the room, my dear madam, of all who cannot help us. There is no time to lose."

There was none lost. Mabel and Bessie were admirable assistants, while John carried off the brother and sister to the parlor below. After a long, long time we saw the poor lady restored to her best estate—and poor enough it was—the doctor went home, and I prepared to spend the rest of the night with her. Bessie, too, remained, but Mabel went down to the waiting trio, relieved their fears, and took poor Maddie in to sleep with her. When I went home at nine o'clock the next morning she was still in bed. She had broken down at last, and lay, weak and helpless, among the pillows hardly whiter than her delicate face.

"Your mother is quite comfortable, my dear," I said, kissing her. "It gave you a great shock and you must take time to rally. We will nurse you both."

She smiled faintly and tried in vain to utter thanks with trembling lips. I went away at once and left her to quiet rest. That evening I was sitting alone with her when suddenly she began to cry—not loudly nor hysterically, but in a pitiful way that wrung my heart.

"What is it, dear child?" I asked her, getting my arms around her and gathering her close to me, she seemed so alone

and so helpless. "There, there! Tell me what distresses you. The worst is over for you, I am sure."

"Oh! please, please tell me if I was wrong? I thought it was right—not to tell—not to complain—and so did Robert. It was nobody's fault but—but father's." Her voice sank, and she covered her face and shrank away from me at the last word. I was glad the time had come so soon for her to open her heart, and I drew her closer to me and kissed her pretty forehead under its soft rings of hair.

"You have been a brave, good child; you have both done nobly. But the time has come for you to rest a little while on the kindness of those who are glad to help you. You must not be selfish and forbid the blessedness of helping to those who have known what care and sorrow is. We know. We have been very, very poor in our lives."

"Have you?" she asked eagerly, looking up at me. "As poor as we are? Were you ever—hungry?"

Oh! the unutterable meaning of that question; the horror in her young eyes, the quiver of her young lips! And this had been going on under our very roof!

"My poor, poor child!" was all I could say, answering the revelation, not the question.

"It was very, very terrible!" she said softly. "And poor Robert! And poor mother, too! But it was not quite so bad for her, and she did not know it all until we took the chairs out of her room—to sell, you know," seeing my look of wonder.

"Tell me all about it," I said, making myself comfortable with a pillow and a shawl. "It will do you good to talk it all over *once*, and then forget it as much as you can. When did it begin? Two years ago you were very well off, I think. We lived on Fanshawe Street then, and I used to see you very often."

"Oh! did you? Oh! what a silly, silly, happy little goose I was."

She was so weak and nervous she broke down again at the memory of her former self. But I knew it would do her good. Presently she began to talk quite naturally and almost cheerfully.

"I am glad you used to see me then. I *was* a silly little thing, and that made it harder for me when everything changed so. But even the silliness was not all my fault. No one taught me any better, and I did not know about—about father. He used to —drink. Mother kept me away at school as much as she could, and I had never been at home long enough to find out anything

until that summer. I used to wonder why Robert was so sad. He had been home a year and saw it for himself. I thought I was just going to have a good time all my life, like the holidays had always been; but it only lasted a few months. Then the dreadful trouble came."

She paused, as if to think over the best way of telling it—not to hide or excuse it, I was sure, but so that I might understand it as it was.

"I had had a little glimpse of something sad. I had seen father once or twice when he was so strange, but neither mother nor Robert said anything, and I tried not to believe it. But one night he was brought home all cut and bleeding, and not knowing anything he said, and saying such dreadful things. After *that* I never knew what it was to be happy. It seemed to me the very sunlight changed color! And then, before very long, they seized the store, and father was taken to prison for something about 'false pretences'—I never could understand it—and mother had a stroke of some kind, and there was only Robert and I to do everything. And we *were* so young and so foolish!"

She looked at me with pleading eyes.

"And what *did* you do?" I asked.

"It was a year ago. There was nothing—not one cent. We sent for my uncles—mother's brothers. Father has no relatives. They live a long way from here, and they are not very well off, so only one of them came. He was a stranger to us, and of course he did not care for Robert and me, but he tried to be kind. He said if we would go home with him he would do the best he could for us. Robert could go on a farm and I could help about the house for a while. But he told us we must first promise him never, *never* to have anything to do with father. He would not be disgraced by any jail-bird claiming kin with him, and if we went it must be so understood. We *could not* promise. For, after all, he was *father*, and he was always fond of us, poor fellow! Robert said he would never give him up that way, and, of course, I said so too. It seemed dreadful. And mother—*you* know mother had nothing to say?"

I did indeed know it. Their poor mother, still a young woman as to years, was helplessly imbecile and crippled. She had not even known the change of nurses during the last few hours.

"Then uncle went away angry. He gave mother ten dollars, and that was all we had. Robert tried to get work, but he never had any success worth counting. We had to leave the house on Fanshawe Street, and we went into rooms away up town. We

sold the furniture little by little, and our clothes, and the best of the books, and things got worse and worse. One day old Mr. Trexle came to see us—he used to know my grandfather—and offered us this house rent free. He did not behave as though he was doing us a kindness, but I think now he must have been real good. He pretended it was a house going to ruin because he could not rent it, and asked us to just take care of it for him. We have never seen him since, and when we came we found it so nice. We had scarcely anything to put in it, but oh! it was so nice not to have to think of the awful rent. It was such a rest at first! But still things grew worse and worse. Robert could not do some work Mr. Trexle got for him, because he was not strong enough, and he could only get some light jobs at a notion-store to do at home. So he walked about all day, looking for a place, and then came home and made the boxes and wall-pockets at night, and I helped him when I could. At last—that day, you know—we had only ten cents to our name, and nothing in the house but bread—one loaf. Mother cried for some coffee, and I could not bear it. I went down to the store and bought a quarter of a pound and a little sugar, and I was ashamed to ask them to grind it, it was so little. I pounded it up in the old mortar we never could sell because it was broken, and mother drank it and said it was so good. When she went to sleep I was so glad! I never thought there was anything wrong about the sleep until I went in to look at her before I commenced to help Robert with the boxes he had brought home. You know all the rest. It seems a long way off to me; and it was only yesterday!"

"Only yesterday," I said, "but over for ever, I think. Now lie down and take a good rest. Robert is with your mother. He has been at home all day, you know."

I slipped away from her and sat down in my own room to think. Quietly and simply she had told her heroic tale of patient suffering, but I could fill in the outlines. Those days and nights of wearing, enforced idleness; the failing mother, fretting, she knew not why, and unconsciously adding pang to pang in those poor young hearts; the slowly-dismantled home; the never-ending repression of every youthful fancy—what a long agony it had been! Poor Sweetbrier! Surely the pruning had stripped her of her thorns as well as her blossoms, and the rugged uprooting had been the forerunner of a rare transplanting. The silliness, the pettishness, the whimsical caprice were all gone, and in their stead a patient sweetness, an unselfish self-denial, an unquestioning submission! I had to find John and tell him all about it.

"Old Trexle!" he exclaimed suddenly, after we had talked it over. "Now, who would have suspected him of such delicate generosity? *That's* the reason he never comes for his rent any more. Don't you remember, mother, the queer little notes he has sent us several times, making some excuse for having it sent to him? He has been keeping out of their way. I will look him up to-morrow and see if we can't hit on something for Robert between us. And he can tell us all about the father, I have no doubt. Dear little thing! How we used to laugh at her down on Fanshawe Street!"

"I declare it will be a lesson to me all my life," I said. "And I ought to be ashamed to be learning it now, too. The discipline of life is a wonderful artist, isn't it? It hews the angel out of most unpromising material under our very eyes."

"The discipline of life in this case was but the tool in the Master's hand, mother," said John, turning from me and walking over to the window. "I shall never forget that night-watch with them, poor things! They were all in all to each other in their sorrow, and quite forgot me. That worn old prayer-book of hers could tell us where they got the strength for their silent, patient endurance."

He was very much moved and went hastily away into the quiet of the summer night. I sat in the dusk and dreamed.

He did "look up" Mr. Trexle the next day, and very reluctantly the odd old man admitted his kindly care for the daughter of his old friend and her children. When he had once admitted it, however, he quite warmed to the subject, and told of Robert's modest pride, his unflinching honesty, his undaunted determination from the first to make good at all sacrifices his father's errors. John has a way with him people cannot resist, and he found a situation as clerk for the boy before the week was out. Maddie had gone back to her household cares quite refreshed and in a fair way for building up her shattered health. Youth needs only hope and love as tonics, when it is youth unspoiled by an evil world.

After that things went on very fairly well with our next neighbors. They were as economical a pair as ever "set up house," for they had had a sharp and bitter lesson. With some one to help and talk over things Maddie developed a taste for house furnishing and decoration that worked wonders with trifles, and all her wild-rose sweetness and beauty came back to her. She never mentioned her father, but as the time drew near for his release we saw a change in her that was not at all a sad

one. She was quieter, perhaps, but stronger and more tender. I asked John one day what he thought they would do with him when he came out.

"Take him home and make much of him," said John promptly. "She will hide all his past with her love, and any one who tries to put it aside for a cruel glance beyond will find the Sweetbrier's thorns are not all gone. She is as true as steel and as good as bread."

It was as John said. One evening Maddie came in quietly, as she often did.

"Mrs. Byrne," she said as naturally as possible, "I thought you might like to know that father has come home. He is very glad to be with us."

"And you are glad to have him," I said in the same tone. "How is your mother?"

"Quite happy and very comfortable. Father knows how to amuse her and to interest her. I think she knew him at once."

Whether she did that or not, she soon placed him in his rightful niche and was never so pleased and content as when he was with her. It suited very well in all respects. He was not strong, and he shrank from the world and its contact. He devoted himself to her and to his pen, and, in a quiet way, proved most helpful to his good children. We saw more of him than did any one else, and we liked him very much as time slipped on.

By the time John brought *his* Maddie to me in the fit ending of our little romance we had come to live as one family with the people of the next house.

Now, I have told my simple story with a purpose, of course. It is *so* simple, so uneventful, so unvarnished, it needs some excuse in the shape of a moral. The other day I overheard the young people of a friend's house making merry over the mysterious "goings-on" at the house across the way. They told of the gradual change in its general aspect, of the altered routine of the day, of the removal, piece by piece, of the furniture, etc., etc.

"Why, they used to live in swell style," said one of the boys. "Had a colored servant-man, went out to drive with a double team, and the girls dressed like flowers in May."

"And what has happened to change all this?" I asked.

"Oh! we don't know. They are strangers to us—only came a few months ago. We don't even know their names."

"Some adventurers," said my friend coldly. "Children, I wish you would not watch the people around us. It is so vulgar!"

"Mamma," said one of the girls, "I feel real sorry for them. That youngest one looks so sad."

"Nonsense! People like that are used to it, no doubt. No one knows anything about them. And she is quite too young to feel anything much. She cannot be more than sixteen."

I thought of our Maddie and her lesson at sixteen. My friend's words jarred on me. I could say nothing, for I knew nothing. But when I came away I looked earnestly at the house across the way. It looked dirty and neglected. There was the shadowy outline of a bowed head and a moving hand on the linen blind of an upstairs room. I thought of the tacking, tacking, tacking that had once stood between three people and death—only that. Was there here a Sweetbrier losing its thorns? or a lily taking a stain on its pure petals never to be effaced? Ah! who could tell me? Who could unveil the possible tragedies within those walls? Who can ever be sure of the life beating out the slow days in the next house? How dare we echo with a laugh what may be the rattle of an endless death!

THE MONKS AND NUNS AT THE "REFORMATION."

A CLOSE study of the Benedictine *Rule of Life* will enable the Catholic reader to realize what an impulse the worship of God received from the extension of the monastic houses in England; yet the unscrupulous calumniators of those "heaven-born" institutions assure posterity that they "were the produce of the dark and barbarous ages preceding the Reformation."

I here propose to lay before the reader a brief account of the real history of the monks and nuns who were driven upon the world by Henry VIII. and his successors.

The prioresses of some particular convents received a pension of one hundred shillings per annum. This allowance did not continue long, for the high officials in the reign of Edward VI. were thoroughly dishonest, and it became dangerous for the pensioned monks or nuns to complain of not having received their moneys at the stated period. The pensions were supposed to be paid by the treasurer of the Court of Augmentation; but it happened that the treasurers and their confidential secretaries were not unfrequently defaulters to a large amount. The monks were paid more regularly than the nuns, for some of them

"spoke boldly for the fulfilment of their claims." Many of the nuns were old, timid, and dreaded to approach the insolent officials of Somerset's council or to complain of their grievances. So they quickly disappeared from London and wandered through the country in utter wretchedness.

The pension stipulated for certain classes of the monks and nuns was subsequently withdrawn by the Protector Somerset, and again by Queen Elizabeth, who rarely evinced any sympathy for the religious of her own sex. The sum awarded for the aged nuns was so scant that, in the words of Pomeroy, "it would scarcely sustain life for a short time." Three of the nuns in one district received back their pensions through the intercession of Lord Leicester, to whom they were related. Horne, Bishop of Winchester; Pilkington, of the see of Durham; Aylmer, Bishop of London; and Grindall, Archbishop of Canterbury (1576), were merciless in their persecution of nuns, many of whom were from seventy to ninety years old, some blind and others paralyzed from cold and want of warm clothing. A number of those ladies had good fortunes, which they spent in the relief of orphans, in succoring old age, in attending the sick, in protecting young maidens from the snares of the licentious, and in redeeming poor debtors, who in those times were cruelly used by the Lombard Shylocks who were "scenting out the pound of flesh" without mercy or pity. At a later period Archbishops Whitgift and Hutton were the unmanly persecutors of the few monks and nuns that remained. The last monk who received the pension died blind in the reign of James I. Paul Whittington—for such was his name—had reached his ninety-sixth year a few days before his death. He was once honored as an eminent Greek and Hebrew scholar. He died in great poverty near Bury St. Edmunds. He was possessed of a marvellous memory; in his old age he received visits from Shakspere, Spenser, Ben Jonson, Walter Raleigh, and the members of the Story-Telling Clubs, who were delighted with his anecdotes, ranging down from the accession of the Tudor dynasty.

Many of the nuns died from starvation and cold in the reign of Elizabeth; they were to be seen wandering along the roads in the rural districts where they had once been the hope and comfort of the peasant classes. The new clergy denounced them, and too many of the ungrateful people scoffed at them. There were, however, a few honest and humane persons who sympathized with their sufferings and "divided with them their last cake of bread." The populace of London acted in a cruel man-

ner to those poor ladies who had done so much for the rising generation. In London the presence of the Sisterhoods of the Cross did immense service for the poorer class of females in the overcrowded districts, where, in the times of pestilence, they acted both as physicians and nurses. The hospitals for children originated with the nuns, and foreign princesses and ladies of rank, youth, and beauty retired from the world to act as nurses to poor sickly children. There were many such women as Cecilia Varmey, once the glory and the pride of Somersetshire, who were hunted down by those persons styled "Reformers of Christianity."

Again I refer to contemporary evidence in order to meet the untruthful assertions of writers who are called "historians," but have evidently written for the book-market of their time. Sir Thomas Wyatt, who was a contemporary of the disbanded monks and nuns, has drawn a striking picture of their labors during the plague and the sweating sickness, which brought such a train of terror to King Henry and his courtiers. Wyatt relates that every convent and monastery in and near London contained an infirmary, or hospital, well arranged in all its "necessaries" to combat with disease and soothe the sufferings of its victims. There were a large number of beds for men, women, and children; the nuns "taking charge" of the women, girls, and little children, so many of whom died in great agony of the plague. At the approach of the dreadful sweating sickness Henry VIII. and his court fled from London. The divorce of Queen Katharine was laid aside; the king commanded his confessor "to be near at hand"; the courtiers looked grave and were to be seen in the royal chapel on bended knees; a general terror seized on all classes, and every one possessed of any means retired to some remote part of the country; all business was suspended; but the *church doors were thrown open day and night for prayer; the fallen, the debased,* and those who had led a life of wickedness responded to the warning voice "from on high"; they entered the churches and cried out for a confessor, who was quickly at hand with words of comfort to welcome back the stray sheep to the old fold of the Good Shepherd. The lamentations of the young widows and their little orphans were to be heard at every corner. The monks and nuns were fearless and busy in attending the sufferers, whose dreadful agonies lasted some fifteen hours before their dissolution.

Sir Thomas Wyatt, in a letter to Lord Leonard Gray, has placed on record his opinion as to the merits of the London hos-

pitals under the management of monks and nuns during a dreadful plague which carried off nearly five thousand six hundred people in London in the space of *three days.* "On one morning," writes Dr. Logario, "the monks and nuns buried eight hundred people, nearly all women and children." Thomas Wyatt, like Logario, was "an eye-witness," being in search of a friend who died at one of the monastic houses. Wyatt wrote of a visit he had paid on "one dreadful night" to the hospital of the Crutchet, or Crossed, Friars. He was attended through the place, filled with the groans of the dying, by two friars bearing iron crosses in their hands, and with the badge of their order—a cross of red cloth—on their gray garments. The courtly Wyatt lapsed into a reflective mood and asked one of the fathers if they did not fear death in such a pestilential place. "No," replied Father Antony, "*because our mission is from heaven to rescue poor souls from Satan and his devils, who are roving about in the form of men and women.*" "Have any of your community died of this dreadful sickness?" inquired Wyatt. "Not one," replied Father Gabriel, who immediately afterwards was called to the bedside of an outlaw, whose last moments were so edifying that the good father shed tears. The thoughtless young courtier stood awe-stricken when he beheld, as he relates, "the last rites ministered to men and women about to die." He remembered the scenes of that night as long as he existed, and especially the gentle persuasion the fathers used to win back to religion those terribly wild characters who, sometimes weary of a wicked life, sought spiritual comfort from the good fathers when on the brink of dissolution.

Thorndale describes the young mothers and their little children dying of the plague, and the various modes of comfort offered to them by the nuns. "One woman," says Carlo Logario, "became frantic when she beheld her fine boy of twelve years old expire of the plague. Sister Teresa 'told her to be comforted, for her boy was gone to heaven.' 'Then,' said the afflicted mother, 'I will follow him." Laying her head upon the shoulder of the heroic nun, she kissed the cross and expired." "I witnessed many such scenes," writes Dr. Francis.

During the plague the monks visited woods and forests in search of outlaws and robbers who were attacked with this dreadful pestilence, and gave them spiritual comfort in their last hours. It is only fair to state that the king and Lord Crumwell heartily approved of those missions amongst the fallen.

A few words *now* as to King Henry and Crumwell, and their

demeanor during the plague. An unusual terror at this dreadful visitation pervaded even the foul atmosphere of a court where Lords Suffolk and Clinton were taking part in the royal amusements; they were all frightened into a temporary abstention from evil. King Henry humbled himself to the dust, and *walked in his bare feet for an entire day by way of penance*, for which his physician remonstrated, fearing bad consequences to the health of his royal patient. Lord Crumwell exceeded the penitential observances of his royal master *by washing the feet of six malefactors*, who were brought into the king's presence *with a rope around the neck of each;* and the monarch addressed them in these words: "I am informed by your confessors that you are all heartily sorry for your evil mode of life. As your earthly ruler I *now forgive you*. This act of mercy is for the honor and the glory of God." So the men went their way in peace, but soon found that their wives and children had all died of the plague. When the plague disappeared Henry Tudor was *himself again*, illustrating the truth of the more veracious than polished sarcasm—

> "When the devil fell sick, the devil a saint would be;
> When the devil got well, the *devil a saint was he*."

How differently Queen Elizabeth and the "clergy of her creation" acted towards the multitude in times of pestilence and famine!

In the face of contemporary evidence, records, and State Papers of the times Mr. Froude alleges "that the monasteries and convents *in the days of their prosperity did little for the indigent; they had few hospitals, no relief for the sick or decrepit. This state of things was particularly felt in London.*" Yet London was the source of the boundless charity of the far-famed religious orders of England.

The plunder of the revenues which humane and charitable Catholics had provided for the *one hundred and ten hospitals* was the most heartless of all King Henry's evil deeds.* Yet an historian of the nineteenth century has had the evil courage and worse taste to enter upon a defence of the actions of this cruel and reckless being, at the mention of whose name humanity shudders.

It is a pleasing task to acknowledge that the religious orders

* In the second volume of the *Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty* the reader will find, commencing at p. 391, the correct details of how far Archbishop Cranmer and his family profited by the plunder of those hospitals which were the real heritage of the sick, the destitute, and the unfortunate in the race of life.

of the olden times—commonly called "the dark ages"—have been ably defended from the calumny and falsehoods of Puritan writers by members of the Anglican Church, who adopt the Christian maxim of the late distinguished author of the *Archbishops of Canterbury*—Dean Hook, so often quoted in my historical works: "*The detection of a lie is the triumph of truth.*" So wrote Dean Hook.

A Calvinist author of the present day, who differs from his party as to the merits of the monastic institutions of the olden times, thus writes:

"The monastic bodies have undoubtedly done good in the Past, and in them for centuries the fire, the incense, of literature was kept alive, which elsewhere was almost entirely extinguished; without those venerable institutions a thick darkness would have covered the world; the works of ancient learning would have been lost; science would have suffered a total eclipse, and civilization would have declined. The monastic houses afforded refuge and succor to the poor and the unfortunate of all nations and of all creeds; they exercised the amiable duties of hospitality on a large scale; they preached and practised charity to their neighbors and held up a purer and a higher standard of life; in fact, they have shown at times rare examples of piety and good works; yet, in the name of *reform and of equity, they have been struck down and their property handed over to the minions of the crown—to courtesans and to profligate courtiers.*"

There is a mysterious grandeur in connection with Catholicity that at once arrests the mind of a wandering or a sad spirit. He is struck with its antiquity, its unchanging form, and the amiable feeling of its charity towards its enemies. He sees that the good Catholic clings to his creed as an historic church. He finds on inquiry that in every age of that church's existence its Present is linked with its Past. Its Faith is also a symbol of Unity, because it is part of the proud heritage of Catholic tradition—not an ever-changing system of religion and worship, but one inherited through an immense line of ancestry, to be transmitted unimpaired, without spot or stain, to the end of time.

Attentively consider how fickle people are, and how little room there is for trusting them: and so repose all your confidence in God, who changes not.—*Instructions of St. Teresa to her Religious.*

THE FESTIVAL OF ALL SAINTS IN VIENNA.

Most touchingly beautiful are the old traditions and customs observed by Catholics in Austria upon the festival of All Saints. It is a "Decoration Day" in the truest sense of the word—a day when loving offerings of God's sweetest gift to earth, the tender flowers, are laid upon the graves of the peaceful dead. It seems an *in memoriam* offered by a nation not only to individual families and friends, but their token of respectful remembrance of bereavements which have fallen upon their sovereigns and a tribute to the illustrious departed of the imperial land. Cemeteries and churchyards are crowded upon that day, and every grave, every family vault is wreathed with laurel and hidden under garlands of flowers. High and low, rich and poor, gather around the graves of their loved ones; the mother kneels beside the grass mound and

> "Tenderly plays with the waving grass
> As with curls of an infant's hair,"

and brothers and sisters meet at their parents' tomb, bringing loveliest floral offerings and crowns of immortelle. No loud talking is heard, no smiles are seen; clad in sober gray or black, the crowds of people pass from one grave to another, speaking in whispers or kneeling to offer a short prayer at the tomb of a friend.

Two years ago on the eve of All Saints we drove to the old cemetery at Währing; while in Austria it was our yearly pilgrimage to the tombs of Beethoven and Franz Schubert. The plain granite slab covering the grave of Beethoven was embedded in moss, upon which were laid heaps of garlands, laurel crowns, white dahlias, and wreaths of golden immortelle. The shaft, upon which a golden lyre occupied the central position, was wreathed in laurel leaves, and around the "butterfly encircled by a serpent," which ornaments the shaft toward the top, was a crown of myrtle. The name "Beethoven," in large gold letters, is carved upon the base of the monument. Kneeling upon the granite steps leading into the little enclosure in which the grave lies, we watched the people as they passed. Every man, every German boy raised his hat and bowed his head reverently as

he passed the tomb; and many whispered, "To Beethoven all honor; may his soul rest in peace!"

Scattered over the old churchyard were groups of mourners twining laurel and ivy, interspersed with rare greenhouse flowers, about the marble obelisks which mark the tombs of the rich and honored; around the modest iron and bronze crosses that threw their shadows over the graves of the working-class loving hands were busily twining garlands of garden chrysanthemums and crimson berries from the woodlands; while far off, in that portion of the grounds allotted to the poor, little children or infirm old women were placing bits of tinsel and paper flowers, with a few sprays of evergreen, upon the graves of their parents or upon the little mounds beneath which brothers and sisters had been laid to rest

"Within the church's shade."

Under the great crucifix which stands at the entrance, as here at Währing, or marks the central portion of the cemeteries in the Catholic countries of Europe, a choir of German voices were softly chanting a triumphal hymn, like a *Te Deum* for saints entered into eternal rest, glorious in the perpetual light shining upon them. The last gleams of the golden October sun shone over the western walls of this old cemetery—"God's-acre" the Germans beautifully name it—and amid the perfume of flowers, the solemn monotone of whispering voices, that grand paschal anthem,

"As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive,"

arose clear and strong, bearing blessed message of faith and hope to sorrowing hearts mournfully kneeling beside the tombs of their beloved dead. We lingered until the music sank into silence, and then turned homeward where lights twinkled in the hazy twilight hovering above the palaces of imperial Vienna.

The following day—All Saints—we attended Mass at the "Capuciner," the church which contains the imperial crypt where members of the family of the reigning house of Austria are buried. This *Kaisergruft*, as it is called, is only opened to the public from the eve of All Saints to the evening of All Souls' day. The Capuchin Friars were brought to Vienna in the year 1600 by Emperor Matthias, son of Maximilian II., and to them were entrusted the care of the bodies of the imperial family after death. At close of the service we descended the broad white marble

steps leading into these chambers of the imperial dead. This crypt is formed like the church above it, and on either side of the long aisle, paved in white marble, stand the great bronze caskets of the Hapsburgs, Lothringens, and Bourbons. Beside them are huge candelabra and *torchères* filled with wax-lights, while wreaths of evergreen and gorgeous blooms are scattered upon the bronze effigies and blazoned shields and insignia of rank lying upon the caskets. We lingered longest by the tomb of Napoleon-Josef-Karl-Franz, the young Duc de Reichstadt. His cradle, in which he was laid as King of Rome, is in one of the imperial treasure-rooms of the emperor, but here he lies in a simple bronze casket, a silver crucifix and a sculptured lily on the lid.

The tomb of Maximilian of Mexico is placed in the small chapel to the left. The escutcheon of the Hapsburgs, with sword and belt of the unfortunate emperor, lie upon the richly-sculptured bronze and silver catafalque. The chapel containing the tomb of Maria Theresa and her husband, Francis of Lothringen, is under the high altar in the church above, and even extends beyond the cloister-walk in the rear of the chancel. From this walk one can at any time look down through a large glass window upon the tomb of this illustrious empress; and it is said that through this window she used to be lowered in an arm-chair into the chapel crypt, when she became too feeble to descend the stairs, to pray at the tombs of her husband and children.

The magnificent bronze catafalque upon which the figures of Maria Theresa and her husband are represented half reclining occupies the centre of the chapel. Together they grasp the sceptre, but in her left hand the empress keeps the sword, emblem of power. The coffins of her children are placed in a semi-circle around the apsidal termination of this chapel. The casket of Josef II. is one of the plainest there. It looks like a simple bronze coffin on brass feet. No escutcheon, sword, or royal insignia are either placed or sculptured upon it; the name "Josef" and the date of his death are all that mark it as the resting-place of that kind and gentle sovereign.

Crowds of people, citizens and strangers, keep up a continual procession through these brilliantly-lighted marble aisles, from the broad staircase at the entrance portal of the church to the staircase leading up into the cloister at rear of the altar. Officers of police are stationed along the aisles and at the intersection of the transepts to prevent confusion and to keep the crowd moving onward in orderly line of march. A railing

placed along the aisle separates the visitors from the caskets, and the chapels containing the tombs of Maria Theresa and Maximilian are only seen through doors formed of thin bars of iron.

Towards evening we drove to the cemetery of St. Marx, beyond the Landstrasse suburb, where Mozart lies buried. Crowds like those we had seen the previous evening at the Währing were wandering through the alleys and pathways, no longer decorating the tombs but visiting the graves of friends and acquaintances, and walking about the cemetery to see the flowers and wreaths. Then we drove to the great "Central Friedhof," the largest cemetery in Vienna. Here, too, in some portions the pathways were almost impassable, so great were the throngs gathered to see the decorations. Before all the churchyards and cemeteries flower-merchants, and old women with wreaths of evergreen or immortelle, displayed their wares and urged the passing multitudes to buy. A good business they seemed to make of it, for it is expected that all who enter the gates will carry with them wreaths to place upon the graves of acquaintances, even if their own family tombs have been decorated the evening before. Late in the afternoon of the festival, therefore, the floral display is very fine.

The next morning, All Souls' day, we attended Mass at the "Michaeler"—church of St. Michael and All Angels. A more beautiful service could scarcely be imagined. This being the day on which the church especially remembers the dead, a catafalque of black velvet, with cross, crown, and velvet pall heavily embroidered and fringed with gold, was placed in the choir. After Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament the priests, in vestments of black and gold, preceded by a deacon bearing a silver crucifix, passed down the nave of the church, sprinkling holy water on the kneeling congregation and upon the tombs of the early Christian princes and nobles who are buried here. The choir sang portions of the Requiem, and long lines of priests and clerics passed and repassed through the church, sprinkling water on the vaults beneath the pavements and swinging silver censers from which rose clouds of incense. As the procession passed around the catafalque a beautiful hymn on the church burial service arose to memory:

"And when the soul had fled from earth
The church could yet do more;
For the holy priest went on in front,
And the cross was borne before,

While o'er the poor man's pall they bade
The sacred banner wave,
To teach her sons that Holy Church
Hath victory o'er the grave."

Upon the evening of All Souls' day it is customary for all theatres and places of amusement to be closed, and the singing societies of Vienna give Verdi's "Requiem" at the Imperial Opera House. The curtain rises on what seems a large *Rittersaal*, hung in crimson satin and lighted by a superb chandelier of crystal. Orchestra and chorus are grouped on either side of the stage in form of a horseshoe. The stringed instruments and cornets are placed on the right and the chorus on the left of the stage, while a few trumpets are grouped behind the tenors on the extreme left. The ladies are all dressed in white with long black veils; the altos are seated as the curtain rises, and the sopranos, entering to take their places in front, give graceful and effective movement to the scene. After they are seated the stage looks as if a silver and ebony horseshoe had been placed on a hill of crimson velvet; only this horseshoe is divided by an aisle leading to a large arched doorway at the rear of the stage, through which the soloists come forward to their velvet *fauteuils* by the footlights.

Verdi's "Requiem," so full of pathetic prayer, is a fit tone-poem with which to close these *in memoriam* festivals which the church year after year, ever watchful of her children in life or death, so appropriately celebrates. Year after year floral offerings are laid in tribute of respect upon the graves of the faithful. Year after year the great musicians of Vienna chant requiems over the dead whose tombs fill the cathedrals and churches of the Austrian land.

The national anthem, the "Volkshymne," seems to give the keynote of the cause of the prosperity of this imperial realm:

"Gott erhalte, Gott beschütze
Unser Kaiser, unser Land!
Mächtig durch des Glaubens Stütze
Führ Er uns mit weiser Hand!"

Yes, mighty through support of the holy faith, may wisdom for ever guide the imperial house of Hapsburg!

THE CATHOLIC ELEMENT IN ENGLISH LIFE AND LETTERS.*

"IF a literature," says Dr. (now Cardinal) Newman in his *Idea of a University*, "be the voice of a particular nation it requires a territory and a period as large as that nation's extent and history to mature in. It is broader and deeper than the capacity of any body of men, however gifted, or any system of teaching, however true. It is the exponent, *not of truth*, but of nature, which is true only in its elements. . . . In the case of great writers the history of their works is the history of their fortunes or their times. Each is in his turn the man of his age, the type of a generation, or the interpreter of a crisis. He is made for his day, and his day for him."

Applying this broad theory to the whole field of English literature, he adds:

"The man in the comedy spoke prose without knowing it; and we Catholics, without consciousness and without offence, are ever repeating the half-sentences of dissolute playwrights and heretical partisans and preachers. So tyrannous is the literature of a nation; it is too much for us. We cannot destroy or reverse it; we may confront and encounter it, but we cannot make it over again. It is a great work of a man, when it is no work of God's. . . . We cannot undo the past. English literature will ever *have been* Protestant."

This comprehensive judgment of one who may be safely set down as great among the great in English literature was published in 1852. Since that time a new generation has sprung up and grown into manhood. And while what Cardinal Newman then said is as true to-day as it ever was, it is equally true that Catholic thought and Catholic influence have told on English letters. Men are apt to forget that English letters, in common with all letters that were created within the Christian era, were at least baptized in the Catholic faith and to a great extent developed under Catholic influence. Not only is this so, but that strong and brilliant period of English literature known as Elizabethan owes all to Catholicity, nothing at all to the as yet unformed or ill-formed new doctrines called Protestantism.

The Elizabethan age was intellectually a Catholic age, if literature can be said to belong to any creed. Protestantism was still, as all through in its essence, a negation and nothing more—

* *English Literature in the Reign of Victoria, with a Glance at the Past.* By Henry Morley, LL.D., Professor of English Literature at University College, London. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1882.

a protest, a revolt, led by false priests or fanatics and favored by greedy courtiers. And as this negation gradually closed in and choked out the positive Catholic Christian religion of the English people, its effect on literature, as on public and social life, was of a marked downward tendency. Protestantism, like the lady in the play, protested too much. It protested to give men intellectual and civil freedom and a pure religion. In reality it prepared them to accept tyranny both in church and state. When Protestantism gained the ascendant over Catholicity in England there was no choice for Englishmen between the slavery of a hopeless Calvinism or the blankness of agnosticism; for the stop-gap of what was called the Church of England was never the church of England at all, but a sort of ornamental patch with a few papal trimmings stitched on the tail of the English court. It will be the object of the present article to show how all this came about—to show what resulted from the gradual elimination of Catholic thought and teaching out of English letters and life.

Protestantism in England, as everywhere else, not only protests too much but it claims too much. To people in possession claims, if they are only made loudly and constantly, are generally conceded, however preposterous the claims may be. It is forgotten that Protestantism is an intruder into England—into English letters, English law, and English life. The worst and most tyrannous laws passed in England against civil and religious freedom, against freedom of the press, of the person, and of speech, were passed under Protestant rule and emanated from a distinctly Protestant spirit. Yet Protestantism claims of all things to have given liberty and light to the world. A closer examination will show that all that is good in English law, life, and public institutions comes down from Catholic days. The worst of what is evil dates from the Protestant era. Before the "Reformation" infidelity was unknown in England. After the "Reformation," as the shadow of Protestantism deepened over the land, infidelity gained the ascendant. The brightest of English intellects rejected a faith without a soul and a religion without a sacrifice. Nor was it until the old faith began to revive and stir in its tomb that the English people were aroused from the death that was creeping over them.

To the Catholic mind the field of English letters is full of mournful beauty. To assail English letters on the ground of lack of brilliancy, power, and fascinating literary qualities would be absurd. In all intellectual equipment the ranks of English

writers stand with the best of any nation or time. The mournful thing is that owing to false teaching these gifted intellects have been led astray and entered the service of the Philistines, while in a sort of mental blindness they imagined themselves fighting in the ranks of Israel. Thus the Protestant period marks three centuries of intellectual loss to the cause of Christ. At the best it is what Newman describes as "the untutored movements of the reason, imagination, passions, and affections of the natural man, the leapings and the friskings, the plungings and the snortings, the sportings and the buffoonings, the clumsy play and the aimless toil, of the noble, lawless savage of God's intellectual creation." Quite apart from considerations of genius, of brillancy of thought and beauty of expression, the well of English letters has, from the time of the overthrow of faith, been poisoned at the very source, and has consequently become death-dealing and destructive, instead of healing and refreshing to the thirsty souls who drank of its waters. The truth of this is before the eyes of all men in the aridness of soul, the narrowness of mental vision, and the hardening of the heart prevalent in England even to-day, where the favorite writers are those who can scoff most brilliantly at religion and declare in a thousand-and-one forms that there is no God. Science, poetry, imagination, history, art in England have gone over to the service of Satan, while prominent Protestant ecclesiastical writers have for two centuries tried to conceal agnosticism under a flimsy veil of Christian profession. "Is he a Christian?" said an eminent Catholic authority in England when asked what he thought of the late Dean of Westminster. "You had better ask does the man believe in a God."

As England is a land of desecrated shrines, so is it a land of desecrated intellects; and a like cause has wrought a like effect in both cases. There has been an intrusion and invasion by an alien spirit on all sides. What were homes of living faith and noble temples erected to the worship of the living God have become mere symbols of a faith departed and of a God either forgotten or unknown. With a silence that is eloquent with pain they appeal to a venerable past, while men like the late Dean Stanley are set as guardians over sacred places where rest the dust of buried saints and of whole generations of Catholics. The candles are quenched on the altars; the image of the Crucified is mutilated or taken down; the lamp burns no longer before the vacant sanctuary; the cold altar is itself an empty tomb. This is what has happened in the religious life of the English

people; and the same sad signs are visible in the expression of the national life through the lasting medium of their letters. Their literature, like themselves, has wandered from the faith in which the nation was baptized.

For English literature is essentially Catholic in its beginning, in much of its formation, and in some of its earliest and greatest writers. Without going back to what might be called the forming or fermenting time of English letters, we may take our stand at the very threshold of the change of faith and claim the whole brood of the Elizabethan writers—with perhaps the exception of Spenser—as the product of Catholic times and of Catholic thought. After that period letters may have fallen from the grace of their baptism and become Protestantized; but during that period there was not yet time for this. Protestantism had not spread wide enough nor sunk deep enough to possess the English heart. "The whole population of England in the earlier years of Elizabeth's reign," writes Mr. Morley, "was below five million, and burning questions of the day caused wide divisions among these. If the best intellect of the people was on the side of reformation in the church, more than half of them were inclined to stand in the old ways. Among the reformers there was subdivision." Mr. Froude divides up the population at this time as about one-third sincere Catholics, one-third indifferent Catholics, and one-third inclined to Lutheranism. Protestantism was as yet neither coherent nor cohesive. Henry VIII. died leaving a provision in his will for perpetual Masses to be said for his soul. It is to be feared that his present successor to the title of which he was so proud—that of Defender of the Roman Catholic Faith—hardly carries out the Tudor monarch's behest. The court party naturally went with the court. When the court was against Rome they were against Rome; when the court was for Rome they were for Rome. The mass of the people were not much changed one way or the other. This is sufficiently shown by the attempt under Henry's successor, Edward VI., to establish a uniform liturgy and system of worship for the English Church, showing how the people were wedded to the old ways. When the Mass was abolished by law there were insurrections of the people in many counties. When Edward died and Mary Tudor came in Catholicity was restored and became again the established religion at the request of both Houses of Parliament. To Cardinal Pole's solemn absolution Lords and Commons on their knees responded amen. Protestantism in any shape was at this time only eighteen years

old in England. After Mary came Elizabeth, who by Mary's dying-bed prayed Almighty God "that the earth might open and swallow her up alive if she were not in heart and soul a true Roman Catholic." If Elizabeth had any religion at all it was doubtless the Catholic; but as Rome broke with her she broke with Rome, and, to establish and secure her legitimacy, after some hesitation set up a church of her own, hating the church that confirmed the sentence of her own father which had declared her illegitimate and consequently incompetent to succeed to the throne. During these many and rapid changes in church and state it may be imagined how much of Protestant thought or theology had become fastened on the English mind and heart.

Protestantism was left to scattered pulpits and to the changes of state. It was an affair of politics rather than of religion—the badge of the winning or losing party, as might be. The writers did not meddle with religion. They wrote for money or for fame, and they wrote in the old accents and in a Catholic tongue. All Shakspere's inspiration is Catholic to the core. He speaks of Catholic days, of Catholic peoples and periods, of Catholic worship, of Catholic ceremonies, of popes and prelates, priests and nuns, of all the sacraments of the church, of the pains of hell and of purgatory, of the redemption of sin through the merits of Christ, of the divinity of Christ, of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, of the Blessed and Immaculate Virgin Mother—everything that a Catholic believes and knows by heart is there. Even in his one play, "Henry the Eighth," that touches on the opening of the "Reform," Rome and Rome's beneficent power are nobly vindicated. Shakspere is steeped in Catholicity from cover to cover. To open him is like entering a great Catholic cathedral filled with a vast and motley throng of all ages and all nations, of divers grades in church and in society, but all united under the one head and all one in faith, in worship, and in prayer. To argue about Shakspere's Catholicity is sheer waste of time. *Tolle, lege!*—open the volume and read. His writings proclaim his religion on every page. Had he been a Protestant, at a time when Protestantism was struggling to engraft itself on the heart of England, surely he would, with his supreme intellect, have given at least one utterance in countenance of the new belief, one argument in favor of it. Yet you may search all Shakspere in vain for a single Protestant thought or expression.

Mr. Morley is anything but favorable to Catholicity. "In England," he says, "when the pope was set aside the king re-

placed him, and opinions or usages ordained by authority were imposed with frequent, abrupt change upon a country but half willing to accept them." There is the whole story. And of Elizabeth he says: "The queen's policy and the archbishop's [Matthew Parker] was to find a middle way between the Roman Catholics and those reformers against whom Pecock of old had reasoned—the Bible men, who in Elizabeth's time were first called Precisians or Puritans." That is it: Elizabeth's church, called the Church of England, has from her day to the present been a Mr. Facingbothways between Catholicity and Calvinism.

Elizabeth ascended the throne in 1558 and died in 1603. Shakspere was born in 1564 and died in 1616. Massinger was born in 1584 and died in 1640. Fletcher was born in 1576 and died in 1625. Fletcher's co-worker, Beaumont, was born in 1586 and died in 1615. Jonson was born in 1574 and died in 1637. Raleigh was born in 1552 and executed in 1618. Francis Bacon was born in 1561 and died in 1626. The lives of these writers range between Elizabeth and Charles I., most of them and others of their compeers going out with James I., who reigned from 1603 to 1625. Elizabeth's reign covered two generations, and to the close of that long reign the spiritual convictions of a very large body of the English people were undoubtedly Catholic. Elizabeth insisted on uniformity in religion and persecuted both Catholics and Puritans alike for nonconformity. She abolished independent preaching and prescribed instead the instructions, or "Homilies," which were to be preached through all England. Nevertheless much may be done within two generations, and much was done during Elizabeth's reign to crush Catholicity out of the kingdom. At her death the practice of Catholicity was ruthlessly proscribed; in fact, to be a practical Catholic was to be guilty of treason. The Catholic spirit, the Catholic tone, Catholic ideas were dying out. Then came King Jamie from Scotland with his pretentious book-learning and his supreme reverence for bishops as a necessary adjunct to royalty. "No bishop, no king," was his motto.

The early years of James' reign were, as Mr. Morley says, "the time of the full ripeness of the English drama." And during the same reign the ripeness withered. The Catholic heart, Catholic faith, Catholic knowledge and devotion that had inspired a Shakspere was dwarfed and crushed. England has never known a great Protestant drama since. "The plays of Beaumont and Fletcher," says Mr. Morley, "were all first produced in the reign of James. Apart from Shakspere there are none which

contain finer strains of imaginative verse; but there is no longer, in the choice and management of the plots, a range wide as all the interests of man." Naturally; for the sense of universality of faith and community of religion was dying out. England was narrowing to its own limits. The change was at once visible. "Usually also," adds Mr. Morley, "it is not love on which the plots turn, but a sensual passion that mistakes its name." The "Reform" was working bravely. Where Mary's court was pure Elizabeth's was dissolute and that of James I. both dissolute and common. "There was decay even in the polite forms of ingenious speech"; and, further, "there was decay also under James I., or tendency to decay, in the old sense of the relation between crown and people." Naturally; for the harmonious balance between crown and people had been broken. The centre of all authority is faith in a supreme being from whom authority springs. The highest living representative of that authority has in all ages of the Christian era been the chief pontiff of the Christian Church. When the monarchs came to reject that spiritual authority and flout it as an assumption they tried to throw its mantle over their own shoulders and assume the triple character of prophet, priest, and king, supreme head of the church in their own dominions, and so forth. Their people at first secretly, afterwards openly, laughed at such pretensions; and thus the kings themselves were really the first to strike a fatal blow at the convenient doctrine of monarchical divine right, which itself was an attempt to revive the old pagan *numen imperatorum*. By a strange fatality James I. won his crown at the sacrifice of his faith and of his mother's life. The authority thus won was wiped out again in the blood of his son; and all this while the "Reformation" was as yet hardly a century old in England.

Certainly the morals of the English were not reformed by the "Reformation"; the reverse rather. The English were always a strong eating and drinking race. "That island of England," says Rambures ("King Henry V."), "breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage." "Just, just," says the Constable; "and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves and fight like devils." Shakspere knew his countrymen; but, hard eaters and drinkers as they were, history does not record that previous to the "Reformation" drunkenness was a national vice nor to get drunk a

social distinction. Yet as the "Reform" worked its way into the land, when even Puritanism held up its head, Mr. Morley tells us how Milton rebuked his time and his countrymen with the masque of "Comus" presented at the Earl of Bridgewater's, "when the fashion of the time saw only hospitality in him who forced his friend down to the level of the swine." Drunkenness kept pace with Protestantism, for "'Comus' escaped," adds Mr. Morley. "His wand was not reversed. He lived on to become God of the English court in Charles II.'s time. Only in our day have we seen his wand reversed."

Catholicity was certainly not answerable for such excess; and though Charles himself died a Catholic, it was in his reign that the Test Act was passed to exclude Catholics from taking office under the crown, and in his reign also that villains like Oates and Bedloe flourished and inflamed the English mind with the wildest fabrications against Catholics. "He seems to have passed his life," says Macaulay of Charles II., "in dawdling suspense between Hobbism and popery." During most of the intermediate years between his coronation and death he was "occupied in persecuting both Covenanters and Catholics." * Protestantism now had everything its own way, and what use did it make of its opportunities? "The political and religious schism," says Macaulay, "which had originated in the sixteenth century was, during the first quarter of the seventeenth century, constantly widening. Theories tending to Turkish despotism were in fashion at Whitehall," while "theories tending to republicanism were in favor with a large portion of the House of Commons." In the conflict that ensued the king lost his head and republicanism found expression in Cromwell, as great a despot as ever sat on the English throne.

And how fared the church and its ministry? What of the men to whom the people looked for light, and who promised the world a purer religion than that of Rome, and plenteous liberty? Macaulay, writing of the state of England in 1685, says:

"The place of the clergyman in society had been completely changed by the Reformation. Before that event ecclesiastics had formed the majority of the House of Lords, had in wealth and splendor equalled and sometimes outshone the greatest of the temporal barons, and had generally held the highest civil offices." With Henry VIII. came "a violent revolution." "The clergy had lost the ascendency which is the natural reward of superior mental cultivation. . . . During the century which followed the accession of Elizabeth scarce a single person of noble descent took orders."

* *Essays.* Mackintosh's *History of the Revolution in England in* 1688.

Religion had gone out of fashion in England. Macaulay's description of the English country squire and his wife, their mode of life and surroundings, is anything but flattering and shows that this large and very important class of the community had been advanced backwards by the "Reformation." The squire and country magistrate was for the most part an ignorant sot, and

"His wife and daughter were in taste and acquirements below a housekeeper or a still-room maid of the present day." "His ignorance and uncouthness, his low tastes and gross phrases, would in our time be considered as indicating a nature and a breeding thoroughly plebeian. Yet he was essentially a patrician." "There was one institution, and one only, which they [the squires] prized even more than hereditary monarchy; and that institution was the Church of England. Their love of the church was not, indeed, the effect of study or meditation. Few among them could have given any reason, drawn from Scripture or ecclesiastical history, for adhering to her doctrines, her ritual, and her polity; nor were they, as a class, by any means strict observers of that code of morality which is common to all Christian sects."

Yet these were the gentry, the main bulwark of church and state. If they were such what must the mass of the people have been?

The rural clergy Macaulay describes as "even more vehement in Toryism than the rural gentry, and were a class scarcely less important." But low in the moral and civilized scale as the gentry then were, "the individual clergyman, as compared with the individual gentleman, then ranked much lower than in our days." "The clergy were regarded as, on the whole, a plebeian class. And, indeed, for one who made the figure of a gentleman ten were menial servants." The democracy of the Catholic Church had been broken in upon—the church that through all her history has had one standard for her priests: virtue and mental capacity. So that we see the sons of cowherds in the papacy and the offspring of beggars founding great orders or teaching a world through their works. In England all this was changed with the "Reformation." "The coarse and ignorant squire, who thought that it belonged to his dignity to have grace said every day at his table by an ecclesiastic in full canonicals, found means to reconcile dignity with economy."

Such were many of the men on whom the duty fell of regenerating England and teaching it by word and example a purer life than that it practised in Catholic days. In brief, the pulpits of the people were occupied by sottish parsons who were themselves the menial dependants of sots calling themselves gentry.

How long these mutual relations lasted is shown sufficiently in such pictures of the period as are revealed in the novelists and essayists of Queen Anne's time. The spiritual life being thus deadened and besotted, the brighter minds, the men striving after intellectual pleasures and eminence, turned away in disgust from a system of religion that veered between Puritan cant and fanaticism, Anglican degradation or sham.

Thomas Hobbes was born in 1588 and died in 1679—that is to say, he ranges between Elizabeth and Charles II. He was the son of a clergyman under the Establishment according to Elizabeth, and studied for five years at Magdalen College, Oxford. He became an indifferent and a philosopher, his philosophy being wholly that of the senses. Good and evil were only other terms for pleasure or pain: what was pleasant was good, what was painful evil. Yet this philosopher and teacher taught that "the will of the prince was the standard of right and wrong, and that every subject ought to be ready to profess popery, Mohammedanism, or paganism at the royal command." Catholics are generally accused of subserviency to royalty. In all the wide range of Catholic teaching can anything be found approaching so monstrous a doctrine as this?

Milton, the son of a Catholic father, proved a literary janissary. The father was an apostate; the son became a bigot. He never joined any religious communion and refused to have common prayers in his family. He never attended church. He died in 1674, and a year previously was published his pamphlet on *True Religion, Heresie, Schism, Toleration, and what best Means may be used against the Growth of Popery*. In this he urged toleration for all the conflicting sects of Protestantism, but for Catholics none. And yet the man who called upon the Lord to avenge those "slaughtered saints," the Waldenses, is in his highest and grandest flights inspired by the spirit and the teachings of the Catholic Church. No absolute Protestant could have chanted the "Ode to the Nativity" or written of "the Virgin blest," and no Catholic could have made Satan a hero.

Then came indications of a reaction, not from a Puritan but from a Catholic source, oppressed though Catholics were at this time in England. Thus Dryden was led by the controversies of the time over to Catholicity. He was born in 1631 and died in 1700. His place in English literature needs no defining. On his tomb in Westminster Abbey is graven the one word "Dryden." That is enough. The son of a Puritan father and brought up amid Puritan surroundings, he turned by natural sympathy and

conviction to the royalist side. In 1682 he produced his "Religio Laici," a poem to prove the necessity of some final voice to determine where Truth lay. Though still a Protestant, Mr. Morley says "his poem showed that he was a Roman Catholic already."

In 1685 died Charles II., and in spite of Test Acts his brother James, an avowed Catholic convert, succeeded to the throne. Protestant writers have done their utmost to belittle James. Had he not become a Catholic it is probable that they would have exalted him into a hero, for he had certainly done good and brave service to the state. He was even at the worst an honest man—altogether too honest for a politician. He declared against religious persecution and protected the French Huguenots who took refuge in England after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He sent William Penn to Holland to plead toleration with William of Orange and Mary. In 1687 he defended liberty of conscience before his Privy Council, but neither his Privy Council nor England would have a liberty of conscience that embraced Catholics. He proceeded to issue a Declaration of Liberty of Conscience, suspending all religious oaths and tests. "This," as Mr. Morley says, "set dissenters free as well as Roman Catholics." It cost James his crown, and yet it only anticipated the present situation in Great Britain and Ireland, which has been reached by a circuitous route of riot, revolution, bitterness, and blood. It was in 1687 that Dryden, now a Catholic, published his beautiful "Hind and Panther" with a view of bringing about religious harmony. In the following year James had to fly and William and Mary were brought in purely to sustain Protestantism and the Protestant succession in England. Toleration was abolished, the Test Act was renewed, and Dryden resigned his office of poet-laureate rather than take the oaths. "If we are to judge Dryden's sincerity in his new faith," says Scott, "by the determined firmness with which he retained it, we must allow him to have been a martyr, or at least a confessor, in the Catholic cause." Dryden probably thought himself neither one nor the other, but simply the honest Catholic that he had become.

Nor did he stand alone in his conversion. James Shirley, the dramatist, who lived from 1594 to 1666, became a Catholic, sacrificing the rich living of St. Albans for his change of faith. Sir William Davenant, who succeeded Ben Jonson as poet-laureate, who had been petted by Shakspere, and who was befriended by Milton under the Commonwealth, was also a convert. He was born in 1605 and died in 1668. Sir Kenelm Digby was converted

in 1636, suffered for his conversion, and died, a type of noble and gentle manhood, in 1665. Sir Thomas Browne, like many another, approached to the very threshold of the church, but never stepped across it. Locke pleaded honestly for religious toleration, but pleaded in vain. So did Swift. But these names bring us to a new age and era in English literature—to the historians, the novelists, and the essayists leading up to the newspapers and the literature of to-day.

The reign of William and Mary reaches from 1688 to 1702. They were followed by Anne (1702–1714); and Anne, through no special virtue of her own, has given her name to a very brilliant period of English literature. Within this period, whose writers really stretch from Charles and James into the time of the Georges, we find such names as Addison and Steele, Fielding and Smollett, Swift and Pope, Defoe and Thomson, Collins and Young, Johnson and Goldsmith, Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon. The literature of France exerted great influence on the literature of England during this period. In France the *savants* and the *philosophes*, aided by the monarchs and their ministers and mistresses, were exerting all their wits and all their force to undermine the Christian faith. Later on Voltaire and Rousseau brought those teachings to a head. In England the statesmen of the period were the Bolingbrokes, Shaftesburys, Walpoles—sceptics all, as were the favorite statesmen of the period all over Europe. In France the new school of sceptics called themselves *esprits forts;* in England they were called free-thinkers. "Indifference in matters of religion is the bane of our age," writes Bossuet. "It is openly avowed in England and Holland, and is not unfrequently to be met with among Catholics." Most of the philosophic and historic thought in England took this direction in the eighteenth century, which only formed a natural sequel to the seventeenth with its degraded church and debased clergy.

It may be objected here that all or much of what has been said of the condition of Protestantism and of Protestant society and letters in England during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is equally true of Catholic countries also. But even granted that it be so, that does not concern the immediate subject in hand, which has been to show the actual effects on England of the suppression of Catholicity and the establishment of what claimed to be a purer religion and a freer thought. In considering this England alone has been uppermost in our view, and neither Ireland nor Scotland has been brought in to strengthen the case.

Lecky, in his *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, is inclined to tone down the atheism of the period and polish it off into deism. He confesses that "there was undoubtedly a large amount of complete and formal scepticism," though he says this "was not the direction which the highest intellects usually took." "There was manifested a strong sense of the incredibility of miracles and a profound disbelief in the clergy, which was largely due to their political conduct since the Restoration"—largely also to the reasons already given. The English deists, he says, had by the middle of the eighteenth century already fallen into neglect; but "the arguments so feebly urged in England were reproduced in France with brilliant genius" and "contributed very largely to the triumph of the Revolution." But notwithstanding that in England "a brilliant school of divines" [the "school" was not a very large one] "maintained the orthodox opinions with extraordinary ability," nevertheless "a latent scepticism and a wide-spread indifference might be everywhere traced among the educated classes"—which is just what has been maintained in this article. The invasion had fully established itself; the alien was now at home; and the intellect of England was desecrated, while the morals of England were corrupt. Both go hand-in-hand, and the one is a natural complement of the other. There was no longer a church or a creed that the English people could in their hearts respect. "There was a common opinion," says Lecky, who writes with none of the scorn or assumed passion of Macaulay, "that Christianity was untrue but essential to society, and that on this ground alone it should be retained. . . . The old religion" [that of the Establishment] "seemed everywhere loosening around the minds of men, and it had often no great influence even on its defenders." Butler from an independent point agrees with Bossuet as to "the general decay of religion in this nation, which is now observed by every one, and has been for some time the complaint of all serious persons." This calls up a speech of John Bright's in the English House of Commons last year, wherein he declared that the English working-classes no longer believed in a religion that the English higher classes professed to believe in but did not practise. The common charge of the Anglican episcopate to-day is to strive and bring the masses of the people back to the church. Lecky quotes Bishop Butler to show that "the deplorable distinction of our age [the eighteenth century] is an avowed scorn of religion in some and a growing disregard of it in the

generality"; while Addison pronounces it an unquestionable truth that there was "less appearance of religion in England than in any neighboring state or kingdom"; and Montesquieu, in *English Notes*, states—with truth, probably—that not more than four or five members of the House of Commons were regular attendants at church.

Lecky traces all the defects in English society, clerical and lay, to "the popular theology," which he describes as "cold and colorless." In other words, there was no longer blood or life in it. "The universities, which were the seed-plots of English divinity, had fallen into a condition of great moral and intellectual decrepitude." It is well to insist upon the point that from the time of the "Reformation" the intellectual life of England was, in a Christian sense, poisoned at the very source, and the poison only spread with the centuries. "The spell of tradition and of church authority was broken, and, in an age wedded to inductive reasoning and peculiarly intolerant of absurdity, writers who were once the objects of unbounded reverence lost all their charm. For many years after the 'Reformation' the patristic writings continued to be regarded in the English Church with a deference little less than that which was paid to the Bible; but after the reign of Queen Anne they were rarely read." "Evidence was everywhere," says Mr. Morley, "of the sickness of mind due to an unwholesome condition of society. . . . There is more evidence of hypochondria and actual insanity among writers in the eighteenth century than at any other time. . . . Healthy men were touched with the gloom of bondage."

Such evidence might be multipled beyond bounds. The country, after two centuries of Protestantism, lay under a darker gloom and spiritual bondage than ever the temporary interdict of a pope impelled. As for Catholics, they no longer entered into calculation. The appearance of a Catholic poet like Pope was simply a matter for wonder that such things could still be. Catholics could hold no office of importance under the crown. They could not sit on the bench; they could not enter Parliament. They could only receive a Catholic education by stealth and by cheating the law. Practically in England, as actually in Ireland, a papist was not presumed to exist in the eyes of the law. Catholicity was to all intents dead in England; and Protestantism, which had enjoyed an uninterrupted reign of two centuries, was not only dead but deadening. Its corruption was spreading to the mass of the English people.

PUY-EN-VELAY.

THE town of Le Puy has long been celebrated in the Christian world for its Église Angélique—one of those churches that, like Westminster Abbey, were, according to tradition, consecrated by the ministry of angels—but still more celebrated, perhaps, for its miraculous Vierge Noire carved out of setim-wood, says the poetic legend, by Jeremias of old in a season of prophetic enthusiasm during his exile in the land of Egypt, and sent, some say, from the East by Haroun-al-Raschid to the mighty Emperor Charlemagne. And the town itself is as strange and wonderful as the legendary history of the church and its Madonna. It is built over the extinct fires of a volcanic mountain, and in every direction are basaltic rocks and tall, isolated peaks that give the place a physiognomy apart. The approaches, too, are singularly beautiful. The railway from Brioude comes sweeping around a mountain bordered by columnar rocks into a large basin formed by the union of three beautiful valleys watered by the Loire, the Borne, and the Dolaison. This basin is encircled by bold hills riven into varied fantastic shapes by some awful force. At the east is Mount Anis, on the side of which stands "Puy Notre Dame," * the favored city of Our Lady, rising from the fresh green valley, tier above tier, like an amphitheatre, with successive stages of convents, churches, donjons, and private dwellings, its streets leading up in converging lines to the Angelic Church, which stands on a truncated cone at the foot of the Rocher Corneille —an enormous cliff of volcanic breccia that towers directly above, bearing on its summit the colossal statue of Notre Dame de France, cast out of the ordnance taken at Sebastopol. On all sides are the sharp volcanic cliffs that make Puy one of the most striking and singular towns in Europe.

On the right bank of the Borne as you approach the city is the Rocher d'Espally—a huge basaltic cliff that stands isolated in the valley, its foot bathed by the river. On the top once stood a fortress erected for defence by the bishops of Puy and famous in the history of the province. Here Charles VI. received notice of his father's death, and, though the greater part of his kingdom was in the hands of foreigners, was proclaimed king of France

* Puy is derived from a Celtic word signifying a height or isolated peak.

by a few faithful vassals of Languedoc come to take their oath of allegiance. This historic castle, where more than one king had been a guest, was in the sixteenth century besieged by the Routiers, the Huguenots, and the Leaguers one after the other, and totally ruined. Only a few crumbling walls remain of the ancient halls once made brilliant by knights in armor and courtly array, and graced by ladies of the train of Mary of Anjou. The view from these ruins is exceedingly picturesque. At the west is the charming valley of Bernarde between the dark, prismatic rocks so appropriately called the Orgues d'Espally and another cliff, on which stands the Château de Ceyssac. At the south are the heights of Rouzon. At the north are rich uplands where you see Paradis, the establishment of the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine. But the finest view is at the east, where rises the mountain of holy Anis, ascended by popes, emperors, kings, nobles, and saint after saint, to pay homage to Our Lady of Puy enthroned above the town that sprang into existence solely to do her honor. At the foot winds the Borne through orchards and meadows, past the walls of St. Laurent, where Du Guesclin first found a tomb, and then around the tall, sharp Rocher de St. Michel, otherwise called the Aiguille, or Needle, that rises nearly three hundred feet from the valley, looking like a jet of lava suddenly thrown up by some subterranean force and at once congealed. This lofty, precipitous rock stands in the suburbs of Puy and is one of the most striking features of the landscape. It seems to close the valley at the northeast, and hides from view another basaltic cliff crowned by the ancient castle of Polignac. Perched as by enchantment on the very top of the Needle is the seemingly inaccessible chapel of St. Michael, built in the tenth century on the ruins of an old pagan temple hewn out of the rock, where once were worshipped strange gods—

"Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train."

You ascend to it by means of steps hewn zigzag up the perpendicular side of the cliff, with a broader shelf here and there on which once stood oratories to St. Gabriel, St. Raphael, and St. Guinefort—an ancient martyr said to be the son of a Scottish king. The chapel on the top stands on a small esplanade surrounded by a parapet. It is much injured, but is interesting on account of the mosaic work and curious sculptures of both pagan and Christian times. And there are mysterious recesses and passages in the walls that formed part of the ancient temple

of Osiris. The old statue of St. Michael the Archangel that once stood like a Stylite on his column was hurled down the precipice by the Huguenots when they sacked the chapel. They left the building in a ruinous condition, but the general effect has not been impaired, and its graceful outline against the pure sky, in perfect harmony with the richly-colored cliff on which it stands, is the admiration of every traveller. From the esplanade there is a fine view of Espally on one side, the city of Mary at the south, beautiful villas in every direction, and on the horizon the mountains of Pertuis and Mezenc and the crater of Bar.

When we arrived at Puy the afternoon sun had already disappeared from the valley, but it still lit up peak after peak of the surrounding heights; and as the train swept in a broad curve around the foot of Mount Anis, affording a magnificent view of the whole town and its environs, we were startled, as by a sudden vision, at the sight of the gigantic statue of Notre Dame de France on the top of the Rocher Corneille, the culminating point of the landscape, holding up her Child, as it were, to the adoration of the whole world. Standing against the dark blue evening sky bathed in the golden glory of the setting sun, she looked, crowned with twelve stars as she is, like the woman in the Apocalypse clothed with the sun—a great wonder indeed in the heavens. The spire of St. Michael, too, on its lofty cliff was tipped with the same celestial fire. And seated majestically in mid-air at the foot of the Rocher Corneille, but in a graver light, was the angel-consecrated cathedral of Notre Dame du Puy, where the *Salve Regina* was first sung—vast and imposing, its façade, with arch rising above arch, decorated with the curious black-and-white mosaic peculiar to Auvergne; its swelling domes giving it a Byzantine appearance; its Clocher Angélique, from which the Angelus was first rung, rising above the altar of Mary; and its huge tower of the eleventh century, built of volcanic rocks, each story diminishing in size, dark, heavy, and ungraceful, but, towering from the immense edifice twenty-four hundred feet above the level of the sea, a truly striking and picturesque object at a distance. One's first impulse is to visit this venerable sanctuary; but as it was too late an hour we established ourselves in pleasant rooms overlooking the Place du Breuil, a handsome square with a large fountain in the centre, surrounded by public buildings of modern style, with a spacious promenade on one side embowered by plane-trees.

Early the next morning we started for the cathedral. We soon found ourselves in narrow, gloomy streets of mediæval

character, lined with dark, lava-built houses and shops with broad, unglazed Roman arches. Before the doors sat women in queer caps rattling their bobbins as they swiftly wove their beautiful lace, and chattering as fast as they wove. At the corners of the streets, and before many of the houses, was a Madonna, with a lamp generally lighted on Saturdays and the vigils of Our Lady's festivals, or when some one of the neighborhood has a special grace to implore. Funerals and the annual processions stop before these niches to sing by way of salutation the familiar verse :

"Maria, Mater gratiæ,
Mater misericordiæ,
Tu nos ab hoste protege,
Et horâ mortis suscipe."

At length we came to the immense staircase of one hundred and thirty-four steps leading up to the cathedral that excites the astonishment of every one who sees it for the first time. It is constructed of great blocks of lava, with platforms at certain intervals where booths are erected on high festivals for the sale of objects of devotion. Ascending one of these flights after another, we came to a great cavernous archway over sixty feet in length leading up to the Porte Dorée, the grand entrance to the church, which is supported by columns of red porphyry. Here we found ourselves in a pillared portico resting on three great arches directly beneath the nave; for the church, not having room on the narrow mountain shelf, projects over the side of the precipice, upheld by immense arches resting on enormous pillars. On the sill of the Porte Dorée is graven a Latin distich running thus: "If thou keepest not thyself from heinous offences beware of crossing this threshold, for the Queen of Heaven wishes to be honored by hearts pure from all stain."

In former times the staircase continued to ascend beyond the Porte Dorée, and led to an entrance in the church above between the nave and the high altar. This enabled the ministering priest on great festivals to give his benediction not only to the worshippers actually in the church, but to the multitude that covered the immense flight of steps extending down into the very heart of the city. This must have been an admirable spectacle. Unfortunately this curious entrance has been closed, and two side rampes now lead up from the porch into the aisles.

The church, which is of the Romanesque style, is vast, solemn, and cavern-like, with an air of venerable antiquity in keeping

with its history. It contains seven altars with the same privileges attached to them as to the seven stations at Rome. Here we found priests absorbed in the holy mysteries, and groups of worshippers everywhere, particularly before the high altar, over which stands the black Madonna copied from the ancient statue. Directly above rises the Clocher Angélique at the junction of the nave and transepts. The apsis of the church, which is square, is called the Angelic Chamber, being the original edifice at whose consecration "angels officed all." It is of the sixth century, if not older, and is simple and severe in style, without any decoration. The transepts are of the ninth century, and the greater part of the nave is of the eleventh. Each part retains the stamp of the period in which it was built, growing richer in ornamentation as it approaches modern times. There is an interesting series of frescoes, quaint and in some respects admirable, saved from ruin through Prosper Mérimée, and attributed by some to Benedetto Ghirlandajo, who is known to have worked this side the Alps.

In one of the chapels are the relics of St. George—not him of Cappadocia, but the first apostle of Velay, commissioned, according to tradition, by St. Peter himself. It was he who set apart the summit of Mount Anis, planting around it a hedge of thorns to keep it from profanation, in fulfilment of a divine indication very similar to that which led to the foundation of Santa Maria Maggiore at Rome. Here St. Martial, the great apostle of Aquitaine, set up an altar in honor of Our Lady and deposited precious relics he had brought from the East. But it was St. Evode, or Vosi, who erected the church that became celebrated as the Église Angélique. The old legend says that when he approached for the purpose of consecrating it the bells began to ring out untouched by human hands, and the doors opened of themselves, showing thousands of torches burning in the sanctuary and the altar still flowing with the oil angels had poured on the stone of sacrifice, the rich odor of which perfumed the whole building. It was the renown of this Angelic Church and its altar to Mary that drew settlers to Mount Anis, forming a town that finally grew into the capital of Velay and the see of a bishop. The church was, from the first, considered a place of such special sanctity that no one was allowed to be buried within its walls—a rule so strictly observed that the canons refused to allow John of Bourbon, one of the greatest bishops of Puy, to be buried therein, though a large sum was offered for the privilege. Its greatest treasure was the statue

that became renowned as Notre Dame du Puy. This has been attributed to various kings, such as Charlemagne and good King Dagobert, but most writers of modern times think it was brought from the East by St. Louis, though there seems to be no proof of this whatever. It is certain that Our Lady of Puy was in great repute long before the time of St. Louis. Most of the Capetian kings came here to pay her homage. Centuries before the Crusades the old Counts of Bigorre in the Pyrenees consecrated their domains to St. Mary of Puy out of devotion, and paid her an annual tribute as her vassal. In 1062 Count Bernard of Bigorre fixed this sum as sixty sols morlàas. At all events the statue honored here from time immemorial was no doubt brought from the East, for it was curiously carved out of some oriental wood—cedar, ebony, or setim-wood—that had grown quite black with the smoke from lamps and censers. It was of singular but noble aspect. The Virgin was seated on a kind of stool, with the Child on her knee. Both were closely swathed after the manner of Egyptian mummies, and covered, all but the faces, with papyrus, a portion of which is to be seen in the museum at Puy. Every Christmas eve and Good Friday they were washed with wine and water, and clothed with rich robes, and adorned with jewels and crowns. Thirty-six lamps of silver were kept burning night and day before this statue by the foundation of special votaries. Only certain dignitaries besides the bishops and canons of the church could celebrate the holy mysteries at the altar beneath, and even they could not say the Mass for the Dead —a rule so rigidly maintained that a general of the Capuchins in the seventeenth century, noted for his sanctity, sought in vain for the permission. Suspended above this altar was a silver dove holding the vase containing the Holy Eucharist, thus inscribed: "In this tomb is the Body of the Lord, whose love gave life to the world through his death."

The statue of Notre Dame du Puy was brought forth in procession on great occasions, as in time of famine, pestilence, and war, to propitiate the divine wrath. At such times it was attended by the Four Barons of Our Lady chosen from the highest nobility of the province, who considered it an honor to belong to the *Garde noble de la Vierge*. They bore the canopy over the sacred image or walked beside it with drawn swords. In the time of Joan of Arc, and in all great wars, it was thus brought forth into the city. An old author relates how the people on one of these occasions "shed scalding tears before the devout image, lovingly beseeching the Virgin Mary to obtain peace and

concord for the kingdom of France." Louis XI. had this holy image brought out twice in solemn procession. On one of these occasions Bishop John of Bourbon had all the tapestries belonging to his family brought to Puy to line the streets and decorate the reposoirs, and a hundred servants of his family opened the procession, carrying torches on which were pictured the arms of Bourbon. Then came all the guilds and confraternities with their banners and ensigns, followed by the citizens and people of quality. The lords of Polignac and Allègre aided in bearing the statue. All sorts of demonstrations of joy were made, and representations from the Old and New Testament were acted in the streets. But the long procession of suppliants sprinkled the way with hot tears and uttered loud cries, begging the mercy of God. This statue was also brought out during the captivity of Francis I., when all seemed lost save honor, and likewise when Puy was besieged by ten thousand Huguenots, on which occasion the signal protection of Our Lady was acknowledged by an inscription graven on one of the pillars of the church:

"Civitas nunquam vincitur,
Nec vincetur: sic igitur
Per Mariam protegitur
Hæc privilegiata."

Five popes and fifteen kings of France have, one after another, come to pay homage to Our Lady of Puy. Charlemagne came twice, and in his honor a commemorative picture was placed in the church, known as the "Tableau des Neuf Preux." Louis le Débonnaire, when only seventeen years of age, came here to pray at the altar of Mary. Louis le Jeune and Philip Augustus came before going to the Holy Wars. St. Louis came twice, and gave the church a portion of the holy crown of thorns. His wife, Marguerite of Provence, brought her diadem of pearls as an offering. Philip III. and Philip IV. came and made rich gifts. Charles VII. resided at different times at the Château of Espally, which the bishop of Puy had placed at his disposal, and used to assist at the office at the cathedral in the garb of a canon, the kings of France being *ex officio* members of the chapter. Spending the greater part of one winter here, he and the queen used to ascend the holy mountain every day, notwithstanding the severity of the weather in this elevated region, and he gave the church two flags taken from the English. Louis XI. came here three times. On one of these occasions he came, like a true pilgrim, on foot from the village of Fix to the church, a distance

of three leagues. The dean and canons went out to meet him and were presented to the king by Charles de Lafayette, the grand chamberlain. They offered him the keys of the church, which he refused to take. And instead of a grand reception he asked that the *Salve Regina* alone should be sung at his approach. He remained three days, and heard three Masses every morning, wearing the dress of a canon. He had a new niche constructed for the statue of Our Lady, and gave abundant alms to the poor.

Francis I. came here after his release from captivity, in fulfilment of a vow, and with him Queen Eléonore of Austria, the three princes, Francis, Henry, and Charles, a large part of his court, and Leo de' Medici, the papal nuncio. The bishop met them at the portal of the church and presented holy water to the king. The dean and provost clothed his majesty with the garb of a canon and led him to a prie-dieu covered with cloth of gold before the altar of Mary. Then the *Te Deum* was sung. He afterwards sent the church two silver candlesticks weighing more than a hundred marks, with the request that they should be placed before the venerated statue. The chapter presented him with a beautiful sapphire that had been given by King René of Anjou when he made a pilgrimage here accompanied by a great number of Moors converted to the faith.

Among the old lords and knights who came devoutly to Puy were several of the Montmorencies, the Counts of Toulouse, the two Marshals de Lafayette, who were benefactors of the church, and Bertrand du Guesclin, who died in the service of Notre Dame du Puy beneath the walls of her castle of Châteauneuf-Randon, the keys of which were placed on his tomb. Raymond de St. Gilles made a foundation for a perpetual lamp before the sacred image. The Duke of Guienne, son of Charles VIII., came here with four hundred cavaliers and made a novena in the church, spending one whole night in vigil before the altar of Our Lady, and the next morning after Holy Communion he gave her a rich mantle and a wax candle weighing two hundred livres. John Stuart, Duke of Albany, having been miraculously cured through the intervention of Notre Dame du Puy, came here in 1516 and offered a wax candle, one hundred and twenty pounds in weight, together with the crown he had worn as regent of Scotland.

Here we come, too, upon the traces of a long line of saints—one of the most delightful of experiences to a Catholic of the New World. Without speaking of the ten saints who have oc-

cupied the see of Puy, we find visiting this favored sanctuary three from Cluny—Peter the Venerable, St. Odo, and St. Mayeul, who bathed the pavement with his tears. Hither came St. Robert, founder of La Chaise Dieu; St. Stephen, founder of the order of Grammont; and St. Hugo, Bishop of Grenoble. St. Dominic is said to have been inspired here to establish the devotion of the Rosary. St. Anthony preached here. And St. Colette, who established a house of her order at Puy, often came here to pray. St. Vincent Ferrer, one of the greatest preachers of the middle ages, arrived at Puy October 3, 1416, riding on a mule on account of his age and many infirmities. Before him with bare feet walked nearly a hundred penitents clothed in sackcloth and bearing a cross. He lodged at St. Laurent, the convent of the Dominicans, and for two weeks preached daily in the open air—no church being able to contain the multitudes that flocked to hear him—in a meadow now converted into the Place du Breuil and the public promenade. Every day while he was robing for the service of the altar his band of penitents scourged themselves, in honor of the flagellation of our Saviour, to excite sinners to penitence.

St. Francis Regis, "the apostle of Velay," frequented the sanctuary of Mary while a resident of Puy. He is still greatly honored in this region, particularly by workmen and lace-weavers, he having done much to encourage various industries, especially lace-making, which he introduced here, thereby contributing greatly to the prosperity of the country.

Sometimes the tribunals of the middle ages imposed on criminals a pilgrimage to Puy in expiation of their offences—an admirable way of effecting their moral improvement. Sorrows and miseries of all kinds seemed to seek alleviation here. Our Lady of Puy was like one of those old Madonnas one sees in the galleries of Italy, wearing a huge mantle beneath which have taken refuge a throng of the needy and the distressed. Cities sent deputies here in time of public calamity. Bordeaux during a pestilence sent two, enjoining on them to go with bare feet, merely clothed in a tunic, from their lodgings at Puy to the altar of the Virgin, where, at the Offertory of the Mass, they should present a torch two quintals in weight. Deputies from Toulouse in a similar season of distress had High Mass celebrated at the altar of Our Lady, at which they presented twenty quintals of wax graven with the arms of that city. Lyons, in the time of the *mal-chaud*, made a vow to keep four lamps burning night and day before the sacred image of Mary.

For ages every child at Puy, after being baptized in the chapel of St. John, was borne to the altar of Our Lady to be consecrated to her, and as it was carried down the grand staircase made to place its first offering in the box for the poor at the door of the Hôtel-Dieu, a house founded by St. Benigne in the sixth century.

In 1793 the statue of Notre Dame du Puy, venerated for so many ages, was torn by the revolutionists from the niche of Louis XI., shamefully dragged through the streets, and, to the utter consternation of the pious inhabitants, burned on the Place du Martouret—the very square where, in 1512, the Vicomte de Turenne and other great barons of Puy held guard around the Virgin, while the people shed burning tears and uttered lamentable cries, praying for the mercy of God. But happily the Chambre Angélique was respected, and an exact copy of the ancient statue has been made, which draws nearly as many pilgrims as in the middle ages.

The church of Notre Dame du Puy was formerly under the immediate protection of the Holy See, to which it was so devoted that the town was made the chief centre in France for the collection of Peter-pence, to which it contributed itself the annual sum of twelve hundred livres. Immense indulgences were conferred on the church, especially when Good Friday coincided with the Annunciation, its patronal festival. This was called the Jubilee, which seems to have been celebrated here from time immemorial. It used to be announced months beforehand by the canons going in procession to the church of St. George, where at the door the deacon thrice loudly intoned, "Magnum Jubilæum," to which the response, "Deo gratias," was made a like number of times with a loud peal of the trumpet. Immense numbers came from all parts of the kingdom, and even from Spain, to gain the indulgences. The churches were so crowded that confessions had to be heard in the cemeteries and around the ramparts, where two thousand priests on one occasion were stationed for the purpose. The streets were so densely thronged that families had special colors and ensigns, which they held aloft that the members might not lose sight of each other, and on more than one occasion many were crushed to death in the crowd. A squad of soldiers was required to open a passage to the altar for communicants. The Four Barons of Our Lady kept guard, sword in hand, at the corners of her high altar. The canons in full costume, with mitres on their heads—which they had the right to wear on solemn functions—descended from their

carved stalls to kneel on the pavement around. And the bishop in pontificals, attended by the chief dignitaries of the diocese, officiated. The religious orders and all the guilds were in attendance, the advocates and civil authorities were there in their robes, taper in hand, and crowd after crowd poured into the church to pay their devotions.

The bishops of Puy from remote times have had the right of wearing the pallium, "out of respect," says the papal brief, "to the blessed and ever-glorious Virgin Mary, whose memory is loved and honored more in this church than in the other sanctuaries dedicated to her." Among the noted bishops of this see is Adhémar de Monteil, the author of the *Salve Regina*, and the first to take the cross at Clermont for the first Crusade, of which he was made the spiritual chief, being appointed legate of the Holy See. He went to the East at the head of four or five hundred warriors from Puy, whose valor Tasso has celebrated:

> "Two pastor-chieftains then,
> William* and Adhémar, bring up their marshalled men.
> These held of late authority divine,
> The hallow'd priests of piety and prayer,
> Who fearless now in horrid conflict shine,
> And press beneath the helm their long black hair:
> That from the city and dominions fair
> Of ancient Orange to the fierce alarms
> Leads full five hundred: this beneath his care
> From whence high Puy the trav'ler's notice charms
> An equal number brings, not less renowned in arms."†

It was Adhémar de Monteil who, on the occasion of Pope Urban II.'s visit to Puy, constructed the door in the south transept of the cathedral for his entrance, curious for its sculptured lions and heads of tigers. It was afterwards walled up out of respect, and from that time only opened at the visit of some Sovereign Pontiff. The door in the north transept was the one through which entered kings, princes, cardinals, and governors of the province.

Adhémar de Monteil died of some epidemic at Antioch August 1, 1098, and was buried on the spot where the sacred lance had been found, amid the lamentations of the entire army. According to Tasso, however, he was slain by the Amazon Clorinda:

*William, Bishop of Orange, "an upright man and one who feared God," according to the expression of an old writer of Auvergne, took the cross with Adhémar de Monteil and was appointed sub-legate by Pope Urban II.

†*Jerusalem Delivered*, canto i. 38, 39: Wiffen's translation.

"As too rash Adhémar, the grave and good,
Watch'd the assault far off, the fatal cane,
Charged with hot wrath, came whizzing where he stood,
And grazed his brow; impatient of the pain,
He clapp'd his hand upon the wounded vein,
When lo! a second nail'd it to his head,
And quiv'ring fix'd in his bewilder'd brain!
He falls—his holy blood, by woman shed,
Floats o'er his priestly robes and dyes the sable red." *

In 1826 the collateral descendants of Adhémar de Monteil presented the church of Notre Dame du Puy with a silver Virgin on which was an inscription testifying their respect for the memory of their illustrious ancestor.

Antoine de St. Nectaire, another bishop of Puy, of one of the leading families of Auvergne, took an active part in the religious wars of the sixteenth century. He descended from a knightly race, and was a man of martial propensities and herculean strength. He was remarkable, too, for his manly beauty and gracefulness of deportment, but was grave of aspect and as much beloved for his good qualities as admired for his person. He is described as going forth to battle on a richly-caparisoned mule, wearing sable armor with a cross of gold on his breast, an azure mantle with his family arms depicted thereon, a scarlet plume in his helmet, and a formidable club on his shoulder. It was in his time the Huguenots, hearing that most of the churches and convents of Velay had sent their treasures to Notre Dame du Puy, determined to capture the place. They ravaged the suburbs, got possession of the Aiguille, sacked the church and convent of St. Laurent, and desecrated the tomb of Du Guesclin, but were repulsed from the town itself. The bishop took Christian revenge. Though courageous and intrepid, he was mild of disposition and had a horror of shedding blood. At the massacre of St. Bartholomew, with the heart of a father and a pastor he sheltered the Huguenots of Puy in his own castle, and, after making known to them their critical condition, said: "The orders I have received only refer to seditious Calvinists, of whom there are none here. We are children of the same Father: let us live as brethren. Love of God and our neighbor is our first obligation as Christians. I feel sure there is not a citizen here who deserves death." The result was, they all embraced the Catholic religion.

A steep, winding way behind the cathedral leads up to the

* *Jerusalem Delivered*, canto xi. 44.

top of the Rocher Corneille. Here are two terraces, one above the other, planted with shrubs and flowers, with fountains diffusing freshness with their spray, amid which plays a constant rainbow. At the corners of the octagonal pedestal on which stands Notre Dame de France are placed eight cannons from the Crimea.

The idea of erecting a statue of the Blessed Virgin on the summit of this lofty cliff was first suggested by the Père de Ravignan in 1846, but its accomplishment in the year 1860 is due to the pious energy of Mgr. de Morlhon, then bishop of Puy, who sprang from one of the noblest families of Rouergue, but who took more pride in the title of the "Evêque de la Grande Madone" pleasantly given him by Pope Pius IX. on this occasion. Cardinal—then Abbé—Bonaparte became a member of the commission for its erection. Another member was one of the Lafayettes of Auvergne. Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie were the first to subscribe to the work. All France aided, especially the clergy and the religious institutions. The pedestal was given by the three hundred thousand pupils of the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine. When Marshal Pélissier, then in the Crimea, heard of the undertaking he wrote Mgr. de Morlhon: "Ask the emperor for cannon. He will tell us to take them, and we will." The bishop made the request, and the emperor promised all that should be taken from the Russians. Three days later Sebastopol was captured, and two hundred and thirteen cannon, weighing one hundred and fifty thousand kilogrammes, were soon placed at the bishop's disposal. The statue was modelled by M. Bonassieux, the artist who, under Louis Philippe, refused to make a statue of Voltaire, and was afterwards decorated by Napoleon III. for his "Meditation." It was cast in one hundred pieces and brought to Puy in five vans. The bells rang at its approach, and the inhabitants went out to meet it with a peal of trumpets, singing the *Salve Regina*. The students of the seminary aided in drawing it up to its destined place. The statue is said to be the largest ever cast, being, of course, of a size proportionate to the cliff and its height from the valley. The Virgin is fifty feet tall and rises twenty-five hundred feet above the level of the sea. The globe on which she stands is sixteen feet in circumference. Beneath her foot is an enormous serpent fifty-four feet long. But the size of the statue does not detract from the beauty and religious character of the subject. The figure of Mary is full of dignity, grace, and harmony. She has her hand placed caressingly under

the foot of the Child, whose arm rests on his Mother's neck, expressive of mutual love. A crown of stars is woven in her flowing locks, and her graceful mantle is sown with flowers and precious stones. Her attitude, with one foot on the head of the serpent, is noble and firm, but light and full of grace. On the base is graven the *Salve Regina* in huge letters.

At the unveiling of Notre Dame de France there was an immense multitude. The streets were in festive array. Procession after procession came in from the country with banners of all colors, singing their favorite hymns. An altar was erected on the Place du Breuil, where St. Vincent Ferrer once preached, and here Pontifical Mass was celebrated. Around the altar were gathered fifteen hundred priests, seven hundred frères, about a thousand sisters of different orders, five hundred penitents in their costume, with bishops, archbishops, and cardinals. The weather had been wild and stormy, but hardly was the statue unveiled before the sun burst forth from the clouds, lighting it up with golden splendor, at which there rose the cry of "Vive Notre Dame de France!" from the vast throng. The *Salve Regina* was then intoned and caught up by a hundred thousand voices. At night the town was illuminated and there were fireworks on all the neighboring heights. The cliffs of Espally, Polignac, the Aiguille, and the Rocher Corneille itself, looked as if their volcanic fires were once more in action, sending forth flame after flame till the whole heavens were illuminated.

After the death of Mgr. de Morlhon the town of Puy had a kneeling statue of him in bronze placed at the foot of Notre Dame de France. It was the intention of this pious bishop to erect a colossal statue of St. Joseph on the cliff of Espally—a happy idea, to transform the place where kings had lived and bishops entrenched themselves, that had been besieged by Huguenots and insurgents of all kinds, and witnessed the horrors of civil war, into a place of pilgrimage and devotion—but he died before the plan could be put into execution.

THE LETTER-BOOK OF AN IRISH VICEROY.

Of the pages which record the story of Ireland's fate none are more full of interest than those which contain the story of her condition during the reign of James II. If this be true of those pages of history which recount the acts of the men of the period to which we refer, how much more true is it of those others which almost seem to show us the very thoughts and motives of those whose words and deeds swayed their fellows!

Henry Hyde—he who was to be the second Earl of Clarendon—was born in A.D. 1638. Of him Bishop Burnet wrote:

"He was very early engaged in great secrets; for his father, apprehending of what fatal consequence it would have been to the king's * affairs if his correspondence had been discovered by unfaithful secretaries, engaged him, when very young, to write all his letters to England in cipher; so that he was generally half the day writing in cipher or deciphering, and was so discreet as well as faithful that nothing was ever discovered [*i.e.* disclosed] by him."

The whilom discreet young secretary was, it is no doubt needless to inform our readers, the eldest son of that Edward Hyde who, himself the son of a simple squire of Wiltshire, lived to be chancellor of England and died one of her belted earls; who, schooled by a poor village vicar, lived to rule the destinies and lives of millions, to see all bend in sycophancy and subjection before him, and to in the end find the gains of high place and power but veritable Dead-Sea fruit; who tasted the bitterness of exile and disgrace ere the tomb closed upon him, and who found that a life spent and a conscience seared in the service of a worthless king was no guarantee of royal favor.

Henry Hyde became Earl of Clarendon in 1674. The brother-in-law of the Duke of York, not all the errors of his father would seem sufficient to close against Hyde the portals of a great career, and men could hardly fail to note that the very facts which appeared to cloud his present as surely seemed to promise a brilliant future; † and therefore it was no matter for

* Those of King Charles II. before the Restoration.

† It was owing to his attachment to the Duke of York and his consequent opposition to the bill for his exclusion from the throne that the House of Commons voted an address to King Charles, on the 7th of January, 1681, praying him to remove from "his presence and councils" Henry, Earl of Clarendon. In this address were likewise included the names of George, Earl of Halifax, Henry, Marquis of Worcester, Lewis, Earl of Feversham, and that of Clarendon's brother, Lawrence Hyde, the future Earl of Rochester.

wonder that in 1685, when James ascended the throne, Clarendon was made Lord Privy Seal, and in December of the same year Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. It is with his career, or, to speak more correctly, with his correspondence, during his tenure of this post that in these pages we now wish to deal.* This correspondence casts much light upon the character of Clarendon—light which, to the unprejudiced reader, will certainly seem not entirely unfavorable, and which will not show aught to justify the bitter words of Burnet, who asserted that—

"His judgment was not much to be depended upon, being carried by vulgar prejudices and false notions, and the king (Charles II.) always spoke of him with great sharpness and much scorn."

Nor, indeed, will any part of Clarendon's career, any of his acts or words, go far towards substantiating the partisan prelate's estimate of his character. It would be almost impossible for any one, after a perusal of the earl's letters and diary, to doubt that his actions were those of a man often honestly, even if hopelessly, striving to act aright. Attached beyond question to the creed of which he found himself a follower, his heart was sorely wrung when he found that monarch to whom he was at least fully as warmly attached determined to make violent and inopportune assaults upon it. He was hardly a hypocrite who, when his son joined the Prince of Orange, wrote in his private diary:

"O God! that my son should be a rebel! The Lord in his mercy look upon me and enable me to support myself under this most grievous calamity!"

—not a man likely to make a course for himself, one better fitted to follow than to lead, but assuredly one anxious to be guided and to act correctly in troublous and distracting times, one clinging to standards which, however false, he did not set up himself.

On the 9th of January, 1686, Clarendon arrived in Dublin as viceroy, and on the following day wrote as follows to Lord Sunderland:†

* It is a curious fact that, though Lord Clarendon's correspondence is remarkably interesting and of great historical value, it has only been published twice—once, in the last century, by the Clarendon Press, Oxford, and again in 1828 by Colburn, of London, under the editorship of one Samuel Singer, F.S.A.

† Robert Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, of whom Macaulay writes: "In this man the political immorality of his age was personified in the most lively manner. Nature had given him a keen understanding, a restless and mischievous temper, a cold heart, and an abject spirit." A description apparently not as unjustifiable as, unfortunately, too many of Macaulay's are.

"MY LORD: After a long journey and tedious stay at Holyhead for a wind I arrived safe here, God be praised, yesterday in the forenoon. I went immediately, according to the usual form, to the council-chamber, where the king's commission was read and the oaths administered to me; the rest of the day was spent in the necessary formalities of receiving visits. Your lordship will not expect that I should have anything of the public affairs to entertain you with at this time. This is only to let you know that I am where I ought to be, and will immediately fall to the execution of this great trust which the king has been pleased to honor me with, whereof I shall have occasion to give your lordship almost a daily account, which I shall do with all the fidelity imaginable, and shall pay a punctual observance of all your lordship's commands, as well in what relates to your own particular, if you please to honor me with any such, as to the king's service. And I beseech your lordship to look on me, as I am, with perfect respect, my lord, your, etc."

Two days later Clarendon found time to plead with Sunderland for one who, apparently, was an old Catholic veteran—for few but Catholics were arrested during the sway of the infamous Oates. He wrote:

"Here is one Colonel Lacy, an old Cavalier, who hopes the king will, when he has an opportunity, put him into employment; I am sure he deserves it. He was an officer in the times of King Charles I., and I believe his majesty remembers him with himself in France and Flanders, where he served very bravely. This poor gentleman was settled here in a comfortable way when in Oates' reign he was sent into England, and kept prisoner in the Gatehouse about two years, besides other severities both to his person and small estate. I take the liberty to recommend his enclosed petition to your lordship."

He wrote on Lacy's behalf also to the king, concluding his letter in the following manner:

"God Almighty preserve your majesty and make this a happy year to you, and grant that you may enjoy many, many more; which is the daily prayer of, may it please your majesty, your majesty's most dutiful and most obedient subject and servant, CLARENDON."

The "Captain Moonlights" and "Rories of the Hills" were as troublesome to the officials in Dublin Castle then as now, as hard to deal with, and just as much the outcome of English crimes and English blunders. We find Clarendon writing on the 19th of January to Sunderland:

"On Sunday I had several accounts brought me of the great insolencies committed in the county of Cork, and of great robberies in that county and Limerick; that many people were set upon in the daytime and dangerously wounded. I immediately sent orders to Captain Boyle and Captain Carne [Kearney?], who are quartered in those parts, to send out parties to suppress such disorders, and have given them all necessary powers.

"Flying columns" and "buckshot," then as now, were the only panaceas for Irish ills favored by Dublin Castle, and therefore on the 5th of February the earl had again to report that—

"About ten days since there came great complaints of fresh violences and robberies committed by the Tories in Munster; they were headed by young Tower, brother to the late rebel Tower. But I have ordered several small parties of horse and foot who are quartered thereabouts to watch them, and have got some intelligence amongst themselves, so that I do not doubt in a very little to have the country quiet."

The Catholics were beginning to seek to realize those hopes which the accession of a Catholic king had raised, and had therefore held and were holding meetings in various places to select delegates to proceed to London to plead their cause and assert their rights before King James. Clarendon, who was undoubtedly a narrow-minded and bigoted man, did not at all like this, and, so far as can be judged from his correspondence, very much wished for royal authorization to forbid such meetings and delegation alike. He wrote the king on the 8th of February, sending a list of those selected as the Catholic representatives, as follows:

"I do easily imagine your majesty would not be pleased to see such a number of persons come over to you as are mentioned in the enclosed list, which would make a great noise and be a vast expense to the poor aggrieved people. . . . I might add that the consequence would be the carrying a great deal of money, as well as numbers of people, out of this kingdom, and the unsettling the minds of men from the callings they are now engaged in."

The anxiety to save "the poor aggrieved people" expense was somewhat laughable and no doubt hardly imposed on James, who was at least master of the arts of courtiers. Castle festivities then, as in our own times, were seldom interfered with by political troubles, so that, on the day following that on which he wrote the king, Clarendon could write his brother Rochester, the lord-treasurer:

"You may expect an account of my performance on the 6th of February, which I will take care you shall have a relation of. I will only say that I celebrated the day as well as I could and as well as the illness of the castle would give me leave; in a word, I went very decently to church on horseback, was attended by all the nobility in town (a great many) of both religions; Lord Clanrickard carried the sword, and as many dined with me as the house would hold."

On the 14th of February it was necessary that Clarendon should write Sunderland, Macaulay's "personification of politi-

cal immorality," on the affairs of the Irish Protestant Church, to remind him that—

"The archbishopric of Cashell having been some time void by the death of the late archbishop, I do humbly propose to his majesty that the now bishop of Ossory and Kilkenny may be removed to Cashell; that the now bishop of Cloyne should be removed to Ossory and Kilkenny, and to hold the archdeaconry of Armagh in commendam, as it is now enjoyed by the present bishop; and that the dean of Cloyne should be advanced to that bishopric of Cloyne; which being but small, I humbly propose to have added thereunto, by way of commendam, the vicarage of Clondroghid, in the said diocese of Cloyne, and now in his possession. *Though there be but one see vacant, yet for the enlargement of his majesty's first-fruits, and to make them as considerable as I can upon this occasion, I have humbly proposed these removes.*"

The manner in which men like Clarendon regarded the interests of their church is admirably illustrated by the sentence which we have italicized, and it is amusing to see the different tone pervading the letter written by him on the same subject, on the self-same day, to the archbishop of Canterbury. He tells the archbishop that "Dr. Otway, the present bishop of Ossory, whom I have proposed to be removed to Cashell, is a person of true primitive piety," and that "Dr. Jones, the present bishop of Cloyne, whom I propose to be translated to Ossory, is a very worthy man and has done great good in the diocese he now is in." Two days later he writes his brother Rochester, expressing great anxiety as to the filling of the see of Cashel and that "one Jones in England" may not get it; he knows he "was chaplain to my lord of Arran, and by him made dean of Lismore; he has been in England near a year, gaping for preferment," and, from what he had seen himself, he thought "did not live as a man of his cloth and calling ought to do." So wrote his lordship of Clarendon to his brother the lord-treasurer, with the following addition:

"I tell you this story in hopes that you will take some care that this man might not be imposed upon me at this time, which he would look upon as a triumph. I am sure I can have no end in keeping any out, or bringing any one in, but the good of the church *and the king*."

By the same mail Clarendon wrote Sunderland that he

"Would beg the favor that Sir Thomas Longuevill might have the honor to be of the king's learned council here. He is an old Cavalier decayed in his fortune; he picks up a little livelihood by following the law; and the character of being of the king's council will both give him reputation and bring him out of the crowd within the bar, where he may sit down, which will be a great ease to his old age."

It were, no doubt, a libel upon a learned profession to insinuate that a silk gown is ever given now for any reason little better or worse than this was prayed for, or that it might now be reported of any Irish judge as Clarendon wrote the English lord-chancellor of those of his time, that—

"They seem by their practice in the courts to be zealously concerned in supporting the king's prerogative; and if some of them are not endowed with all the learning that were to be wished, I think they are all honest men, which will cover many failings."

What the designation "honest man" meant in Clarendon's mouth, particularly when coupled with praise of the "honest man's" support of "the king's prerogative," would of course be quite inapplicable to any member of the Irish bench or bar just now; but nevertheless it is worth while recalling the policy of a lord-lieutenant of the past, if only to discern the vast difference which no doubt exists between it and that of a present-day one. Clarendon wrote Sunderland on the 26th of February, 1686, that—

"The judges are some of them gone, and the rest are going their circuits. *I have given them particular directions severally in all things relating to the king's service, and doubt not to have a good return.*"

Which "good return" most probably he had in sundry "charges" to sundry juries in denunciations of "Tories" and other evil-doers of various kinds. On the day following the despatch of this letter the viceroy could write his brother, Rochester, of Dublin what we fear might be written of it to-day: "This is a very tattling town." The following letter addressed to the king shows that James was not disposed to allow his legal headship of the English Church in Ireland to become a merely nominal one; he was determined to assert his supremacy so far as he could. This letter, as is stated in it, was in reply to one from his majesty:

"DUBLIN CASTLE, March 2, 1686.

"I have received the honor your majesty vouchsafed to do me on the 18th of the last month, and am very glad your majesty has my lord Clanrickard in your thoughts, which I shall send him word of, and I know it will be a great comfort to him. As to what your majesty is pleased to tell me of the bishop of Meath's sermon before me—it was, as I remember, the third Sunday after my being here—he is a very dull preacher, which may make me, as well as others, not to have minded him so much, as we ought to do what is said in that place. But I confess I minded enough to think that he said more than he ought to do, and therefore as soon as I came home, that very day I took notice of it to my lord primate and the archbishop of Dublin, who both assured me that they did, upon your first coming to the crown, exhort all their clergy not to meddle with controversy

nor politics. . . . The next day I sent for the bishop of Meath to me. I told him my mind, which he promised to observe for the future. I have likewise given the same charge to the rest of the bishops as I seem them, and to all other clergymen as they come in my way, and done so ever since my being here. And as I shall always do so when any indiscreet sermons are made before me, so I shall likewise take notice very severely of any of the clergy who preach such sermons in other places, if I have any notice of it. . . . But after all this I cannot answer but some impertinent things will be said sometimes even before me; in all such cases I do assure your majesty those men shall never pass unreproved by me. . . . And I beseech your majesty to believe that no man shall commit these follies twice before me, nor anywhere else which I have information of; and though the inferior clergy in most places are unruly, and not so apt to take advice as to give it, yet I dare undertake to keep ours here within the bounds of duty and good manners."

Verily the paths of a state clergy, never rose-strewn, were nowise pleasant in the reign of the second James of England.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CONSTITUTION AND PROCEEDINGS OF THE CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE UNION OF AMERICA, issued from the Twelfth Annual Convention, held at St. Paul, Minnesota, August 2 and 3, 1882. Published by Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America. 1882.

To persons not members of the organizations represented such a report as this is usually very dry reading. An address or two of welcome, a summary of rolls of membership, a financial statement, an address reviewing the year's work and another of encouragement, and that is all. But just let the reader begin this pamphlet at the end; let him attentively peruse Bishop Ireland's address to the convention, printed in the last pages of these *Proceedings*, and we venture to say that the rest of it will secure his very special attention. In that address there is as complete a statement of the ravages of intemperance as we remember to have seen anywhere. Therein, too, the reader discovers that the business of the members of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America is not simply to practise a Christian virtue; that is one object, indeed, but the chief aim is to make war on a vice which is continually devouring a spoil of spiritual and temporal welfare simply appalling. The great remedy, and in the main the only successful remedy, for drunkenness is total abstinence. To induce inebriates to take the pledge is the commonest means of reforming them. To hold meetings for that end, to give public as well as private encouragement, to engage capable and authorized temperance advocates, to make good example conspicuous, and to preserve all in the quickening and yet moderating spirit of the Catholic religion—these are the objects of the Union. As to the purely interior side of the Catholic temperance movement, the reader may learn it from Bishop Grace's prayer in opening the convention—a beautiful and undoubtedly heartfelt address of sympathy

to our blessed Lord, atoning for the sins of the drunkard by His thirst and His drink of gall and vinegar on the cross.

To make extracts from such an address as Bishop Ireland's is a puzzling task, so admirably condensed are the statistics, so well chosen the arguments, so equally inspiriting the exhortations. The whole address should be in the hands of every priest and every intelligent layman in the country. We cannot forbear making the following selections:

"The comparative poverty of the Irish people in America is a matter of public notoriety. It is a lamentable fact. They are the hewers of wood and drawers of water. Go where the hardest work is to be done, you find Irishmen—burrowing in the mines of Pennsylvania, wasting away their life-blood amid the never-ceasing din of industrial machinery in New England, strewing with their corpses lines of railroads or canals. In large cities the tenement quarters are thronged with them, a family striving to breathe in each room of a building five stories high, crammed with human beings from cellar to roof. This condition of things is deplorable. Forced poverty is hurtful to soul and body. Mortality attains fearful proportions. In the tenement-houses of New York 75 per cent. of all children born die within a few years after their birth. The report of a Boston medical association shows that while Irish families are far more numerous than those of native New-Englanders, yet, on account of greater mortality among Irish children, the New England population would keep pace with the Irish were not the latter constantly receiving new accessions from emigration. Bad ventilation and alcoholism, adds the report, are impairing fearfully the general sanitary status of the Irish people. No influence for good, social or political, can they have amid this poverty. What room for evils of all sorts, physical and moral! Well, what is it that keeps the Irish people in these low social conditions? The saloon. Thither goes the money earned at the sweat of their brow; thence do men issue, broken down in health and strength, to swell the lists of idlers and paupers. Our disgrace and our misfortune in America is the number of Irish saloon-keepers. I blush for the old race whenever I walk along the streets of our cities and read over doorways Irish names prefacing, so seldom the words 'Bank,' 'Commission House,' 'Dry-Goods Store,' so often the words 'Saloon,' 'Wines and Liquors,' 'Imported Liquors.' To what base uses noble names have come!"

It is in view of all this, and of much further information imparted by the bishop in his address, that we can take a deep interest in the dry tables and catalogues contained in the report of the convention. They are the muster-rolls of a body of men who form part of the *corps d'élite* of the Catholic Church in America. They give us an insight into the active public efforts of upwards of thirty-four thousand men who appreciate the evils of intoxication and have set to work in a most Catholic spirit to do everything in their power to exterminate that vice. Privately and for its own sake they love the virtue of temperance as practised in the form of total abstinence from intoxicating drink. But what has gathered them into societies is the fact that they are public-spirited men, whose hatred of drunkenness is full of zeal for the rescuing of its victims. The cohesive force among them is an intelligent conviction that a vice necessarily public and notoriously rooted in a traffic which poisons the fountains of public well-being can be fought successfully only by compact, wide-spread organization. That such an organization should meet with the warm commendation expressed in the published communications from bishops and others high in authority in the church is naturally to be expected. But it is amazing to think that there are men blind enough to have the heart to sneer at such noble and disinterested zeal. It is not to be expected that everybody will take the pledge, but no one, in our opinion, can read Bishop Ireland's address and give it credence and refuse to say, "God bless the Catholic temperance cause!"

Whether one be for or against the attempts now being made in various parts of the country to treat intemperance and its occasions as the law does yellow fever or the cholera, this much is certain: all public-spirited Catholics should give a hearty support to authorized Catholic temperance societies, should seek to enlarge their membership, subscribe to their publications, and heartily, and if possible publicly, approve their principles and aims. The church has every reason to be proud of the bishops, priests, and laymen who are such determined foes of a vice which in any one decade of this century has slain more men than the century's biggest war, and does more harm to religion than any other of its enemies.

The Illustrated Catholic Family Annual for 1883. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

"Oh! it's only an almanac," says some one. Nay, it is much more than that, but if it were "only an almanac" it might be well worth preserving. What collector of the *bric-à-brac* of literature would not chuckle over the acquisition, say, of a black-letter chapbook or a copy of *Poor Richard's Almanac?* Let us take a hasty glance at the history of almanacs and see something of the part they have filled as mental pabulum for several nations. Copies of MS. almanacs of the fourteenth century exist in the British Museum. The earliest known printed almanac was that of Regiomontanus, published from 1475 to 1506, and which received pecuniary support from Mathias Corvinus, King of Hungary. During the same period almanacs were published in Barcelona by Granolachs, in Vienna by Engel, and in Tübingen by Stöffler. Gradually such publications appeared in all parts of Europe. Rabelais published an almanac at Lyons in 1533. The success of the astrologer Nostradamus, who, in a collection of prophecies called "Centuries," prophesied the death of Henry II. of France, the execution of Charles I. of England, the great fire of London, etc., gave such an impulse to the publication of political prophecies in almanacs as to cause their prohibition by Henry III. of France, in 1579. In the reign of Charles IX. a royal edict required almanacs to receive the approval of diocesan bishops. The circulation of almanacs and chapbooks among the illiterate grew to enormous proportions, and their influence was very deleterious—that of the chapbooks especially. In 1852, on the recommendation of a commission which examined several thousand of these publications, the French government forcibly checked their circulation. Almanacs, however, still largely circulate in the rural districts, the favorite being the *Almanach Liégeois*, first published at Liege in 1636. For the convenience of those who cannot read this almanac conjoins certain symbols to certain dates; thus, a vial designates that phase of the moon under which a draught of medicine should be taken; a pill-box signifies the planet most propitious for pills; a pair of scissors points out the proper period for cutting hair, a lancet for letting blood. There are, however, several first-class yearbooks published on the Continent, filled with statistical, political, and other instructive and useful matter. Among the most important of these are the *Almanach de France*, the Belgian and Prussian *Royal Almanacs*, and the *Almanach de Gotha*. The latter has a cosmopolitan character and within a small compass contains a vast mass of political and statistical information. As an illustration of the importance sometimes attaching even to almanacs we may adduce the following, apropos of the *Almanach de Gotha*:

"During the Empire Napoleon I. considered this little publication so important that he exercised over it a rigid supervision, and in 1808 an entire edition, which had just been worked off, was seized by French gendarmes. The editor hurried to Paris, and found that his error was in his alphabetical arrangement, by which Anhalt, of the Ernestinian line of Saxon princes, took precedence of Napoleon, who claimed the right to be placed at the head of the nobility of the Rhine."

In Great Britain, and in our own country also, almanacs formerly composed a large part of the mental diet of the illiterate. In England their publication was a valuable monopoly enjoyed for many years by the two universities and the Stationers' Company, and, under the *imprimatur* of the Archbishop of Canterbury, such publications as *Moore's Almanac* and *Poor Robin's Almanac* had vast circulations, although, says a writer, "it would be difficult to find, in so small a compass, an equal quantity of ignorance, profligacy, and imposture as was condensed in these publications." Partridge, a London cobbler and the prophet of the Stationers' Company, has been immortalized by Swift in the "Bickerstaff" papers, where he is embalmed as "an eminent practitioner in leather, physic, and astrology." So valuable was the Stationers' monopoly that when by a judicial decision it was abolished Lord North brought into Parliament a bill for its renewal, which was defeated only after a speech by Erskine in which he exposed the pernicious influence of their publications. The establishment of the *British Almanac* in 1828 wrought a wholesome change in the character of these productions, and they have continued to improve until now there are several of great utility published in Great Britain, such as the one just named and Whittaker's, the *New Edinburgh Almanac*, *Thom's Irish Almanac*, etc.

One of the earliest almanacs published in this country was Franklin's *Poor Richard's Almanac*. Elderly people will recall how universally, fifty years ago, almanacs hung over country fireplaces, how confidently their weather predictions were consulted, and how faithfully their wit and wisdom were pondered over. With the spread of education almanacs lost their popularity, and gradually became known chiefly as vehicles for advertising the nostrums of "patent medicine" venders. During our civil war there arose a new class of annual publications under the name of almanacs, some of them very meritorious, but they have about all died out, one of the few remaining being the *Catholic Family Annual*. This survival, with its large circulation, speaks well for its value. We have said that the *Annual* is much more than an "almanac," for, besides calendars, there is matter to interest the scholar, the antiquary, the statistician, the book-illustrator, and especially the Catholic. A glance through its pages reveals extended biographical sketches, with portraits, of Archbishops MacHale and Henni, of Bishops Bossuet and Lynch, of Mgr. Ségur and Fathers Fitton, McCloskey, McMurdie, McCaffrey, and O'Brien, the four last named being professors of Mount St. Mary's, Emmittsburg. There are also sketches and portraits of eminent Catholic laymen, with a mass of other instructive and entertaining matter and illustrations which our space will not permit us to particularize. To the future historian of American Catholicity these *Annuals* will prove invaluable, as they contain a mass of facts to be found nowhere else. Typographically even Charles Lamb, with all his prejudices against almanacs, would acknowledge this to be a *book*.

Uncle Ned's Stories for Boys and Girls. Thirty-four illustrations. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1882.

Within a few weeks the Christmas season will be at hand and the book-stores will be ransacked for handsome and entertaining books for the small folks. What Catholic is there who has not often been disheartened after a long search among the attractive-looking volumes piled up on the counters? Stories well told, full of marvels, as well as of the startling humor that first puzzles and then amuses the youngsters, were there, arrayed in bright, shining covers and illustrated by tasteful yet striking pictures. All that the publisher's judgment and good taste, aided by skilful engravers, printers, and binders, could do was there to be found. But most often the man or woman of true Catholic instincts hesitated to make a choice, and finally either took a book with a misgiving or went off elsewhere to buy a toy instead. For even if the book were pleasing to the eye and diverting to the mind of a child, and contained nothing positively anti-Catholic, it most likely bore somehow the assumption that its young readers were anything but Catholics. Even the few translations of beautiful French and German stories for the young that were published were, as a rule, expurgated in the Protestant interest.

"Uncle Ned" is therefore deserving of a warm welcome; for though he appears in all the glory a publisher could give him, he is unmistakably a Catholic, yet with so thorough a knowledge of juvenile human nature that he does not "preach." The little ones will be delighted to sit around him and listen with their small ears and big eyes to his funny tales, taking a peep between whiles at the pictures, so as to gather up the coil of his narrative. The older children will, of course, be able to get through the thirty-two stories for themselves. Some of these stories are pathetic, some funny, some startling, and all are interesting as well as instructive. "The Cat and the Pitcher," "How a Good-natured Bear learned to walk Alone," "Bunker's Hill," "How Uncle Rufus Long became a Catholic," "Dreamland," and "Clotilde and Coletta" are particularly entertaining.

It is a well-proportioned quarto volume. The illustrations are excellent wood-engravings and will no doubt be pored over with wonder and pleasure by many a sleepy codger at its mother's knee. The binding is handsome cloth stamped with a tasteful design and set off with enough color and gilt to brighten it for children's eyes. The paper is as white, firm, and smooth as bristol-board; while the type, ink, and press-work are a credit to the printers as well as the publishers. Altogether so beautiful and so good a book for little children we have never before seen in the English language from a Catholic publisher.

Pearls from the Casket of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. New York: Benziger Bros. 1882.

A Thought of St. Teresa's for Every Day of the Year. New York: Benziger Bros. 1882.

These two very small and very pretty books of devotion contain some precious gems of thought and sentiment gathered from the writings of two saints. The first one, edited by Miss Ella McMahon, is compiled from the writings of the Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque; the second, prepared by Miss E. C. Donnelly, from those of St. Teresa. Either of them will make a very pleasant and profitable pocket-companion for any one who has a relish for the holy maxims of the saints.

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A CRISIS IN CONGREGATIONAL THEOLOGY.

THE *Independent* of September 28, 1882, remarks concerning two councils of Congregationalist ministers and laymen which were held on the 20th of September, "that not for Congregationalists alone were the two councils of great interest and importance which decided once more, by votes nearly or quite unanimous, that in the Congregational churches, at least, the evangelical faith is still at liberty to adapt itself to the intelligent reason of the age." The general interest manifested by the public at large in certain events which preceded these councils, and in their issue, justifies this remark, and furnishes a sufficient reason for the notice we take of them in this article, as well as for the title we have given it. We derive our information respecting the councils from the reports of the two newspapers, the *Christian Union* and the *Independent*.

One of these councils was held at New Haven for the installation of the Rev. Dr. Smyth, the other at Quincy, Ill., for the installation of the Rev. Mr. Thayer, and, as the *Independent* observes, the cases considered and decided were so much alike "that their stories could be told almost in the same words." We may confine our attention, therefore, to the New Haven council, merely premising that its decision, which may be taken as representing the present theological attitude of Congregationalism in New England, is made by the action of the council of Quincy to fairly represent, also, the attitude of the same denomination in the Western States.

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The case of the gentleman who was approved and installed as pastor of the Centre Church at New Haven has awakened an unusual interest from the fact that he had been selected by the faculty and trustees of the Andover Seminary to fill the chair of theology in that institution, but rejected by the Board of Visitors as unsound in doctrine. His own statement of his belief and his theological opinions, and the judgment of such a respectable body as the New Haven council upon them, are therefore of importance to all who are desirous of knowing what the new departure really is and whither it tends, whatever may be the motive of their curiosity.

There is a very general notion or impression that a large body of Protestant clergymen and teachers have floated away from what is called the ancient orthodoxy towards universal doubt and negation of any form of positive and objective Christianity, and that the most intelligent and learned among them, the best scholars and the most original thinkers, are generally found to take a part, often a leading and bold part, in this movement. This is partially, but only partially, correct. Some persons who sympathize with, and others who detest, the sceptical and destructive movement which, undoubtedly, is working and threatening great mischief at the present, in our opinion exaggerate its extent and power, and forebode a devastation and ruin in the age which is drawing near which we cannot see any certain reason for apprehending. On the contrary, there seem to be signs that, within the bounds of Christendom, the tendency toward the negation of natural religion and the principles of sound rational philosophy, and, among those who hold by natural religion, the tendency toward the negation of supernatural religion, are diminishing in force. There is reason to hope that the current of events in human history is, on the whole, moving toward a regeneration of society within the bounds of external Christendom, and a general triumph of Christianity beyond its present external limits. Holding this opinion, we must consequently rejoice in all efforts made to resist doubt and negation of either natural or supernatural religion, and deplore any lessening of religious belief and conviction in respect to what we hold to be sound and true philosophy or theology. This is especially the case in regard to the great centres of instruction and influence where the studious youth are educated. In this view, if we regarded the action at Andover and New Haven in the case of Dr. Smyth as signifying a new departure in the direction of anti-supernatural and rationalistic philosophy,

tending to aid the powers at work to weaken and undermine Christianity, we should look on it as deplorable. That it indicates a departure, not indeed now first begun, yet nevertheless receiving a new impulse and moral force from what has taken place in this case and in the similar one of Mr. Thayer, is undeniable. The departure is, however, from the old theology of the Calvinistic confessions, which is not necessarily the same thing as a departure from the more ancient theology of the creeds of universal Christendom. Whether it really is so or not must be determined by examining what the novelty actually is, since it may be that it is a novelty only relatively to something which is old in the sense of being antiquated though not very ancient. The *Independent* considers that "the positions taken are thoroughly evangelical and in a large view are healthily conservative. There is nothing anti-evangelical in them, nothing but is in profound harmony with evangelical faith." It says also of the decision of the New Haven council that "it is only one more declaration that faith may think"—an expression perhaps borrowed from St. Anselm's famous phrase, *Fides quærens intellectum.* The New York *Times*, a conservative sort of journal, in its issue of October 1 looks on the views of Messrs. Smyth and Thayer as being substantially a return from some hasty positions taken up by the Reformers, towards historical Christianity, accompanied by an effort at rational explanation of doctrines and a conciliation of the same with modern science, throwing out a *caveat* against any supposed aid or comfort to be derived therefrom by "mere ecclesiasticism."

The aspect in which the whole case seems to be generally viewed is, then, that the two councils and their concurrents wish to be regarded as adhering to that which is commonly understood to be Protestant orthodoxy, also called evangelical doctrine, as differing from Unitarianism, rationalism, and all that kind, and also from so-called ecclesiasticism. Yet they do not allow that liberty of thought can be subjected to the formulas and confessions which churches have adopted, as to a final and absolute authority.

This is vague enough, certainly. Still, it is not so totally indefinite but that we can use it for a definite result. We leave aside "ecclesiasticism" as irrelevant to our purpose, which is to draw a dividing line between rationalists and supernaturalists, for the purpose of seeing to which class Dr. Smyth and his supporters must be assigned. It is not easy to do this with mathematical accuracy, and we do not wish to enter into any

long and nice discussion. Let it suffice to say that one who believes in Christianity as a supernatural religion must at least acknowledge that Jesus Christ possessed a superhuman wisdom, holiness, and power; that he revealed with divine authority saving truth to mankind, and opened a more sure and perfect way than any which men could discover by their unaided natural powers for the attainment of the highest good. One who is not convinced of at least as much as this may call himself a Christian, but only in the sense in which a philosopher may call himself a Platonist or an Aristotelian. For him Jesus Christ stands on the same level with Zoroaster, Gautama, and other sages; the Jewish and Christian Scriptures are only documents of ancient literature; historic Christianity is an object of curious interest, like the religion of Egypt or India. And although he may venerate Jesus Christ as the best and greatest of men, and regard Christianity as the highest development in the intellectual and moral order which human nature has yet put forth, he must, nevertheless, assert the liberty and power of reason to transcend any or all of the doctrinal and ethical teachings of Christ or the apostles, of any or all forms of theology and philosophy which profess to be based on or subordinated to these teachings.

On the other hand, one who does hold the elementary principle of Christian supernaturalism must regard the Christian religion as something objectively and positively true, obligatory, and permanent. He must look to Jesus Christ as a divine teacher, and to divine revelation as giving the law of belief and morals. The rationalist examines Christianity merely to find out what it is, without any intention of subjecting his mind and will to its authority, except so far as his own individual reason is convinced that it proposes what is true and prescribes what is good. The supernaturalist inquires what is the genuine and pure Christianity as a religion revealed by God, that he may believe what it teaches on faith in the divine omniscience and veracity, and obey what it prescribes as the commandment or counsel of the Sovereign Creator and Lord of the world.

Plainly enough, the position that God has chosen to instruct and direct the human race in the way of salvation by a supernatural providence and a supernatural revelation, Jesus Christ being the Mediator, demands the recognition of some inchoate and preparatory religion preceding the final and complete promulgation of Christianity through Christ in person, and coeval with the creation of man. It is equally plain that the promul-

gation of the revealed religion of God by Jesus Christ must be manifested as a clear and intelligible fact, standing in a plain, consecutive relation to all foregoing facts in the history of God's dealings with men, and with all the following course of religious history to the end of time. A believer in the supernatural character of the Christian religion is, therefore, necessarily directed by his dominant idea to look into the authentic historical records of revealed religion as an original and permanent fact, whether they belong to the period before or to the one after the advent of Christ. The revelation in itself must be, as given by God, an intelligible fact; and, as received by men, it must manifest itself as something truly understood and practised in such a way as to exhibit an effect corresponding to God's intention in giving it. In a word, God, giving a revelation, must have adopted some method of making it certainly and permanently knowable, that it may be believed; and it must have been known and believed by some portion of mankind from the beginning of the world until the present time. The Faith, as truth revealed, must have its authentic records, documents, monuments, media of tradition, increase so long as revelation is incomplete, preservation after being completed; and, as truth believed, it must have also its verifiable and credible history. An intelligent and instructed believer in Christianity as a supernatural religion must, therefore, look to the authentic source of knowledge concerning the truth really revealed, and to the history of his spiritual ancestry for information concerning what has been, from time immemorial, actually believed as this revealed truth; in order that he may learn what Christianity really is in its genuine essence and nature, what are its doctrinal teachings and moral precepts, whether such as were already promulgated before Christ came or first proclaimed by him and his apostles.

It would be absurd to suppose that no common consent whatever respecting the truths revealed, or in respect to the actual belief of those who originally received the revelation, should be produced among those who believe that such a revelation was really made through Moses and the prophets; by Jesus Christ and through the apostles; and actually believed by a great number of those who received it. There are documents universally acknowledged by believers in supernatural Christianity as authentically teaching the word of God and containing genuine historical records; and besides the books of sacred and canonical Scripture, there are numerous documents and monuments universally acknowledged to be trustworthy testimonies

of the history of religion. The possibility of honestly misunderstanding these documents in a manner even apparently reasonable cannot be one which is unlimited. Even the possibility of disingenuous misrepresentation which is at all plausible must have its limits. What Moses and the prophets actually taught and the Jews believed, what Christ and the apostles actually taught and what was believed on their authority by the genuine apostolic church in the earliest age of the historical Christian religion, are facts, in reality, and in sufficient historical records. These facts, being cognizable, cannot wholly fail of general recognition. And, consequently, we must expect to find an agreement in some things respecting revealed truths among all those who in any reasonable way believe in supernatural Christianity; and also a strong corroborating judgment, on the part of those who do not so believe, that those who do are logically bound either to assent to certain doctrines or to come over to the side of rationalism.

As the doctrine of Monotheism and the doctrine of the Messiah were two primary, undeniable parts of the Mosaic revelation, the doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation were the grand primary truths of the Christian creed, promulgated and professed in the beginning of Christianity. That the Son of God became man is the grand, supernatural fact which is the one object of Christian belief next to the belief of the One God in Three Persons. This is confessed by an overwhelming majority of professed Christians; it is in all the ancient creeds and in the symbols of the great Protestant ecclesiastical societies. Those who reject it, if not avowed rationalists at first, generally become such in time by an imperative logical necessity. Moreover, those Protestants who are commonly known as orthodox, and specifically such as appropriate the distinctive name of Evangelical, generally profess a belief in some sort of a state of original sin in which all men are so placed in relation to God and their final destiny that they need to be regenerated by divine grace, to be reconciled to God as well as forgiven their actual sins through the redemption wrought by the Incarnate Son of God on the cross, and that in this way alone they can attain everlasting salvation. Hence the great need of a divine revelation, making known the truths and the way of salvation, and hence it is that faith in Jesus Christ, the Saviour of men, either explicit or implicit, is set forth as the root and ground of all justification, the initial principle of all sanctification. It is needless to say that all this is in perfect agreement with Catholic doctrine.

Without attempting to define exactly how much of this one must hold in order to be classed among believers in Christianity as a supernatural religion, it is plain that those who substantially confess it as their religious belief must be so classed. And this settles the question regarding Dr. Smyth and Mr. Thayer, and the position taken by the councils of New Haven and Quincy. Whether they have departed more or less from the original Protestant confessions, and whether they have receded further than their ancestors from the standard of ancient Christian orthodoxy or have drawn nearer to it, they have not crossed the line into anti-supernatural rationalism.

The Divinity College of Yale University, it is well known, was the first and is now one of the chief seats of a New School of theology which has been looked down upon by Andover and Princeton and the Old School as heterodox. As a bulwark of the old system of doctrines the seminary now established at Hartford was founded, and first located at East Windsor, Conn. The New School has, within the last forty years, so far prevailed among Congregationalists and Presbyterians, and the Old School has moderated so much its former warmth of opposition, that New Haven may be considered as now enjoying the reputation of orthodoxy, and there are none who are more esteemed in America and Europe by the numerous body represented in the "Evangelical Alliance" than some of the gentlemen of Yale College who were members of the New Haven council. The great doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation were not points of dispute in this controversy between the two schools. And as the council manifested no anxiety about Dr. Smyth's belief in these doctrines, it is fair to conclude that there is no new departure here. Indeed, Dr. Smyth explicitly states his belief "in one God, existing in three eternal distinctions of being," by which we understand him to mean the Three Equal Persons; and in "Jesus the Christ, who is himself God's real and final self-revelation, the Word made flesh," which we understand to mean that the Word, who is the Son of God and truly God, became truly man by assuming human nature into a union with the divine nature in his own person. He believes that God "graciously selected one nation, and trained it by a particular superintendence, in order that it might be the bearer of a special divine revelation to the world; that this progressive work of divine revelation through the history of the chosen people from the first looked forward toward, and at last culminated in, Jesus the Christ; that Jesus Christ himself is the final and infallible

authority of faith and practice. I believe (he says) that the Sacred Scriptures are in part the record and interpretation, in part the contents, of the revelation which is fulfilled in Christ. The Bible as a whole, and as the Scriptures are fulfilled in Christ, I accept as a supreme and authoritative written rule or canon of faith and practice." In the course of his examination Dr. Smyth said: "There is an element in the Bible that I am utterly unable to explain, except as I assign it to a supernatural cause and a special divine superintendence of it and of the individuals who made the history. I distinguish the Scriptures from other writings in the fact that they contain, in my judgment and rational conviction, a special revelation from God."

"Do you place any greater reliance in the evangelical records than in the testimonies of other witnesses?" "Certainly."

"On what ground?" "On the ground of being specially chosen by Jesus, and that the records, as contained in the Gospels, are trustworthy reports of that revelation." "You speak of revelation as being complete in Christ. Do we understand you to say that the disciples added nothing?" "They added nothing to what God in his personal revelation gave them. They may have added, and did add, to what he said." "And these additions are authoritative?" "Yes, sir. Christ himself is the revelation, God being the supreme and final authority." "Do you hold the Scriptures as they are given to us as a certain and infallible rule and guide of faith in life?" "The Scriptures as a whole I do, and as fulfilled in Jesus Christ." "The Scriptures are not the Scriptures except as a whole?" "I should wish carefully to make that distinction." "What of the inspiration of a Paul or a John? Do you make a distinction between that and the inspiration of Baxter or Bunyan?" "In the first place, the difference in their historical positions, their relation to Jesus, the inspiration they have, in a special manner, arising from their historical relation to Jesus himself, a special position and a special commission, gave them an authority which no other man has."

Dr. Smyth further professes: "I believe that, besides the written canon of faith, we have as a secondary source and aid the Christian tradition, or the continuity and progressive development of the faith in the mind of the church through the Spirit of Christ."

"Finally, and in general, I accept as marking my spiritual ancestry the historic creeds of the Church (and of this church, of course), and in that line of descent I am not ashamed to stand.

Holding, however, my inherited beliefs in the responsibilities of Christian liberty, subject always to correction and expansion, praying ever for the teachable spirit, and hoping that in the true spirit of theological science I may keep the faith of the Christian ages, and in the love of whatsoever things are true, in the unity of the Spirit with all honest thinkers, I would press forward toward the final orthodoxy of the kingdom of God."

Dr. Smyth distinctly expresses his belief that all men are sinners, needing divine redemption and renewal, and in the vicarious satisfaction and atonement made by Jesus Christ. He defines the church to be "the continuous manifestation of the life of Jesus Christ in the world as a reorganizing God." "Baptism is the sign and seal of the fact that we are God's, not only in the world of sin, but in the world which belongs to the Lord and his Christ." "I think it might be well if we had some improved methods of getting the children put into more vital relations to the church." Of the Holy Eucharist Dr. Smyth says: "With regard to this I should be dissatisfied with the general view taken of this subject. It seems to me it is more than a memorial service, and that there is some real sense in which it is the Lord's Supper. In it Christ has offered himself to us more fully and generously than in any other way, and the Lord's Supper to me is not only a memorial of the sufferings and the death of Christ, but it is also the means of that spiritual communion and friendship of which Christ spoke in his last words to his disciples."

The crucial test of Dr. Smyth's Congregational orthodoxy lay in his statement of his doctrine concerning probation after death, and the final results of probation, especially in reference to its ending for a portion of mankind in a state of irretrievable impenitence and reprobation. Here lies the point of the new departure in the New School to which their line of movement from the position of the Old School has led up by a logical and moral necessity.

It was not so much a speculative as a moral and practical motive which initiated and determined the departure from Calvinism among the Congregationalists of New England. The Puritans aimed at founding a community of the elect, in which the kingdom of Christ should be really established and afterwards be extended over the whole earth. They expected their children to be born and grow up under the covenant of grace, and their descendants, as they increased and multiplied, to become indeed a chosen people of God. When the lapse of time

proved that a large and increasing number of them grew up and remained indifferent or hostile to the religion they were taught, disappointment and anxiety for the spiritual welfare of their own children and of the people around them, as well as their own spiritual uneasiness and their metaphysical habit of mind, set them upon analyzing their doctrines and seeking for some flaw to which their want of success could be attributed. The turning-point in their anxious and earnest theological discussions was precisely the very question of moral probation and the decisive moment determining fixity of character and condition for good or evil through an endless existence in the future life, which is now a subject of new and paramount interest.

According to strict and logical Calvinism the ultimate fixity of character and condition for good or evil is eternally predetermined. The rational creature is purely passive, has no self-determining power of will, and therefore, we must logically infer, no real probation. Since the fall all men are naturally determined to evil and unable to turn themselves to good, and are doomed to suffer everlasting torments on account of their sinful character, unless they belong to that class of the elect whom God has predetermined to be made holy and happy for ever by an act of his sovereign power. These elected men are freed from their natural liability to the doom of irretrievable evil by the redemption of Jesus Christ, who suffered death as a substitute for them; and are treated by God as if they had always been perfectly holy, in view of the perfect righteousness of Christ which is made over to them and reckoned to their account. At some particular moment during their earthly life God makes them pass into the state of actual justification, and begins to sanctify them as a preparation for a state of perfect holiness and happiness in the future life. The apprehension of Jesus Christ by each individual among them as his Saviour is faith, the medium of justification, which can never be gained by any one without an irresistible grace, and, once gained, can never be lost.

When some of the zealous and pious men who were endeavoring to preach the Gospel, as they understood it, awoke to the fearful condition of a great number of their own children and friends and fellow-men, as viewed in such a light as this, it was quite natural that they should inquire on what authority such an interpretation of the Gospel was resting. Finding that it was only a scheme of human invention, and remembering that they also claimed the right of private interpretation of the Scriptures, they naturally began to exercise it. One result of this exercise

of the liberty of inquiry and opinion concerning the doctrines of the Christian revelation was the theology of the New School. The practical effort of the preachers and writers of this school was, so to present the idea of Christ as the Redeemer and Saviour of all men that every hearer might be convinced that the way of salvation lay open before him, that he might receive sufficient grace to fulfil its conditions if he earnestly desired and strove to obtain it. The universality of redemption, the universality of grace, the responsibility of each individual for his own acts based on the power of free choice between good and evil, a real probation in this life in which the final issue is self-determined—such and similar ideas were necessarily substituted by the impulse of the new movement in lieu of those which had formerly prevailed. The introduction of the doctrine of free-will began a revolution in theology which had to go on, and the present discussion about probation after death springs directly from the view which the New School have adopted concerning the self-determining power of choice between good and evil.

For as they have been preaching that the sinner to whom the Gospel is presented can turn to God and be saved, and if he be not saved in the end must ascribe his perdition to his own free choice of evil, it is unavoidable that the further question should come up: What becomes of those to whom the Gospel was never presented? It is not so difficult to show a probable way by which even these may have an opportunity of securing salvation through the grace of Christ, if they are capable of an *implicit* faith and are the subjects of a sufficient moral probation in which they can choose between good and evil. But then is it credible that all the offspring of Adam without exception have had and do have what is requisite to enable them to exercise even an implicit faith, and to make such an intelligent, deliberate choice of good or evil as to determine their character and destiny in an unchangeable manner for all eternity? Suppose there are some who cannot be imagined to have had such a probation in this life? If they live for ever they must be either good or bad, either happy or miserable. If they are good and happy whence comes their immovable fixity of goodness and happiness? If they are bad and miserable whence comes their irretrievable determination to a moral state which involves in it the loss of that happiness which makes perpetual existence desirable?

Dr. Smyth is very modest and reserved, we might say even timid and hesitating, in proposing his personal views upon this question. He does not dogmatize, either as one who professes

to explain in a positive manner what is taught in the Scriptures or as a metaphysician claiming certainty for rational deductions, drawn from premises of pure reason, concerning matters which he does not believe to be made clear by the light of revelation. He does seem to hold firmly that a moral probation is a necessity in the nature of things for all created rational beings, and that unchangeable fixity in good or evil character and state cannot result from any cause except a voluntary and free self-determination of each individual subject. He is obliged, therefore, to conclude that every human person must have a fair probation, either in this life or after death. Yet he does not affirm positively that there are any who, not having had a fair and decisive probation in this life, actually do have one after death. As a probable opinion or conjectural hypothesis, which he thinks has some countenance from Scripture, he does hold that some souls pass into Hades without having as yet made any irrevocable choice of good or evil, and are therefore in such a condition that they may still secure their eternal salvation before the day of final judgment and the end of the present world.

Holding this opinion, and having also a great deference for the belief and practice of the ancient church, it is not surprising that he approves of praying for the dead.

"The privilege of prayer for the dead (he says) is a privilege that was exercised by the early church, and is still dear to those who wish to confer with the Lord Jesus Christ in behalf of their departed friends."

Dr. Smyth's opinion concerning the possibility of probation after death does not, by any means, imply that it must have an indefinite continuance, leaving for ever open for each individual a way of reconciliation to God by turning from evil to good. Much less does it imply a certainty or hope of the final salvation of all men. He says: "I cannot find either in Scripture or Christian reason sufficient reason to warrant teaching as a dogma the hope of a final reconciliation of all evil to the good-will of God." The general course of his examination seems to show that he holds the conception which he ascribes to St. Augustine as true—viz., that for each one moral probation becomes at last decisive, either in this life or after death, ending in fixity of character and state, either for good or evil, "a real determination beyond moral probability of recall." He does not, however, express any clear and firm belief in the irrevocable doom of those who are found in a state of impenitence, after a fair probation here or hereafter, by the day of judgment, as a truth certainly revealed. The strongest affirmation he makes is no more than this: "I can-

not deny the possibility, inherent in moral freedom, of eternal sin; and I think that Jesus leaves open, as a real danger to be feared, the possibility of a final rejection of the Holy Spirit."

The councils of New Haven and Quincy gave no positive sanction to the peculiar opinions of Dr. Smyth and Mr. Thayer, and the latter assembly expressed their dissent from the proposition that there is a probation after death. They have decided, however, that these opinions are tenable, and have thus opened a door to the free discussion of all questions involved in the idea of moral responsibility and probation.

We have no intention of making any formal criticism of Dr. Smyth's statements of his belief and opinions in theology, or of comparing them with the Catholic standard of orthodox doctrine. One statement, however, seems needful for guarding certain minds from perplexity. The affirmation that no rational being can become irrevocably bad and miserable except by his own free, self-determining act when in a state of probation, is in perfect accordance with Catholic theology.

In this respect, and in several others of no less importance, the New School in the Congregational and Presbyterian denominations has improved on the theology of the Old School. The Calvinistic theology, as a whole and in respect to several of its distinct tenets, is altogether diverse from that of the Catholic Fathers and Doctors. It has waned already very much, and is fast waning toward total disappearance, in the great Protestant communions where it has formerly more or less, in its harsher or milder forms, prevailed. Not only so, but the dominion of the purely human ecclesiastical authority which has held sway over the minds of the professed members of the Protestant churches has very much diminished, to the great advantage of liberty in thought and inquiry. We think that Dr. Smyth and Mr. Thayer have acted reasonably in claiming, and the two councils in conceding, this liberty. Some may abuse this liberty to wander in all directions away from the truth and recede more and more from Christ, the great luminary of the world. But it does not follow that all will do so. On the contrary, we may hope that those who acknowledge his divinity and recognize the supreme authority of his revealed word will profit by a good use of liberty, and that true, genuine Christianity will show itself in its real character as a divine system which is above reason, yet in accordance with all sound human philosophy and knowledge, more and more, the more it is examined with sincerity and intelligence by those who desire to know it and to make it known as it really is, the masterpiece of its divine Author.

OUT OF THE WEST.

I.

Edmond Brenner, a young student of a university town of North Prussia, was suspended and very nearly expelled from his college for being found in the companionship of other students who richly deserved what he and they had to suffer. So much for being "a capital fellow," a "good fellow," your good-humored man who don't know how to say "No" on the one needful occasion. There had been half a dozen grievous troubles winked at or condoned by the faculty with which he had nothing to do; nor had he in this matter disgraced himself, but to have cleared himself fully would have been to double the blame of another student, to whom expulsion meant ruin. And it did not mean ruin to Edmond. To be sure it was giving pain to his family, but that was the worst of it, and the very worst he could spare them by telling them the truth that he had withheld from the college dons.

And his family knew that he would not speak a false word even to save them pain, and so forgave him. But their forgiveness he could not bear. Reproach would have left him where it found him—sorry for his scrape and making futile resolutions as to its repetition. But the sweet "I'm sorry" that began and ended his sister's regret, the single "It's hard on the old people" that came from his brother the priest, and above all the unshed tear that gathered without falling from his mother's eye, went deeper than the sharpest rebuke could have done.

War-clouds were gathering on the French horizon, and the young man was wise enough to see that the youth of twenty-three years would soon be called to the field. Had the contest been one of patriotism or faith none would have responded more promptly than Edmond; but looking at it as a mere quarrel of French provocation, the old battledoring of Teuton and Celt to punish ancient wrongs or for new self-aggrandizement, it seemed to him as worse than wasted time, that would spoil for him some of the best years of his life and retard every new-formed plan.

For he had been thinking, and now, like the prodigal, hasten-

ing to his father, begged him to divide to him the little portion of his goods that would fall to him, or such a part of it as could be taken without injury to the others, and send him to the great American West to invest it with the health, energy, and hope which so many other men are equally pouring into the great crucible. But for the threatening, now nearly assured, war the paternal Brenner would not readily have yielded to the well-argued entreaties of his son; but, as usual when a subject is under discussion, especially a course of action, motives *pro* and *con.* are wont to accumulate.

The week after Edmond's return from college a letter arrived from a young Illinois settler who had gone out from a neighboring town six years before, and, after the difficulties attending the first cutting into of wilderness, and cabin-building, and planting a few acres of land, had broken down in health, and, receiving a legacy in Prussia, determined to return there as soon as he could sell his Western purchase. "I will sell for three hundred dollars," wrote he, "that which is well worth five, besides the six years' labor I have given." News of this was brought into town and it was talked of on Sunday. On Monday Edmond, with the consent of his parents, wrote to America, and was a single mail in advance of two fellow-townsmen who had hastened to secure the chance.

We will not dwell upon the intervening details of negotiation. Brenner the elder sold a little property that would have been Edmond's share, and gave it to him with the full understanding that nothing farther could be his, except in a final division of household furniture, without wronging his brother and sister. Altogether it amounted, after paying his passage money to New York and buying some clothing and other needful things, to six hundred and fifty dollars and some cents.

The last preparations had been hurried a little, rumors having been made that, in the interest of recruiting, a check would be placed on emigration, for Prussia had begun to mobilize her troops even before the declaration of war.

The pain of parting between Edmond and his parents was lessened by the suspicions, that later events developed to almost certainty, that he would have been one of the early conscripts whose ranks were so swiftly thinned at Saarbrück and Gravelotte and their deadlier attendant hospitals. Early in July Edmond sailed for New York.

In New York the payment and transfer was made of the land at Gruenwald, as the settlement was called; but there was a

registration to be made in Chicago, and the returning Hans Werber strongly advised, if possible, the purchase of fifty adjacent acres, now valued by government at two dollars an acre, by reason of the improvements made by Werber and twenty other German immigrants, and for the very desirable location that this tract afforded for the building of a saw-mill.

"I do not know what you can afford to do," said Werber, "but the man who gets this land and builds the mill will be the first to become rich, for there is not such another site near Gruenwald, and the nearest existing saw-mill is thirty miles away. You will find that one of my mistakes was trying to do too much in the first place," said he furthermore. "I cleared three acres where I should have cleared and planted one and waited, and I built a far larger house than one man needed, always thinking that I might marry some day; and with all my toil the house cost three times what I ought to have spent on it, and when I was sick and lost a part of the planting season I should have been in evil case but for this windfall from home. You will find an old woman on the place," said Werber at another moment, "not very strong or bright, but she can milk cows, if you keep any, make coarse bread and do a little other rude cooking, and could wait upon me when I was sick. I have told her that I thought you would let her stay on with you, for she earns the little cost of her living and looks for no other pay; besides, she is friendless and old."

With other instructions in detail about tools, stock, etc., Hans Werber concluded his advice with the comment that he "would do well to marry whenever he could afford to, as the married farmers, for some reason, always seemed to thrive better than the bachelors."

With his trunk of clothes and music, and a well-beloved violin that had stolen many hours at college that should have gone to study, Edmond Brenner joined a large party of Swedes and Germans Westward bound, in order to save from the little fortune remaining all possible by cheap transport, and in doing this showed a trait hitherto foreign to his nature or undeveloped. He was beginning to economize.

Werber had given him the address of the land office in Chicago, and also that of a humble but respectable boarding-house frequented by Germans, though the landlady was a New-England woman. Arriving in the evening at this house just late enough to find all the boarders out for the evening, Edmond took his tea silently in a dining-room, and then turned to a small public room adjacent, much more like a private "sitting-room" than a boarding-house parlor. There sat the landlady puzzling over some market bills, now and then aided in some vexed computation by a young lady who was knitting and at the same

time reading a German book with occasional aid from a dictionary beside her. The reading fared better than the knitting, however, for this was always sacrificed at the call of an unknown word or the demand of the landlady. It was through the interpretation, imperfect as it was, of this young girl that Edmond had been able to establish an understanding with the landlady after presenting Werber's introduction.

Had the room been full of people the excitement and continuous mental exertion that had occupied Edmond ever since the leave-taking would have remained and occupied him still; but this transition to stillness gave him his first thinking-time since he had left home. Farther still, the homelike picture of these two women working quietly under the glow of the evening lamp so recalled his home, with mother and sister, that a heavy sigh escaped him, and he lifted his head from a long reverie with a moisture about the eyes that he struggled with and prevented from becoming tears.

The young lady saw it, but was too delicate to notice it, and plunged more deeply than ever into the reading; but the landlady, whose tangle of figures was uncoiled, folding up her bills, heard the sigh, and, safe in her English speaking, observed: "Poor fellow! something's gone wrong with him." Edmond, thinking himself addressed, controlled his emotions and turned towards her. An impulse moved the young lady to say: "It is nothing; she was only speaking kindly of you."

There are times when slight causes are productive of apparently inordinate results. Another form of speech or tone of utterance would have shut Edmond in to a reserve common to men; but this evening quiet, this suggestion of home, and the kindly manner of the women, coming at the moment of his first genuine homesickness, told strongly on his young heart, and it did not require a long conversation between the younger pair to draw out the youth's story.

His words, "It is so homelike here," were confidential, and confidence given wins its return. Sitting with this young stranger, now almost a friend, the girl, Margaret Chester, told more of her own story than she had ever had occasion to reveal before, being usually reticent in the houseful of changing guests.

"I am a young girl of New England," said she. "Growing up in one of the large manufacturing cities, and educated in the public schools, I came out of the high-school at the age of eighteen; that was four years ago. My mother is a widow with other children; one is married. I was not obliged to leave her,

but her income was so small that I found that I must never ask for more than the necessaries of life, or it would deprive her of her own few little luxuries and those which my sister, an invalid, enjoys."

Here Margaret thought a few moments, then added:

"My brother, who is almost rich, is kind to them, to us all, but has a large and expensive family to support. I thought that I should do well to teach, that I might always know exactly what I could do and have, without the pain of asking or the uncertainty of its being best to do so." Here Margaret was unselfishly placing her family in a little better light, possibly, than they deserved with reference to herself, but her only fear was of doing them injustice, and she concluded:

"As my family felt a little annoyance about my being known as a teacher at home, I accepted a situation in the public schools here, where I have remained ever since, not having revisited the East for nearly four years. I found so many German children in the schools, so many German people here and during the last two years visiting this house, that I have studied the language as well as I was able, with very little aid, by listening and occasionally trying to speak."

"Then," said Edmond, "you must be a very quick student as well as a successful teacher, which I do not doubt you are."

To which Margaret modestly answered that she had been twice promoted, but that promotions were much more rapid here than in the Eastern schools, where to have taught three of the upper schools would have been a matter of many years.

Here the active eye of Mrs. Barbour, the landlady, rested on the violin-case, which Edmond had been unwilling to risk with his trunk in the baggage-room at the station, and she begged for some music. Of this accomplishment Edmond had real reason to be proud, even in his German home, where he played first violin in an amateur club, and to the ears of these delighted women he poured out such music as one had rarely, the other had never, heard. Impassioned memories from Beethoven and Mozart trembled under the quivering bow, and movements from Mendelssohn were varied by the simple pathos of old German ballads. Then for a few moments, forgetting everything in the utter, astonished silence of the women, he improvised, led by the feelings of the evening.

The picture in his mind was at first the sea, its early discomfort and restlessness, then its space, its vastness, and its ending

at the beginning of another world, a new one. The rapid railway transit, the noise and confusion of a strange tongue, his loneliness and isolation, followed; finally the moments of kindness and confidence at this hearthstone. All this, from long habit, he expressed in a fashion all his own, in tones strange to his listeners but wonderfully beautiful, and ending with a graceful little measure which he told them in explanation meant "I am grateful, and I thank you for your kindness to a stranger."

By this time some of the boarders had returned, and with the incoming world Edmond hastily restored his violin to its case, and would have gone to his room had he been shown it. This Mrs. Barbour prepared to do. As he was bidding Margaret good-night the thought occurred: "This is the pleasantest hour I have known since leaving home, and it has ended. I am going to say good-night, and to-morrow it will be good-by; so many pleasures end for ever."

Perhaps a similar feeling possessed Margaret, for she said, with a pleasure that she could not have understood if recognized: "You will not be able to find the land office to-morrow unaided. It will be Saturday, a school holiday; shall I show you the way?"

"If the fräulein would be so kind, so very kind!" And "good-night" now seemed easier for the anticipation.

Margaret Chester, with as lively an imagination as that of the young man who had told her his story, had twice his practical ability by nature, and the experiences of the last four years had gone far to develop it. Turning over his case in her mind several times before they met next morning, she had prepared a catechism of inquiry and suggestion that she trusted to his good sense and faith in her to receive as pertinent.

The point in his own mind that he was most tried to determine was whether to purchase the other fifty acres or not. It was very tempting. Margaret, taken into counsel, thought deeply. "I ought to know," she said, "exactly the condition of your land and what it will cost you to keep such part of it as is cultivated in fertility for the next two years at least." But of this he was ignorant—more ignorant than herself, for she had listened to much discussion of such subjects at the boarding-house table. "Six acres actually cleared, and five of them under cultivation, as you estimate," said Margaret, "ought to supply your wants, provide you with seed for the new planting, replace tools, and feed the stock, now reduced, you say, to a yoke of oxen and a horse. But you do not know much about housekeeping, I

fear, and if the old woman is not prudent and 'good to contrive,' as we say, you can easily want on a farm like that."

They attended to the registration of the deed, and then examined a map of the whole country about Gruenwald. Margaret tried to delineate the section of it belonging to Edmond, seeing which, and the very neat method that she was pursuing, one of the clerks gave her a piece of tracing-linen, with which she made a very fair copy of the land. After considerable discussion she contrived to draw the clerk into conversation about the fifty acres, and obtained from him much useful information. It was clear that it was a most desirable addition, and seemed so much a part of the first purchase that no one who could have afforded to buy it would have let it go. But it had proved too large an item for Hans Werber's purse.

In counting up the costs Edmond and Margaret had figured as nearly as possible with allowance for his unpaid board and price of car-fare to the station next Gruenwald, and added thereto a list of stores that Werber had said would save half their cost if Edmond would buy in and carry from Chicago himself. This, deducted from the money left after paying registration fees, would still leave, as they computed, three hundred and fifty dollars. Edmond's eagerness would at this moment have risked the needful hundred, but Margaret's sober second thought, now uttered, was:

"The whole matter is still an experiment. Perhaps you will fail altogether, in which case a whole hundred, and a most important hundred, will be lost."

"What are the probabilities of the land being sold?" asked Edmond of the clerk. "Of that," was the reply, "I cannot say, but I should not think such a place would lie over two years longer. Your chief security for purchasing probably lies in the fact that the settlement is new, and that those already there are having all that they can manage in such tracts as they have bought." This led to a study of Edmond's neighbors, which showed about twenty families, nearly all of South German origin, and each similarly situated on nearly equal divisions of land. "There is one thing that I will do," said the good-natured clerk, taken into confidence and fancying something about the pair which did not exist at all. "I will engage to inform you of any application made for the land within six months, and count yours as first, and probably during that time you will be able to determine whether you are going to want it or not."

This was most satisfactory; but on going out from the land

office they found that so much time had been occupied that it would be impossible for Edmond to purchase his stores and leave on the train for Gruenwald. It was Saturday. "A bad beginning," said Margaret gravely; "staying over Sunday will add another day to your board-bill; and it was my fault, delaying to draw your map and talking so long with the clerk."

Edmond, who had been struck with her intelligence, skill, and clear reasoning, would not allow of this, and replied that but for her judgment he should doubtless have been led to commit an error in his eagerness to own the whole land, and that it was certainly to her that he owed the clerk's favor in delaying the decision for six months.

Margaret had somewhat recovered herself, and, with an unselfishness that was habitual, now tried to think in what way she could best serve him, on whom she felt that she had brought an unnecessary expense.

"I can at least show you the way to the stores you seek," she said, asking for the directions given by Werber, "but I ought to say to you that I am going far out of my habits of life in what I am doing. Girls in America are allowed very great freedom, but in my family it was not so, and I have never taken such liberties with a stranger in my life." This she said with convincing blushes from a sense of modesty that was a part of her nature.

"I understand perfectly," said Edmond. "You wish only to be kind to some one who is a stranger and friendless. I think that my mother or sister would do just as you have done, were either in your place. And I shall be in real trouble if you leave me, since I cannot speak the tongue, and of the real value of the stores I have no knowledge."

Here Margaret took thought again. The father of one of her pupils was a large grain-dealer, in business near the address of one of the provision-stores. They would go to him and ask prices. It was well that they did so. Of the sum allowed in their estimate a third was saved by the merchant, who struck from their list one or two items that had largely advanced in price, and, substituting cheaper articles that would serve as well, furthermore extended to them his own privilege of purchasing at low rates from a dealer of his acquaintance.

"See, you have saved me more than the difference in the cost of board," said Edmond gaily, as the last payment was made; and Margaret, cheered by the thought, fell into a bright, sunny humor that not even the drudgery of teaching had ever dimmed.

In the afternoon, remembering a paper to be examined for a

pupil, left in her desk at school, she was about to leave the house to seek it when she saw Edmond sitting alone in the little parlor with the prospect of some solitary hours before him. This time inviting a girl friend to join them, she quite freely asked Edmond if he would like to visit the scene of her daily labors and form an idea of the average school-buildings of Chicago.

The presence of the companion, so far from proving a restraint, removed the chief cause of Margaret's shyness, and in explaining the routine of her work and the methods of study and discipline in the school, comparing them with the Prussian system, these two young people spent some innocent and profitable hours, especially when, drifting into the subject of reading, Edmond advised a course in German that would gradually remove present difficulties.

In the evening, directly after tea, the landlady begged for music from the violin, and, once complaisant, Edmond was not allowed to rest for an hour and a half. Only she was regretful because he did not play his last strange improvisation.

"Such things do not always come for asking," said Edmond in an undertone; but Margaret heard and answered, "Nor suit every mood." Clearly, these two people had similar habits of thought.

A young man who played in one of the leading bands of the city, calling for a friend at the boarding-house, had while waiting listened to Edmond's music. "It's a great pity to send such talent as that into the wilderness," said he. "I wish Zelter could hear him." Zelter was the band-leader. On this apparent trifle hinged a fair portion of destiny for Edmond.

The next morning at breakfast Margaret asked Edmond if he had intended going to church. She thought that a look of surprise crossed his face, but it disappeared as he vouchsafed explanation.

"Ah! I see," said he. "The fräulein is doubtless Protestant. I am Catholic, and Catholics always go to church."

At the same time she observed that he had taken no food, not even having unfolded his napkin.

"I had hoped that the fräulein could show me to a German church," said he, rising from the table, to which it was evident he had come for no other purpose than to ask this favor.

An inexpressible feeling of disappointment shadowed Margaret's enjoyment at this moment. This talented, frank young man, who had not hesitated to blame himself in a manly way in his confidence the evening of his arrival; this very engaging

young Prussian, who ought before this to have been credited as a handsome man, was an alien in faith to her own belief—if belief she had any. Margaret's Protestantism having ever failed her in the most important crises of her life, she had been gradually abandoning herself to the influences of so-called "liberal" reading, and, wearied of doctrines that seemed to her theoretical, but most imperfectly practised and *never* enforced, she tried to satisfy her own mind with that which professed to be more advanced and untrammelled.

But she was not satisfied with her freedom. Like a child surfeited with over-much leisure, and falling into difficulties from too much liberty and its own indiscretions, she fairly longed for a home of the soul, and the last place that she had thought of seeking it was in the Catholic faith, misrepresented and held up to her contempt as it had been from childhood. She had known no Catholics in New England except the working-girls serving in families and day-laborers, and at the West only a few of higher social position, and they were to her a mystery.

The happiness and satisfaction of Catholics in their faith, and the tenacity with which they clung to it, were problems that she could not solve by the ideas of ignorance and fear, or a blind following of tradition, as in the case (as she argued) of some of the immigrant peasantry, and she began dimly to suspect underlying causes deeper than she had hitherto supposed. At this time there was lying in her room unread a book giving an epitome of history and explanations of the faith, but she had deferred its examination. And this educated young man, whose knowledge of books was so critical, whose brain-power was so clear that she had been obliged to exert all her own mental faculties to follow some of his arguments in the discussion of government and discipline yesterday—this young man was a Catholic! She experienced a mental blow.

Under ordinary circumstances Margaret would have directed him to a church, and, if she had walked thither would certainly have abandoned him at the door; but to-day a new interest inspired her. She had once been to Mass with some acquaintances, the Davisons, and with some surprise observed the devout manner of the Davison young men beside her.

A young Episcopalian, she had said to herself, would perhaps bury his head in his hat on entering or rest it on the back of the seat before him, but it was exceptional to hear their responses and all their devotion had an air of shyness. And in other denominations there was less still; they stood up as a mark of respect

during prayer, or rendered some other chary observance of the exercise, but nothing that marked the action as their own. But the Davisons were really praying—praying themselves, one of them with his beads in hand; and when she blushed to have observed him so closely she observed a little closer still, and saw that she might have spared her blushes, for his own occupation was too entire to admit of his considering what the thought of others might be, and on looking around the congregation she saw that this was general. In fact, she began to be ashamed of having looked around.

Now, something better than curiosity, but not unmingled with it, stirred in her a desire to know if this young man would do likewise—a wish to know how much his faith was to him; if he would pray, as the Davisons prayed, before her, a stranger. As these thoughts passed quickly through her mind she named to him two Catholic churches, one of which was larger and attended by more fashionable people than the other, and asked him to which he would prefer to go.

"I have no choice," he answered quietly; "the sacrifice of the Mass is the same everywhere"—a reply which Margaret, failing to comprehend, put aside for future thought, recalling as she did so a puzzling sentence of Anna Davison's when Margaret had spoken of the Catholic service: "Our Mass is not a service but a sacrifice."

With an interest keener in the experiment as to the faith than the man, Margaret resolved to put him to the fullest test and see how a young Catholic at the most sensitive age would deport himself in the full church of St.——. So, making its finer music an excuse, she conducted him thither, and felt a momentary embarrassment herself at being conducted by the sexton very far forward. But seeing that she was nearly unobserved by those of the congregation already present, who were engaged in various devotions, she resumed her coolness and observation of Edmond.

Gratified she must have been. Reared in a community where young and old alike were trained to devout expression, utterly ignorant of the feeling of the American young man, whose shyness of emotional exhibition is excessive, and who often ignores devotion as a shame, Edmond kneeling blessed himself fervently and proceeded with his prayers quite as earnestly as either of the Davisons had done. There was nearly half an hour before Mass, and Margaret, wondering why so large a number of persons had come thus early, was treated to a newer surprise still as she

found herself deserted by her companion, who went to the lower end of the church and placed himself beside a few people who were waiting on a bench or kneeling. He had remembered that it would be long before his privileges of confession and communion would return, and had come fasting to church.

Margaret, who had felt that what she said as prayers had been concluded in her room that morning, was alert and watchful now. One after another of the group beside Edmond would disappear behind the loose swinging curtains of what seemed to her a box or incomplete room, divided in three compartments, and from the slightly varied change in the position of the feet of some one behind the middle curtain, who remained there, Margaret guessed at the priest's manner of hearing confessions alternately to right and left.

Not really knowing, but suspecting that for the first time she was looking at a confessional, this thought surprised her: "Why do people go to confession before others, and these others looking on and knowing that it is confession?" Where was the secrecy, then, and dangerous seclusion attributed to the whole matter? At a later date she said that the first strong conviction of the falsehoods she had been taught was this knowledge that any person able to walk to church might invariably go to confession in the presence of others, and learning that by far the larger number of penitents habitually do so.

When Edmond came out from the curtained alcove he did not return directly to his seat, but went, as others whom she saw, to pray before one of the altars. He had visited and made his devotions before two of these when the priest and altar-boys came in and he returned to the pew. It was a day of surprises to Margaret. She had expected a "prayer-book" offered her and a place found, and then vaguely recalled the same absence of attention on her former visit to church. Soon this total want of notice on the part of every one produced a feeling of isolation, and she felt nearly as secluded as in her own room. A question now rose in her heart:

"While every one around me is entreating or thanking God why am I only silent?" then quickly following the suggestion, "But for what shall I pray?"

Now began the Canon of the Mass. The added lights upon the altar, the stiller, nearly hushed voice of the priest, the deeper attitude of devotion of the people awaiting the act of consecration, communicated a feeling of awe to her, and at the solemn instant her head bowed as if involuntarily with those kneel-

ing beside her; then with a glance at the uplifted Host she prayed:

"If there *be* a true faith, give me that faith."

After the priest's communion Edmond went forward with others to the rails. Margaret's deep feeling seemed now to remove any element of surprise, and she had lost the idea with which she came—curiosity about his conduct. She watched him no more than the others, and, respecting the soul's isolation with God, she turned even her thoughts as far as possible from him as he knelt beside her on his return. But a deep impression had been made on her, and she feared to enter into ordinary conversation with him as they walked home. She had never seen anything so solemn in her life; she thought it more solemn than death.

On reaching home he asked only for a glass of water; then Margaret, remembering the fast, asked if he were ill, and while explaining to her the total abstinence from the previous midnight that precedes Holy Communion he grew suddenly pale and faint. He had not learned the treachery that our climate plays an unaccustomed stomach, or what the fasting penitent undergoes in its new conditions.

A little food relieved him, though headache followed for the rest of the day, and on this Margaret took occasion to comment gently. Again she was astonished at the youth's simple frankness of speech.

"One may well bear a slight pain of the head," said he, "to honor the One that was thorn-crowned"; and spoke without the least affectation.

Margaret was perplexed, but thinking, "To morrow he will go away and I shall not see him again; I, too, will be fearless," broke out into confidential questions concerning the faith that roused him to eager explanation. Finding her untaught in the very alphabet of religion, he spoke as he would have spoken to a child at times, alternately appealing to her strongest logical powers; but finally, with a despairing gesture, he said: "I can tell you so little. Ah! if you could converse with my brother the priest."

"Which," thought Margaret, "is precisely the last thing that I would do. Of course it's his *business* to teach and think so, but this man is free to live it or put it aside, and he is honest or he never would have told against himself what he did the evening he came, making nothing better or worse than it was."

For more than two hours did these young people converse on

subjects of the deepest interest life can hold, as nearly unconscious as possible of elements that draw youth to youth, yet strongly, unconsciously interesting and binding each other as they spoke, teaching and listening.

Then, noting the swiftly-passing time, Margaret asked Edmond if he could think of anything farther that she could do for him, as she would have to go early to her school duties in the morning; and this recalled the fact that they would not meet again. To Edmond it seemed like a second uprooting, so pleasant had this hour of rest become, and he had to recall his purpose, his regrets for the past, his penitence of the morning for the sins of his whole lifetime, and thus quicken resolution.

There was but one thing more that Margaret could do for him. Arriving after dark on Friday, he was afraid that he could not recall his route to the station; and now she went out with him and walked to it, taking on their way the stores where Edmond had made his purchases and left them to be called for on Monday. In this way the morning's course was clear to him.

In the evening there were some suggestions that occurred to Margaret about details already discussed for the farm, and, Mrs. Barbour sitting by, Margaret translated from time to time. This recalled to the landlady a pile of German *Agriculturists* left behind by a last year's boarder, and, thinking that they might aid a tyro, if not of latest date, hunted them up.

Still another idea crossed Margaret's mind, accustomed as she was to exercise it on so many practical details, and she inquired: "What are you going to do with your money balance?"

Judging from home rates of interest, the amount had seemed too small to signify what he did, except preserve it from loss or theft; but learning from Margaret what it could gain, he resolved to deposit three hundred dollars in a savings-bank on the morrow where she knew a German clerk to be always in attendance.

"That is where my own little earnings are placed," she said, as if to give the best proof of her own confidence in the measure. It seemed to strike him as a strange thing that this girl should be earning anything *beyond* her living, so unused was he to this type of character in any corresponding class at home; but such an uttered comment was impossible.

Monday morning and its stern realities followed the poetry and rest of Sunday, and the good-by between Edmond and Margaret was of necessity brief. Had he indulged an inclination

he would have walked to school with her, but a doubt crossed his mind. "I have seen this girl but three days," reasoned he, "and am better acquainted with her than I ever became in months of companionship with others; but how far is this the happening of circumstance and how far the result of my needing and receiving a great kindness? I could easily imagine, I do think, that I could become very fond of her; but would I not do wrong to suffer myself to form any attachment in my poverty or tempt another person to form one for me? I shall go away and there will be no harm done now, but for my own peace of mind I had better rest satisfied with gratitude." And he was not conceited enough to think that hers had been disturbed.

So he bade her farewell at the house—a farewell really expressive of his indebtedness to her, but delicately told, and only betrayed any impressions that he had received by saying: "In my lonely life in the woods I shall have much time to recall the aid and pleasure that you have given me."

And she, modestly hiding the fact that it was perhaps the strangest, pleasantest happening of her uneventful life, only suggested that should occasion offer in the future he would prove his satisfaction by relying again on whatever she could do for him. He might have orders to give for seed or tools before he could have learned the language, or perhaps reach some decision about the land that he would like to communicate through her. "I should really like to know what becomes of it," said she, "since I have so carefully mapped it." He would have liked to ask for this map as a souvenir, but the stern self-repression that he was now beginning to exercise stayed him. At such moments he had found of late that he recalled those unshed tears in his mother's eyes on the day that she forbore rebuke. So he hastened his good-by, saying: "Take my gratitude with you, fräulein, into your little school-world."

And she answered, with more gayety than she felt: "Take courage, Herr Brenner, with you into yours," for she detected his need of it, and she turned to work and made herself active in the most engrossing duties, with time, in spite of her closest labor, to miss and want something that had come and gone.

Edmond, in a very similar mood, found his way to the savings-bank, experiencing a certain pleasure in following the advice of this young girl; then gathering his stores, which he was obliged to make two journeys to transport to the railway station, returned to the boarding-house, paid his bill, which Mrs. Barbour made very moderate, took the agricultural papers that she had

given him and his violin, and left her with a mutual pantomime of gestures which meant good wishes on both sides.

It would be somewhat dreary to follow Edmond into first exile and enter with him into details of drudgery out doors and in. Neighbors he had none, or only at distances so great that after the day's hard toil, to which he was not used, he was only too glad to sleep and regain strength for the labor of the coming day. By and by this state of things improved a little, the people gathering on Sundays striving to make him welcome in their limited way, and Edmond's good-humor aiding the process.

He made a friend in these days of whom he later stood in need. This was a German physician who, for reasons not then explained, had left home and friends and an assured position of comfort, and with his well-born wife, whose name held a Von, had made a home a little outside the wilderness settlement of Gruenwald. Childless, an eager student and enthusiastic naturalist, he found in Edmond's society a pleasure that he had missed for the five years of his residence among them, and availed himself of as far as their busy lives permitted. To his counsel Edmond owed much, and that his first errors were not greater was owing to Dr. Klein's sagacity and practical knowledge. At the end of November Edmond found himself in finances about where he was on reaching Gruenwald, and out of the half-planted, half-neglected land, uncared for during Hans Werber's sickness and the sale, Edmond had gathered up enough to keep the old woman, Beta, and himself from starvation during the coming winter, with food for the yoke of oxen and horse more abundant—Hans Werber's provision for beast exceeding his care for the human portion of his charge.

As frost and coming winter gloom settled down upon him he found it necessary to occupy his mind fully to drive off homesickness and discontent, especially in view of his uncertain prospects in future. The papers had been a mine of interest and of real value, but he knew them all, even to the advertisements, and still his active mind craved more. Then it was that his violin served him well. Day and night the log-house rang with its skilful tones, and as the season progressed he was urged to play for the few merry-makings that the simple folk indulged in. For pay he found little presents of food coming in, which were as acceptable as money in the variety they afforded, and much more agreeable to accept.

Most of the people were below him socially and in educa-

tion, and, though there was evident good feeling among them all, there was no intimate for him, of either sex, except the doctor. Little wonder if his memory often treated him to the days in Chicago, as well as home souvenirs, and made Margaret and her intelligent conversation and good judgment prominent.

One day he found himself asking how much worse it would be for her up here than in the unchanging school-room round; but he quickly banished the suggestion and all that it implied with the answer, "There is a certainty in that, at least, while here everything is doubtful still for a man alone."

To only one temptation had he yielded. Hans Werber, having little mechanical skill, had thrown aside a number of tools from inability to repair them or from finding the cost of sending them to Chicago too great. Several of these Edmond had quite restored during the early winter days, but one, a plough, threatened to baffle him. There was a casting needed, without which nothing could be done, and, like Werber, he was tempted to abandon it. It would cost far too much to send it to the city. "If I had any one there who could understand what I want from measurements and drawings!" he sighed, and as he sighed Margaret's request to be made useful passed idly across his mind. It was most improbable that she knew anything of mechanics. Still, he really wished to restore his plough. It would be worth far more than the inferior one that Werber made shift of replacing it with, and it seemed so very reasonable an excuse for communicating with Margaret, of whom he had no knowledge of any kind since their summer parting.

He had yielded to the temptation and sent the drawings and measurements, and even a paper model of the casting, hoping that through his pains and her intelligence, and the skill of some machinist, the piece could be obtained. But oh! how earnestly this young man argued to himself to conceal from his own heart the knowledge that there was something that he wished to receive quite as eagerly as the morsel of steel and iron.

After he had sent the letter he became wholly unsettled, and for a week, receiving no answer, had recourse to a great deal of violin practice. For the last two days of the time he had quite renounced hearing from her. "After all," thought he, "I might have remembered that it was not her home, that she was liable to change her position at any time; perhaps she has returned to her New-England home—perhaps she is married."

As this last idea possessed his mind a quick pain revealed to him something that he had before been unwilling to admit to

himself: that beyond the judgment, and intelligence, and kindliness of the girl there was something that had captivated his imagination also; that there was a charm and grace of manner that had never appeared to him in any other woman; that, in fact, were he at liberty to speak, assured that he were not offering her misery instead of a home, he would ask her to grace his dwelling. He loved her, and he shrank with true pain at the thought that another had been able to do so. He even recalled the thought that she was not a Catholic, and the impossibility that he had always felt heretofore of marrying out of his faith, without now experiencing the abhorrence he had previously experienced.

"That would have given all at home such pain, and God is good, who has not wished it thus; I must trust him better than this." And poor Edmond sent up a fervent prayer. He had now been in his rude home between four and five months, "where," as he wrote his brother in a moment of frankness, "I live more like a bear than a human being."

On the evening of the ninth day Dr. Klein came past and held out to Edmond a letter. For two days, there having been snow and heavy drifts, Edmond had given over both hoping and seeking for letters. Margaret had written thus:

"Herr Brenner will surely believe that I have not been inattentive to his wishes when I say so. A good machinist to whom I confided the model, and who seemed to comprehend it, has become ill, and I have awaited his recovery to see if it can be done. Meantime there is something important to tell you. This evening Herr Bensen, the young musician of the orchestra who was so pleased with your playing, came in to make bitter complaints of another sickness which deprives the band of a first violin just as an engagement at the theatre was made and a Christmas concert fully advertised. 'Our leader, whom I have just left, is in despair,' said he. At the words 'first violin' I thought of what you told me of holding that place in your Prussian club, so I asked Herr Bensen if he thought that you could fill the place at this moment. A great light shone in his eyes as he recalled your playing, and he cried: 'If indeed he had time to practise with us he would do well,' and was off like a flash to see Zelter. He came back at ten o'clock, and, to shorten a story, they have asked me to write to you and bid you come without delay, and, without promising to make an engagement, they send you herein the money needed for your journey. And if you will come you can attend to the little piece of machinery better than I."

As Margaret had re-read her hasty composition she had smiled at her transition from the third to the second person in addressing Edmond; but she was shy of saying more than "Mr. Brenner, Dear Sir," and that seemed a long way off from the

tone of friendliness in which they had parted, so she left it as written.

Edmond performed a rather extravagant antic as he read this letter; yet as he re-read it, and found no expression of personal interest other than the whole action indicated, he was disappointed, not reflecting that he had never given her any reason to express herself in any warm manner toward him, and in his cautious reserve toward her in parting any such expression would have been forward on her part. But "Mr. Brenner, Dear Sir" was a happy omission; young hearts chill easily.

A day had been lost already in the transmission of her letter, and Edmond, to make up for lost time, walked two difficult miles at early morning, encumbered by violin and a large roll of music, with a change of clothing, to catch an early express-train that made the difference of his arrival at noon instead of nightfall. On his arrival at Mrs. Barbour's he found that Margaret had returned to school, but had thoughtfully left a note with Herr Zelter's address, and instructing him to go there without delay in case of his arrival in her absence.

On her return from school in the rapidly-fading daylight she stumbled before, and nearly fell against, a tall young man who was about to ascend the boarding-house steps. Such greeting as quick, glad hearts in youth can give passed between them, and before Margaret even attempted the steps again she quickly inquired:

"You have seen Zelter?" "Yes." "Is it arranged?"

"Yes. I found him alone and gloomy. His reception of me was a little cool; he clearly did not hope for much. He looked at me, opened my violin-case, placed some music before me, and gave me the orchestral signal to prepare. Before I had played a dozen bars he took away the piece, replacing it by another which was easier still, and he grunted a queer 'that's well enough' to himself rather than to me. Something seemed to inspire me then, and this winter's practice has not been lost, I find. The third trial was on a lovely 'sinfonie' of Beethoven's whose every note is written on my heart, and on which I had long drill at our 'Akademie.' Clearly, this gave him pleasure. He stopped me on the third page and said: 'Come to-morrow to the hall at nine for rehearsal; there are nine rehearsals to make in five days, young bear of the woods'; and my heart laughed when he called me this, for I knew that I had pleased him. Then I hurried here, impatient to tell you the result."

At the table they met Herr Bensen, who had left Zelter a

few moments later than Edmond, and who sprang up to welcome the latter, telling him that he believed the old man had grown five years younger from the relief already obtained. This started a flow of good-humor, and after tea, when the English-speaking portion of the boarders had left the room, Bensen, and Brenner, and Margaret sat long, the former explaining what Edmond would have to do in detail—the work for theatre week, and two concert programmes, one advertised at Christmas time, the other prepared for but not yet in the journals.

"You will have to work hard for the time that remains," said he—"early and late; but you can do it, and who would not work for old Zelter?" Clearly, Bensen was an enthusiastic disciple.

And Edmond lent himself to his work with a will. From the early breakfast until noon there was no leisure, private practice and rehearsal filling the morning. Three rehearsals in the afternoons and two in the evenings were made during the same five days, and as much private practice as he dared besides. There was little leisure for Margaret or the machine, which was, however, in process of moulding, the workman having so far recovered as to give Edmond one interview and fully understanding his design at last.

On the second day after his arrival Edmond observed that Margaret came in to breakfast with her hat on and her cheeks rosy, as if with outdoor exercise, and found, with reluctance to tell on her part, that she attended Low Mass daily at a near church.

"Do not make more of this than it means," she hastened to add. "I am not a Catholic; I do not know that I ever shall be, but I like to do what I am doing, without fairly understanding myself in it." That Edmond was in season to join her on the following morning was not surprising; and now that he knew what was still a secret from her respecting his own feelings, warmly did he pray for her conversion.

For this matter of Edmond's affection, which he no longer attempted to conceal from himself, he hid from her unselfishly, and as a reward for so doing allowed himself a little more enjoyment of the brief moments they were together. But her six school-hours and his eight, and even ten, of practice separated them pretty effectually, and it was in the short walk to and from church that they held any conversation.

One restful, beautiful Sunday brought them close again. In it they went to church together and discussed the now near time of Edmond's appearance in public. They also found time

for quite an extended consideration of his farming plans for the spring.

"It was that plough that was Werber's wealth for two years," said Edmond; "since that was laid by the earth was never properly broken, and I look for a great deal from the renewed use of it."

On two topics they were nearly silent. It was evident that nothing was likely to occur to influence a decision about the land purchase, so both retreated tacitly from that subject, and Edmond found Margaret strangely unapproachable on the religious matters upon which she had treated so freely with him before. "I am thinking and praying," was the sum of her responses to him, and he respected her silence.

On Monday night came the first trial of the orchestra at the theatre. There were several new members besides Edmond, but of longer standing, and, thanks to the drill and admirable leadership of Zelter, all went well. On Tuesday there was real progress, the men working together not only in strict time but with excellent mutual perception of parts and expression, and the whole week's work was such as to bring reputation.

"How well you sustain yourselves, professor!" said a connoisseur to Zelter, without even suspecting the presence of recruits. Could the manager of the theatre have afforded it he would have continued this orchestra through the month. Now the great trial was nearing. Christmas day fell this year on Sunday—the most perfect day for its celebration, and to Edmond and Margaret it brought fresh and deep emotion. By habit still, or tacit agreement, they met before breakfast in the parlor and went out together to one of the early Masses.

Never had the sacrifice been invested with deeper meaning to Margaret; never had the poverty of other so-called "faiths" come to her heart in such barren contrast. Had it been at High Mass she would have been self-distrustful of the music and pageantry with which the church loves to honor her Blessed Lord with her. But at this early hour, the simplicity of Low Mass without music, but two candles burning on the altar, the plainly dressed, humble crowd, in which, as usual, she felt quite alone from being unnoticed, caused something like this train of thought:

"Christ came to this earth to establish a church; where do we find it? Surely not in Protestantism, that waited until a few centuries ago to exist, unless the Protestant Church is a branch, an outgrowth of the other. But it protests against what would

be its parent in that case, and repudiates its Author—a farce indeed as a claim, and to the real Protestant this miracle about to occur must be but another. Now, this miracle happens or it does not happen. A Catholic not only believes, but oh! *how* a Catholic believes this truth!" And here Margaret glanced at the few near her on whom she could look without a movement of her head. What she read in their faces brought quick tears to her eyes. Then the thoughts continued:

"There is nothing here that could grow into Protestantism; and which is right? Could God have allowed the early Fathers who sat at the feet of the very apostles and continued their traditions to accept in mistake for ages, and transmit down the grand roll of centuries as his own act, a vital error, to sustain which the army of martyrs bled, and on which the lustre of the saints has shone, when Deity Incarnate stooped to the most minute explanation and hedged belief with the tenderest care? And is it left to modern Protestantism to detect the solemn farce? A greater and better man than Martin Luther is needed to make me believe that."

At this moment the "Sanctus" was sung, and with the preparation for consecration Margaret's habitual reverence concentrated every wandering thought. At the Elevation her heart, almost her lips, whispered: "Lord, if it is thou, I too adore! I believe; help thou mine unbelief!" And in this action something sprang into existence within her that maintained the feeling of adoration to the exclusion of every other, so that, still adoring, she did not know when Edmond left her to make his communion.

Had Margaret known of Edmond's love for her, or even acknowledged to herself a possible response, there would have been an argument more with which to dally, for Margaret could torment herself on a question of truth. She would have said: "It is the interest I feel in this young man that is causing all this feeling." Happily, she was unsuspicious of Edmond's sentiment, nor could she think that she entertained anything more toward him than the strong interest arising from the circumstances of their acquaintance.

The coming Tuesday would witness Edmond's first concert trial; on the following Thursday the great Philharmonic, that was to put him, if possible, to the strongest test, for the most difficult music was reserved for that occasion. The "sinfonie" so familiar by long practice was the one that singularly had been chosen by Zelter before the failure of his other first violin; yet

who will wonder after all that knows the yearly catalogue of concert work in a music-loving, classic-choosing nation? At the last rehearsal Zelter had seemed rather to lean on Edmond than to watch him.

No tickets had been offered Edmond for the theatre, but for the concert Zelter held out a handful. Edmond modestly took one for each night, which he gave to Margaret, and poor Mrs. Barbour, her needful escort, would have been forgotten but for Margaret's suggestion.

On Tuesday night behold a well-filled hall, an orchestra promptly in place, and in advance a quiet of expectation that denotes a true musical audience. Who, awaiting the expansion of musical joy, can profane it by trivialities or noise in advance?

The opening overture was an entire success, the people now properly demonstrative, the orchestra stirred by this appreciation, and the magnetism of musical sympathy was acting and reacting between them. At the close of a brilliant cornet solo Mr. Schirmer, the performer, who had come to the hall ill with severe bronchitis, finished his performance with difficulty and fainted in the ante-room. He had also a solo assigned for the second division of the concert; picture, therefore, Zelter's renewed despair. "This wretched, unbearable climate," he cried, "in which men die so many times before the last! Never again will I drill so many musicians together in winter and multiply every chance of failure. This audience, too, who will hold itself cheated—ah! what misery."

Touched by Zelter's genuine distress and a thought of hope simultaneously, Edmond stepped forward and offered modestly to supply a violin solo. "I shall be obliged," said he, blushing at the exhibition of his poverty, "to borrow the cost of a cab-fare and ask five minutes of time now."

"You will save me!" cried Zelter, still trembling as he put his purse into Edmond's hand, who, calling a young man in attendance, re-entered the hall and walked quietly to the seat occupied by Margaret. Smiling, Edmond said to Margaret, as calmly as if they were at the boarding-house: "I have yet another sacrifice to demand, Miss Chester. Schirmer has become too ill to play his second solo, as advertised, and I have engaged to fill his place, if you will forego a part of the concert and bring my music. You understand that I could not send a stranger to the house. Will you get for me the 'Adagio' lying on the top of the pile next my window? It is the Mendelssohn that

I have practised so much lately. This young man will secure a cab and accompany you."

In five minutes Margaret was driving home and Edmond with the orchestra, fully occupied with the "Overture to William Tell." This Rossini had been changed from another part of the programme to gain time for Edmond. So quietly and swiftly had all this occurred by the coolness of the actors that the little drama had been unsuspected by the majority of the audience, only those sitting well forward observing anything but a trivial delay and the change in programme.

When, however, Zelter came out and announced Schirmer's failure, and presented Edmond with apologies for his impromptu substitution, a murmur of approval ran through the audience, and curiosity on the part of those who had seen and understood the whole.

Quite at his ease still, which surprised Margaret greatly, the young German glanced over the hall, pushed away a handsome wave of brown hair which had fallen a little over his forehead as he bowed to the audience, raised his bow as a signal to Zelter, who would suffer no one else to touch the piano in accompaniment, and began.

From beginning to end he knew his theme; he had played it fifty times in his solitude at Gruenwald, and whenever attacked by homesickness he had fallen into the habit of recalling, and following with, the improvisation first made at Mrs. Barbour's fireside on the evening of his meeting with Margaret, written in the same key as the "Adagio." He had named it to himself "The Wanderer," and the "Adagio" seemed latterly to him but half finished without his own composition.

Once only had he been interrupted—the beginning of an applause at a rest in the music, which was suppressed as he continued. But at the end it burst forth. He had played his best, and it was beautiful, and, offered as it had been so unexpectedly, the audience applauded as they had not done during the evening. It was in vain to appear and bow; the interested world would and must have more of this momentary hero, who, stimulated by the success, was in his happiest mood.

Zelter would have made a suggestion, but Edmond failed to see his movement, and, boldly standing free of the music-stands, brought his violin again to position and drew the opening notes of "The Wanderer." Concentrated as he must needs be in this unwritten composition, he sought no eye until his approach to the pathetic fireside welcome.

He had carried his audience, without their knowledge of its meaning, over sea, over land, the still and stormy waves, through the bustle of great cities, along with hurrying trains out to the expansive West; and here he paused a moment, turning a glance for an instant toward the two women, who sat together as they had sat when they extended to him the sorely needed welcome. Then, recalling it all with full feeling, he subdued his touch to the tenderness of his theme, and left his listening world so moved, so hushed that for a moment they forbore to applaud. This was the finest tribute. Then it came from all the people, and ceased only when the gathering of the orchestra among the stands showed that it was hopeless to expect it again. Murmurs of enthusiastic admiration went around. There was moisture in some eyes, drawn there by the closing sweetness, and tears had forced their way into Margaret's, as, recognizing the music and meeting his glance, she read that which he had honorably withheld from speech, and knew that she was loved.

"Come to me to-morrow, man," said Zelter, wringing his hand at the close of the concert; "the people have spoken for me to-night."

At home there was but an instant of meeting between Edmond and Margaret, who had to hasten to rest in view of her school labor in the so near morning. Ah! *how* dearly late nights cost only those too poor to rest can know. In the brief good-night she had said, interrupting his gratitude:

"If you thank me I shall think that you distrust me." He saw that she was pleased at his having so fully understood her and having relied upon her so far, and that it was in a measure identifying his interest with hers that gratified. This is sweet in friendship as in love.

He slept the sleep of youth and of a peaceful conscience, and early in the forenoon was with Zelter arranging the programme for Thursday, now changed by Schirmer's illness. During the day and on Thursday several notes were addressed to Zelter begging for a repetition of the singular and beautiful *morceau* that Edmond had played as a *morceau*, which they knew not how to name.

"My son," said Zelter affectionately on one of these days, "why do you go to the woods? With this violin and these hands you could win your bread more pleasantly, and of the public approval you have already tasted. Why will you not remain and work with us?"

In a responsive feeling, but most gravely, Edmond replied:

"A musical life is usually a solitary life. I have talent, but not the exceptional great genius that will lead to high prosperity. I know many men at home who play as well, some better than I, and whose music is their profession. But their lives are mainly sad; they are nearly all unmarried or struggling with families on small pay. Cheered by the public at evening, but poorly fed at the morning meal, life is a feverish warmth of approbation or chill of want. Is it not true, mein Herr? I was never destined to a life like this. I may in the wilderness make ruin, but I also see a chance for that moderate happiness that a man finds in a home and the domestic life free from real want, that a nature like mine craves, and not even fair fame could replace. Am I wrong, Zelter?"

Such a picture as Edmond had unconsciously drawn of the man's own life had shadowed the elder face; age approached, and the future was so dreary that he did not like to dwell upon it.

"You are right, my son," said he in a changed tone. "Music is a goddess, but a tyrant; she takes our best years without other return than we find in our devotion to her, and accepts that devotion thanklessly. What *is* an old musician of mediocrity? A wife and children are better for you; you will live a happier, die a wiser, man." Yet there followed a brighter, prouder look which meant, though he did not say it, "For myself I have no regret."

That the public might more generally appreciate Edmond's composition it received its name on the programme, "Der Wanderer," and a few words in paragraph described the leading themes; but the words "welcome home" told imperfectly Edmond's meaning, and nothing at all of the lonely days up at Gruenwald, where it had been a memory and a consolation.

Edmond's success of the first concert was fully sustained by his work on Thursday night to a still larger audience, and this evening, conscious of his ability and coolness, Margaret gave herself up to a fuller enjoyment of everything. If it was less exciting it was no less gratifying, and at intervals Zelter's question recurred to her. Edmond had repeated it without giving his own full reply; yet to her steadfast, practical mind a work commenced ought not to be lightly abandoned, and the musical life for Edmond impressed her now as something to fall back on in case of failure with the farm.

The press notices of Friday were truly gratifying, in two instances enthusiastic if not flattering, and predicting a brilliant future to our young musician. One of these was lying before

Zelter when Edmond went to take leave of him, and he took it home to Margaret, from whom now he had but one apparently hidden thought. It was near escaping him at one moment on Friday night.

When Edmond had paid Mrs. Barbour's bill, and the costumer of the theatre who had hired for him the suit in which he appeared in public, and the price of the moulding for the plough, now finished to his satisfaction, he found himself still master of more than fifty-six dollars, and mingled with its possession the memory of Zelter's regret that he was unable to draw for him a larger check.

"There are things," said Zelter, "that cannot be paid for, and I must remain largely your debtor; but whenever my poor friendship can serve you count upon it"—words that outweighed the money tenfold to this man who wanted money.

Edmond and Margaret counted the balance, and, as if divining the thought in his mind, she said, "It would half pay for the fifty acres."

"Yes," answered he, "you spoke my thought of the moment; but if the land already mine is to bring anything but barren support I shall have to hire labor in the coming spring and summer. I long to own the whole, but dare not risk it, unless, indeed, I am to drag on in the misery that living is at present."

It was his first hint of the kind to Margaret of what he had owned to his brother, and she, seeing his look of pain, could not help asking him how bad it was.

"To tell you the truth," he began, "I have not slept in a proper bed since I left this house; the bunks are like berths in a ship—six of them in tiers of three at one end of the great room. They are filled with straw or hay, and rough blankets are the only other bedding, and these are old and in poor condition. Old Beta in the roof-place or loft above is about as well arranged for. Her work is the simplest, her knowledge of cooking confined to the fewest dishes and crude; she is defective in sight and untidy." And here he paused, unwilling to continue the picture.

Then resuming: "I would willingly have done all that I have, luxurious being that I am, for the simple elements of decency and civilization afforded by the change. I said yesterday, I must return to-morrow, but this morning I said, One more day before a table-cloth, one more night of luxurious sleep; I have earned it."

Then he let escape a sigh, and in a tone she had never heard in his voice, it was so hopeless, said:

"The worst of it is one never knows when or how it will end. If one had only something to hope for!"

Looking up, he saw the tears that had welled up to Margaret's eyes unbidden, and then it was that he nearly betrayed himself. He arrested a gesture that would have done so without speech, and, as usual, Margaret was first to recover herself.

"One must always hope," she said gently; "it is like the guardian angel beside us," unconsciously speaking as if believing like himself. "Sometimes," she continued, "I ask myself what I am hoping for; and if I can work on without a strong definite aim like yours, surely all that is marked out tangibly to you will help you on, and you are a man."

Nothing more than these last words were needed to rouse him from his momentary dejection, and soon they went on discussing the possibility of working musically at need and details of summer work laid out.

"When are we to meet again?" said he; and she, forgetting the world and its ways, replied in her thought of alleviation: "Your hay-time will be my idle hour—vacation. How I should like to come up and pay you a visit, if I could find cheap board in one of your German families! I could perhaps show Beta, or better still yourself, methods of work that would help out the housekeeping, and at the same time gratify the interest you have taught me to feel in your enterprise."

Here was something, then, to think of and hope for, and Edmond grasped at the idea. Certainly, if this was her wish, no other man's interest could be very close at heart. His face was radiant as they said good-night, and when he bade her good-by on the morrow he had won a promise of occasional correspondence, there being several books in discussion between them still.

And Edmond went home with a lighter heart, to say nothing of his heavier pocket, and went about the clearing and the woods, planning after Margaret's own fashion how to get the very best out of what was ready for cultivation, and in what labor to use his money to best advantage.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE COMEDY OF CONFERENCE.

PART III.

SCENE: *Exeter Hall, London.* TIME: 18—.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

AMERICAN DELEGATES.	ENGLISH DELEGATES.
Rev. Bishop Latitude, Methodist Episcopal.	Rev. Dr. Chosen, Presbyterian.
Rev. Dr. Topheavy, Baptist.	Rev. Dr. Sophical, Wesleyan.
Rev. Dr. Flurry, Presbyterian.	Rev. Dr. Ballast, Baptist.
Rev. Dr. Liberal, Congregationalist.	Rev. Dr. Whistle, Independent.
Rev. Dr. Bounce, Lutheran.	Rev. Washington Dipwell, Baptist.
Rev. Dr. Jocund, Methodist Episcopal.	Rev. Luther Knockpope, Wesleyan.
Prof. Augustus Synonym, having the chair of Lost Arts and Occult Sciences, —— College.	Rev. Amen Hallelujah, Primitive Methodist.
	Prof. Jeremy Ratio, holding the chair of Algebraic Inequalities, etc., etc., —— University.

Together with a large, enthusiastic, and somewhat demonstrative audience.

DR. WHISTLE saw nothing but chaos before Conference if this line of debate were followed. If he were going to decide on the arguments thus far presented he should define the right of the Evangelical Church to unity to be nothing more than the *jus proprietatis*, which, according to the law-books, was the *right* without either possession or the right of possession. He moved to amend the pending resolution by striking out all after "Resolved," and substituting, "that Conference places evangelical unity in the category of subjects open to pious conjecture." (Laughter and applause.)

DR. JOCUND pointed to a want of reason in the amendment. The whole subject was already conjectural enough in all conscience (laughter) and needed no resolution to make it more so. He wanted it understood that there was a limit to even the argumentative powers of this Conference. (Cries of "Question.")

(After vote, the chair having declared the amendment lost, a division was called for by the Revs. Lovefeast and Knockpope; whereupon, the division having been ordered, the amendment was still declared lost.)

REV. LUTHER KNOCKPOPE said the Reformers had protested not only against Rome, but necessarily against the Fathers also.

(Cheers.) Why discuss the Fathers? Evangelical faith, as all knew, was founded upon the labors of the Reformers.

DR. WHISTLE deprecated the course pursued by many Protestants in glorying in men whom they termed the forerunners and fathers of the Reformation, who, however, held many views even more reprehensible than those of Rome herself. As long as Protestants relied on these men and appealed to their writings they might expect to be confronted with difficulties. Thus, Richard Knapwell, a Dominican friar in the thirteenth century, when called on by Archbishop Peckham, at the Lambeth Council, to state his new doctrine, announced as one of his propositions "that in articles of faith a man is not bound to rest on the authority of the pope, or of any priest or doctor, but that the Holy Scriptures and right reason are the only foundation of our assent." (Cheers.) This was his fifth proposition. Yet this man actually held two views of transubstantiation which, while at variance with the Roman article of faith, were each, if possible, more objectionable to the modern Protestant. The four other propositions were as follows:

"1. That the body of Christ when dead had not the same substantial form as it had when living.

"2. That if the eucharistical bread had been consecrated with the words of consecration during the three days that Christ lay in his grave, the bread would have been transubstantiated into the new form which the body of Christ assumed at its separation from the soul.

"3. That after the resurrection of Christ the eucharistical bread is transubstantiated, by virtue of the words of consecration, into the whole living body of Christ; that is, the matter of the bread is converted into the matter of his body, and the substantial form of the bread into the substantial form of his body—that is, into his intellectual soul, so far as it constitutes the form of his body.

"4. That in man there is only one form—namely, his rational soul, without any other substantial form."*

"It is almost inconceivable," said the reverend doctor, "to borrow the comment of Camden, that the same head which engendered the unintelligible nonsense of the first four propositions could have given birth to the important truth contained in the fifth."†

A similar criticism would apply, he continued, to Wickliffe, Huss, Jerome of Prague, Luther, Melancthon, Bucer, and others. Thus, Wickliffe, in addition to teaching transubstantiation so far as to assert that "the body is hidden in each morsel and crumb

* Wykes, Spelman, Knighton.

† Camden, *Imp. Hist. of England*, vol. i. p. 237.

of bread," consenting to the invocation of saints, and acknowledging purgatory, had taught that "all sins committed in the world are *necessary* and inevitable." Wickliffe was, however, a Protestant, since he had held that tenet of Protestantism which, singular to say, was the only one upon which reformers of all ages had agreed—antipathy for the pope. John Huss and Jerome of Prague were Catholic in all respects save that they had held communion in both kinds to be essential, and repudiated that *bête noire* of Protestants—the successor of Peter; though their disciples, the Calixtenes, had offered to return to their allegiance if communion in both kinds were permitted. The movement inaugurated by Huss of giving the cup to the laity had, however, been checked by Luther, who had threatened with a curse those who presumed to receive communion under both kinds. On making a critical examination of the doctrines of Martin Luther and his coadjutors, the fathers of the respective reformed churches, he (the speaker) was forced to conclude that a healthy inconsistency on the part of Protestants was required to prove their pedigree. For example, Luther had once said: "Whoever denies the indulgences of the pope, let him be accursed"—an anathema which, with due respect for the great Reformer's opinions, he cordially hoped would light on all present. (Laughter.) Luther, Calvin, and Melancthon had each written a book in favor of punishing heretics. But one of the most notable acts of the Reformers was the solemn judgment given by Luther, Melancthon, Bucer, and others to the Landgrave of Hesse, approving of and advising his polygamous marriage*—a matter which he (the speaker) contended demanded his protest even more than the Augsburg Confession written by Melancthon, which, indignantly repelling the charge that the Reformers had abolished the Mass, declared: "It is celebrated among us with due reverence, and in it are preserved nearly all the usual ceremonies." Indeed, Luther himself had gone so far in a controversy with some disaffected followers as to threaten "to make his recantation and

* The following occurs in the decision rendered by Luther and his associates: "In fine, if your highness is fully and finally resolved to marry yet another wife, we judge that this might be done secretly, as has been said above in speaking of the dispensation, so that it be known only to your highness, the lady, and to a few faithful friends obliged to silence under the seal of confession; hence no attacks or scandal of any moment would ensue. For there is nothing unusual in princes keeping concubines; and although the lower orders may not perceive the excuses of the thing, the more intelligent know how to make allowance." Luther and his coadjutors were witnesses to the nuptials. (*Edinburgh Review*, No. 121, October, 1834.) May not the example thus set have brought forth the following fruit? Dr. Henke, former Primarius professor of theology at Helmstadt, said: "Monogamy and the prohibitions of extra-matrimonial relations are to be viewed as remnants of monachism and an uninquiring faith" (ibid.)

leave them." "Remember," he had said, "I have said it, and, after all, what hurt will the popish Mass do you?" (Sensation.)

DR. FLURRY said Conference was in a peculiar dilemma. It had willingly allowed the early Christian Fathers to be shown up as teachers of false doctrine. This it had done in order to establish the Topheavian theory. He had, however, looked upon the Reformers as the setters-forth of pure doctrine. In this view he had found himself painfully mistaken. The Reformers appeared to be more reprobate than the Fathers. He hoped the sense of the house would be taken to indicate that the resolution contemplated a definition of unity only as expressed in Holy Scripture. (Hear, hear.)

REV. LUTHER KNOCKPOPE pointed out that the trouble did not end here. Scripture itself came to them contaminated with the touch of popery. (Loud expressions of disapproval, inaugurated by a storm of hisses.) He would not question the sacred canon, but deemed it unfortunate that it was finally settled by a council which had submitted its decrees to the pope and had recognized the necessity of said pope's confirmation of the same.*

DR. SOPHICAL regretted to hear such an insinuation against the canonicity of the sacred record. Particularly did it give him pain as emanating from a brother who had honorably distinguished himself in that assembly by his zeal for the tenets of Protestantism. Did the gentleman realize the dangerous tendency of his innuendo? Was he not aware that Protestantism rested solely on the Bible?

REV. LUTHER KNOCKPOPE defended his course. He argued that his supposed innuendo was less pernicious in its tendency than the statement last made.

DR. SOPHICAL begged information. He rested solely on the rectitude of his intentions.

REV. LUTHER KNOCKPOPE rejoined that the doctor's statement implied that the principles of Protestantism rested exclusively on the canon of Holy Scripture. Now, it was notorious that this was not definitively adjusted till the early part of the fifth century, when Pope Innocent I. accomplished the work. With this fact in view the doctor would be constrained either to forsake his premises or admit that Protestant teachings were unchristian as having had their origin in the fifth century after Christ. Previous to that time so-called gospels of Mathathias, Nicodemus, of the Hebrews, of the Infancy of our Saviour, of

* Pope Innocent I. (405) "fixed the canon by decree as it now stands" (Johnson's *New Univ. Cycl.*, vol. i. p. 480).

the Birth of Mary, and others, had been received by many as of equal authority with those of the four Evangelists; and the epistles of St. Barnabas, of St. Paul to the Laodiceans, of Clemens, Polycarp, and Ignatius, as equally authentic with the accepted Pauline epistles. In addition to these there had been such spurious Acts as the Martyrdom of Thecla, or the Acts of Paul; Abdias' History of the Twelve Apostles, or the Acts of Pilate; the Book of Hermas, or the Shepherd; the Letter of Jesus Christ to Abgarus; the Six Letters of St. Paul to Seneca; the Revelation of Peter; the Protevangelion of St. James; the Doctrines of the Apostles, and Christ's Letter to Leopas, the Priest of Eris, the authenticity of all of which had been of great credit until decided against at different times by the pope and bishops in council.* The intermeddling of popes with the canon of Scripture was perhaps a following of the precedent set by the high-priests of the old law, a part of whose office it was to preserve the integrity of the Old Testament. St. Austin † had said "that the canonical books of the Old Testament were preserved in the Jewish temple by the carefulness of the priests, who succeeded one another." The books of the Sibyls and Annals of the Egyptians and Tyrians had anciently been held apocryphal under the rule laid down by Vossius, who had observed that all were deemed spurious which had not been admitted to the synagogue or the church, and thus added to the canon. Luther, the great Reformer, probably impressed with the leading part which popes had taken in constructing the Bible, had not scrupled to cast doubt upon a large portion of that record which now constituted the Protestants' sole rule of faith. He (the speaker) had before him a number of the *Edinburgh Review* from which he would read a few of the comments made by Luther in this relation:

"The books of the Kings are *more* worthy of credit than the books of the Chronicles. Job spake not as it stands written in his book, but hath had such cogitations. It is a sheer *argumentum fabulæ*. It is probable that Solomon made and wrote this book. This book (Ecclesiastes) ought to have been made more full; there is too much of broken matter in it; it

* For the fullest account of the rejected books see *Fabricii Codex Apocryphus Novi Testamenti*, two vols., Hamb., 1719, 800. See also *Chambers' Encycl.*, vol. ii. p. 75, and *Encycl. Brit.* and others under "Apocrypha." A translation of the apocryphal books of the New Testament, by Hone, is extant. The Rev. Jeremiah Jones says: "It is not so easy a matter as is commonly imagined rightly to settle the canon of the New Testament. For my own part, I declare, with many learned men, that in the whole compass of learning I know no question involved with more intricacies and perplexing questions than this" (Jones' *New and Full Method*, vol. i. p. 15).

† *De Civ. Dei*, 50, 15.

hath neither boots nor spurs, but rides in socks, as I myself did when in the cloister. Solomon hath not, therefore, written this book, which hath been made in the days of the Machabees by Sirach. It is, like the Talmud, compiled from many books, perhaps in Egypt at the desire of King Ptolemy Euergetes. So also have the Proverbs of Solomon been collected by others. . . . The book of Esther I toss into the Elbe. I am so an enemy to the book of Esther that I would it did not exist, for it Judaizes too much and hath in it a great deal of heathen naughtiness. . . . Isaias hath borrowed his art and knowledge from the Psalter. The history of Jonas is so monstrous that it is absolutely incredible. That the Epistle to the Hebrews is not by St. Paul, nor by any apostle, is shown by chapter ii. 3. It is by an excellently learned man, a disciple of the apostles. It should be no stumbling-block if there be found in it a mixture of wood, straw, hay. The Epistle of James I account an epistle of straw. The Epistle of Jude is a copy of St. Peter's and allegeth stories which have no place in Scripture. In the Revelation of John much is wanting to let me deem it apostolical. I can discover no trace that it is established by the Spirit." *

(Sensation.) Erasmus also had doubted the authenticity of the Revelation, while Calvin and Beza had denounced it as unintelligible and prohibited the pastors of Geneva from all attempts at interpretation, for which they were applauded by Joseph Scaliger and Isaac Casaubon.† Mr. Pearson, the Christian advocate in the University of Cambridge in 1834, had shown that these views of the Reformers had extended to later times.

"For instance," he had said, "Rosenmüller, in the first edition of his commentary on the Old Testament—the most valuable in existence, perhaps, considered as a critical and philological commentary on the Hebrew text—speaks of the creation, the fall, and the deluge as fables; he describes the history of Jonas to be a mere *mythus* of Hercules swallowed by a sea-serpent, and he says it was not written by Jonas, but by some one contemporary with Jeremias; and he considers the prophecy of Isaias as made up by one writer out of the minor works of several others. Gesenius, the professor of theology at Halle, maintains after Paulus, professor at Wartzburg, that the Pentateuch was composed *after the time of Solomon*, out of different fragments which were collected together. Bauer, in his introduction to the Old Testament, has a chapter on what he calls the *mythi*, or fables, of the Old Testament. Bretschneider rejects the Gospel of St. John as the work of a Gentile Christian of the second century. Eichhorn pronounces the Revelation to be a drama representing the fall of Judaism and paganism, while Semler condemned it entirely as the work of a fanatic." ‡

(Great stir.) Joseph Scaliger, following Luther, had rejected the Epistle of St. James, denied the Revelation to be by St. John, and only allowed two of its chapters to be comprehensible;

* *Edinburgh Review*, No. 121, October, 1834, article on the admission of Dissenters to the universities.

† Ibid. ‡ Ibid.

while the late Dr. South, in England, had pronounced it a book that either found a man mad or made him so.* (Profound sensation, which lasted some moments.)

DR. LIBERAL rose to reply. From the eminent authority, he began, against the canonicity of a large portion of what he conceived all present had been accustomed to regard as the inspired record, he was free to say that the Romish view of the necessity of an infallible expositor of the extent and meaning of God's written word seemed reasonable. "The genuineness of these books," said the reverend speaker, referring to an authority lying conveniently near him, "was determined by testimony or tradition. . . . Upon the whole, we may conclude that the writings of the apostles and evangelists are received, as the works of other eminent men of antiquity are, upon the ground of general consent and testimony."† This mode, when applied, as the faith of Romanists taught them it was, by an infallible tribunal, had at least the merit of accordance with what in law, for the establishing of a rule of conduct, was deemed necessary by the highest authority. Blackstone had defined general custom, which was governed altogether by tradition, as synonymous with the common law of the realm. This tradition the learned commentator had declared to be "that *law* by which proceedings in the king's ordinary courts of justice are guided and directed, . . . and *it settles the rules of expounding wills.*" The acts of those councils, which, as a former speaker had shown, had been submitted to the pope, had settled the question of the canonicity of Scripture by this rule, the fathers of those synods having known it to be the rule of expounding the last will and testament of God to man. Had there been no tradition of the authenticity of such books as were ultimately pronounced canonical, the authorities would be seen to have been left entirely without a guide to direct their judgment, unless Conference was prepared to admit they had been endowed with infallibility. Thus, although tradition was at a discount in the Protestant school of theology, all reformed theologians were violently obligated to accept it as the witness of the canonicity of their sole rule of faith.

DR. BALLAST regretted that the vagaries into which several speakers had drifted had drawn the eyes of Conference from the existing resolution. Scripture, regardless of the scepticism of Luther, he took to be still the rule of faith. This being allowed, he would venture to assert that, in the very nature of things, Scripture must be interpreted literally. In law the courts were

* *Edinburgh Review*, No. 121. † Rees' *Encycl.*, vol. vi. See "Canon."

empowered to construe deeds, wills, and other species of common assurances. Were no means provided for construing last wills and testaments a literal interpretation of them would be unavoidable; for were private judgment resorted to it would be easy to see what diversities of construction would be framed by contending interests. To such excesses the Protestant world, in its consideration of Christ's last will and testament, had been driven by the rule of private interpretation, which, if employed in matters affecting titles to earthly lands and tenements instead of to "that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," would lead to social anarchy and the total dismemberment of society. He thought Scripture, literally interpreted, a safe rule. It had been shown that Scripture, when literally construed, taught the visible unity of the church. As the converse of this condition was to be exhibited in order to apply the Topheavian theory to the subject of the present debate, he thought Conference should vote for the invisibility of evangelical unity without further parley.

DR. SOPHICAL dissented from the opinion advanced. The belief in sacerdotalism, he argued, which had been universal before the Reformation, and which was even now held by about nineteen-twentieths of the Christian world, had possibly originated in a literal interpretation of St. Paul's statement, "We have an altar." This was perhaps a *lapsus pennæ*. At any rate, St. Paul would have expressed himself with a higher regard for orthodoxy had he said instead, "We have a communion-table." Had he said *this*, sacerdotalism, the main prop of which was its Scripturalness, could not have called this important passage to its aid. Again, when he said to the Athenians, "I beheld an altar erected, etc.," he would have served orthodoxy better had he said, "I saw a table," etc. For the gravity of the oversight was aggravated by disclosing to them the Unknown God as one to whom their altar might with propriety be erected. Had St. Paul carried his evangelical orthodoxy to the proper limit, instead of saying to his hearers, "That God whom ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you," he would have said, "Him declare I unto you; but see that ye at once tear down your impious altar, for my God hath no use for it."

The doctrine of the Real Presence, continued the learned doctor, was wholly based on a literal interpretation of Scripture. As to this he did not scruple to say that any other interpretation was beset with difficulty. The orthodox or evangelical view of the Sacrament could not, he apprehended, be readily accepted,

since nothing but the exercise of a living faith could enable him to understand how "the grace and heavenly benediction" of the Lord could be present in, and conveyed to the partakers of, the Sacrament when the Lord himself was absent. For in the order of the administration of the Lord's Supper in the Methodist churches, which was the same as that of the Church of England, were used these words: "Humbly beseeching thee that we, who are partakers of this Holy Communion, may be filled with thy grace and heavenly benediction." Protestants rejected transubstantiation (for this was really the only rational consequence of a Real Presence, if any existed) as incomprehensible and opposed to the plain teaching of the senses. Yet, where a simple exercise of faith was concerned, he thought it even harder to believe that "all the fulness of the Godhead bodily" dwelt in the Babe of Bethlehem than that that same Babe was present in the sacramental wafer. He thought there was less difficulty in understanding how God by his own power could be present under the sacramental species than in comprehending how that same God could have been concealed under the form of a dependent infant. He thought human credulity was less tasked in believing that the substance of a man could be hidden under the form of a wafer than that the life and soul of a man could subsist in the unformed fœtus at the first moment of conception in the maternal womb.

Neither would he escape the difficulty by admitting the tenability of a metaphorical theory which, if sustained, would lead him into a snare regarding this subject. If he would avoid the difficulties of transubstantiation by converting plain Scripture into metaphor, because that Scripture, literally taken, was opposed to finite understanding and the evidence of the senses, he would be constrained, for cognate reasons, to interpret all scriptures teaching the divinity of Christ in a metaphorical sense also. The same might be said with regard to the appearance of the Holy Ghost in the form of a dove at the baptism of Christ, and of his appearance in many distinct tongues of fire on the day of Pentecost. As he (Dr. S.) could not, by any exercise of human penetration, understand how the divine Person could appear in the form and compass of a dove or in a multitude of tongues of fire, he would be forced, in pursuing the same line of reasoning, to conclude that all these Scriptural narratives were designed to be given not a literal but a metaphorical interpretation.

DR. BALLAST thought it unfortunate, since Scripture was given as the sole rule of faith, that it could not be interpreted accord-

ing to its literal and most obvious signification. Yet candor compelled him to say that, with respect to a large portion of the Bible, not only the literal but the most perspicuous explanation was to be avoided as savoring of that corrupt system of theology the protesting against which was the chief duty of the Protestant divine.

DR. CHOSEN questioned the accuracy of this statement. If the position taken were received as true there would soon be a marked depreciation in the stock-in-trade of the Protestant divine. True, the words of Christ, when instituting the Last Supper, could not be interpreted literally, although many of his sayings previous to the institution, and numerous expressions in other parts of Scripture, pointed to a literal interpretation. Thus, in the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel,* when the Jews, understanding the words of Christ literally, had protested against transubstantiation, urging the evangelical objection of its impossibility, he had failed to give them the orthodox definition, but reiterated his words (which, literally understood, inevitably taught transubstantiation) with singular emphasis. He (Dr. Chosen) was, however, unaware of any other passage, used either narratively or doctrinally, a literal interpretation of which was not admissible under Protestant exegetics.

DR. BALLAST opposed the views of the last speaker. He would endeavor to refresh his memory. What did his learned brother think of the declaration of Christ: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it"? Interpret that passage literally, he argued, and the Roman doctrine of the papacy would be rendered plausible.

DR. JOCUND: "Oh! we'll vote that *aliunde*." (Laughter.)

DR. CHOSEN, in the interest of expedition, would gladly assent to the course proposed by his ingenious friend.

DR. BOUNCE said all would agree that it would never do to interpret Scripture either literally or in accordance with its most evident signification, if Romish error were thereby substantiated. The true rule of interpretation was clearly that which gave a definition as remote as might be from that held by Rome. (Cheers.) Therefore, in his view, private interpretation at the hands of a loyal Protestant was always sure to be safe. (Hear, hear.) He had derived much comfort from a mystical interpretation, especially with regard to the Revelation, which, thus understood, showed up the Scarlet Lady to his satisfaction.

* Verse 52.

(Cheers.) This mode, while possessing a greater degree of tangibility than a mere metaphorical system, was equally as well calculated to purify Holy Writ from the unhandsome imputation of being what Romanists claimed it as being—a Catholic textbook.

DR. SOPHICAL was astonished to hear such an announcement. Was the gentleman not aware that, next to interpretations derived either from the letter or the most obvious sense, the favorite system of interpretation in vogue among Romanists was the mystical one? Nay, that it was persistently asserted that the Romish doctrines of the Mass and the papacy were foreshadowed, as to the first, by the mysteries of the manna and Melchisedech's sacrifice, and, as to the second, by the mystery of the Rock and Stone?

DR. BOUNCE was not ignorant that such was Roman teaching. Holding, however, a Protestant's view of the falsity of Romish doctrine throughout, he was not to be confounded by any connection which might ingeniously be shown to exist between any so-called types and antitypes. Nevertheless he would join issue with the learned doctor, and call on him to exhibit any well-founded mystical connection between the Rock and Stone of Holy Scripture and the dignity alleged to have been bestowed upon St. Peter. ("Hear, hear" from the Rev. Luther Knockpope.)

DR. SOPHICAL could refer to numerous allusions to the Rock and Stone which, by a mystical interpretation, appeared to point to St. Peter's elevation to the headship of the church.

REV. LUTHER KNOCKPOPE excitedly, and amid considerable excitement, obtained the floor and was understood to ask whether this were a Council of the Vatican or, what it purported to be, an evangelical Conference.

(Much noise and confusion followed this inquiry, during which the voice of Mr. Knockpope, though elevated to the highest pitch, was not heard; and amid shouts of "Louder," calls to order, and raps from the chairman's gavel he resumed his seat and order was restored.)

DR. SOPHICAL regretted the uproar his words had occasioned. He was far from wishing to intimate that any headship had been conferred on St. Peter. He had only striven to show that certain passages could not be interpreted mystically without fortifying certain Romish dogmas. The terms Rock and Stone, before they had been applied to St. Peter, had been appropriated by God exclusively to himself. This fact pointed to the idea

that when the application of these names was changed a new office or dignity was created (sensation)—in other words, that St. Peter, upon whom alone they were bestowed, was appointed the representative of Him who had hitherto jealously made them his own.

(Renewed disorder was here manifested, and expressions of disapprobation, mingled with hisses and calls to order, were met with applause and counter cries of "Go on." The confusion having abated—)

DR. SOPHICAL reiterated that his views were uncompromisingly Protestant.

REV. LUTHER KNOCKPOPE sarcastically retorted that the gentleman's protestations of loyalty were somewhat pertinent, in view of his late apology for transubstantiation and his present attempt to prove the pope a Scriptural character.

(Slight confusion, during which Dr. Sophical was heard to intimate that the gentleman's comprehension was defective.)

DR. SOPHICAL, resuming, said, in order to point out the danger of interpreting Scripture in a mystical sense, he would state a proposition which a Romanist might well advance in support of the papacy. (Hisses, cries of "Sit down," and other marked indications of disapproval.) As the prophecies concerning the advent of Christ had begun in expressions of obscure meaning and increased in clearness and perspicuity until the world had been at length prepared to receive him, so, it might be said, prophecies and figures relating to the appointment of his vicegerent on earth had been at first clothed in obscurity, developing at length into such plainness of language as had prepared the church of God for his reception. Before entering upon the examination of Scripture it might be well to observe that the office of the last Jewish high-priest had terminated about the year 70, during the siege of Jerusalem by Titus, and almost simultaneously with the accession of Linus, the first bishop of Rome after St. Peter. Even according to Protestant admission * the first pope who exercised the powers of the papacy by virtue of succession was not only the successor of St. Peter, but also of the last representative of the historic Jewish Church—a fact suggestive of

* "To begin with the Church of Rome, we have already heard Irenæus and Tertullian declaring that the apostles ordained a bishop there. And the same is asserted by St. Chrysostom, and Eusebius, and Rufinus, and St. Jerome, and Optatus, and Epiphanius, and St. Austin, who says: 'If the order of bishops succeeding one another be of any consideration, we take the surest way who begin to number from St. Peter; for Linus succeeded Peter, and Clemens Linus, and Anacletus Clemens, etc., etc.'" (Bingham, *Antiq. of the Christian Church*, book ii. c. § 4).

the idea that the headship of the church of God had been transferred from the last of a line reaching in succession from the day of Moses to the first of a succeeding line of pontiffs whose jurisdiction and powers were ordained to be even more perpetual.

(A scene of intense excitement and great uproar followed, the Rev. Luther Knockpope advancing menacingly towards the speaker and the entire Conference rising. The Rev. L. Knockpope having been forcibly seated and the deliberations intermitted for some minutes, during which Dr. Sophical explained the drift of his argument to the chair privately—)

THE CHAIR announced his conviction that the views which the learned doctor wished to present were not, as many appeared to suppose, of an heretical nature.

DR. SOPHICAL, with some feeling, declared that his ultimate object was to show the unreliability of a mystical interpretation.

DR. JOCUND thought what Conference needed was less mystery and more fact. (Laughter.)

DR. SOPHICAL was of the same opinion, and hoped to be able to show that orthodox facts could rarely be deduced from the Bible by any system of interpretation allied to the mystical. He would cite some passages of Scripture, which he would divide into five classes:

First. Those in which the terms Rock and Stone were used as names of the Deity.

Second. Those in which they were applied prophetically to some agent, in whom papists might recognize St. Peter.

Third. Those in which the Rock or Stone was mentioned as a foundation or resting-place for the Ark of the Covenant, in prophetic allusion, as might be pretended, to a future similar resting-place for the Christian Church.

Fourth. Those in which it might be said the terms were applied in figure to the church itself.

Fifth. Those which ascribed certain virtues or properties to the Stone or Rock, which might be said to foreshadow graces to be bestowed upon the Christian Church to qualify it as the custodian and infallible expositor of God's word.

In beginning his review of Scripture in this connection the learned doctor said one of the earliest uses of the word Rock in the Old Testament taught a great truth: "He is the Rock."* In the song which Moses spake in the ears of all the congregation of Israel, just prior to his death in Mount Nebo, the words

* Deut. xxxii. 4.

were found, "Ascribe ye greatness unto our God. He is the Rock," as also the following: "Then he forsook God which made him, and lightly esteemed the Rock of his salvation"; * and again: "Of the Rock that begat thee thou art unmindful, and hast forgotten God that formed thee." † The Psalms were full of allusions to the word "Rock" as a name of the Most High, ‡ and similar references were found in the prophecy of Isaias. § In order to show that a mystical interpretation of this first division of the texts selected would lead to embarrassment, he would draw attention to the Roman argument that a mystical connection was apparent between these passages and the following, written under the new dispensation: "And when Jesus beheld him, he said, Thou art Simon, the son of Jona; thou shalt be called Cephas, which is, by interpretation, a stone"; ‖ and also the following, which was the fulfilment (as the papists taught) of this promise: "And I say also unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this Rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." ¶ It was argued from this, the doctor continued, that a surrender of the name Rock or Stone was made by Christ to St. Peter, the importance of which transfer would be realized when it was remembered that God had distinctly stated ** that his glory he would not give to another. This solemn announcement implied (it might be alleged) that Christ did not give this name to Peter as an individual, else had Christ parted with his glory; but only as his representative, in which case, as in that of the ambassador of a sovereign, the dignity was only delegated. And, indeed, it might be said, no sooner was this title bestowed upon Peter than he at once began to exercise the functions of the divine Stone or Rock. At this point the speaker read the following: "Then Peter said, Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I to thee. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk." ††

(During the learned doctor's illustration of the second and third divisions of his argument he drew attention to Is. xxxii. 2, Dan. ii. 34, 35, and Zach. iii. 9 as applicable to the second; and 1 Kings vi. 14, 15 as pertinent to the third.)

The fourth class of texts to which he would allude were those wherein the terms Rock and Stone were mystically (as the papists might say) applied to the church itself. Several of

* Deut. xxxii. 15. † Verse 18.

‡ Ps. xviii. 2, 31; xxviii. 1; xxxi. 2, 3; lxi. 2; lxii. 7; lxxi. 3; lxxxix. 26; xcii. 15; xciv. 22; xcv 1.

§ Is. xvii. 10, 11. ‖ John i. 42. ¶ Matt. xvi. 18. ** Is. xlii. 18. †† Acts iii. 6.

the earliest Christian writers* had taught the absolute inseparability of the church from Peter, the Rock of the church; and it behooved Protestants to avoid that mode of interpretation which would give color to their views.

(In elaborating this point the speaker cited Gen. xxviii. 16, 17, 18, 22, xxxv. 14; Num. xxiv. 21; Ps. xxvii. 4, 5; Cant. ii. 14; Jer. xlviii. 28.)

He would draw attention to but one passage wherein the Stone might be said to have a mystical reference to the church, not only as a witness of the truth, but as the sole custodian and infallible expounder of God's word: "And Joshua wrote these words in the book of the law of God, and took a great Stone, and set it up there under an oak that was by the sanctuary of the Lord. And Joshua said unto all the people, Behold, this Stone shall be a witness unto us; for it hath heard all the words of the Lord which he spake unto us; it shall be therefore a witness unto you, lest ye deny your God." †

While on the subject of infallibility, continued the learned doctor, it might be charged that Englishmen who accepted the legal maxim, "*Rex est vicarius et minister Dei in terra*," ‡ and the ancient and fundamental legend, "The king can do no wrong," accredited their temporal kingdom with higher immunities than they were willing to accord to the spouse of Christ, whose claim of infallibility rested, it was said, on no human parchment or scroll, but on the promise of Christ. The passages of Scripture to which he had referred, when taken together, afforded ample warning to Protestants who affected to derive profit from a mystical interpretation of Scripture. To give force to the warning thus conveyed he needed only to call up those words of Christ, to which also Roman theologians might allude with some degree of exultation when construed mystically: "Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings and doeth them, I will liken him to a wise man which built his house upon a rock; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon the house; and it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock." §

PROF. RATIO moved an adjournment. (Lost.)

DR. TOPHEAVY moved that a reply to Dr. Sophical be declared inadmissible at this time. (Carried.)

TO BE CONTINUED.

* "He who holds not this unity of the church, does he think that he holds the faith? He who strives against and resists the church, he who abandons the chair of St. Peter, upon whom the church was founded, does he feel that he is in the church?" (Cyp., *De Unitate*, Bened. Edition).

† Joshua xxiv. 26, 27. ‡ Bracton, l. i. c. 8. § Matt. vii. 24, 25; Luke. vi. 48.

A SCRAP OF UNWRITTEN HISTORY.

In the course of an evening conversation with the cheerful family circle in which our easy-chair is permitted for the present to fill the privileged place accorded to its invalid occupant, we fell to relating incidents connected with the early history of our republic. An aged member of that circle sat diligently plying her knitting-needles, a silent listener to our chat, instead of supplying the share which we knew full well she could have drawn from her own knowledge of many interesting events of that period, at the time of their occurrence or soon after. She was, therefore, very warmly urged by the younger part of the company to "tell us a story," even though it might prove, as she hinted, but a "twice-told tale" to some of her listeners.

It so happened that she had on that day taken up a stray number of Lossing's *Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution*, and while glancing drowsily over its pages her eye was attracted by his account of the tragical death of Jane McCrea near Fort Edward, on the Hudson River, in July, 1777. Having frequently in former years visited an aged relative who lived in Bennington, Vermont, through the war of the Revolution, and who was well acquainted with the unfortunate girl, and with the Mrs. McNeil whom Miss McCrea was visiting at the time of the sad event, she had heard the painful story in all its mournful details from the lips of that relative, with the shuddering horror and tearful sympathy which it would naturally awaken in a sensitive young heart.

At the close of his narration Lossing remarks that there were various accounts in the vicinity of Fort Edward as to the subsequent fate of Lieutenant Jones, of the British army, to whom Jane McCrea was engaged; and that he heard, from a lady at Glen's Falls who was related to the Jones family, that he lived with his friends in Canada many years after the terrible event—a melancholy and lonely man.

It is curious to note how some such trivial cause as this renewal of her acquaintance with that sad story will often impel an old person to rake up the dying embers of the past and draw from them living sparks which had long been smouldering beneath their dust. It was thus with our serene old friend as she closed the book that afternoon and settled back in her "old arm-chair," musing upon the narrative and recalling scenes of

her early life which she had not thought upon for years. Hence it followed, of course, when our evening chat dipped into history and she was urged to bear her part in it, that she should recur to the subject of her late reading and reverie, and to the fact that she knew more of the later life of Lieutenant David Jones than was recorded by Lossing. "For," said she, "all the early years of my life, with the exception of occasional visits to friends in Vermont, were passed on the American shore of the St. Lawrence. It was then a wilderness from Sackett's Harbor to the 'Rapids,' only broken by the little village of Ogdensburg, just starting into existence, and by small openings made here and there by such hardy pioneers as dared encroach within its forbidding boundaries.

"Schools there were none up or down the river from Ogdensburg, and the children of the 'settlers' had no means for instruction, unless taught at home or sent across the river to attend schools already established in the older settlements on the Canadian shore.

"No sooner had my father taken up a large tract of land and planted our pleasant home in this wilderness—indeed, before we had been there long enough to get it reduced to a tolerable state of order—we were visited by the residents of that shore up and down the river, and afterwards formed many permanent friendships with them, among the most highly valued of which were included numerous branches of the Jones family. So it befell that when I was old enough to be sent away to school I was admitted into one of those families more as a household pet than a boarder, and was cordially invited to range freely through the whole circle. As every separate family was blessed with daughters near my own age, I was decidedly 'in clover' among them—clover the luxury of which for me, who had no sister or young companions at home, save the little squaws from a neighboring Indian encampment, cannot possibly be conceived by any small lassie who lives amidst abounding youthful companionship. I revelled in it. Such parties as were given weekly at one and another house! Such multitudes of dolls as went with us in every variety of costume; among which my own, large and small, figured, copper-colored and in full Indian dress, with hair *banged* according to the most approved aboriginal style—which has been adopted by our modern fine ladies—and was necessary to the completion of the Indian toilet that I took pride in arranging for them in honor of my special pets, the *papooses* of the wigwams.

"Among the young girls of the Jones connection was one to whom I was particularly attracted, as she was to me, by the similarity of our positions. Her father lived in a remote district, and her home was almost as isolated as my own, while she was with their relatives for the same purpose as myself. At the close of each term of our school she was, as well as myself, carried home to pass the short interval between the terms. On one of these occasions she was so urgent in her entreaties that I might be permitted to go with her for the vacation that my father consented, much to my satisfaction, and we set forth in great glee. Our journey was very delightful, through a wild and romantic region, and I received a most cordial welcome from her family at its close.

"The house was more elaborate in style and furniture than our home so recently founded in the woods. A portion of it was built by her grandfather many years before, and extensive modern additions had been made by her father. Her grandfather died the previous year, and his brother, a very venerable old gentleman with hair as white as snow, lived in the family. I was deeply impressed by the countenance and manner of this grand-uncle of my friend. An expression of unutterable sadness was stamped upon his noble features, and a gentle dignity—benign to the very verge of pity—marked his whole bearing, even to the softened tones of his manly voice, especially when addressing the young in the few slowly-uttered but impressive words which he seldom exceeded when speaking to them. He was very fond of his grandniece, and, silent and reserved as he was with others, he never tired of listening to her sprightly prattle.

"As soon as I found a proper occasion I plied her with questions as to this interesting relative, whom she had never mentioned when telling me about her family. She seemed slightly constrained when speaking of him, but told me he was a bachelor, and that he met with a crushing affliction in his youth from which he never recovered. With all the eager pertinacity natural to small daughters of Eve I drew from this reluctant witness that her grandfather, Captain Jonathan Jones, and this gentleman, his brother—Lieutenant David Jones—were officers in Burgoyne's army during the first years of the Revolution; that the lieutenant was engaged to a beautiful young lady whose brother was a stanch supporter of the American cause and opposed to her union with the Tory officer, and that she was killed and scalped by the Indians while going with a friend and escort to meet that officer in the British camp at Sandy Hill not long before the

surrender of Burgoyne. He was so crushed by the terrible blow, and disgusted with the apathy of Burgoyne in refusing to punish the miscreant who brought her scalp to the camp as a trophy, claiming the bounty offered for such prizes by the British commanders, that he and his brother asked for a discharge and were refused, when they deserted—he having first rescued the precious relic of his beloved from the savages—and retired to this Canadian wilderness, which he had never been known to leave except upon one mysterious occasion many years before.

"She did not know the name of the lady so long and faithfully mourned, but when I asked her if this tragedy did not occur near Fort Edward, on the Hudson, she remembered to have heard that place mentioned in connection with it. She said they were all forbidden to speak in his presence of American affairs or history, but she had once persuaded him to let her see the mournful relic so precious to him. She described the hair as the most beautiful she had ever seen, light auburn in color, soft and glossy as silk, perfectly even, and a yard and a quarter in length.

"'Well, my dear A——,' said I, 'it so happens that I know more about this sad affair than even yourself, who have always lived in the house with him. When my father and mother used to visit his oldest sister in Bennington, Vermont, they took me with them at her special request; for, being the only daughter of her favorite brother, she always treated me with more tender affection than she showed towards her other nieces. Her house, which she had long owned and occupied, was one where the officers quartered at the time of the battle of Bennington, and I remember the speechless awe with which I was wont to con over and spell out the names of those officers, recorded by themselves, on the eve of the battle, upon a pane of glass in the window with the diamond in a ring belonging to one of their number, who was killed in the conflict of the next day.

"My aunt's memory was a storehouse of the tales of those times, and I never tired of listening to them. No sooner was one finished than I teased for another, until I am sure the patience of the good dame must have been sorely tried. She knew this young lady, whose name was Jane McCrea, and also Mrs. McNeil, the Tory friend whom Miss McCrea was visiting at the time of their capture by the Indians. I little thought when I cried over the doleful story that the lover was still living, much less that I should ever see him!'

"A—— did not dare repeat to her venerable relative what I

had told her, but she ventured to beg that I might be allowed to see the beautiful hair of his lost love. He was deaf to her entreaties, assuring her that she was the only one who had or would see it while he lived, and that he wished to have it buried with him when he died.

"After our return to school I drew from her some facts in relation to the mysterious journey she had mentioned his having once taken. 'I do not know much about it,' she said. 'I heard it from an old servant-woman of the family, who told me that many years before I was born a stranger came there one evening who appeared to be a gentleman's valet. He brought a fine-looking, intelligent young boy with him, and inquired for my grandfather, Captain Jonathan Jones.'

"The substance of my friend's account was that, after an interview of some length with her grandfather, his brother, the lieutenant, was called in, and the three were together in the library during most of the night, discussing some very interesting matter connected with the boy. The butler had been ordered to prepare refreshments in the dining-room, and Robert, one of the waiter-boys—an urchin gifted with a larger amount of mischief and curiosity than his small frame could possibly enclose, insomuch that they were continually overflowing, to the annoyance of the whole household—was directed to remain within call to serve them when required. It was not in the nature of this varlet that he should continue idle at his post during the long hours of the night, and his faculties were too much on the alert as to the subject engaging his superiors to yield to drowsiness; so, in perfect submission to his ruling instincts, he plied the key-hole diligently for such information as it might convey to his ear when the parties became so excited as to raise their voices above the low tone to which most of their conversation was confined. He gathered from these snatches that Captain Jones was urgently entreated to perform some service for the boy which he was very reluctant to undertake. He heard him exclaim vehemently: 'I will not be persuaded to receive under my roof the son of that detestable traitor whose treason, although to an unrighteous cause, caused my dearest friend, one of the bravest and most noble officers in his majesty's service, to be hung like a dog by the vile rebels. I should be constantly haunted with the thought that I was nurturing a viper to sting me when occasion offered.' His brother David said something in reply, of which Robert heard only enough to infer that there was a retired officer of the American army across the river who

might be persuaded to do what was desired. 'Very well,' said the captain; 'you can undertake the task, if you see fit, but I have no belief that you will succeed in gaining the consent of one who loathes the father so bitterly to take charge of the son. Still, as he is a bachelor, he would escape the risk of exposing a family to injurious consequences, and as sufficient provision will be made for the support and education of the boy there will be no pecuniary risk; it will also, no doubt, be easier, as you say, to keep the secret of his birth in the States than here in the vicinity of his father's retreat. You may perhaps succeed, and I wish no harm may come of it if you do.'

"Robert heard no more, and soon after these remarks the confab broke up and he was called to serve the refreshments in the library.

"The lieutenant departed with the boy and his attendant the next day. He was absent some days, and nothing further was known as to his journey, its object and result, than was gathered from Robert's story, which was soon circulated through the neighborhood. It formed the basis of many conjectures and discussions among the country people and servants. These were renewed with increased excitement when, after some months, it was discovered that a stone cottage in the English style had been built in the midst of a dense wilderness some miles back from a Canadian village situated on the bank of the St. Lawrence, and was occupied by an old man, whose sole attendant was a servant who visited that village occasionally for supplies, but utterly refused to answer the questions of the villagers or give any information as to his master's name or history.

"I afterwards learned from other sources the further particulars that at the period to which this account of my young friend referred a settlement was rapidly forming on the American shore opposite to this Canadian village, and that the fact that a leading man in the newly rising community, a bachelor and retired officer of the American Revolution, had adopted a boy whose origin was unknown, but who bore the name of a traitor most odious to all American people, who was evidently not dependent upon his patron for anything but care and direction, set rumor 'with its hundred tongues' busy connecting the youth with the mysterious recluse of the 'Forest Lodge'—as the place was named by the country people—and set all eyes to watching him and his movements for any circumstance that might confirm these suspicions. Hence when it became known that the boy sometimes crossed the river and disappeared with an Indian hunter in the

woods under pretence of hunting the game which abounded there, remaining upon each occasion for some days, it was taken as 'confirmation strong as Holy Writ' of the prevailing conjectures, and he was generally regarded with increased aversion. Despite these unfavorable influences, however, he lived and flourished, became an enterprising, respectable citizen, and a distinguished officer in the volunteer service during the war of 1812, his zeal and valor in the cause winning for him the public respect and esteem so long unjustly withheld. He married a niece of his benefactor, and they were united in their devotion to the interests and comfort of her uncle in his old age, inheriting a large portion of his estate at his death.

"The mystery surrounding the recluse, the problem of his suspected identity with the notorious American traitor, and his possible relationship with the boy in question were never solved.

"It continued for many years to be the subject of evening gossip by rural firesides in that region, and strange stories were told by Indian and white hunters and trappers of the startling things they had seen and heard in the vicinity of the lonely cottage—long since fallen into decay—both during the occupancy of its owner and after his disappearance. Whether he died there or left for some far-off country before his death was never known."

ST. CECILIA AND THE ORGAN.

"Cantantibus organis Cæcilia Domino decantabat dicens: Fiat cor meum immaculatum, ut non confundar" * (*Antiph. Rom.* in vesp. S. Cæciliæ).

CECILIA heard the organ's tuneful choir,
And from the chords of her pure heart's sweet lyre
There rose to Heaven's gates so chaste a song
Its harmony seemed not to earth belong.
The listening angels, 'raptured by the art
They knew not yet possessed by human heart,
Descending from their high celestial sphere
Again such wondrous melody to hear,
Stand round about the organ-pipes, unseen,
And with their breath awake the Harmonious Queen,
Who lifts her voice of royalty supreme
In tones of chastest rhythm. 'Tis thus the theme
The virgin's heart intoned th' Angelic choir prolong
Through other hearts uplifted by the organ's song.

* While the organ was playing Cecilia sang unto the Lord, saying: May my heart be undefiled, that I may not be confounded.

THE TOMB OF DANTE, AND HIS PORTRAIT AT RAVENNA.*

AN ancient print of the effigy of Dante, sculptured in bas-relief in marble by Pietro Lombardo upon the tomb of the poet at Ravenna, which by chance fell into my hands in Florence, is the occasion of this article, by which, as well as by the deposit which I have made of the print itself in the house that was the birth-place of Dante,† I aim to call public attention to a work which has always received but slight care from the city to which the monument belongs.

So as to proceed regularly and make my work more interesting I think it well to state a few facts that will be new to some, at least, in regard to this monument, from its erection to the discovery of the bones of Alighieri, the date at which its last restoration took place, premising that if I fall into any error, especially of omission, it will be due to the scarcity and scantiness of the reports of the festivals and other circumstances connected with Dante which occurred at Ravenna in June, 1865.

Every one knows how Dante, an exile from Florence and a wanderer through Italy, finally received friendly hospitality from Guido and Ostasio da Polenta at Ravenna; how there, on his return from his unfortunate embassy to Venice, he suffered such great grief at his ill-success that it was said both then and afterwards that the affair shortened his days, so that soon after, on the 14th of September, 1321, he died, at the age of fifty-six years and five months. It is also true that he was denied by the Venetians a passage by sea, and so was compelled to cross a marshy region, to his great discomfort, contracting a fever—an illness which was aggravated, perhaps, by trouble of mind.

Guido, being particularly attached to the poet and feeling great sorrow at his loss, like the magnificent gentleman that he was, caused, says Boccaccio, "the body of Dante, adorned with

*Translated from an article by Eugenio Branchi, in the *Rassegna Nazionale* of Florence for December, 1881.

† The house shown as the birth-place of Dante, situated in Florence in the group of large buildings bearing the name of Alighieri in the Via S. Martino, No. 2, has upon the architrave of its small door the inscription, "Here was born the divine poet." Since June 24, 1881, it has been open periodically to the public. In September, 1875, the author of this article proposed to the municipality to found there a Dante Museum, and to that offered to loan the print mentioned above. Now, though the plan was carried into effect through the influence of others, the proposed loan has been made.

the symbols of a poet, to be laid upon a bier, and thus carried upon the shoulders of the most respected citizens as far as the houses of the Franciscans of Ravenna, with that honor which he considered due to the illustrious dead, and, having followed it thither with tokens of public mourning, had it placed in a stone coffer, where it now lies. Then returning to the house which Dante had previously occupied, according to the custom in Ravenna, he delivered a long and elaborate eulogy, expressing the intention, if his own power and life should last, of honoring him with so magnificent a tomb as would perpetuate his memory even should his own merits be forgotten." This continuance of power and life was, in fact, denied him, but his wishes were carried into effect, at least in part, by others about the year 1350.

The precise spot where the body of the poet was buried by order of Guido, and in which in Boccaccio's time the "stone coffer" mentioned by him was still to be found, is not known with certainty; perhaps Guido had it placed in some tomb of his family in the church or cloisters of St. Francis, for he could not at the moment, as is known from his eulogy, have a special one dedicated to it; afterwards in 1350, or about that time, in the same building belonging to the Friars Minor, either over or near the former place of burial, under a projecting portico situated on the right side of the church of St. Francis, there was erected, as we learn from Giannozzo Manetti in his life of the poet, "a noble and conspicuous tomb," upon "a square stone" in which were cut these fourteen lines of verse quoted by Boccaccio:

"Theologus Dantes, nullius dogmatis expers,
Quod foveat claro philosophia sinu;
Gloria musarum vulgo gratissimus auctor,
Hic jacet et fama pulsat utrumque polum;
Qui loca defunctis gelidis regnumque gemellum
Distribuit logicis recthoricisque modis.
Pasqua Pieriis demum resonabat avenis:
Atrops heu! lectum lurida rupit opus.
Huic ingrata tulit tristem Florentia fructum,
Exilium nato patria cruda suo.
Quem pia Guidonis gremio Ravenna Novelli
Gaudet honorati conticuisse Ducis.
Mille trecentis ter septem Numinis annis
Ad sua septembris idibus astra redit."

They were composed, as he tells us, by "Master Giovanni del Virgilio, of Bologna, a very distinguished poet, who had formerly

been a most intimate friend of Dante," and, having been written by Del Virgilio in competition with others for the epigraph desired by Guido, Boccaccio considered them the best.

As before observed, it is not known where the body of Dante was first laid and whether the tomb of which Manetti speaks was over or only near that spot. It seems certain, however, that the body was never removed from the stone urn in which it was at first deposited, and that that urn is the same in which the newly-discovered bones were recently placed by the municipality of Ravenna. Even after the inspection of the urn made in 1865, when it was found to show unquestioned marks that it had contained a corpse until it became reduced to a skeleton, as well as fragments of laurel leaves with which Guido would have been certain to adorn the brow of the dead poet, some doubt has been expressed whether this was the original urn. In support of the contrary opinion, besides what has been already mentioned, there is the absence of all record of a transfer and the constant custom among our ancestors of respecting the material receptacle of the dead even more than their bones. But it is certain that after the expulsion of the Polentani from Ravenna, and when the city had come under the rule of Venice, the Venetian governor in 1483, Bernardo Bembo, father of Cardinal Pietro—a man fond of literature, and especially of poetry—finding the tomb of the divine poet so fallen into decay that its very site was scarcely known, moved either by indignation or pity for all Italians, repolished the few pieces of marble which decorated it, and then erected at his own expense a more suitable and honorable monument, which was designed and executed by Pietro Lombardo.* According to the design of this artist the urn was covered by a marble arch, and above it was sculptured in *mezzo-rilievo* the figure of the poet; still higher up, under the centre of the arch, was a laurel crown or garland of laurel around the motto, "Virtuti et Honori," which was perhaps the honorable emblem chosen at first by Guido and adorned the remaining fragments of Parian and African marble. Upon the pedestal supporting the urn Bembo substituted for the ancient inscription by Del Virgilio the one which may still be read there, and which is as follows:

* Pietro Lombardo was a Venetian architect and sculptor, and flourished in the fifteenth century. Many grand works of this artist are still objects of admiration in Venice, among the principal of which are the church of SS. John and Paul, the church of the Carthusians, and the clock-tower in the Piazza of St. Mark. He died in 1515.

"S. V. F.

"Jura Monarchiæ, Superos, Flegetonta, Lacusque
Lustrando cecini, voluerant fata quousque;
Sed quia pars cessit milioribus hospita castris,
Auctoremque suum petiit feliciter astris,
Hic claudor Dantes, patriis extorris ab oris,
Quem genuit parvi Florentia mater amoris." *

It has been erroneously supposed that these lines were composed by Dante for himself, the letters S. V. F. denoting "sibi vivens fecit," but the theory has been completely refuted by an accurate modern author, a friend of my own.† Finally, at the right of the urn, to show how ignoble was the place in which the sacred ashes had so long remained neglected, Bembo inscribed the following rhapsody, which still exists:

"Exigua tumuli Dantes hic sorte jacebas,
Squallenti nulli cognite pene situ;
At nunc marmoreo subnixus conderis arca
Omnibus et cultu splendidore nites.
Nimirum Bembus musis incensus etruscis,
Hoc tibi, quem in primis hoc coluere dedit.
Anno salutis MCCCCLXXXIII. VI. Kal. Jun.
Bernardus Bembus Præt. ære suo pos."

Ravenna having become subject to the pontifical government, the monument of Dante was more than ever disregarded and forgotten, as his *Divina Commedia* was likewise disregarded, to the extreme loss and utter disgrace of Italy. But when, on their arrival in Ravenna, Cardinal Domenico Corsi, legate of Emilia, and Giovanni Salviati, prolegate, both Florentines, saw the walls and also the work of Lombardo in ruins and the monument left to itself in a wretched neighborhood, as if to appease the shade of the great poet and reconcile it with his country, as they expressed themselves, they took measures to have the monument itself restored at the public expense in 1692, and in memory of the event placed this inscription upon the space to the left of the urn:

* The letters S. V. F. have been interpreted "sibi vivens fecit." But, the theory that Dante wrote this inscription for himself being excluded, these letters might mean, according to Fraticelli, "suo vixit fato," or perhaps "salve, vive felix," or even "senatus venetus fecit." In the *Commento di Benvenuto da Imola*, at the third line, instead of "hospita castris" we read "hospita terris," and at the fourth "reddit" instead of "petiit"; but these must be errors not infrequent among the copyists of the codices, for in the first case the rhyme would be lost by removing "castris," and the verb "petiit," if the epitaph were Dante's, would express the mind of the author much better than "reddit" ever could.

† Pietro Fraticelli, who died in Florence December 18, 1860.

"Exulem a Florentia Danthem
Liberalissime excepit Ravenna,
Vivo fruens, mortuo colens.
Magnis cineribus licet in parvo magnifici parentarunt
Polentani Principes erigendo,
Bembus prætor luculentius extruendo
Pretiosum Musis et Apollini mausoleum,
Quod injuria temporum pene squallens,
Emo. Dominico Maria Cursio legato,
Joanne Salviato prolegato,
Magni civis cineres patriæ reconciliare,
Cultus perpetuitate curantibus.
S. P. Q. R.
Jure ac ære suo
Tanquam thesaurum suum munivit instauravit ornavit
Anno Domini MDCXCII."

Cardinal Luigi Valenti-Gonzaga afterwards replaced this, as we shall see, by another.

Notwithstanding all this, the famous tomb again dropped out of notice, until long after, in 1780, the above-mentioned Cardinal Valenti-Gonzaga, a Mantuan, legate *a latere* of Emilia, and perhaps one of the very few who then read Dante, horrified to see the sepulchre of so great a man neglected and falling into ruin, commissioned Cammillo Morigia, a celebrated Ravennese architect, to restore it, and to render this sanctuary suitable for its purpose by a new and much grander design. Morigia, scrupulously preserving the sculpture and ornaments of Lombardo, and perhaps even his plan, gave the tomb the form of an elegant shrine supported upon a base 3,496 metres square and covered by a hemispherical cupola. The façade is rectangular and terminates in an obtuse-angled *remeato*. The entrance-door, to which one ascends by three steps, and which bears upon its architrave the legend, "Sepulcrum Dantis Poetæ," is also rectangular, surmounted by a semicircular opening which admits light into the tomb. In the door-posts at the sides are two small oval openings protected by grating, which allow the visitor a view of the interior; within, opposite to the door, rises the monument such as it was planned by Lombardo.* Tablets of marble are set in the side-walls; the one on the right bears the following inscription:

* Three years after Morigia had completed his work—that is, in 1783—the Florentine engravers Benedetto Eredi and G. Batista Cocchi published a copper-plate engraving of the plan, the façade, and a section of the interior of Dante's shrine, with a view of the urn. This is considered a very valuable work.

"Danti Aligherio
poetæ sui temporis primo
Restitutori politioris humanitatis
Guido et Hostasius Polentani
clienti et hospiti peregre defuncto
monumentum fecerunt.
Bernardus Bembus prætor venet. Ravenn.
pro meritis ejus ornatu excoluit.
Aloisius Valentius Gonzaga Card.
Leg. Prov. Æmil.
Superiorum temporum negligentia corruptum
operibus ampliutis
munificentia sua restituendam
curavit,
Anno MDCCLXXX."

This, composed by Morcelli and referring to the last changes in the monument, was substituted for that of Salviati by Cardinal Valenti-Gonzaga, so that upon the base of the monument we have the inscription by Del Virgilio, on one wall that of Bembo, on the other that of Cardinal Valenti-Gonzaga. The rest of the shrine is decorated with elegant stuccoes, executed and arranged in a masterly manner, among which may be noted, in the radiating work under the cupola, four medallions by Luigi Gabiani da Lugano representing Virgilio, Brunetto Latini, Can Grande della Scala, and Guido da Polenta, all executed, as I believe, by direction of Morigia.

This mausoleum, then, by which toward the close of the fifteenth century the bones of Alighieri were honored, or at least more suitably distinguished, remained, except at distant intervals, until our own day disregarded and forgotten.

Finally in the nineteenth century, the study of the vernacular having revived in Italy and veneration for the divine poet being thus rekindled when his prophecies of national unity were fulfilled, Florence first of all, as was fitting, proposed to celebrate a secular festival in honor of her greatest citizen, and thus commemorate the sixth centenary of his birth, occurring November 14, 1863. The generous and honorable suggestion was approved by all; and as the principal exercises of the day were to take place upon the Piazza di San Croce, in front of the Pantheon, in which are either the tombs or cenotaphs of many of the most illustrious Italians, where also was to be raised a colossal statue of the poet, the city government asked once more from Ravenna, as had been asked several times before, that the ashes of Alighieri might be given up and placed in this Pantheon, and thus

satisfy the oft-expressed desire of the illustrious exile that he might at some time return to his beloved Florence. But this time, too, the attempt was unsuccessful. The urn erected by Bembo had been empty for about two centuries, so that even if the Ravennese had entertained different sentiments from those expressed in their refusal they would not have been able to comply with the request. It cannot be said, either, that the emptiness of the urn was unknown. The burial-place of Dante, in spite of the general indifference, must, in the course of so long a period, have attracted many from curiosity or veneration, and to many of these, as I learned in 1859 from Pietro Fraticelli, the absence of Dante's remains from the urn was known. Meanwhile, as the festival at Florence was much talked of, Ravenna too prepared to receive visitors on the occasion; and so in removing an old wall which once belonged to the convent and church of St. Francis, in order to widen and improve a little street, called Braccioforte, leading to the square of the same name and to the shrine where the bones of the bard of the three states were said to have formerly rested, there were fortunately discovered at ten o'clock in the morning of May 26, 1865, these very bones, which, as I have remarked, had disappeared about two centuries before, leaving no trace.

Great, as may be supposed, was the exultation of the Ravennese at such an announcement, and they manifested it when, the secular festival at Florence being ended, there came in its turn that which Ravenna must necessarily celebrate before all Italy, both for her own honor and his who so well deserved it.

The precious relics were enclosed in a little pine box (seventy-seven centimetres long, twenty-eight centimetres four millimetres wide, thirty centimetres high) roughly put together, with an inscription written in black ink on the inside of the cover:

"Dantis ossa
denuper revisa die 3ª Junii
1677."

and with another, similar in appearance, on the outside where it rested upon the wall:

"Dantis ossa
a me Fre. Antonio Santi
hic posita
ano 1677 die 18 octobris."

The first explanation of the matter that offers seems easy, and has been made and supported by many. In the seventeenth cen-

tury, especially toward its close, when Ravenna was under the temporal power of the church, and as the officers of the temporal power could hardly be expected to approve the principles contained in *Della Monarchia*, it was to be feared that what had happened in similar cases might occur again and the bones of the divine poet would be taken from their resting-place and publicly burned and scattered to the winds; and therefore the good Franciscan friar under the cellar of whose convent the bones were kept took them out of the urn and assigned them some new and secret place, countersigning them with a record by which he flattered himself they would at some time or other be recovered and recognized—as indeed proved true—and not, perhaps, giving us any cause to blame him for not leaving any oral or written record for use after his death, or because the records of the convent were not preserved, or, if preserved, were not searched with the care demanded by so important a fact as the emptiness of the tomb. But recently it has been held, with some reason, that, for the causes just explained or for others, the Franciscan friars had long before taken out the bones of the poet from the stone coffer, and had kept the precious treasure jealously hidden, consigning them to the successive proctors of their convent; and as it has been discovered that Fra Santi took this office in 1677,* it is thought that, having become custodian of these bones, after having required some identification, as may be gathered from the words "denuper revisa" in the first inscription, he authenticated the deposit by his own declaration signed with his name in the second—both written in his well-known hand—and that, either through some different arrangement of the heads of chapters or the unexpected death of Santi, they were not afterwards removed from the spot where he had placed them. However this may be, the bones immediately upon their discovery were submitted to the inspection of experts in the structure of the human body. After arranging them in their natural order the experts decided that to complete the skeleton, in addition to the large bones which will be mentioned, some small ones were wanting, especially a few phalanges (the second and third of one hand); but some little bones found in the urn from which Fra Santi, or some one before him, had removed the others were believed by the experts to be the missing portions of the skeleton they had examined.†

* Researches in regard to Father Santi have shown that he was the son of Leonardo Santi and Isabella Ingoli; that he was born in Ravenna August 5, 1644, received the Franciscan habit before 1672, was made guardian of his convent in 1700, and died in 1703.

† The experts who conducted the anatomico-physiological examination were Profs. Giovanni

The skeleton being thus reconstructed, the government of Ravenna appointed the 24th, 25th, and 26th days of June, 1865, for solemnly displaying these relics of the great poet, and replacing them in the urn and then in the shrine bearing the name of Dante.

The city was draped after the modern custom, and there is no need to say that from all parts of Italy, and even from beyond the Alps, there was a vast concourse.

Opposite the shrine upon the Piazza di Braccioforte had been raised a mortuary chapel surrounded by balustrades, in the middle of which was placed a well-arranged sarcophagus of glass.

At eight o'clock on the morning of June 24 the skeleton of the poet was placed in this sarcophagus, and covered with a white veil which was to be removed during the performance of the solemn ceremony; at noon the tolling of the great bell announced that the representatives of the city government, followed by the others of the kingdom, the prefect of the province, the Minister of Public Instruction, Count Serego Alighieri, the last living scion of the poet's family,* and other distinguished men, were moving from the city-hall to do honor to the remains of the greatest of Italians. Passing through the streets previously chosen, the cortége reached the little square marked by the shrine of Dante and the mortuary *chapelle ardente*, around which all took their positions; the Minister of Public Instruction, the prefect, the provincial deputation, the deputation from the Historical Society of Italy, the delegates from Florence, with Count Serego Alighieri, the syndic of Ravenna, and Prof. Giovan Batista Giuliani, the most luminous of Dante's commentators, were admitted into the chapel within which, through the four open sides protected, as has been said, by balustrades, the urn was visible to all.

The syndic of Ravenna, in the midst of general applause, removed the veil which covered it, and the venerated relics appeared. All present composed themselves to a reverent demeanor, and a profound silence succeeded, in the midst of which the gonfalonier of Florence and the syndic of Ravenna laid two garlands at the sides of the urn. The venerated remains were

Paglioli and Claudio Bertozzi, assisted by Prof. Luigi Paganucci, lecturer on pictorial anatomy in the Institute for Advanced Students in the Higher Branches in Florence.

* The male line from Dante failed at the fourth remove with Piero. But the female line was continued by Ginevra, who, marrying in 1549 the Count Marc' Antonio Serego of Verona, transmitted both honored names—Serego and Alighieri—to her descendants.

then apostrophized by the latter, followed by Prof. Giuliani, and this part of the festival ended.

The following day was devoted to visits to the sarcophagus of the poet from various societies and delegates, who all offered the tribute of a garland.

The third and last day, June 26, was dedicated to the new entombment of the bones. The mournful ceremony was long. The skeleton having been taken apart in the presence of the city officials of Ravenna and the delegates from Florence, three notaries, and seven witnesses, the bones were placed anew by the syndic in Fra Santi's casket, and this, enclosed in a walnut case covered with sheets of lead, was deposited in the marble urn of Bembo, which was quickly covered and walled around, not, however, before there had been laid in the urn itself a glass tube containing a roll of parchment bearing a record of the facts just narrated.*

In regard to the finding of the bones concealed by Fra Santi, and the subsequent observances until they were restored to their former position, regular documents and statements were drawn up, of which latter I think it will not be useless to introduce here as it stands the report of the experts who examined and compared the bones. It is as follows:

"The bones which belong to the corpse of Dante are well preserved, are of a dull red color, and are strong, not breaking when taken up even by one extremity. Excepting some few bones which are missing and which will be mentioned, the skeleton consists of these: cranium—lower maxilla wanting; in the upper maxilla all the teeth are wanting, as well as the right styloid apophysis; twenty-three vertebræ—the atlas wanting; twenty-three ribs—one false rib on the right wanting; two scapulæ; two clavicles;

* The following is the record mentioned in the text:

RAVENNA, June 26, 1865.

On the 27th day of May, 1865, the bones of Dante, which had been believed to be in the marble urn within the shrine erected by Cardinal Valenti, were discovered in the front wall of Braccioforte, in a small wooden box in which they were concealed on the 18th of October, 1677, by Father Antonio Santi, of the Friars Minor who occupied the neighboring convent.

On the 7th day of June the marble urn was officially opened and there were found three phalanges which were missing from the little box and were recognized as belonging to the bones of Dante.

On the 24th and 25th days of June the sacred relics were exposed for public veneration in Braccioforte, and were visited by a vast throng of citizens and strangers from every part of Italy.

On the 26th day of June, with great solemnities, the bones of the divine poet were replaced by the municipality of Ravenna in the marble urn within the shrine of Dante.

Public records were made of the finding of the bones, their arrangement and preservation, their exposition and entombment, by the notaries Rambelli Vincenzo, Malagola Saturnino, and Bondazzi Pietro, on the 27th of last May and on the 6th, 7th, 11th, 22d, 24th, and 26th of the present month.

os joide; tyroid cartilage; two humeri; two radii; the two ulnæ are wanting; of the two hands there are only two large bones and the uncinato; sternum in two pieces, with the ensiform cartilage ossified; sacrum—the coccyx wanting; two ossa innominata; two femora; two tibiæ; one fibula—the right is wanting; two patellæ; two ossa calcis; one astragalus—the right is wanting; three cuneiform, middle, large, and small—the three cuneiform of the right foot are wanting; two cuboid; five bones of the metatarsus; six bones of the phalanges of the feet—the right is wanting to complete the feet.

"Height: from the top of the skull to the os calcis, one metre, fifty-five centimetres, fifty-five millimetres.

"This measure was obtained by connecting the vertebræ with a coarse brass wire, so that their articulating surfaces should rest one upon another in the natural order, and then placing the cranium at the upper extremity, leaving a gap for the missing atlas.

"At their lower extremity was placed the sacrum, and in connection with it the os innominatum of the right side, and in the cotyloid cavity of the latter the head of the femur, and to this was joined the tibia with the astragalus and os calcis."

If to this measure of the skeleton we add the soft parts it may be said to represent in the living subject a height of 1.65 or 1.67 metres; and contemporary writers have mentioned that this greatest of poets was of middle stature.

Not to mention, then, the shrine which encloses it, and the surroundings, of which enough has been said, the actual tomb of Dante is that erected by Bembo close to the church wall, and consists of the urn having on its base or pedestal the inscription given above, "S. V. F., Jura Monarchiæ, etc.," and at the top the bas-relief with the figure of Dante two-thirds of the size of life. In it the poet is represented his head crowned with laurel, his eyes fixed upon a volume lying upon a reading-desk; his left hand supports his chin; with the right he rests upon a low table. Above is a garland enclosing the words already given, "Virtuti et Honori."

To come now to the second and last subject which gave occasion to this article, and passing over the discussion upon the authenticity of the portrait of Dante in the Palazzo del Podestà at Florence, attributed to Giotto. This portrait was introduced by the centenary itself, and reported in the journal of that name, and it gave rise to the most exact and detailed disquisitions, which ended in its deserved rank being established as nearest to the epoch in which Dante lived, and as the normal type.* Yet

* A sonnet by Antonio Pucci, a contemporary of Dante and Giotto, published in Pisa, January 15, 1868, on the occasion of the Bongi-Romanelli wedding, by the celebrated Prof. Alessandro, of Ancona, would confirm the opinion generally received that the portrait of Dante in

this portrait represents him in youth, and it therefore still remains to be discovered what he was as an adult—that is, in the full vigor of manhood and near the end of his life.

Upon this matter, too, with the help of what Boccaccio wrote, the researches and comparisons, as we may learn from the centenary, were not few. They extended to engravings in the different editions of his works, sketches in fresco or on canvas, reliefs in wood, clay, and plaster; but none of these was available for what was desired—that is, to determine which of them all was to be held as the true likeness; for some belonged to a time more or less distant from that in which Dante lived and flourished; others did not seem designed to portray exclusively and to the life the features of the poet, but rather the ideal or fancy of the artist; and in all the resemblance to the acknowledged type was uncertain.

We must, then, under the circumstances, conclude that he who first after Giotto, or some unknown artist in his stead, attempted to produce a representation of the poet, especially in Ravenna, where he died, and where memorials of him would be sure to be preserved on account of Polenta's friendship, would not be likely to fall into inaccuracies in his work. This was Pietro Lombardo; and we can have the more confidence in him because he received his commission from such a patron as Bembo, who, when he wished to have represented upon the tomb the true lineaments of the poet, or such as were then supposed most nearly true, would certainly have made every effort to discover them by letters and by the various means which were at his disposal in Ravenna and elsewhere—for in Florence he must have seen his portrait, then still in existence *—and upon

the Palazzo del Podestà in Florence is the work of Giotto, if it indicated the location of the picture that it celebrates. This is the sonnet:

"Questo che veste di color sanguigno,
Posto seguente alle merite sante,
Dipinse Giotto in figura di Dante,
Che di parole fe sì bell'ordigno.
E come par nell'abito benigno,
Così nel mondo fu con tutte quante
Quelle virtù, ch' onoran chi davante
Le porta con affetto nello scrigno.
Diritto paragon fu di sentenze:
Col braccio manco avvinchia la scrittura,
Perchè signoreggiò molte scïenze
E 'l suo parlar fu con tanta misura,
Che 'ncoronò la città di Firenze
Di pregio, onde ancor fama le dura.
Perfetto di fattezze è qui dipinto,
Com'a sua vita fu di carne cinto."

* Five years before he commissioned Lombardo to reconstruct the tomb of Dante, Bernardo Bembo had been Venetian ambassador to Florence. At that time there were to be seen portraits of the poet in the Palazzo del Podestà and upon a partition in the church of Santa Croce, where Taddeo Gaddi had painted it, and which had not then been destroyed.

these the artist would not have failed to model his work. Some years ago the city government of Florence, adopting this view, had an engraving made from the work of Lombardo, which cannot now be found.* And if Cinelli, in his *Memoirs of Florentine Authors*, states truly that the head or mask of Dante was taken by the archbishop of Ravenna from the place of his burial to be given to Giambologna, and, after having been transferred to Tacca, was unhappily lost—if, I repeat, we can be sure of the existence of this cast, which is said to have been taken by order of Guido from the face of the dead poet, even then we cannot doubt that Bembo and Lombardo would have made use of it in the way of comparison with other portraits.

These few reasons seem to me to afford valid ground for believing, with that moral certainty which is all the matter admits, that the typical portrait of Alighieri in his mature age is that sculptured in bas-relief by Lombardo, of which, as I have said, I possess a very rare print. In fact, we see in the bas-relief under discussion those characteristic features which we notice, though in less marked proportions by reason of youth, in the portrait attributed to Giotto, and which Boccaccio describes, telling us that Dante's face was long, his nose aquiline, his eyes large rather than small, his jaws large with the under lip protruding beyond the upper. We perceive, too, that melancholy and thoughtfulness mentioned by Algurotti, of which Certaldese adds that "after he arrived at maturity he was always of a thoughtful and melancholy countenance." The diminished projection of the under lip alone must be a variation made by the sculptor either through caprice or the desire to avoid the appearance of caricature, which the combination of an aquiline nose and a projecting lower lip would be likely to produce, as may be seen in many so-called likenesses of the poet to be met with in various places. In any case the characteristics of Dante are completely expressed in the work of Lombardo, which also shows the costume and the poetic garland with which his brow is wreathed, and the *vajo*, or short cloak—emblem, perhaps, of wisdom as scholar or magistrate, of the high rank which he held

* Gaspero Martinetti-Cardoni, in his historical memoir entitled *Dante Alighieri in Ravenna*, remarks: "Many years ago the Florentine government, wishing to have the best possible likeness of the poet, and knowing no work which could equal that of Lombardo, had a plate carefully engraved from his bas-relief, in order to have in more convenient form the beloved semblance of the Homer of Italy."

It might be supposed that the engraving which is the subject of this article was that ordered by the Florentine government and spoken of by Martinetti-Cardoni, were it not that it bears upon the reverse the seal of an unknown private family.

in Florence, or of the honorable embassies with which he was more than once entrusted; so that I come back to this same point, that, as long as there are no positive proofs or more certain data as to the authenticity of alleged portraits of the divine poet, that which was sculptured upon his tomb by order of Bembo must be held as least uncertain for his advanced age.

The portrait in my possession was taken in oval form, so that it only includes so much of the figure of the poet as can be included within such an oval, and the few cracks and stains which may be seen upon it are such and so many as are to be found at present upon the original in Ravenna.

Having thus satisfied my own wish, and perhaps the curiosity of any whose patience may have carried them thus far, it only remains to beg them to supply my deficiencies with their indulgence.

A BRAVE LIFE.

A STORY OF RUSSIAN POLAND.*

PRELUDE.

A LONG summer evening late in summer or early in autumn in Russian Poland, the yellow sun slanting from the west over rolling fields of yellow corn and playing hide-and-seek in the few trees and hedge-rows that surrounded the little hamlet of O——. A cool breeze rippled over the tall heads of corn, tossing them to and fro like a billowy sea. Under the shade of a spreading oak sat two children; the boy's cap and the girl's kerchief were on their laps, full of berries. Sunburnt, strong, healthy village children they were. The girl might otherwise have been pale; she had dark blue eyes with black lashes, thick black eyebrows, and a square red mouth; the boy was dark, with a sunny smile and a thick thatch of black-brown hair. Their berry-hunting had been successful and they were very merry. At length the girl looked up at the western sky.

"See there, Ivan," she said; "the sun is getting low. Mother will be looking out for me. Let us tie up the berries, and I must go. What a good day we have had! Only I hope Black Bolis

* The main incident is true.

may not meet me. He frightens me always, and perhaps he would take my berries." "That he shall not," said Ivan proudly. "I go with you to the garden. Bolis will not meddle with me."

"Indeed!" said a sneering voice; and a big, sharp-faced lad suddenly jumped out from the hedge and with a quick pounce emptied the boy's cap into his own and ran away. Ivan jumped up. "O Ivan!" cried Olga, throwing her arm round his, "do not leave me. Perhaps he will come back again. See, there are some left," she said, taking up the cap, "and you shall have half of mine. Do not go after him. Though he is a coward he is so much bigger than you, and you might get hurt. And your father does not like fighting. Ah! look, there comes Father Sylvester; now you cannot go." And both children ran forward to kiss the priest's hand.

Father Sylvester was a young man, pale and quiet, with a somewhat pensive look. People said he came of a family which had had troubles. His father had been shot for refusing to conform to the Orthodox Church and receive its baptism on one occasion when a regiment of Cossacks had been sent to his village on a mission of wholesale conversion; and his mother died broken-hearted, worn out with grief, persecution, and terror. The boy had been taken away by relations, and sent later to a seminary in Prussian Poland, and, when ordained to the priesthood, chose to return to the post of hardship among his own people. He led a silent and retired life. No one thought him a saint, but he was respected by all as a good parish priest. Being familiar with none and reserved in his ways, no one knew him very well. But the children of the village were fond of him and the sick all praised him. His flock, however, trusted him and were proud to have so pious a priest. He smiled now on the children and asked, What had they been doing? They showed their berries.

"Why, how comes it Ivan has so few?" asked he. "Has he eaten them all, then, or did he find less than you, little one?"

"No, he found more, father," said Olga, "but some one took them away from him while we were talking."

Just then the Angelus rang out.

"God bless you, my children!" said the priest. "It is time, is it not, to go home now?"

And they went away together, hand-in-hand. Returning home, the priest passed Black Bolis. But he did not wait to be spoken to; he slunk away on the other side of the hedge. There he ate some of Ivan's berries, and, counting the remainder, tied

them up in a handkerchief and hid them, when he went in, in a corner of his room in one of the biggest farm-houses near O——.

CHAPTER I.

Ten years after. The same village, the same priest, the same long fields, the same summer sun. But Ivan is nineteen now, the strongest, merriest, and handsomest young fellow in the village, the best shot, the best rider, the best wrestler, the best dancer some say. He helps his father on his farm, the largest in O—— except that of Black Bolis. Black Bolis, whose father is dead, has the farm now, and lends money, too. He is the richest peasant for some miles round, but his riches do not seem to make him very happy. His wolfish face has a restless look; his narrow, cunning eyes never seem to smile. He seems always sullen; his brow is always lowering. But every one knows him, and, if none like him, few venture to speak out their feeling, for too many peasants' names are on his books. They are more or less in his power and feel it needful to propitiate him. Among these is Olga's father, a small peasant proprietor. He had long been down for a loan made by Bolis' father, which had never been paid off as to the principal, and the heavy interest of which he did not always find it easy yearly to meet. Black Bolis, however, had shown unusual patience, and, whilst indulging in pretty frequent reminders of the length of time the debt had run on, had never yet shown signs of resorting to extreme measures. But he hung about the house, to the terror of its women, who disliked and feared him, and kept up a kind of intimate acquaintance with Olga's father, drinking with him occasionally at the village inn. Those were days which Olga dreaded, and her mother also. Peter came home sullen, irritable, and perplexed, having drunk more than he should have done, and for weeks after would be morose and violent. Nothing the women could do would please him. But Olga's patient mother, Catherine, bore all in silence. No one heard her complain. She worked from light till dark, and Olga with her, and her younger sister, Marietta, too. Between them all they kept the wolf from the door and paid off the yearly interest of the debt. Olga, moreover, had her bright days; for, bringing the cows home in the evening, Ivan Ivanovich would meet her, and they had kept up their childish friendship. He brought her flowers to wear on feast-days, and Olga knew her mother liked Ivan. Who did not like Ivan in the village?

He was the general favorite, and, gay as he was, he was good as he was gay. No one had ever missed him from Mass. Indeed, he generally served the Masses on festivals. He was the pattern as well as the pride of the hamlet. Black Bolis shunned him. But there were no business transactions between them, for Ivan's father was one of the few fortunate peasants who had never borrowed on his farm, and was in debt to no one and fairly prosperous to boot. But Olga was now nearly seventeen, and Black Bolis was beginning to press for his money.

Again a summer evening. It was a Saturday. The girls, Olga and Marietta, had just driven the cows into the byre when a hand reached over the paling, holding a bunch of sweet-smelling flowers. Olga looked up and met the smiling eyes of Ivan. "Some for you and some for Marietta," he laughed. "Will you wear them?" She smiled assent. "Then I shall look to see to-morrow," he said.

The girls nodded and, with a good-night, ran smiling home. Their father was there already, but went out noisily when they came in; their mother's face look troubled. She followed them into the inner room. "Olga, my little one," she said, "do you know what your father has been telling me? He is gone up to the inn to meet Black Bolis—" Here she paused, as if she did not well know how to continue. "Olga, my child, he has told your father he wishes to marry—and—he has asked for you."

"O mother!" screamed Marietta, "Black Bolis?" Olga's face had blanched. She looked into her mother's eyes. "My child," said Catherine, "what can I do? We cannot go against your father. And—he will cancel the debt and take you without a dowry." "O mother, mother!" cried Olga, and, laying her head on her mother's shoulder, she burst into tears. The thing she feared had come, but she felt now there was something in life that would be yet worse, when once she should be in Black Bolis' power—his wife, never able to free herself again—never. She was a brave girl, but her heart sank at the thought.

All that night she lay awake thinking. There might be one way—only one. When morning dawned she lay and waited—waited till Marietta should wake. Then she took her into her confidence. Marietta loved Black Bolis no better than she did, and she loved her sister. "Marietta," she said—"Marietta, speak low. If I could speak to Ivan! There is nothing else to be done—nothing. I must see him very soon or it will be too late. Black Bolis will be here this evening. O Marietta! what shall I do if I am ever his wife? How can I bear it? I

think I shall die of fear in the church." "I would as soon marry a wolf," said Marietta. "I wish I were a man, and I would soon settle it. But you shall see Ivan. Perhaps he can do something." "Down by the copse," said Olga, "under the yew-tree. You will come with me, heart's darling. I do not think mother will forbid us. But I will tell her before we go. I must say good-by. If Ivan can do nothing, then it will be good-by." "Do you tell mother," said Marietta, "and leave the rest to me."

Olga told her mother, who had not the heart to forbid this to her child. She knew Olga and trusted her, and she loved Ivan, as all did, and had hoped he might be her son-in-law. Perhaps things might yet be well. But she would ask the priest's advice and prayers, for he knew his people well, and perhaps he could give counsel. He was fond of Ivan, and he knew as much of Black Bolis as any one in the village, and perhaps more, though Bolis shunned him. People even said he had not made his Easter lately. So Catherine and Olga both knelt in the confessional that morning, and both came away calmed and strengthened. Meanwhile Marietta managed to give her message, and in the long afternoon the two girls went together towards the little copse where the old yew-tree grew. "They must be back soon," their mother said. There would be no time for long explanations. When they got there Ivan was waiting; he came hurriedly forward. Olga stood still.

"Good-evening, Ivan," she said. "My mother gave me leave to tell you Bolis Borovich has asked my father for me." Ivan broke into an exclamation. "You know my father owes him fifty roubles," she went on, "and he will cancel the debt if he marries me, and take no dowry, and my father is going to say yes." "And *you* have said yes, Olga?" exclaimed Ivan indignantly. "It will not matter what I say," cried Olga. "You know whether I love Black Bolis. But my father owes him the money, and of what use will it be for me to say no? He will sell the farm; we shall be turned out of our house; my father and mother and Marietta will starve before my eyes. Do you think my father will allow that? What am I to do? Look here, Ivan. If it were not a sin I would lie in the depths of that black pool sooner than be Bolis' wife." "And if *I* ask your father for you, Olga, as I was waiting to do?" said Ivan. "Why not I as well as Bolis?" "Yes, if there were not the debt," remarked Marietta. "Listen!" cried Ivan. "My father will do this for me. If we sell some of our cattle I could pay the debt. How would it be then, Olga?"

"My father might consent," she answered; "and if my father consented, Ivan, I should consent too."

"Be quick, then, Ivan," said Marietta. "He comes this evening. Get your father's consent quickly. There is no time to lose." "Now we must be gone," said Olga. "My mother is waiting for us. I shall not see you again, Ivan, till you have spoken to my father." "Don't fear, Olga; don't fear! My father will do this for me. We will outwit Black Bolis yet. Good-night, Olga; good-night, Marietta." And they parted.

They had time to tell their mother all before supper. She spoke then to their father. She had told Olga, she said. But he must give her a little time. She was young yet and was startled by the news; and then he knew Black Bolis was not liked in the village, and Olga naturally feared him. She begged him to settle nothing that evening, but to say Bolis should have his answer in a week's time. Olga could not see him to-night. Peter was cross and hard to deal with; but she persuaded him at length, and he consented to a week's delay. Then the girls danced for joy in the inner room, and for once they all heard with delight Black Bolis carry their father off to the inn.

CHAPTER II.

THE parish priest sat in his little room after the Sunday Vespers, resting from the long services of the day. The heat had been oppressive in the little church, and he was somewhat weary. It wanted about a fortnight to the feast of the Assumption. It was nearly five years now since he had come, quite young, to that his first parish. How quietly those years had passed, and somewhat slowly! He had been very solitary. The parishes in that part were large and scattered, and he seldom saw a brother priest. But his life had been peaceful. He had borne the burden of each day faithfully, and laid it down each night before the altar. He had no very great troubles. The sorest spot in his heart was the thought of Black Bolis. Better than any one he knew not only his evil nature but the mischief he did in the village. He knew his hard and cruel ways with his dependants, laborers, and servants, and the poor dumb animals at his mercy. He knew that he had been a tempter to many. Many evils could be traced up to his door. Now he saw him leading poor Peter Petrovich to drink, and through drink to ruin. He had done so with others. Whatever of evil was going on in the village Bolis had always had a hand in it. Drink was

not the only vice he encouraged; and now he was scheming that this poor girl Olga Petrovich should be sacrificed to him. Cruel, vicious, full of avarice, pitiless, her lot would be a bitter one if she became his wife. He would torture her, as he was fond of torturing whatever was in his power. He pitied Ivan, too, who had made a friend of him and made no secret of his wish to marry Olga. But he could help in this matter only by prayer. He had prayed long and much for Bolis, tried hard to influence him for good, but failed—failed to find one good point in him to work on, one redeeming quality to help in the battle he was fighting for his soul. What more could he do than he had done already? He did not see. But at least he could pray that two more lives might not be rendered unhappy. And perhaps he might say a word in Ivan's favor to Peter Petrovich, if he gave him the opportunity. But Peter kept away from him since he had taken to the company of Black Bolis and to drinking long evenings at the inn. No, he could but pray.

A little door opened from the presbytery into the church. The sacristy lay, however, on the *other* side of the church, and opened again by a small door, with a porch to it, on the churchyard; but a large space behind the high altar allowed you to pass unseen from the house into the sacristy round the back of the altar. Father Sylvester was about to rise and go into the church when a light knock on the presbytery door was followed by a familiar step, and Ivan entered. He came from his interview with Olga to ask what Father Sylvester thought of his plan and of his chances of success with Petrovich. First he kissed the priest's hand; then, sitting down on one of the wooden chairs, he began to speak of Bolis' proposal and of his own wishes.

"You see, father," he said, "my chances would be as good as Bolis' but for this old debt which he keeps hanging like a halter over Peter Petrovich's head. But if I can pay off the debt why should he not please Olga?—who would rather have me than Black Bolis, I am sure; for since she was a little child she has always had a terror of him, and I don't wonder at it. He is the worst brute I ever saw. I wouldn't like to be his dog or his horse; and as to his wife, the woman must have a strange taste who could take him willingly. Now, if my father would sell some of our cattle we could pay the debt. My father won't like parting with his beasts, I know; but I never asked him for anything before, and I don't see any other way of doing it. Will you pray for us that things may go well? I could not bear to see Olga

Bolis Borovich's wife. I should enlist in the army and never see the village again."

"Indeed, Ivan, I will pray very willingly for you," replied the priest. "You and Olga have always been rather favorites of mine, you know, since you were both children and I used to meet you blackberrying. I wish you well, my children, and may God grant your desire! But now there is some business of mine perhaps you will also speak to your father about. I have been wishing to see him, but we have not met lately. You know that to repair the church and presbytery, and to help the Strogoffskis when they were burnt out, I had to borrow money of your father. About a third of it is repaid, and I hoped to have paid another third by September; but this has not been a rich year for me, and I meant to ask him if he wants the money now or if it can wait. But I am afraid that would hamper you, my boy, if you want the money just now for Petrovich and," he added, smiling, "a wedding. So say frankly if it will be difficult, and I can then borrow from Bolis Borovich, I suppose, after having spent great part of my life," he ended laughingly, "in warning other people against doing so. But he cannot very well play me any trick."

"No, father, not if you look well to your papers, as he cannot get you to the inn," said Ivan, laughing. "The inn helps him with most of his customers. A man can't look after his business very well when he is soaked in black brandy. But if you think you could arrange with him it would make it easier for me, because this is a big bit of money we shall be wanting now. And I know my father would not like to sell his beasts. In this way we might manage not to part with them."

"Very well, Ivan," returned the priest; "then it is settled. If Bolis will not come to terms there are always the Jews, though I should be sorry to go to them. But I don't suppose Bolis Borovich will refuse, since he knows the security is safe and that he is sure to be paid in no long time. I will speak of it to him to-morrow." And thus it was settled, and thus later Black Bolis came to know, for the misfortune of all concerned, that between the parish priest and Ivan Ivanovich there had been a question of a loan and its repayment.

Ivan did not let the grass grow under his feet. That night he got his father to consent. Unless this could be done, he said, he should enlist and leave the country; and the old man did not hold out long, for he loved his son. Next day Ivan came down to the village and hung about till he caught sight of Peter Pe-

trovich. Then going up to him, "Peter Petrovich," he said, "will you come up to the inn and have a glass with me? I have some business to talk over with you." Petrovich did not decline. The invitation was one always to his mind. When the vodka was tasted Ivan began, dashing into his subject: "I speak as a friend, Peter Petrovich. Do not be displeased, therefore, at what I say. But Bolis Borovich boasts he has nearly all the village on his books, and I have heard you are in for fifty roubles. Now, if you want to jump out of his claws—and they are pretty sharp, I know—I can tell you how to manage it." "I often wished to Heaven I could," muttered Petrovich; "but now—" Ivan cut him short: "Look here! I will give you the fifty roubles down, Peter Petrovich, and ten roubles over, if you take me for your son-in-law. Let me marry Olga and I will pay Black Bolis for you and laugh in his face."

Petrovich looked astonished. The world was changing suddenly. The clouds lately seemed to be raining money. Here were two men both willing to give him fifty roubles. It was astounding. But this one said ten roubles over. Fancy that! Ten roubles' worth of vodka would go a long way. This was the better offer of the two. And he had no love for Borovich, who had often taunted and twitted him, for he delighted in giving pain. "It's a fair offer, isn't it?" said Ivan. "It's a fair offer," returned Petrovich; "but you see"— uneasily—"I've promised —at least I've very nearly promised that—" "That beast Bolis Borovich," cried Ivan hotly, "who'll break your daughter's heart and make her the most miserable woman in O——. And then all the village will know that Olga Petrovich was sold to Black Bolis at the devil's own bidding. Look out! I tell you, Petrovich, they shall know it. And you'll live to repent it yourself, for it's not possible you *like* Black Bolis." "Like him? I wish he were hanged!" mumbled Petrovich sullenly. "He has half ruined me one way and another." "Then be a man and refuse him," retorted Ivan. "I and my father will stand by you. We will pay him the fifty roubles down at the betrothal, and I will give you ten roubles the day I take Olga home. Catherine won't say no to me, will she?" "I am master in my own house, I suppose," growled Peter Petrovich. "Catherine knows better than to say no to me." "Then it's settled, isn't it? Here's to your promise and a merry wedding. And now perhaps we had better be going," Ivan added, anxious to get Peter away whilst he was sober.

But this was not so easy. "I'll sit and think of it," he said.

"This vodka is good. There's a deal to think of in it. I'm bound to consider it. Fifty roubles is a good deal of money," he continued meditatively, as if he had been asked to pay it. "I'll think it over." Ivan waited some time, playing with his glass and hoping the process of meditation might come to an end. But no; Peter sat on. Ivan's patience grew threadbare. Not only he had work to do, but he was wild to see Olga and tell her the good news. But still Peter sat soaking. At length Ivan could bear it no longer. He saw him fill his pipe and lean back with his eyes shut, and, seizing his hat, he rushed out.

Soon after Bolis Borovich came in from the presbytery, where he had been with Father Sylvester, who had sent for him there to speak about arrangements for the transfer of the Ivanovich loan. "Well, Peter," he said, "you here? When am I going to have my answer? I can't stand much waiting. Women, they say, don't know their own minds; but I know mine, and"—he swore a loud oath—"if you don't settle this quick I'll sell you up and every stick you've got, and turn you on the road, mind! So look sharp." "To the devil with you!" broke out Petrovich—"to the devil with you and your selling up! Wait till I give you the chance, Bolis Borovich!"

Bolis stared at the man in astonishment. Here was the worm turning with a vengeance. It almost amused him, he was so used to abject submission from the old fool. "You've found a gold-mine, no doubt, Peter Petrovich. When you are going to court let's hear. We shall have you noble soon, I suppose." "I'll find a better son-in-law than you, any way, Bolis Borovich. Ivan Ivanovich will marry Olga and pay you the fifty roubles the day of the betrothal. So I'll thank you to keep a civil tongue in your head. You're not noble, I suppose, any more than I am. And I wish you a good-morning," said Petrovich, rising with dignity and moving off unsteadily.

Black Bolis' face grew blacker. He made no reply, but swallowed a large glass of vodka. Then he sat thinking, not as poor Petrovich had thought, but intently. His thoughts were evil thoughts, and the tempter is never far off from souls like his. For the first time in his life he had been foiled thoroughly, and he knew it. He repented heartily now of having so often provoked Petrovich, whom otherwise he might still have gained over; but there was no way out of it now, unless, indeed—yes, but for Ivan Ivanovich all would be right. It was he only who stood in his path. He drank and brooded, brooded and drank. Then he rose up, not foolish from drink, but dangerous. He had

made up his mind. When a man wishes to do evil the devil is not slow to counsel him.

CHAPTER III.

The betrothal was to be hastened, that Borovich should have no time to press his claim. But, somewhat to the surprise of all concerned, he seemed in no haste to do so. And meanwhile Ivan's old father unexpectedly sickened. No one knew what ailed the old man, but he grew strangely feeble. The flame of life flickered awhile and then died out. He fell asleep peaceably but suddenly, sitting in his chair. There was no time for him to receive the last sacraments, but he had fulfilled the Easter precept and had knelt at the altar again at Pentecost. His life had been full of simple, honest piety, and all respected and mourned him. He was laid to rest in the midst of his own people, and the whole village followed him to his grave. Even Black Bolis was there, though he did not generally much frequent pious ceremonies. He stood apart, and his eyes were fixed on the chief mourner. As Ivan turned back from his father's grave he encountered that fixed look of sullen hate. He felt as though suddenly stung by a scorpion, but, resisting the impression, he said to himself: "Probably he means nothing by it. It is his way. Bolis always has a scowl for friend or foe." But he walked sadly to his lonely home, and thought how desolate it would be till Olga, like a ray of sunshine, should enter his doors. He had much to do now—his father's simple affairs to wind up, and to see the priest about the loan and consult with him as to the payment of Petrovich's debt and the time to fix for the betrothal ceremony. They were now close upon the feast, and there was to be a yearly dance and village festival a few days hence. Ivan would not go, and he bethought him it would be a good moment for a quiet visit to the presbytery and for the settlement of his affairs there. He would take with him the papers and arrange with Father Sylvester for the transfer of the loan and for the payment of the money to Petrovich.

The feast of the Assumption dawned bright and beautiful. That morning Ivan went to confession, served the Mass, and offered his communion for the repose of his father's soul. Olga, too, was there, and Catherine, and all three knelt at the altar. After the Mass Ivan spoke to Catherine in the churchyard and told her (Bolis Borovich, whom he had not seen in the church, was hanging about near them among a knot of men) that he

would be down at the presbytery in the evening, as he was not going to the dance, and would come and see her and her husband beforehand. He parted from them, feeling happier than he had done since his father's death.

That evening he paid his visit and spoke to Petrovich of the arrangements he was about to make with Father Sylvester. Plans were discussed, and with a peaceful heart, having taken leave of the family of his betrothed, he went on to the presbytery. In the distance could be heard the village music tuning up for the dance, which was already begun. Ivan sat some time with Father Sylvester, executed his business, discussed his plans and his hopes, received his money, and, having taken a grateful farewell of the priest, asked leave to go out through the church, where he knelt before the altar and again at the feet of Our Lady. A strange peace seemed to come over him. He remembered his dead mother; she seemed to be near him, and the spirit of his father also. He prayed for them. He prayed for himself and for Olga. He gave himself to Mary. He asked her to watch over him, to pray for his protection in life and in death. He prayed for a holy death, and felt strangely that his prayer was answered. He hardly knew how long he stayed. But when he went out at the sacristy door into the little churchyard a clear moon was shining, and its light fell full on his father's grave. Preoccupied with his thoughts, he did not stop to close the sacristy door, but, leaving it slightly ajar, looked out into the peaceful night. Then at his parents' grave he knelt again with uncovered head and said a *De Profundis;* then, rising, with a brisk step crossed the churchyard, passed a small hedge, and entered a little wood which lay on his homeward way, when a shot like that which often echoes through the mountains, and which the peasants fire in honor of great festivals, rang out suddenly. He fell upon his face. After a few minutes, from behind a tree in the little wood a man crept towards him, and, after watching his motionless form for a moment, came rapidly forward, and, raising his head, looked upon his face. The clear light of the moon shone upon it. With a smile on his lips Ivan Ivanovich lay dead.

The murderer laid his hand upon his heart and felt the leather wallet full of money—the money the priest had just repaid. He made quite sure that life was gone. Then hurriedly drawing out the wallet stained with blood that oozed from the wound which had penetrated the heart, and holding in his hand the gun he had just fired, he ran rapidly across the churchyard,

keeping in the shadow, to the half-opened sacristy door. In a moment he had returned without the weapon and dragged the corpse to the very edge of the churchyard, but still on the other side of the hedge which divided it from the wood. He then ran to the brook, plunged his hands into the water, and washed and cooled his heated brow.

Five minutes after Black Bolis was dancing on the green, and no dancer stayed later than he. He gave money to the musicians, and people said: "What a wonder! Black Bolis generous! Why, surely the skies will fall."

The count's woodman was out early the next morning. He went singing down the copse and passed the hedge, when his foot struck against something in the long grass on the side of the path. He stooped down. It was the body of a man. Cold and stiff, but smiling, there lay young Ivan Ivanovich. The woodman stood astonished. What should he do? Ivan was dead. There was no doubt of that. Still, he thought he would go to the priest. He was the nearest, and then he would know what ought to be done. Across the churchyard he ran and noticed the sacristy door standing ajar. He went straight through it into the passage behind the altar leading to the house, and as he passed he saw—strange sight!—a drop of blood, a gun leant up against the wall, and a leather wallet. He looked at it. It was stained with blood and heavy with coin—the wallet of old Ivan, Ivan's father. He knew it well. He knocked at the door which led into the presbytery. No answer came. He opened it and passed in. The house was silent; no one was in the parlor. He hesitated, wondered, went back again into the churchyard. He knew not what to do. As he paused he saw the head man of the village coming slowly out into his field. "Two," he thought, "are better than one. I will tell him and see what he says." He went over towards him, told him, and took him up to see the corpse. As they went they met another peasant, for the village was just beginning to stir. The three men kept together; they saw the body; they entered the church again; they saw the gun, the wallet, the gold, the stains of blood behind the high altar. Something they must do, but what they knew not. This time the sound of steps had roused the priest. He came out into the church, heard the voices, and met the men. They told their story; he, too, saw the gun, the wallet, the stains of blood. He went with them to the corpse, and with them he carried it on a rough bier, cut in the wood, into the church.

Then he bid them report what they had found, and, kneeling

before the altar, prepared to say Mass for the repose of the soul of Ivan Ivanovich. Whilst kneeling he bethought him of Olga Petrovich. She and her mother were wont to come every morning to the Mass. He would spare them, if possible, the shock of seeing, at once and unexpectedly, the dead body of Ivan. He covered the face of the corpse, and then, going to the door of the church, opened it and called to him one of the many children now about, and bid him go and tell Catherine and Olga Petrovich to go up to the presbytery, as he wished to speak to them there at once. Returning into the church, he was followed instantly by a man wrapped up in a cloak, who entered the confessional. Something in his walk and the outline of his averted head struck the priest.

It was Bolis Borovich.

Father Sylvester remained a long time in the confessional. When he came out he knelt a few minutes with bowed head before the Tabernacle beside the corpse of Ivan. Then, rising, he went into the presbytery to speak to the women.

"It is not for good news I have sent for you, my children," he said. "When did you see Ivan Ivanovich last?"

"He was with us last evening, father," replied Catherine, "just before he went on to your reverence. But what can be the matter? Ivan was quite well." "God calls us suddenly sometimes, Catherine. We may be well to-day and sick and sorry to-morrow. Is it not so? But all God does is well done. A bad death is the only thing we have to fear, or an unprepared death. Ivan was not unprepared." "But, father," said Olga, "Ivan is not dead. It is not possible. He was well and hearty last night. Why do you speak so?" "Olga," said the priest, taking up a small crucifix and holding it before her, "what did our Lord Jesus Christ say when his murderers nailed him to the cross? Do you remember? 'Father, forgive them.' My poor child, there is some one you must forgive." Olga gave a cry. She flushed scarlet and then her very lips blanched. She would have fallen but for her mother.

"O father! tell us what you mean. Tell us all!" cried Catherine. "Ivan was shot last night, and I am going now to say Mass for the repose of his soul. He did not die unprepared. He had been to the sacraments yesterday morning, as you both know, and I know that his last act before he died was to pray before the altar." Of the *De Profundis* in the churchyard at his father's grave Father Sylvester did not know. "Our good God has given him the grace to die a good death. That I am

sure of. There can have been no struggle that disturbed his peace. There is a smile upon his lips now. His face is like the face of a child."

Olga was sobbing violently but quietly.

"Father, who can have done this?" cried Catherine. "Ivan had no enemies, unless," she added, "Black Bolis. Is it possible he did it?" "When did you see him last?" asked Father Sylvester. "Not for a week now," cried Catherine—"not at our house, that is. Peter saw him last night at the dance. But we were not there, the girls and I; only Peter said he would go down and hear the music after Ivan left us." "And Bolis Borovich was there?" asked the priest. "Yes, he must have been, for Peter had a glass with him. He treated every one, he said." "Where was Ivan, father?" said Olga.

They were the first words she had spoken.

"Ivan was found, my child, by the hedge on the other side of the churchyard this morning, by Conrad, the forester. He and Ulrich and Jan came early and told me. And, Olga, Ivan's body lies in the church now, and I must go and vest and say Mass for his soul. May he rest in peace! Come, too, and pray, my child. There will be an inquiry, no doubt, later. Conrad and Ulrich will give the necessary informations."

And so saying, Father Sylvester passed into the church, where by this time nearly all the village was gathered. It was quite full; but Bolis Borovich was not there. He had slunk out as soon as he left Father Sylvester's confessional, and made haste to join Conrad and Ulrich and Jan the blacksmith, who were gone to give information to the police.

CHAPTER IV.

The official inquiry was over. Bolis Borovich had accompanied the other three men who gave notice to the police. He had had some talk with them by the way, especially about the gun and wallet of money. "As to those," he said, "he had information he could give," which was his reason for accompanying them. When asked by the police what was his information he said the money had been lent by Ivanovich's father to the priest; that Ivan was anxious to withdraw the loan; that, in his opinion, this had made the priest angry and there had been a dispute. They would find the sum was about fifty roubles, and they had better ascertain if the gun were not the priest's gun, as he had one, he knew, an old one, which had belonged

to his father. This Bolis Borovich had every reason to know, as he had borrowed it from Father Sylvester more than once and was acquainted with the place he kept it in. The depositions were taken down, and from them it resulted that all the able-bodied men of the village—and there were few sick—had been at the dance; that Bolis Borovich had been there and conspicuous by treating others to drink; that Ivan and the priest alone had been absent; that Ivan, immediately on leaving the Petroviches, had gone to the presbytery, while Peter Petrovich had gone to the dance; that no one had seen Ivan since he went to the presbytery till he was found lying dead on the other side of the churchyard hedge; that his blood-stained purse and money and a gun were found behind the high altar in the passage which led from the sacristy to the priest's house; and this gun was afterwards proved to be the gun which had belonged to the priest's father. On this information being sent up to a superior court Father Sylvester was arrested.

The witnesses against him were Conrad, the forester, Ulrich, and Jan, who deposed to finding the body and to seeing the purse and gun in the passage behind the altar. Bolis Borovich was called and deposed to the debt owed by the priest to Ivan, and to Ivan's intention of recalling the money. Peter Petrovich deposed to Ivan's leaving his house for the presbytery. The women of the Petrovich family were called for the same purpose. They corroborated Peter Petrovich's testimony, but added that Ivan was on the most affectionate terms with Father Sylvester, and that he had not an enemy in the world, unless—Olga Petrovich spoke out—Bolis Borovich.

But there was concurrent testimony on all hands that Bolis Borovich had been seen dancing on the green and had repeatedly treated musicians and friends to drink. No strangers, or only those whose movements could be thoroughly accounted for, and who had taken part in the festivities, had been seen in or about the village that night. On the other hand, in the wallet of Ivanovich's father were found the exact number of roubles Bolis Borovich had indicated as the loan to be repaid to Ivan by Father Sylvester, and the gun certainly belonged to the priest. Examined in court, Father Sylvester admitted that Ivan Ivanovich had been with him on business that evening, the business being to receive the fifty roubles lent by his father; that he had left him about half-past eight, soon after which he had heard the report of a gun, but had taken no notice of it, thinking it was fired off in sign of festivity or at a rabbit. He admitted that the

gun was his and the wallet Ivanovich's, but of how they had come behind the high altar he knew nothing. The gun had been lent to Bolis Borovich and others for rabbit-shooting pretty frequently. He was in the habit of replacing it in the loft where it was kept when he had done with it. He, the priest, did not pay much attention to it, as he never used it himself. Others had borrowed it on one or two occasions, but not Ivan Ivanovich. He had never sold the gun, because it had belonged to his father. He was on good terms with Ivan. They had no dispute. It was with his own consent the money was withdrawn. There was no quarrel of any kind. Questioned as to who else could have been in the vicinity of the presbytery and churchyard that night, he did not know. Opinion was much divided. No one in the village could believe in Father Sylvester's guilt, though all signs pointed that way, and so did all Bolis Borovich's sneers. After much deliberation, going over the evidence always with the same results, Father Sylvester was pronounced guilty and sentenced to hard labor for life in Siberia.

Olga Petrovich fainted in court, and much compassion was expressed for her in the village. The witnesses returned to their homes. Father Sylvester remained in the prison of the town where the trial had taken place till he should leave it *en route* for Moscow, whence at that time the gangs of exiles started for Siberia.

Two months passed away. Ivan Ivanovich's distant cousins had claimed his farm and the money found in his purse. Bolis Borovich was still unpaid, therefore, and Peter still in his debt. But hitherto Bolis had made no sign. Catherine Petrovich was much broken. Her health seemed to fail after these troubles. She did not complain much, but grew paler and weaker day by day. Olga, too, had grown very pale, and her step had lost its lightness and her lips their merry smile. But she worked harder than ever and did her mother's share of the household labor as well as her own. In two days Father Sylvester, with other prisoners, was to set out on the march to Siberia.*

On the day before his departure he heard that some one had come to see him, and Olga Petrovich was admitted. She slipped a coin into the jailer's hand, who thereupon occupied himself with his tobacco at as great a distance as he could from them. Olga kissed Father Sylvester's hand and knelt and asked his blessing; then she told him she had heard he left the next morning, and could not bear to let him go without seeing him once

* Exiles are now sent by rail, but some years ago they marched on foot as described.

first, and, partly by walking and partly by begging a lift in the neighbors' carts, she had come over to say good-by.

"We are not rich, you know, father," she said, "and it is not much we can do. My mother would have come with me, but she has never been well since Ivan's death, and now she can do very little. Her strength fails her for walking. She sent to ask your blessing, and—we had no money, but Ivan gave me a gold cross and chain at my betrothal; we have sold it, and this," she said, as she slipped a little packet into the priest's hand, "is for the journey. Pray for us, father. My mother begs that you will ask for her a happy death; she thinks it will not be long before she goes now. And there is one thing I implore you to obtain from God for me—that I may never, never have to be Bolis Borovich's wife. My father may press it again some day. But, oh! I cannot do it. My heart tells me there is blood upon his hand—Ivan's blood—and God's curse upon his soul. It has been a black one since he was a child, and now he makes me shudder worse than any serpent."

"Even if it were so, my child, you must forgive him." "Yes, I have done so, father. But be his wife—no! O God! what shall I do if my father tries to force me? Let me be spared that, let me die if necessary, but let me never be Black Bolis' wife. God will grant what you ask."

"My child, I will pray for this. You know it will be long before I can say Mass now. Who knows? I may never say Mass again, for I do not know where I am going. Murderers, they say, are sent to the mines, chiefly to the gold-mines of Kara. If my crime"—he smiled a little—"were anything else I might be able to say Mass at the journey's end. But now—God's will be done. I am not greater than St. John the apostle, and do you know that he had to work in the mines, too? Ask the holy St. John to pray for me, and the Blessed Virgin also. See, my child, if you can, give me your beads, for mine were taken away and I may not find it easy to get any on the journey. Ask the new priest to give you others. Say I begged it of him as a charity. And now be of good courage. There is a God over all. Wherever they send me, he will be there. Better to suffer purgatory here than hereafter. Pray for me and trust in God. Say good-by to your father for me. Tell your mother from me to hope in God. Tell Marietta to pray always morning and evening, and not give up the sacraments, and—I will not forget."

Olga knelt again, weeping, and then took her homeward way. She was blind with tears and sad at heart. But she believed

confidently now that she would not be forced to be Black Bolis' wife, for she would have the prayers of one who suffered for justice' sake. And the prayers of the martyrs never go unheard.

Father Sylvester, on his part, knelt before the icon.* He made the sacrifice of his life for the welfare of these poor souls and for all his flock, especially for Olga Petrovich, that her wish might be granted and she might never be forced into the dreaded marriage, and—for Bolis Borovich's conversion.

CHAPTER V.

That winter Catherine died; when the spring flowers came they grew around her grave. Her death was peaceful and quiet. She had suffered much and said little, and it was not hard for her to go; only she was sorry to leave her children. But she remembered Father Sylvester's words, and hoped in God that He would care for them. She received the last sacraments, having taken a last farewell of her husband. Her parting words to him were, "Be kind to Olga, Peter." Then she said the "Hail Mary" many times, and, with the name of Jesus on her lips, she expired.

Peter Petrovich became moody and sullen. He was growing old and did not care to work much. He sat at home a good deal. Sometimes he went up to the inn, and the girls feared he met Bolis Borovich there; for after his wife's death he drank more. They worked hard and tried not to think of what was before them. Olga began to wish their mother could have seen Marietta married. Things went from bad to worse till one Sunday Petrovich walked in, followed by Bolis Borovich. Olga's heart stood still. She was very cold and distant in her manner, but Borovich did not seem to mind this. He sat and smoked, and sat so long that the girls tried to escape, and were stealing out into the garden when their father recalled them and bade them stay where they were, and asked where their manners were, to leave a guest. Then Olga knew what was coming, and was prepared to hear, as she did hear later, that Bolis had renewed his suit and threatened, in case of its refusal, to turn her father out and sell him up then and there. "And so," ended Peter, "I have said yes, and it must be done."

Then Olga had an inspiration.

"Give me time, father," she said. "It is not a year since I

* Russian name for a picture of Christ, the Blessed Virgin, or the saints. There is one in every Russian prison, though they object to images.

was betrothed to Ivan. It is not six months since my mother died. No one can expect me to think of marrying yet. All the village would cry shame on us. Tell Bolis Borovich this time next year he may speak again."

Then she went straight to the church. It was not yet shut, and, prostrate before the picture of Our Lady, she prayed—prayed for two things: that before that year was out her sister might be married and she herself might lie in her mother's grave. She prayed in the anguish of her heart, and in her prayer she cried out: "O Father Sylvester! pray for me. O Father Sylvester! pray for me."

At that moment Father Sylvester was in one of the *perisylnie* prisons, in which, in large towns, the convicts halt for a time on their march eastwards. They march generally two days and rest one. They had just arrived that evening, after a long stage of their journey, at the *perisylnie*. The long, barrack-like room, with planks against the walls, was crowded with convicts. They had thrown themselves down, weary with the day's march, in various attitudes against the walls. But, if their limbs were resting, their tongues were not. There was a hideous hubbub—quarrelling, grumbling, vile jokes, noisy altercations. Father Sylvester leant back against the wall with half-closed eyes. They thought that, tired with the journey, he was sleeping; and, indeed, he was tired and worn out, but not asleep, though glad to appear so, that he might be spared any part in the coarse quarrels or coarser buffoonery that went on incessantly, when suddenly he heard himself called, "Father Sylvester, pray for me"; and the noises faded from his ears, and he saw his little church again, and the lamp burning before the sanctuary, and the picture of the Blessed Virgin and a woman prostrate before it, and it was Olga Petrovich's voice that cried, "Father Sylvester, pray for me!" And he prayed. There in the noise and din, in the crowd and confusion, in the stench and riot, he lifted up his heart to heaven; he offered his sufferings and weariness of body, his still greater suffering and weariness of soul, all he had endured and all there was still before him to endure, for the soul that needed his help first, and afterwards for the conversion of Bolis Borovich. All around thought he was sleeping from weariness. No one woke him, for in Russia it is a common saying that it is wrong to wake a sleeping man, because "his soul is before his God." But one or two near him, with rough kindness, took and kept his portion of the unsavory food brought in for the convicts' supper. In truth, he had forgotten the food. He

was in Poland again, in his own church, before the altar. But he awoke at last to the crowded room, the noise, the coarse talk, the filthy atmosphere, the bed of planks, the morning which would bring no Mass. He thanked the neighbors who had kept his bread and soup, ate his portion, and, when it was quite dark, drew out and said his beads, his face turned to the icon, or sacred picture of the Blessed Virgin.

Olga Petrovich rose from her knees (she had fallen prostrate before the picture of Our Lady) sure that her prayer was heard. She went and knelt before the Tabernacle. Peace filled her soul. She felt as though her mother and Ivan were praying for her. She passed out and knelt at their graves. It was cold and damp, but she was not conscious of it. She had often knelt on the long, wet grass before. But when she rose up she felt a sudden chill, and from that day a constant slight cough harassed her and one pink spot glowed on her usually pale cheek.

Two mornings after Father Sylvester set out again, with a large company now; for Moscow was passed, and Perm, and they were getting near to Tiumen, where the exiles are distributed to different parts of Siberia. They started in the morning, the van consisting of soldiers with fixed bayonets. Next came the worst class of convicts—men with chains on their ankles. Amongst these was Father Sylvester. Then more prisoners, without fetters, but chained by the hand to a light iron bar; then the women convicts; then women, not convicts, but wives who had chosen to follow their husbands into exile; then wagons containing baggage, children, the old, the sick, and the infirm. More soldiers brought up the rear. Compassionate souls stepped from the pavement; for there is much charity in Russian hearts, and the people are kind to the prisoners, and wherever they pass give them little presents in money or kind. It was then Father Sylvester found it most bitter to stand among the murderers—he who had always striven to keep his priestly robe unstained. The men sometimes muttered a curse, the women crossed themselves, when they saw him. To have murdered a man for money, and to be a priest! He bowed his head. "Fiat voluntas tua." This was his offering now instead of his morning Mass. He prayed then for the conversion of Bolis Borovich. He prayed that Olga Petrovich might have strength to bear her cross, and that her prayer might be heard and she might be spared being the murderer's wife.

Then the band started, and in summer heats or winter snows they walked onwards, sometimes twenty miles a day, and halted

at night at one of the *étapes*, or wayside prisons. Part of the journey was made by barge, on barges covered in with wired cages and towed by the river steamers. On and on to Tiumen.

CHAPTER VI.

June, July, August came and passed. Conrad, the forester, often met Olga and her sister near the wood. He seemed not disinclined to do so, for they found him pretty frequently going their way. Olga had lately seemed to encourage this, and one day when he paid her some rustic compliment she sent Marietta back to the house on pretext of fetching her something which she said she had forgotten, and then turning to him, but looking somewhat grave, she said:

"Master Conrad, you have not good eyes, I think, not to see that Marietta is much handsomer than I am. She is tall and has cheeks like the petals of the rose. She is the best dancer in the village, and so strong! I get tired very soon, but Marietta is never tired. She would make a good wife. My father, you know, has promised me to Bolis Borovich. But I shall not like to leave Marietta alone at home, she is so young."

"And you, Olga—do you wish to marry Bolis Borovich?" asked Conrad hastily. "You will know that next year," replied Olga. "When the feast comes next summer you will know, Conrad, whether I wish to be Bolis Borovich's wife or whether I lie there"—pointing to the churchyard—"in my mother's grave. I have not long to live, I think, but I do not like to leave Marietta alone in the world. Can you help me, Conrad? Think of it. Marietta would make a good wife." Then Marietta came back and they walked a little way together. Conrad was very silent; but he still came to meet them as before.

As the year wore on Olga's cough grew worse. She became very thin, and her eyes grew large and hollow; but the weaker she became the happier she grew, and she often prayed smiling at the feet of Our Lady. She let Bolis Borovich come to the house, and made no remonstrance. Only she would not be alone with him. It was not fitting, she told her father, for a motherless girl. And she was silent to him and grave. But he should have his answer, she said, before the feast of the Blessed Virgin.

All the winter she grew worse, and when the month of May was ended she was too weak to leave her room. The doctor came and called it rapid decline. "She might linger," he said,

"for a few months, but could not possibly recover." Then she laughed for joy and kissed Marietta. One day soon after, when Conrad came to the house, she told him the news. "May, June, July," she counted—"I shall die in August before the feast of the Assumption is over." Then Conrad said he would marry Marietta, and she told him to speak to their father. "You can be betrothed at once," she continued, "and when I die take Marietta home. You will let her nurse me till then." Bolis Borovich came sometimes, but seldom after she got ill. Then he would sit and look at her. She said not much to him or to her father. Only she obtained Peter's consent for Marietta's wedding, and bid him ask Bolis to wait till June. June found her in her bed, and July and August. She was wasted to a skeleton now and her cheeks burnt like flame.

In the first week in August she sent for Bolis Borovich. She wished to see him before receiving the last sacraments. He came in silently and sat down in front of her bed. Marietta stood beside her.

"Bolis Borovich," she said, "I am a dying woman. I have sent for you to say I forgive you. But do not do any more harm now. Do not injure my father. When you are lying on your death-bed, as I am now lying on mine, you will be glad of it. And God may give you time to repent then, for Father Sylvester prays for you. You will not see me again alive. Good-by."

He came nearer.

"Go!" she cried. "Ivan stands between us." And, dumb and pale, he went out. On the eve of the Assumption Olga died, and within the octave she slept in the little churchyard in her mother's grave.

About a month after Father Sylvester, lying upon the prison plank at Tiumen, had a dream. In his dream he saw Catherine and Olga Petrovich; they were clad in white robes, and their faces were full of joy. "Do not fear for us, father," they said; "we are safe now. A crown is prepared for you, too. But the way to it is long and needs much patience. But great is the reward of those who suffer. Ivan is with us." So saying, they disappeared.

Here in the prison at Tiumen Father Sylvester stayed some time till the band of exiles to which he belonged was sent farther east. Sometimes marching, sometimes in barges, they went on their way. The journeys were almost less painful than the prisons. If they wearied the body more the soul sometimes

suffered less. One of the things the prisoners felt most, but especially those who were in any way superior to their surroundings in the prisons, was the torture of never being alone—and then not only not alone, but surrounded always with depravity, incessant noise, shouting, laughter, bad language, evil talk, curses, every kind of moral foulness, in the long, bare rooms lighted by two or three tallow candles and pervaded by a sickening smell. All this by night as well as by day; only at night there was comparative stillness. Another suffering was the absence at times of occupation. Hard labor was looked upon as recreation; it was better than sitting all day, day after day, upon a plank, doing nothing, and with nothing to do but listen to the unceasing quarrels and ribald jesting of criminals. The murderers were generally classed together whenever space allowed. Most of them had committed their crimes through drunkenness, but a few were monsters in human form who had murdered men, women, and even children, in cold blood. Few, if any, showed any signs of remorse. Nor could the priest attempt to do the work of an apostle among them, as they were Orthodox Russians and he a Catholic priest, and the first attempt at making a proselyte would certainly have been the last.

One consolation only was left to him. He had managed to preserve his beads, and in every prison there was an icon. The thought of Mary was like a well in the desert to his parched soul; and the thought of Mary is never apart from the thought of her Son. He had been able to bring no crucifix with him, but the Image of the crucifix was always before his mind—the Christ he remembered in his mother's home as a child, and the great white Christ in the little church in Podolia; when he shut his eyes he could see them before him. So he bore about the crucifix with him always and the Madonna. Once on the road he had had the happiness of hearing Mass, but he feared it would not come again. In the mines he was told no Sunday was kept, and no saints' days but the feast of the patron saint of the mine. In one place he heard that the prisoners had made a league to resist the Sunday labor, especially the Polish priests, and that a Protestant and a Jew had also joined. But it had had no effect but that of bringing punishment on them, and they were forced to submit. Four ecclesiastical holidays only they had in the year, and twice a year the convicts attended church. The chapels, too, in most places were Orthodox, so of course he could not go. There were, out of Russia, few Catholic chapels attached to the prisons, as the great majority of exiles, except the

Poles, were of the Orthodox religion. He prayed more and more, however; he grew used to pray by night and by day, regardless of the surrounding confusion. And twenty years passed thus. Then his strength began to fail; he became feeble and found it hard to drag his aching limbs about and to work as he had done hitherto. The doctor who inspected the convicts once a month (and many of these doctors were humane and charitable men) saw his increasing weakness, watched it, and after a time ordered him to an old weather-beaten, smoke-dried building where the aged and infirm who were not ill enough to be sent to hospital, but not strong enough to work, were allowed to linger out their days. Men were there of seventy, eighty, and even ninety, sleeping on planks and waiting for death in chains in the prison ward. But there, too, there was an icon and he took his beads. There, too, was the thought of Mary, the image of Jesus, the adorable though hidden presence of God. Father Sylvester was content, almost happy, for here were far fewer of those evils which made some of the prisons faint pictures of hell. A comparative quiet reigned. The inmates were too feeble now to quarrel much.

CHAPTER VII.

Twenty years had seen some changes also in the far-away Polish village. Peter Petrovich was dead. Marietta was the mother of a large and prosperous family; another Marietta, another Catherine and another Olga, another Conrad also, were growing up. The little hamlet looked as peaceful as ever—the little church, the green churchyard, and the broad, golden fields. Bolis Borovich was alive, growing an old man now, hard and fierce, sullen and morose as ever. He shut himself up and lived a great deal alone. He drank hard at times and was no man's friend. He remained rich, but with no enjoyment of his riches. He had never married. He had no bright fireside, no happy home. A settled gloom sat on his countenance, a dark shadow seemed to brood over his dwelling. Remorse tortured him, despair gnawed at his heart. He never came to the church now. He wandered about alone and rode alone at times. He shunned neighbors, and the neighbors shunned him. Many a time he was on the point of shooting himself, but he never dared. Something came between him and his purpose. For some months little had been seen of him, then for weeks nothing. Then it was known he was ill. One wretched woman there was who served

him, and she began to say his was a fearful illness. His right arm was rotting away, his right eye was gnawed out of its socket. To be near him was intolerable; no one could bear to stay with him. She gave him food and drink, and saw he did not die for want of it; that was all. There he lay, tortured with pain of body, but still more tortured with pain of mind. His days were bad enough, but his nights were worst of all. He saw fearful sights; he heard hideous sounds. The cold sweat would break out on his brow and he would shiver from head to foot. But he never asked for the priest. At length, hearing he was not far from death, the priest sent to say he was coming to see him. Black Bolis refused; he refused, but one night the woman who lodged in the house was waked by a terrible shriek. She went to his room. He was livid, trembling, and looked like one who had had a fit. He bid her go back to bed, but the next day to go down to the village and tell Conrad's Marietta to come to see him before he died and bring her husband with her.

They did not know what this could mean, but did not like to refuse a dying man. When they arrived they could hardly cross the threshold, so terrible was the room and so ghastly the face of the dying man.

He took little notice of their presence, but spoke as if unconscious of it. "Olga Petrovich is there," he said, "and Catherine, and Ivan, and the priest—Ivan, whom I murdered, and he will not let me go. See, he holds me, and the priest stands there. I must tell it. I cannot die till I have told it. I took the priest's gun from the loft; I knew where it stood. I hid myself in the wood and I shot Ivan Ivanovich. Then I took the money, and I ran with it and put it and the gun behind the altar. I smeared the wallet with blood. Then I came back and dragged the body to the edge of the churchyard, and washed my hands in the brook, and went back to the dance, where I had been before. Since then the devil has me. First I went to confession to the priest and told him what I had done; but I was not sorry. I thought it would make it more difficult for him to speak, for he knew I hated Ivan and wished him out of the way for Olga Petrovich's sake. So I wanted to close his mouth. Then I accused him to the police. The devil has me. I have never known peace by night or by day, but I had to do it."

Marietta was white with horror. Conrad spoke: "God forgive me for having had any share in it! But it is not too late even now for you to repent. You must clear the priest, and

there may still be time for you to make a good confession. Let me bring Father Gregori to you, or one of the holy monks from Z——. Marietta will remain with you while I go."

Bolis said nothing, and, considering this to be consent, Conrad hurried off. Marietta dared not leave, though she trembled with fear at staying. She knew not what to do. She looked about for holy water, but there was none. Black Bolis writhed and groaned, but said nothing. Never had hours seemed so long to Marietta. She felt as if she would die of fear. She tried to pray, but found it difficult. When, after a long time, her husband returned with the parish priest, and also the notary, who had just at that moment been calling at the presbytery, and whom, on hearing Conrad's story, Father Gregori brought with him, she felt as if a mountain of lead were lifted off her heart.

The priest sprinkled the room and bed with holy water. Then, drawing near Bolis, he asked him if what Conrad had told him were true, and if he were willing publicly to declare it, to which he gave a sullen "yes." The notary then read to him Conrad's deposition, which he had taken down, and asked if he were willing to sign it. He said yes. Then the priest begged them to withdraw, and, speaking to him of the mercy of God, asked if he were willing to make his confession He replied it was of no use, as he already belonged to the devil. The priest spoke of pardon, of peace, of hope; he held before him the crucifix and exhorted him to hope in the Five Adorable Wounds. He told him at last that Father Sylvester, whom he had injured, and whom he, Father Gregori, had seen in prison, had told him he would never cease to pray for Bolis Borovich, and charged him, out of confession, to give that message to him if he ever found an opportunity.

Then at last tears burst from the dry, fierce eyes. "I repent, father—I repent!" he cried. "Give me water!"—for his parched lips were burnt with fever. The priest turned to get him water. There was none near. He crossed the room to call one of the women to fetch some; when he returned Bolis was not dead, but palsied. His speech was gone. He who had wilfully profaned the Sacrament of Penance to the purpose of his crimes was denied its solace in his last agony. He never spoke again, but trembled unceasingly, lingered some days, and so died. Whether he still had his reason they could not tell; he could give no sign. Father Gregori hoped and believed that, by the prayers of the priest he had wronged, he was saved. As he had expressed repentance, he anointed him. On the eighth day he died;

and at his funeral Father Gregori told the assembled village the story of Father Sylvester's innocence and begged all present to pray for the soul of the unhappy and guilty man. A murmur of horror and compassion broke out at the thought of the wrong done to the innocent. Many wept aloud.

Father Gregori did not rest now till he had tried to redress, so far as it could be, the evil that had been done. He took the news to his bishop. There was but one feeling far and wide—of horror and of reparation. All was done that could be done. Every effort was made, and at last, when all had been duly examined and attested, the evidence sifted and confirmed, an official order was obtained for Father Sylvester's release and was forwarded as swiftly as possible to eastern Siberia.

The courier who was sent was made acquainted with the story and promised to use his utmost diligence.

At length he reached that remote and inaccessible region. With the least possible delay he saw the governor, delivered his despatches, and told the story. The governor listened in silence; he seemed somewhat affected. "Ah!" he said at the end, "what a pity! Come with me; you will see."

He led him to the tumble-down out-house where the superannuated convicts were lodged, and there in the smoke-dried hut two candles were burning before the icon, and a candle was placed before two planks of the convict shelf, and on them, in the coarse prison garb, with the convict's chain still on his worn-out form, lay the priest. His face was peaceful, his eyes were closed; in his thin hands were Mary's beads. A brave and silent soul had passed away.

The courier fell on his knees. The governor knelt, too. Next morning Father Sylvester was buried and an iron cross marks his grave in the lonely wilds of eastern Siberia.

POWERSCOURT WATERFALL.

ADOWN the mountain's brow of stone
I've seen the headlong torrent thrown,
A snowy mass. It streamed sublime,
Unceasing as the sweep of time.
With roaring voice and dashed with spray
The torrent burst upon the day,
Attired in thunder; like the mane
Of some great battle-horse it came,
And headlong plunged into the vale
With flashing foam and lightnings pale.

A silvery streak I saw it rest,
A baldric on the mountain's breast,
As if suspended in the air,
Yet selvaged by the foliage there.
It flashed and gleamed athwart the trees,
That bowed responsive to the breeze,
As if to greet this truant child,
This stormy offspring of the wild.

O Powerscourt! full many a time
I've gazed upon thy fall sublime,
And fancied that some giant hand
Had wound thee as a silvery band
To scarf the broad and massive breast
And dignify the mountain's crest;
To tell us, if we would be free,
We must be pure and grand like thee,
And run a lofty race, and shine
With noble thought and high design.*

*We read in the *Personal Recollections* of John O'Keeffe that Powerscourt waterfall, situated in County Wicklow, Ireland, is the loftiest in Europe.

GUIDO MONACO.

During the month of September just passed the city of Arezzo, in Italy, was mostly given up to the festivities held there in honor of the world-renowned Benedictine monk, Guido—or Guittone—Aretino, commonly known as Guido Monaco, or Guy the Monk, to whom we owe the invention of the method of solfeggio, or solmization. Though the fame of his works has cast a brilliant aureola round the name of the distinguished but humble Camaldolese monk, history furnishes little or no reliable information relative either to the birth or the death of this celebrated reformer of ecclesiastical music styled Gregorian from its founder, Pope Gregory the Great, the father of choral chant (590-604). Guido Monaco was born, it is supposed, in Arezzo about 995, since he is known to have flourished in the eleventh century, as he taught in Italy and Germany from 1024 to 1037. He assumed at an early age—some say when only eight years old—the habit of St. Benedict in the Camaldolese abbey of Pomposa, near Ravenna, in the duchy of Ferrara, of which he is said to have become later abbot, though they may confound him with another of the same name, St. Guido, Abbot of Pomposa in 998—also in some repute as a poet—native of Casamare, who died March 31, 1046, at Borgo San Donnino, on his way to visit the Emperor Henry III. at Piacenza. Be that as it may, the biographers of Guido Aretino unanimously represent him as a pious and exemplary monk wholly addicted to prayer and study.

Viewing his recognized wonderful facility in the art of music, he was appointed to instruct in ecclesiastical chant the choir of boys attached to the abbey of Pomposa, and whose difficulties in mastering the "voice of sweet sounds" were immense, as Guido himself tells us in his own artless and simple language. "Little children," he writes, "once they have learned to read the Psalter, can read any other book whatsoever. Peasants, when they have planted a shrub or laden an ass, know how to perform those operations unassisted. But the unfortunate pupils of musicians, even after ten years of study and of practice, cannot intone the simplest antiphon without the aid of their master, who for his part sings it from memory, hardly conscious of his act, and,"

somewhat maliciously adds Guy of Arezzo, "*qui facit quod non sapit, definitur bestia.*"

St. Gregory is said to be the first who marked the progressive gradations of the octave or diatonic scale with the first seven letters of the alphabet—A, B, C, D, E, F, G. The ancients, for notes, made use of the twenty-four letters of the Greek alphabet, entire or halved, simple or doubled, and lengthened, placed now to the right, now to the left; now reversed, now collocated horizontally. These served to form in all one hundred and twenty-five special characters, which number greatly multiplied itself in practice, so that it was said that ten good years were requisite to learn to decipher an *Oremus*. We are assured by undoubted authorities that the letters of the Latin alphabet, substituted for the Greek by St. Gregory, were commonly employed in Italy for musical writing in the seventh century, but fell into disuse without any alleged cause or instigation, and different figures of hieroglyphic nature styled *notes*, or rather *neumæ* or *neumata*, were adopted in place thereof in the eighth century. Gerbert, *De Cantu et Musica sacra*, vol. ii. p. 58, gives the following hexameters containing the names of said notes, figures, or hieroglyphics:

"Scandicus et salicus, climacus, torculus, ancus,
Pentaphonus, strophicus, gnomo, porrectus, oriscus,
Virgula, cephalicus, chius, quilisma, podatus,
Pandula, pinnosa, guitralis, tramea, cenir,
Proslambaromenon, trigon, tetradius, ygon,
Pentadicon, et trigonicus, et franculus, orix,
Bisticus, et gradicus, tragicon, diatinus, exon,
Ipodicus, centon, agradatus, atticus, astus,
Et pressus minor, et major, non pluribus utor
Neumarum signis, erras qui plura refingis."

These signs, of Greek, Latin, or Lombardic origin, as their names denote, were divided into simple and compound, otherwise styled knots. The simple indicated but a single note, as *franculus*, *gnomo*, *virgula;* the compound designated sometimes two, three, four, five notes—for example, *astus*, *cenir*, *clivus*, *podatus*, *torculus* formed two notes; *cephalicus*, *climacus*, *scandicus*, three; *ipodicus*, *strophicus*, *tragicon*, four; *diatinus*, *exon*, *pentalicon*, five. Some of these signs, furthermore, did not precisely express the note, but the accent of the sound: the Latin word *vinnula*, for instance, indicated a delicate sound; the other Latin word, the vulgar *pinnosa*, indicated the *piano* and the *forte*. Later, these signs no longer indicating with precision the inter-

val from one note to another nor the gravity nor elevation of sounds, confusion generally reigned to such a degree that, every master teaching the melodies after his own fancy, the true mode of chanting was utterly lost. Ubaldus de Saint-Amand—ninth century—considering the notes then in use as no longer sufficient to designate the degrees of the voice, in his work *De harmonica Institutione* gives a new method of *neumation*—that is to say, the manner of writing chant—and prescribes new signs indicating the seven tones of the gamut, in order to know the place of the five tones and of the two semitones. This method, however, was not accepted, whereupon St. Odo of Cluny, towards the opening of the tenth century, re-established the ancient usage of letters, declaring, in his *Dialogue on Music*, "that cantors, by dint of insisting upon the then manner of writing the notes, could not, after fifty years of study, succeed in executing unaided any melody whatsoever, whilst his young scholars, taught by method of the ancient letters, learned, after a few days of practice and without the assistance of their master, to chant several anthems."

Guy of Arezzo, remarking that in Italy also similar inconvenience resulted from the *neumation* then in use, says in the preface to his *Micrologus* that cantors could never have learned a single antiphon, though they had labored at it over one hundred years. Also, in his *Regulæ de ignoto Cantu*, he deplores the existing errors, better calculated to sow disputes amid the cantors than to further the praises of the Almighty, since the scholar agreed neither with his master nor with his colleagues. Desirous to put an end to this disastrous state of things and to familiarize the study of chant, Guido, after long thought and deep study, determined to establish some sure rule, making use of points distributed upon parallel lines, which by their figure and position should serve to mark the diverse intonations, and thereby reduce and simplify the manner of writing and reading music. Finally, about 1030, he succeeded in determining upon a method by means of which the chant could be more easily learned and remembered. The discovery was after this wise:

One day, whilst the pious monk was practising psalmody and chanting the hymn composed by Paul the Deacon in honor of St. John Baptist, which is sung at first Vespers of the feast of that saint (June 24)—St. John, styled by the Sacred Scriptures *Vox clamantis*, is the patron of cantors—he perceived, to his astonishment, that the first syllable of the first word of each succeeding hemistich regularly ascended, either by a whole or half tone; so that, commencing with the first note and rising to the sixth, there

was ultimately formed a complete Greek hexachord.* From this observation, which had escaped the attention of all other learned musicians, Guido formed the idea that by using these syllables to designate the sounds belonging to them in the hymn of St. John there would be found an easy method of teaching and learning the chant. The following is the stanza of the hymn from which are derived the well-known syllables *ut*, *re*, *mi*, *fa*, *sol*, *la*:

"*Ut* queant laxis *re*sonare fibris,
*Mi*ra gestorum *fa*muli tuorum,
*Sol*ve polluti *la*bii reatum,
*San*cte Joannes."

He applied himself to teach this method to his pupils, and to render them familiar with the diatonic succession of the syllables *ut*, *re*, *mi*, *fa*, *sol*, and *la*. We cite his own words, which still more clearly set forth his aim: "If, therefore, you wish to recall to memory such or such tone, and to recognize it immediately in a chant, known or unknown, *debes ipsam vocem, vel neumam, in capite alicujus notissimæ symphoniæ notare, ut pote si hæc symphonia qua ego docendis pueris in primis utque etiam in ultimis utor.*" Further, to banish every species of confusion, he established the usage of two lines to distinguish the clefs, one *yellow* for the clef of *ut*, which he styled of *third voice*, the other *red* for the clef of *fa*, which he named of *sixth voice*, as we read in the following lines comprising the rhythmical rules added to the *Micrologus*:

"Ut proprietas sonorum discernatur clarius,
Quasdam lineas signamus variis coloribus,
Ut quo loco sit tonus, mox discernat oculus.
Ordine tertiæ vocis splendens crocus radiat,
Sexta ejus, sed affinis flaro rubet minio.
Est affinitas colorum reliquis indicio."

He preserved, as well upon these lines as in their interstices, the customary signs or hieroglyphics, thereby fixing the reciprocal distance between the upper and lower notes. By this means children could readily chant without the aid of their master. He taxes with folly him who would dare do otherwise, comparing

* Dr. Roch holds that during a visit to Rome Guido chanced to enter a church whilst the monks were chanting this hymn. According to Durandus, the circumstances under which Paul the Deacon wrote the hymn were as follows: Having to sing the blessing of the Paschal candle on Holy Saturday, he unfortunately lost his voice from hoarseness, and to recover it invoked the aid of St. John Baptist, in whose honor he composed this hymn, wherein he implores him to restore him the use of his voice, and reminds him that at his Nativity he had procured a like grace for his father, Zacharias. This anecdote explains the allusion in the opening lines. Paul Warnefrid, known as Paul the Deacon, sometime secretary to Didier, King of the Lombards, 774, became later a monk at Monte Cassino, where he wrote his *Life of St. Gregory the Great* and the well-known hymn above named.

him to a man who would seek to draw water from a deep well without the help of a cord, or to a blind man striving to find an unknown route without the assistance of a guide:

"Hac de causa rusticorum multitudo plurima
Donec frustra vivit, mira laborat insania,
Dum sine magistro nulla discitur antiphona
Notis ergo illis spretis, quibus vulgus utitur
Quod sine ductore nusquam, ut cæcus progreditur.
At si littera, vel color neumis non intererit,
Tale erit, quasi funem dum non habet puteus,
Cujus aquæ, quamvis multæ, nil prosunt videntibus."

Guy applied the first seven letters of the alphabet already in use to the syllables he had adopted, in this guise: C—*ut;* D—*re;* E—*mi;* F—*fa;* G—*sol;* A—*la.* The letter B found no special correspondent syllable, because Guy, who taught by hexachords, had adopted but six syllables. A French musician named Le Maire, who lived towards the close of the seventeenth century, is reported to have superadded the syllable *si*—an augmentation which completed the method of solfeggio as applied to the diatonic scale; other authors name one Van der Putten, in the sixteenth century, as the inventor of the *si.* Italians substituted the sweet *do* to the harsh, disagreeable sound of the syllable *ut*, and this musical scale is known as the *gamut*, because Guido, to avoid confusion and obscurity between the new and the ancient signs, conjoined, as already stated, the syllables invented by him to the letters thitherto used to express the same tones; and as he began with the Greek letter Gamma, so the scale formed by him was termed *gamma-ut*, or *gamut*, from the title attributed to its first letter. Apropos of the new solmization Fabricius cites two Latin distichs too singular to be omitted:

"Corde Deum et fidibus et gemitu alto benedicam
*Ut Re Mi Fa*ciat *Sol*vere *La*bia *Si*bi.

"Cur adhibes tristi numeros cantumque labori?
*Ut Re*levet *Mi*serum *Fa*tum *Sol*itosque *La*bores."*

The use of the word gamut in Guido's system is doubtless what has led to his being wrongly called the inventor of the gamut. It is more correct to say that Guido, by the application of the syllables *ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la* to the first six notes of the gamut, invented an easy method of learning and retaining the intervals of the scale—a method the excellence of which is attested by its retention in musical instruction to the present day.

* *Biographie Univ., anc. et moderne*, t. xix. p. 89.

All the marvellous inventions sometimes attributed to Guido either existed prior to his day or were wholly unknown to him, with the exception of the application of the hymn of St. John Baptist. Hucbald, or Ubaldus, a Benedictine monk of the abbey of Saint-Amand, who died, 930, at the advanced age of ninety years, left two works on music, one existing in MS. in Strassburg—*De harmonica Institutione*, already quoted above—the second found still in the Magliabecchi Library of Florence, entitled *Musica Enchiriadis*. In his notes the monk of Saint-Amand speaks of the *bemol* and of the *b sharp* as known before his time; and the characters he invented are disposed between different lines, not forming, it is true, distinct staves, but which are more or less elevated. He treats formally of polyphonic music, known as *diaphonia*, which he defines *diversarum vocum apta coadunatio*, and is considered the first author to have touched upon the subject. Le Noir writes: "The division of the gamut in hexachords, as opposed to the Greek tetrachord, and the *harmonic hand* to facilitate the reading of music, being found nowhere in the writings of Guy, they are wrongfully attributed to him. Neither did he impress any essential modification upon chant, properly so-called; that ulterior development belongs rather to the name of Franco of Cologne, a master of music in the eleventh century, the inventor of measured chant, who laid the foundation of figured music; whilst the harmonic element was for the first time laid open and explained, in sure and profitable rules, by Jean de Muris, a great mathematician of Paris, Doctor of the Sorbonne, 1370, and by Jean Tinctor, or Tinctoris, a native of Nivelles, Belgium, who flourished towards the close of the fifteenth century. Of great renown as a jurisconsult, he later embraced the ecclesiastical state, visited Italy to perfect himself in music, became member of the Royal Chapel at the court of Ferdinand of Aragon, King of Sicily, and was, together with Gafforio, one of the founders of the Neapolitan school. He has left, amongst other works, several treatises in Latin on the *Origin of Music*, the *Art of Counterpoint*, the *Value of Notes*, etc. This leaves to the musician of Arezzo but the application of the syllables *ut*, *re*, *mi*, *fa*, *sol*, *la*, and possibly the use of clefs, which determine the position of the notes upon the staff; whilst, in fact, an established system of lines, permitting the exact figuring of melodies and their transmission without alteration to posterity, together with the essential facilitation of the reading of music and the introducing by that means not only uniformity in choral chant but likewise fixing and preserving primitive melodies, con-

stitutes the true merit of Guy of Arezzo and assures him a permanent souvenir in the history of music."

Guido Aretino established a regular school of music in his monastery, and the success of his method was such that his pupils, who up to that time had required at least ten years of close study to overcome all the difficulties of the art, were able in less than two weeks to decipher plain song, and became in the space of a year skilful singers, or rather cantors. This astonishing superiority of Guido Monaco over the other musicians of his day quickly gained him envy, and his rivals so beset him that he was forced to leave his convent and seek other shelter. Pope John XIX. or XX.—1024–1033—hearing of his renown, invited him to Rome, whither he was accompanied by Grimoald, his abbot, and Peter, dean of the Chapter of Arezzo. He presented to the pope his *Antiphonarium*, noted after his method. His Holiness admired it, made trial of, and readily recognized the superiority of, the new solmization. He describes his journey to the Eternal City and his reception by the Sovereign Pontiff in a letter addressed to a fellow-monk, Michele of Pomposa, who had assisted him in compiling the *Antiphonary:* "The apostle of the supreme see," he writes, "John, who at present rules the Roman Church, heard the fame of our school, and how boys, thanks to our *Antiphonarii*, learn canticles which they have never heard sung; at this he marvelled greatly, and thrice sent me a summons to go to him. I repaired to Rome in company of our abbot, of Gregory, Abbot of Milan, and of Peter, provost of the canons of the church of Arezzo—a man of wonderful learning for our times. The pope, having shown great joy at my arrival, detained me long in conversation, questioned me upon many subjects, and, closely examining our *Antiphonarium*, seemed to think it a sort of prodigy; conned its rules, nor would rise from his seat until he had learned a verse which he had never heard sung, thereby experimenting in himself that which he could with difficulty have believed of another." This letter, entitled *Epistola Guidonis Michaeli Monacho, de ignoto cantu directa*, is found in the *Annals* of Baronius and in the *Thesaurus Anecdotorum* of Bernard Pez, but less complete. Baronius refers it under date 1022, Mabillon under 1026. A picture due to the brush of the illustrious Professor Domenico Bertini, specially celebrated for his system of painting on glass, represents Guido Monaco, with his Gregorian school, in presence of Pope John XIX. It is now in the possession of a Milanese amateur named Ponti in his magnificent villa at Bennino Superiore, near Varese.

The pope imposed silence upon the enemies and detractors of the humble monk, who was not allowed to quit Rome ere he had promised to return the following winter to give a regular course of musical instruction to the pope and his clergy. He was in nowise puffed up by the sunshine of pontifical favor, since in the letter to Michele above quoted he continues: "The designs of Providence are obscure, and falsehood is sometimes suffered to oppress the truth, God so ordering it lest, inflated with self-confidence, we should suffer loss. For then only is what we do good and useful when we refer it all to Him who created us. God inspiring me with the knowledge, I have made it known to as many as I could, to the end that I, and those who have gone before me, having learned the *cantus* with extreme difficulty, those who come after me, doing so with greater facility, may pray for me and for my fellow-laborers, that we may obtain eternal life and the remission of our sins." Hence it is evident that he only rejoiced at being able to spread the knowledge of a discovery which would be useful to others.

After leaving Rome Guido Monaco retired once more to the solitude of his beloved abbey of Pomposa, and we have no further reliable information regarding his after-life. It is stated that he was invited by the archbishop of Bremen to repair thither to reform the music of his cathedral, and it is probable he did the like for many other churches throughout Germany. Neither have we any certainty relative to the last days of the pious monk, save the fact that he died at Pomposa, to which abbey he bequeathed his *Antiphonarium*. The learned Gerbert, prince-abbot of the monastery of St. Blasius, in the Black Forest, 1764, has collected, in his *Scriptores ecclesiastici de Musica sacra*, all the works of Guido Monaco then procurable, under the rubric, *Guidonis Aretini, Opuscula de Musica*.* They comprise:

I. *Micrologus Guidonis de Disciplina Artis Musicæ*, written about 1030 and dedicated to Theobaldus, Bishop of Arezzo. This treatise, besides the dedication and prologue, is divided in twenty chapters, written, according to the then usage, partly in Latin prose, partly in free iambics of unequal measure. Chapter i. bears title: *Quid faciat, qui se ad disciplinam musicæ parat?* The author examines the nature of notes and their disposal in

* V. Gerbert, *Scriptores ecclesiastici de Musica sacra potissimum ex variis Italiæ, Galliæ et Germaniæ Codicibus manuscriptis collecti*, in 4to (Typis San Blasianis, 1784). This work, in three volumes, contains, unfortunately, many discrepancies and inexact statements relative to the works of Guy of Arezzo. A new and emended edition of this learned author, who quotes numerous fragments from musical writers of the middle ages, has long been promised under direction of Cavalier Fetis.

the monochord; he establishes the division of the diapason, or octave, in seven fundamental sounds, and the distinction of the four modes, which he subdivides in eight, and treats of tropes, of diaphonics, and of the invention of music by the noise of hammers. This book, still inedited, very incomplete, obscure, and intricate, is to be found in MS. in some few public libraries, but is known only from the analyses given thereof by several authors and historians—for instance, Mazzuchelli, La Combe, Tiraboschi, Baronius and Mabillon, both of whom give the dedicatory epistle; also Nicholas Vicentino, a celebrated professor of music in the sixteenth century, to whom is attributed the invention of the *archicymbal*, a cymbal with special strings and keys for harmonic sounds. Treating of Guido Aretino, Muratori, quoting the Life of the Countess Matilda (t. v. *Rerum Italicarum*):

> "Micrologum Librum sibi dictat Guido peritus,
> Musices et Monachus, nec non Eremita beandus,"

states that the notes to her Life assert that the same *Micrologus* is preserved, in MS., in a codex of the Ambrosian Library at Milan, together with another pamphlet beginning thus: "*Musicorum et cantorum magna est distantia. Isti dicunt, illi sciunt, quæ componis musica*," etc. At the end are the following words: "*Finit Regula Henchiriadis et Boetii, et Domni Guidonis Monachi.*" The same codex contains likewise *Liber Henchiriadis in Musica*, which opens thus: "*Sicut vocis articulatæ elementariæ*, etc.," supposed the work of some author of the tenth century.

II. *Versus de Musicæ Explanatione, suique nominis ordine*, followed by *Regulæ rhythmicæ in Antiphonarii sui prologum prolatæ.* These two treatises, resuming his doctrine in verse, the second of which is regarded as forming the second part of the *Micrologus*, are copied from a MS. in the library of the abbey of St. Blaise.

III. *Aliæ Guidonis Regulæ de ignotu Cantu, identidem in Antiphonarii sui prologum prolatæ.* This treatise is followed by *Epilogus de Modorum Formulis et centum Qualitatibus.*

IV. *Epistola Guidonis, Michaeli Monacho, de ignoto cantu directa.* In this letter Guido relates the annoyances endured from his religious brethren and others, and his journey to Rome.

V. *Tractatus Guidonis Correctorius Multorum Errorum, qui fiunt in cantu Gregoriano in multis locis. Ex Cod. Tegernseln., sec.* xiv. *vol.* xv. This work is thought wrongfully attributed to Guy of Arezzo.

VI. *Quomodo de arithmetica procedit Musica.* Gerbert is convinced this treatise is not from the pen of Guido; certainly the

principles therein laid down are not always conformable to those known to have been his. The original copy is found in a MS. of the convent of St. Emmeran at Ratisbon, at the end of the *Micrologus;* but all know how manuscripts were drawn up in those days. Guido is said further to have composed a treatise entitled *On the Measure of Monochords*, a mere fragment whereof is given in the collection of Bernard Pez; also a *Treatise upon Music*, specially intended for the instruction of the clergy of the cathedral of Arezzo. Charles Poisot, in his *Histoire de la Musique en France, depuis les temps les plus reculés jusqu'à nos jours* (Paris, 1860), announced a complete edition of the works of Guido Monaco, translated and duly illustrated, with notes, by Ad. de la Fage, which edition is not as yet in commerce.

Guido Aretino cannot be denied the no small honor of having, to quote one of his biographers, "ameliorated the art of singing, amplified instrumental music, laid the bases of counterpoint, and facilitated the way to a rapid knowledge of music, thitherto by far too thorny and difficult." His name will flourish so long as endures the use of the syllables *ut*, *re*, *mi*, *fa*, *sol*, *la*, to which it has been frequently but vainly sought to substitute other words. Mgr. Alfieri, in his *Critical History of the Restoration of Gregorian Chant*, written in 1856, relates that about 1844 an Italian very profound in music claimed to have discovered the Davidic chant in the Hebrew books, and conceived the idea of applying Hebrew letters to the monosyllables of the musical gamut. Having thus found the notes, he gave them measure, and then the piano accompaniment. In that way he obtained exquisite songs, fitted for private entertainments, but which could not secure the approbation of really learned musicians. The Germans are said to be the last who have continued the custom of sol-faing by the letters of the alphabet, as they were the first to accept the usage, since we read in the *Life of St. Notker-le-Bègue*, who died 912, that Romanus, one of the Roman cantors sent into France by Pope Adrian I., at the request of Charlemagne, to civilize the barbarous singing of the Frankish cantors, was the first who thought of arranging the letters of the alphabet to the musical notes, which system, later explained by St. Notker and further elucidated by the monk Lambert, of the abbey of St. Gall, was adopted throughout entire Germany (*Acta SS. Bened.*)

Beautiful Florence, ever zealous for the culture of the fine arts and for the memory of those renowned therein, had long years

since raised a statue to Guido Monaco in the magnificent portico of the Uffizi. Arezzo has but now determined thus to honor her great citizen, erecting for that intent a noble monument to the meek and holy religious in the Square Guido Monaco. In the centre of this vast piazza bearing the name of the celebrated monk, in the middle of an elegantly-laid-out parterre, encircled by an artistic iron railing, stands the monument aforesaid. The basement is square and composed of marble steps. A wide socle or plinth in red Veronese marble is superposed and upholds the base, topped by the escutcheons of the Hundred Cities of Italy. On the sides two bronze bas-reliefs represent, one the discovery of the notes of music, the other the moment when Guido teaches his new method of chant. On the façade is this simple inscription in bronze lettering: "Arezzo—to Guido Monaco—1882." Upon a heavy cornice forming the capital of the base rises the marble statue of the great Aretian, who stands displaying a book whereon are graven the notes discovered by his genius.

The day of the inauguration of the monument (September 2) the Via Guido Monaco presented a fairy-like scene. It was bordered throughout the entire length with Venetian poles, whence floated the oriflammes and flags of all nations. Festoons connected one pole with the other, whilst between every two poles stood columns bearing immense baskets of flowers and verdure. The procession, comprising the prefect, the mayor of the city, the deputations from the Senate and from the Chamber of Deputies, all the provincial, civil, and military authorities of the neighborhood, together with numerous artistic associations and other societies with their respective banners, moved at eleven A.M. from the prefectorial palace to the Square Guido Monaco, where they grouped round the monument. At a duly given signal the statue of the inventor of the gamut was unveiled to the sound of the royal march and by the hand of the sculptor himself, Cavalier Salvino Salvini, of Bologna, who was greatly felicitated upon the complete success of his work. The square was densely thronged, scores of banners waved in the air to the music of hundreds of instruments, whilst the immense crowd gave vent to the most frantic display of enthusiasm. Speeches were then made by the mayor of Arezzo, by Cavalier Tenerani, representing the municipality of Rome, and by Professor Kraus in the name of innumerable Italian and foreign artistic societies; the symphony of "Nabucco," and the two marches composed in honor of Guido Monaco by Forti and Gandolfi, both natives of Arezzo, were executed by thirty-two bands amid a deserved

ovation, and in the evening the whole city was brilliantly illuminated.

The fact should not be lost sight of that in Guido Aretino the monk and the musician are inseparable, and if Arezzo have reason to commemorate and to honor him, likewise the church and the papacy, which, through the protection awarded by John XIX., gave to the fame of Guy of Arezzo that consecration which formed the pride of the artists of that epoch, have also the right to claim their share in the distinctions now awarded him, because the feasts of Arezzo and the honors conferred upon the monk Guido are the justification of the papacy, and, in common with the other centenaries of illustrious men and of most celebrated events, tell of the antiquity and of the utility of the temporal power of the popes, and of how much Italy owes to the papacy. It is noteworthy that the festivals of Arezzo were attended and participated in by Liberals of every shade—those Liberals who have so loudly perorated against monastic life and have busied themselves in dispersing the peaceful dwellers in the cloister. Naturally they will argue that they honor, not the friar, but the inventor of the gamut; still, they cannot deny that the great father of music was a friar, who meditated his marvellous discovery within the walls of his cell in the retirement and silence of that ascetic and contemplative life for which they profess such unbounded contempt; nor that the humble monk of Arezzo, when carrying out the reformation of choral chant, had no thought of the apotheosis to be decreed him by posterity. Hence it is untrue that claustral life clips the wings of genius and smothers the inspirations of the soul; that it is an existence of idleness and sloth. Neither can they claim Fra Guido as an exception, since that would be to deny the history of entire centuries.

We conclude with the lines wherein Guido Monaco announces his musical discovery:

"Feci regulas apertas, et Antiphonarium
Regulariter perfectum contuli cantoribus,
Quale nunquam habuerunt reliquis temporibus.
Precor vos, beati fratres, pro tantis laboribus
Pro me, misero Guidone, meisque adiutoribus
Pium Deum exorate, nobis sit propitius.
Operis quoque scriptorem adiuvate precibus.
Pro magistro exorate cuius adiutorio
Auctor indiget et scriptor. Gloria sit Domino.
Amen."*

*V. Gerbert, *Script.* ii. 33.

THE GREAT COMET.

The comet discovered by Mr. Wells last spring grievously disappointed the expectations which were entertained of it. Instead of developing an enormous tail, as had been fondly hoped, it seemed to have exhausted its energies in the production of the short though bright and promising one which it displayed long before perihelion. Its brilliancy, like that of many a precocious child, was only remarkable in its early days; it afterward sank down to the common level of its species. Though visible for a time to the naked eye, probably few persons saw it, unless they knew exactly where to look. And those who did see it without a glass saw it probably only before its perihelion passage, unless, indeed, it may have been more conspicuous in the southern hemisphere.

It grievously disappointed, we say, astronomical expectation; but this expectation was really well founded. For the tails of comets, as a rule, seem to be developed immensely by their approach to the sun, and are much more conspicuous after perihelion than before. Still, there are exceptions to this rule more notable than that of the Wells comet. That of 1769, which had a train of sixty degrees—two-thirds of the distance from the horizon to the zenith—a month before its perihelion, showed only one of two degrees in length on emerging from the rays of the sun; and though it afterward grew a little, still it never afterward reached more than a tenth of its previous dimensions.

Both the astronomers and the Wells comet, then, have something to say in justification of their conduct; they have precedents to urge. Still, whatever the comet's feelings may have been, no doubt the astronomers felt a little ashamed of themselves and of their promised show, and were somewhat in disgrace till lately, when, quite unexpectedly, another celestial wanderer of enormous proportions and most unusual splendor came to their rescue.

The great comet of 1882, which, as we write, still shines in the morning sky, was not, as has just been said, an expected visitor to our system; and, indeed, as we have before had occasion to remark, no great and brilliant comets, except that of Halley, are. But this one was not even seen, as comets usually are, with the telescope, faint and far away, long before they attract popular

attention. So far as has yet been ascertained, this great comet was first seen by Dr. B. A. Gould, director of the observatory at Cordoba, in the Argentine Republic, on the morning of September 7. It must have been at that time visible to the naked eye without much difficulty. Next day it was noticed by Mr. Finlay, assistant at the observatory at the Cape of Good Hope; four days later by Dr. Cruls, the astronomer at Rio Janeiro. It seems rather strange that during all this time such a bright object should have escaped detection at the numerous observatories of the northern hemisphere, from all of which it was visible, though not so favorably as from the southern ones just named. It can best, perhaps, be accounted for by the astronomical habit of going to bed before dawn, which is almost necessary if one wants to get a good sleep, and which cuts off much more of the night in latitudes far outside the tropics, where dawn and twilight last so long.

On the 17th of September, however, the comet was suddenly seen in bright daylight in close proximity to the sun—a rare but by no means unprecedented phenomenon. Mr. Ainslie Common, of Ealing, in England, seems to have been the first to notice it in Europe. On the 18th it was seen by many people in Europe, and by some also in this country. In the south of France, and in Spain, Portugal, and Italy, it was on that day an object of general admiration, the people stopping on the squares in some places and gazing with astonishment on this blazing star close to the solar orb. In this country circumstances do not seem to have been so favorable; still, had Mr. Common's observation of the 17th been known early on the next day here, as it probably was in Europe, many more persons would no doubt have seen this strange sight. On the 19th it had become much fainter; and a tremendous storm soon after setting in, all chance of seeing it either by day or night was lost for some days in this part of the world. Bad weather also prevailed in Europe at this time, and it seems not impossible that some disturbance of our atmosphere may have been caused by an excitement of the sun consequent on the comet's near approach to it.

On the 17th, when the comet passed its perihelion, it is now known to have been distant only about three hundred thousand miles, or a little more than one-third of the sun's diameter, from its surface. It was then well within the limits of what is called the solar corona, and not so very much above the region of the great jets of gas which are thrown up from the sun's surface, and which are often conspicuous during solar eclipses, but easily

seen at all times by means of the spectroscope. Its brightness at that time was undoubtedly due to the tremendous heat to which it was exposed, making it then highly incandescent or self-luminous. This brightness was so intense that it was actually seen, by two observers at the Cape of Good Hope, in apparent contact with the edge of the solar disc—a phenomenon unprecedented in astronomical history. This occurred at nine minutes before five in the afternoon, about an hour and a half before the moment of perihelion passage. The comet then passed in front of the sun and was lost to sight for a time in the dazzling radiance by which it was surrounded. Its emergence from the sun's disc on the eastern side, which must have occurred within an hour, was not, as it would appear, observed in Africa or Europe, the sun being near setting and perhaps obscured by clouds; but no doubt it could have been seen in this country, if the comet's existence had then been known here, and may have been observed in South America.

In the three hours after its entrance on the solar orb the comet swung through one hundred and eighty degrees, or one-half of its complete circle of angular movement round the sun's centre, and was very shortly afterward quite clear of the sun's disc, now again on the western side, from which it had approached, and toward which it was to recede. Its actual velocity at this time can easily be calculated from this simple statement of fact. It moved, as will be seen, through a curve which we may call an approximate semicircle drawn round the sun's centre, with an average radius of a million miles, in about three hours—three million miles in three hours, a million miles an hour, or nearly two hundred and eighty miles a second. At the moment of perihelion passage the speed of the comet was indeed about three hundred miles each second, or twenty thousand times that of a railway train at express speed.

This enormous velocity, produced in the comet by the attractive force of the sun itself, was of course what saved it from falling into the sun, as it would of course have done if it had had more time to do so. And, according to the law of gravitation, things always work in this way. Let no force come in to impede the movement of a comet as it turns the corner, so to speak, round the sun, and its velocity will carry it safely by, though it should pass only an inch from the sun's surface. The nearer it passes the greater its speed will be.

But supposing there should be such a resisting or impeding force; how then? Then, of course, the comet would be drawn

out of its proper path toward the sun into a more contracted orbit, and it would leave the sphere within which that force was exerted—if it succeeded in leaving it at all—at a reduced rate of speed; it would have less energy of projection away from the sun, and would now revolve in a finite or elliptical, if before it had moved in an infinite or parabolic, orbit. And at each successive return its ellipse would be more contracted and its return to the sun would follow in quicker and quicker succession. And each time, as it returned to the region of resistance, it would be more and more impeded, till at last, like a moth circling round a candle, it would be unable any longer to escape, but would be stopped and consumed in the sun's blazing heat.

This, then, would be the result of such an impeding force. And now the question naturally arises, Is there not such a force actually in operation near the sun? Has not the sun an atmosphere like in resisting powers to that surrounding our earth, and of vastly greater extent? And the answer can only be in the affirmative. There are the strongest reasons to believe that it has. And, more than that, we are quite justified in holding that comets passing as near the sun as this one has passed move through this atmosphere and experience its impeding effect.

On this supposition, as well as on the remarkable resemblance, in position and dimensions, of the orbit of this comet with those of 1843 and 1880, was founded the opinion held by many astronomers that this comet and those of 1843 and 1880, and possibly also the one of 1668, were in fact one and the same. The orbits of all four are very similar, and it seemed highly probable that the comet of 1668, previously parabolic in its movement, experienced in its passage round the sun that year a sufficient resistance to bring it back in 1843; then again, after a much shorter interval, in 1880; and now, after only a few months, in 1882. It was therefore maintained, even by excellent astronomers, as very likely, that the comet now visible would no more leave the neighborhood of the sun, but that, returning to perihelion in a very short time, it would stop in the sun's atmosphere or on its surface—or, in other words, fall into it—as just described; or if it did not do so this time, at least after a few revolutions.

In confirmation of this view it appeared a few weeks ago, from observations on the comet's position, that it was actually moving in an elliptic orbit; the period assigned by one computer was eight years, and it was expected by many that on a more complete discussion of the observations a much shorter period

would be obtained. But—unfortunately for those who wished to have a sensation, and to try by experiment the effect which might be produced by a comet's fall on the sun—this elliptic orbit has lately proved a mistake, owing to slight errors in the observations made use of to obtain it. It has now become quite certain that the comet is moving in an orbit so nearly parabolic that very careful observations will be necessary to detect the ellipticity, if indeed any exists. The best ellipse now calculated gives it a period of about four thousand years; and though this result may be very materially changed one way or the other, there is no probability that it will be back in the lifetime of any one of us now on the earth.

It follows from this that the theory of the identity of this comet with that of 1843 or 1880 is now untenable. It is just possible that it may be, perhaps, that of 1668 on its first return, but this must remain a speculation for the present.

But does the comet give no evidences of disturbance or retardation in its movement by having passed through the solar atmosphere? It is too early as yet to answer this question. When the earliest observations are worked up with the latest we shall know more on this subject. At present there are some indications that such a disturbance has taken place.

By the proof which recent observations have given that this great comet cannot soon return it has lost much of its interest; but it still remains the most interesting in many ways, as well as one of the most splendid, of all the bodies of its class which have ever visited the solar system. For though it is not certain that it has experienced disturbance in its movement, it is quite evident that it has been otherwise violently disturbed by the intense heat to which it has been subjected.

The most remarkable peculiarity which it has presented is perhaps its tendency to break up into smaller parts—to detach portions, as if by some internal force, from itself. Prof. Schmidt, of Athens, was the first to discover a mass of this character separated from the principal comet and travelling with it. Quite lately a number of such parts are reported to have been found near the path of the great body. One especially was stated on seemingly good authority to have been seen some weeks ago, of enormous size—several degrees, in fact, in length. This breaking up of cometic masses is not unprecedented; but never before has the phenomenon occurred on such a large scale and in such a way as to enable us to see not only the results but even the process itself.

The spectroscope has also been used more satisfactorily than ever before with a comet to determine its physical constitution. Sodium and carbon seem to have been the principal elements detected.

Though the nature and the way of formation of the tails of comets remain still mysterious, there is little doubt that the extensive and accurate observations made on that of the present one with the magnificent telescopes recently constructed will, when thoroughly examined, shed some light on this vexed question and be a very important element in its final solution.

It has truly been a magnificent object, and those who have had resolution and curiosity enough to get up early and see it, and have been more than repaid for their trouble, will feel some regret as it sinks away from their sight in the immeasurable depths of space. Its real dimensions were even larger than would have been supposed by most of those who looked with astonishment on its noble form and splendid brightness. The nucleus was estimated at over twenty thousand miles in length; the tail must have covered fifty million. For the comet, though not appearing so large as some others which have been seen, has been, it must be remembered, since October 1 considerably farther from us than the sun, say one hundred and twenty million miles or more away—a distance at which many of even the great comets have seemed like only a faint wisp of cloud on the sky.

We are sorry, then, to take leave of this glorious celestial visitor; sorry that there is so little hope of its return. But those who did not see it may hope to see others like it. It would seem as if the solar system, in its immense orbit through space, had got into a region of space where these remarkable objects were abundant; and we may perhaps not unreasonably look forward to picking up before long, as we travel, a few more as good fish of this kind as those which lately have been caught in the immense sea through which we are being rapidly borne.

A NEW BUT FALSE PLEA FOR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The *Journal of Education*, published in Boston, dated the 12th of October last, contained an article entitled "On the Crime of Educating the People in free Common Schools," from the pen of W. T. Harris, LL.D.

What Dr. Harris says about our public schools, as from one who is familiar with the system, ought to command more than ordinary attention. He has been the Superintendent of Public Schools in the city of St. Louis for a number of years, and, if we are not mistaken, is one of the lecturers in the Summer School of Philosophy at Concord, Mass., and is engaged to give in the coming winter a course of lectures on philosophy to the people of Boston; and—what we should not pass by without notice—Dr. W. T. Harris is the editor of the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*.

What comes from so competent and distinguished a person is significant and deserves serious attention, and this is what we purpose to give to his article on the public schools.

Dr. W. T. Harris in the first paragraph starts with the premise that there is prevalent a profound distrust of, and a wide-spread defection among the more intelligent classes in the community from the cause of free popular education. He says:

> "If the leading articles in our ablest newspapers and magazines, touching the school question, are to be taken as a serious indication of popular opinion, there is no doubt that there is a wide-spread defection from the cause of free popular education in this country. It certainly indicates the prevalence of a profound distrust among the more intelligent classes, and this distrust will descend to the less intelligent classes if it continues to exist."

There must be real causes for so great a loss of popular favor, and, though it is not to be expected that a short article would or could contain them all, yet we reasonably do expect that one or more of these will be given. Dr. Harris confines himself to one only, and that he states as follows:

> "When our modern dreamer, who has persuaded himself that he believes in the caste system, turns over uneasily in his sleep and murmurs something like this: 'Is it wise or best to educate our children beyond the position which the vast majority of them must always occupy?'"

Again:

"The number in our common schools who are studying reading, writing, and arithmetic, chiefly, with a little geography and much less grammar, is so large that the balance who are studying the higher branches is pitiably small in comparison. In the great cities the number engaged in high-school and college studies is only one in ten in the most advanced of cities, and only one in fifty in the average of cities. And yet our dreamer of caste and inequality mutters again in his sleep: 'The cruel suspicion is forced upon us that our present educational system largely unfits young people to deal with the actual necessities of those who are to earn their own living. It takes away self-reliance, begets conceit, and draws attention to what is ornamental rather than what is fundamental.'"

How much of this "modern dreamer, who has persuaded himself that he believes in the caste system," is made up of straw we leave our readers to judge. Not every one, however, finds the vulnerable points of free public schools in the same spot. For instance, here is M. W. Hazen, who, after confessing their literary imperfections, goes on to say:

"In their moral aspect, however, the schools are more vulnerable. Here are evils that are undermining their very foundations. It is not a question of Bible or no Bible, of Catholic or of Protestant influence, but rather of such positively immoral tendencies as make the public schools dangerous to the family, the state, and the nation. This is not stating the case too strongly. In the constant association of all classes on the school playground our boys and girls are exposed at the most susceptible age to the worst possible influences. When the low and vile mingle with the better class of children it is the universal result that the worst influences prevail. In passing by the school-grounds in almost any city one is shocked at the vile, obscene, and profane expressions that are heard on every side. The better class of people are rapidly withdrawing their children from some of the schools on this very account. Even the members of the school boards in some instances have done this. Nor is this evil confined to the cities. In a town of less than two thousand inhabitants, not far from Boston, the superintendent has been notified that several parents would be obliged to withdraw their children from the school for this very reason. It is impossible for parents to counteract this evil influence. Weeds always grow faster than wheat. Besides, in many cases, parents do not know of anything like the extent of the evil until it is too late. The better class of parents, rich and poor, are rapidly awakening to a sense of the wrong they are doing their own children in thus allowing them to be exposed to such pernicious influences.

"This is the great fault with our schools to-day. This, unless remedied, will destroy either the schools or the nation. Parents will not long suffer their children to be hopelessly defiled for any real or apparent benefit arising from the literary work of the school. 'What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' and what will it avail for a

boy to be able to read and write and use figures with ease, if his moral nature is so polluted that he is a curse to himself and to his associates?"

When Mr. Hazen was taken to task in a subsequent number of the same Educational Journal on account of his testimony, in his reply he says:

"The article over which you inadvertently printed my name has been so widely commented on that you must certainly allow me a brief space for further 'testimony.' The facts on which the article was based have been collected during a period of more than a dozen years, quite a portion of which was passed at the head of prominent schools, and the remainder in such work as has enabled me to examine carefully the schools of nearly every State in the Union. My own experience is not, then, confined to New England, as the *Tribune*, in its excellent editorial, would venture to hope. Nor are the facts based *entirely* on what I have seen personally, although I have known enough to warrant every assertion therein made; but additional facts have been given me by teachers from different parts of the country—facts so much worse than those mentioned in the previous article that I do not even venture to hint of them.

"Since the former article was printed I have been constantly receiving letters thanking me for it; some saying that the writers had long known and tried to overcome the evils, others that the writers read with indignation and unbelief, but, on quiet, thorough investigation, had found evils in their schools of which they previously had had no idea. The different notes and comments you have published on the article all seem to agree that the evil exists."

He then proceeds to give the additional facts received from different parts of the country. If the reasons which have produced so wide-spread a defection among the more intelligent classes from the cause of free public schools were thoroughly investigated, the objection of Mr. Harris' dreamer would stand, perhaps, on the list, but not as marking the most serious part of "the crime of educating our children in the public schools."

We may as well say at the outset that we do not altogether disagree with Dr. Harris' dislike of "caste and inequality," since the aspiration for intellectual improvement, the desire to better one's social position and to increase one's physical comforts, if kept within reasonable bounds, are not illegitimate or criminal. And if there be one advantage which the United States possesses over all other countries it is the fair opportunity which it holds out to those classes that lack knowledge and wealth for the comparatively easy acquisition of these benefits. It may be said with perfect truth that the increased intellectual elevation and the improved physical condition of the most numerous classes of society are among the satisfactory

features which distinguish American civilization. What Dr. Harris, therefore, has to say in condemnation of caste and inequality has our sincere and hearty approval as a Christian American.

But in our legitimate dislike of caste and inequality, fostered in great measure by pagan traditions and unjust laws, let us not be driven into the support of a system of schools which is training up a generation of infidels and breeding a dead-level vulgarity; let us beware of being frightened into the defence and support of free public schools of which it can be said by their admitted friends that "their positively immoral tendencies make them dangerous to the family, the state, and the nation."

Though we have stated Dr. Harris' point, we have not yet brought forth the gist of his argument. This lies in his last two paragraphs.

"The critics of our educational system," he says, "are never done with telling us that its results are to make the rising generation discontented with its lot. As if this were a defect rather than the greatest glory of an educational system! What place is there in our system for a drone who is utterly devoid of aspiration? To be like dumb, driven cattle—is this permitted or encouraged in a Christian civilization? Man is immortal and has an infinite destiny—this is the burden of Christian teaching. In consequence of this, Christian civilization strives toward the heavens; it subdues nature, and makes natural forces toil for it and procure food, clothing, and shelter for the body. It continually turns out the drudge from his vocation and says to him: 'I do not want your mere bodily toil at any price; I have a machine that can do such work better than the like of you can, and at less than what you would call starvation wages. Up, therefore, and acquire directive intelligence, so that you may manage and direct this machine and other machines; for presently we shall need no more mere hand-labor, but require all to be intelligent and directive.'

"Man's destiny is not contentment with his lot, but growth in the image of his Maker. The idea that the divine aspiration of the American child at school is an evidence of the criminality of our school system was conceived only in the mind of a heathen or in the nightmare dream of caste."

Suppose we grant, which we do, that "man's destiny is not contentment with his lot, but growth in the image of his Maker." May we ask, Does the training which our children receive in the free common schools tend to increase growth in the image of their Maker? That's *the* question! The American people are naturally a religious people, and is it not possible, nay, quite sure, that they are not displeased with "the divine aspiration of the American child at school," but are displeased with the

school itself? And this displeasure arises from the fact that the public schools—such is their impression—place a disproportionate value on the knowledge how "to manage and direct machines." Not that the more intelligent classes of the American people disparage the value of secular knowledge, but they object to overestimating its worth in comparison with that instruction which should be given to children in order that "they may grow in the image of their Maker" and thus secure their immortal destiny. There is no disputing the point that Americans love secular knowledge, but it is also true that they love religion more. Improve the material conditions of man by all means, but be sure to make him better.

But the kind of knowledge whose principal aim is to make men better is religious knowledge, and our common schools professedly ignore religious knowledge. They do not impart it. They are, in fact, incompetent to teach it, if they would. Besides, it is not the province of common schools to give religious instruction, because it is not the province of a state whose citizens hold such divergent religious beliefs as ours do, to provide for their religious instruction. It is not in its power or competence to do it. Hence the American state is not called upon to provide or to pay for the religious instruction of the people. It would be un-American to attempt it. Having thus prepared the way, we are now ready to shape more definitely the objection of a Christian community, such as we indisputably are, to the present free common-school system.

One of the principal objections of the more intelligent classes of the American community against our free public schools is the inherent tendency of the system to exaggerate secular knowledge in comparison with that instruction children ought to receive in order to grow in the image of their Maker. In other words, the direct tendency of our free common schools by their one-sided education is to stimulate an overweening worldly ambition, and thus make their scholars unreasonably discontented with their lot in this actual but transient world. The *quærite primum* of our free public schools is *regnum mundi*, and the *quærite primum* of Christ is *regnum Dei*. Here, in the eyes of a Christian community, lies "the crime of educating the people in free common schools." Failing to make the distinction between the discontentment of one's earthly lot which springs from an inordinate worldly aspiration, and the heavenly longing of the soul which is due to a divine aspiration to grow in the image of its Maker, Dr. Harris' Christian plea in favor

of free public schools is clearly a false one, and consequently his argument falls to the ground. The doctor has made the mistake of "putting the boot on the wrong leg."

Suppose, however, for the nonce, that Dr. Harris meant that the aspiration of the American child at school was not earthward but heavenward—for he says its aspiration is "divine"—and now let us suppose on this account his "modern dreamer" is displeased with the free public schools. What then? Why, then we submit that his last sentence should run thus: "The idea that the divine aspiration of the American child at school is an evidence of the criminality of our school system was conceived only in the mind of a secularist or in the nightmare dream of an atheist." For only persons of this class would, in case of a "divine aspiration," be found in the ranks of opposition to our public-school system. Christians are aware that grapes are not gathered from thorns, and so are secularists. But let it be said just here that, so far as known, these persons are with Dr. Harris' defence of our common schools, and uphold and maintain them just as they are. They appreciate fully that under such a school system, which stimulates the desire for worldly things, by the exclusive imparting of secular knowledge, religious ideas are weakened and gradually wane away, and it would suit secularists to run the free public schools, at the expense of the state, to turn out secularists. Whatever others may think or do, Catholics who are worthy of the name will not knowingly be a voluntary party to such a transaction.

We beg pardon, but we cannot help it: a suspicion crosses our mind at this moment which inclines us to ask the doctor to inform his readers what he really does mean. The word "lot" in his phrase is ambiguous. Surely it could not have been his intention to mystify the public? Let us at least have things clear and in logical order from a teacher of philosophy. What is Dr. W. T. Harris driving at? Is he a Christian, or a theist, or a secularist?

Let us not be misunderstood. We are loath to doubt the good faith of Dr. Harris in making this false plea for common schools. It is equally far from our thoughts to draw subtle distinctions, of no substantial value, in order to put the friends of these schools in the wrong. Our sole aim is to see things clearly as they are and "let every tub stand on its own bottom." But surely he who puts in a Christian plea for free public schools which, their friends being judges, turn out "pagans"* and are "of such positively immoral tendencies as

* Vide infra.

make them dangerous to the family, the state, and the nation," entertains no high estimate of the intelligence, or the religious sincerity, or the morality, or the patriotism of his readers. Candidly, is not one compelled to acknowledge that such a procedure from a Doctor of Laws does not look well? Such being the case, we have the right, and that without any discourtesy, to ask: What does Dr. Harris mean?

In the meantime our proposition is that the court grant leave to Dr. Harris to take his plea from the docket, lest it should place what is not true on its record. Leaving now W. T. Harris, LL.D., with our compliments, to settle this point, we turn our attention for a few moments to other opponents of the Christian view of the school question.

Only religious bigots impute to Catholics, for demanding *pro rata* compensation for the secular knowledge imparted in their schools and for nothing else, the illegitimate and un-American design of furthering the success of their church at the expense of the treasury of the state. Fanaticism appears to have such a mastery over the minds of some persons that they would rather see their own religious meetings deserted, their children become pagans, our free institutions destroyed, and our political government in ruins, than open their eyes to the truth and thus be led to do simple justice to those who differ from them in the Christian faith. This class of persons, active and noisy, we have reason to believe is very small. But to the minds of an enlightened and unbiassed Christian people, who sincerely mean to continue to exist as Christians, it is as clear as the sun at midday that Christian instruction must enter as an essential part into the education of their children. No Catholic parent—this can be said for certain—and no American parent, we dare add, would have his children grow up infidels. But all attempts to separate morals from religion, and religion from Christianity, are vain, and as long as a system of education is maintained which is based upon the theory of their separation, so long will religion and morals decay, and such schools where they prevail are justly taxed, where such is the fact, with the increased criminality in a community. Men do not gather figs from thistles.

To say that religious instruction should be given in the family or by the clergy, when the agencies at their disposal are insufficient for this purpose, in addition to the daily education given to children at common schools, is an unmistakable evidence of indifference to religion. And even if such agencies were at the disposal of the parents or the clergy, the free public schools

absorb the best energies of the child and demand its best hours —the child is taxed more from this quarter alone than comports with its physical health, according to competent judges. Then when and where and how are children to be taught to grow in the image of their Maker? Moreover, we unbiddingly repel, with the strongest feelings of indignation of our nature, the idea that the most momentous interests of the soul should be made a supplementary matter in the education of children; and we leave to our impartial readers to judge what a Christian ought to think of that class of men who, after having exhausted the mind and energies of the child, after having worked children to their very utmost, and more, in public schools, would then turn them over to their parents or the clergy to instruct them in religion, morals, and manners. None but secularists or atheists would have the face to venture upon making a suggestion of this sort to a Christian people who can claim an ordinary share of intelligence and humanity with a proper sense of their dignity.

It is the profound conviction of the primary importance of religion, and its inseparableness from the interests of this life, that stimulates and strengthens Catholics in establishing schools where religious instructions go hand-in-hand with instructions in other branches of knowledge. It is these truths which uphold Catholics in supporting their independent schools while bearing the unjust burden of an additional taxation for the support of state schools, whose influence they hold to be inimical to the welfare of souls no less than pernicious to society and the state.

Upwards of ten millions of dollars are expended yearly in the State of New York alone upon the so-called common schools, which are not common, but the schools of the worst sect of all—the sect of secularism! When is this enormous and ever-increasing sum lavished upon these irreligious sectarian schools to stop? How long will an intelligent Christian people continue the suicidal policy of paying their enemies to dig the grave of their religion?

Undoubtedly it bears hard upon Catholics to have to compete with schools whose managers have their hands plunged up to their elbows in the state treasury. It oppresses Catholics with a double weight when one considers the fact that the state treasury is replenished with money drawn proportionately by taxation out of the pockets of Catholics! But their self-sacrifice and courage will prove equal to the task. For with Catholics the question of education involves their love

for their children's souls, the welfare of society, and the sustaining of free institutions. With them the school question is a serious question, a momentous question, a question that is fraught with all they hold near and dear in this life and in the life to come. The real question in contention is: Who shall have the child—the parents or the state, Christianity or infidelity? Shall society continue on a Christian basis or plunge into Nihilism? That is, in the last analysis, at the bottom of the school question in these United States, in England, in France, in Prussia, and in Italy.

That religious conviction wedded to patriotism and persevering effort will succeed, will end in triumph, there is not a shadow of doubt. Catholics have taken measures to the utmost of their ability, and continue to take measures, to secure their children from the fatal effects of scepticism and infidelity, which like a blast is withering the spiritual energies of the souls of men almost everywhere of this generation. And if good sense and sincere love for the Christian faith, their children's souls, and their country's good do not teach non-Catholics in time their duty and their interests, then the apostasy from Christianity of their offspring, and the ruin of their country, will have to open the eyes of their understanding and awaken them from their religious apathy.

To some extent the ulterior results of our public-school system are already visible, recognized, and publicly acknowledged. A Presbyterian writer in the Chicago *Advance* made the following revelation: "We are," he says, "doing our very best to create pagans even out of the children of the church."

A religious journal of a leading denomination of Christians makes a similar statement in this form:

"A METHODIST'S QUESTION.

"If Rome educates one part of the children of these United States and the other be let out as a government contract on a secular and semi-atheistic basis, what will become of Protestant Christianity? The question answers itself. The church that does not provide for the education of her own sons and daughters must be prepared to lose them."—*Nashville Christian Advocate.*

Still another evidence of the light dawning on this important question is taken from the Lebanon *Times and Kentuckian:*

"We are now satisfied, after mature thought and reflection, that the present admitted demoralization of public sentiment has grown out of our system of public education more than from all other causes taken together. Our system of state education is all wrong, and an experiment of half a cen-

tury, under the guidance and direction of the ablest men of the state placed at the head of it, has resulted and is resulting in nothing but failure everywhere; and why? Because the most essential elements in the training of human beings for usefulness and character in life are omitted. We teach a few of the elementary branches of learning imperfectly, and leave out altogether instruction in the higher fields of morals and religion. Our schools are absolutely pagan and infidel; we have adopted the plans of Lycurgus and abandoned Christ; we act on the Spartan theory of instruction, and treat with contempt the higher and holier claims of the Christian system; we substitute the state for the family and the church, and we are losing thereby all the gentle and purifying influences of the home and fireside, and all the sublime and exalted teachings of Christianity and the church. Instead of the forbearing and gentle virtues, the love and devotion that are so admirable in the family circle, instead of the sublime charities, the patience and suffering and heroic personal sacrifices, which have so often distinguished the great Christian leaders, we have the Bob Ingersolls in public life and the Arnolds in private station.

"All this is horribly wrong and ought to be corrected. Let us go back to the old plans; let the family be replaced in its power; let every church have its schools and modes of instruction, and abolish this immense system of mere political education, and all will be right again. No other mode will do. You can't amend a system that is radically wrong in its very foundation and purposes. Our system is now no better than an excrescence of the body politic, a cancer eating at the vitals of our free institutions, sending down its morbid roots into the very muscles and bones and sinews of the body politic, and calculated some day, if not arrested in its course, to be attended with consequences fatal to civil and religious liberty.

"Already the grasping hand of ambitious power, seated at Washington, is making its movements in the direction of our State institutions, with the purpose of establishing a great national system of public education, based upon the vices and elements of our State plans, which, if accomplished, will add to the rings already organized another ring of inconceivable power and influence—a ring of school officers, of commissioners, teachers, and dependants appointed by the central authority and subject to its behests. In its applications to our State institutions, already the country is full of heart-burnings and dissatisfactions, growing out of its injustice and oppression, its enormous taxation and unjust distribution of its funds. Wrong in its moral influence on society, wrong in its injustice to the religious institutions of the country, wrong in its political tendencies, let the calm thought of the people be directed to it, and at a proper time let action be taken."

Congregationalists, Baptists, Episcopalians, and other Protestant denominations acknowledge and are alarmed at the visible decay of Protestantism as a religion. One among the principal causes which have hastened thus far this dissolution in the United States will be found in the education given to their children under the free public-school system.

This system is unchristian in spirit, as it is un-American in

conception. If Christian Americans had had sufficient foresight they would never have been wheedled into submission to this system. For in the proportion that a body of alert Christians has a vital faith in the truths of Christianity, just in that degree will they distrust a system of exclusively secular education, and provide schools where their sons and daughters will be taught not only the necessary branches of secular knowledge, but also, what is of higher importance, religion, morals, and manners.

The struggle for existence between the Christianity of Protestants and the continuance of the free common schools has fairly begun. The light is dawning on the minds of Protestants that the public-school system is a one-sided system, and its side is exclusively the secular side. They are becoming convinced that a one-sided secular system of education is an education downward, and not upward. They have been deluded! The light which has dawned upon the minds of not a few has led them to detect the delusion under which they have labored and to see that they have been caught in a snare. Have they enough sagacity to escape the snare and save, at this late hour, whatever of Christianity they have still left?

THE SEVEN DEAD.

A LEGEND OF VENICE.

WHO goes to Venice, and with gondolier
Passes an idle hour, this tale may hear,
For many times the legend has been told,
And still it holds the list'ner as of old:

Long years ago, across the calm lagoons
Six fishers passed, with no light save the moon's,
That shimmered on the wake their vessel made
And softly o'er the pleasant waters played.
Toiling amain with net and spear, they spent
The slow-paced, lonely hours till morning sent
Her golden arrows flashing from the East
And all night's prisoned creatures were released;
Then, well content, and cheery with the spoil
The teeming wave had yielded to their toil,

Their laden craft they rowed back leisurely,
Its bright freight fresh with odors of the sea.

While yet with easy stroke they plied the oar,
And slowly neared the misty, curving shore,
A ghastly thing they suddenly descried:
A dead man floating seaward with the tide—
One like themselves, as by his garb they knew,
Swart still in death, rugged and sea-worn, too.
A moment startled by the sight, they said
No word, but gazed awe-rapt upon the dead—
A moment only; then the blood again
Quickened its courses through each lusty vein,
And strong hands soon had raised the dripping thing
And laid it in the boat, that they might bring
It to the land for burial. Again
The ready craft, responding to the strain
Of brawny sinews, shoreward sped apace
And drew at length unto a landing-place
Where stood a youth, half way 'twixt boy and man,
To bid them to the day's first meal, and scan
Their number, that for each a place should be
Prepared within a hut beside the sea.

Thither they followed as the stripling led,
Leaving unwatched the stark and silent dead,
Whom, not perceiving that his life was o'er,
The youth had reckoned in his hasty score
And as they drew apart, and felt the space
Widen between them and the ghastly face,
The awe that had oppressed them quickly passed,
And lighter moods came cheerily and fast;
Thus when the hut whereto their steps were bent
Was reached they had again grown eloquent
With the rude talk of rough-hewn men, who feel
No wound but food and fellowship can heal;
And even the lonely dead became a jest,
Mocked at, made sport of, as the absent guest:
The dead, at whom they shuddered when, beside
Them in the boat, and dripping from the tide,
He lay with staring eyes and lips of stone—
Of him they jested, being now bolder grown.

Briskly the youth bestirred him in the task
Of setting forth the meal, nor paused to ask
Of this or that, but spread the simple store,
As one who heeds his toil, and heeds no more;
But when the six were seated, and a place
Remained yet vacant, scanning face and face
And seeing none he knew not, then he said:
"One is not here—the stranger; there is bread
For all." A harsh laugh followed, and one spake:
"Go, bid him to our merry feast, and take
Good care that he shall hear." Waiting no more,
The supple youth sped quickly to the shore
And hailed in timid tone him whom the deep,
Earth-startling thunder could not rouse from sleep.
Again he called: "Awake! they wait thee; come!"
But no voice answered, for the dead are dumb.
Then hastening back to where the fishers were,
He said he could not make the stranger hear,
Whereat they louder laughed and rudely smote
The air with harshness from each bearded throat;
And he who first commanded spake again:
"Go, take him by the beard, and pull amain,
And if he wake not thus, then shake him well;
Haste, boy, and bring us what thou hast to tell!"

Back to the shore, but not so speedily,
The youth returned, and by the shining sea,
That murmured softly, kissing the fair sand,
Did his rude office with recoiling hand;
For some vague thing he had not known before
Possessed him, and a tremor, passing o'er
As he did touch the dead, sent to his heart
A sudden pause. Soon fain was he to start
Again to where the roisterers were, and say
He could not wake the man in any way.
And when they heard, their mad, resounding glee
Yet louder grew and harsher; then did he
Whose throat outroared the others roar again:
"Back, boy, once more, and—heed ye well, on pain
Of losing thy dull tongue and being dumb
Henceforth—say this to him, that he must come,
Or we shall bring him; call it in his ear
And see to it that thou dost make him hear."

With faltering step and heart now fainter grown,
And almost fearing to approach alone,
The youth a third time reached the silent place
And gazed upon the strange and solemn face
Of him who lay there; then he drew more near,
And, bending low, called in the dead man's ear
The words he had been told; and while he yet
Spake loudly, from the cold lips, firmly set,
The answer rose, "Return and say I come!"
But such the tone it startled, as if some
Grim corpse, long silent, in sepulchral gloom
Had waked and weirdly spoken from the tomb.

Six brawny fishers, boisterous with cheer,
On jest still bent, and thinking not of fear,
Waited and laughed betimes, yet wondering
What final tale the messenger should bring;
And when he came and said, "He comes; his place
Is here; make room," at once each swarthy face
Showed dread amazement, and a silence fell
Upon them, as if suddenly some spell
Had seized the ribald tongues that lately lent
Harsh, lusty voice to reckless merriment;
And while the youth set forth the frugal fare
For him thus bade, a wild shriek smote the air
From those who had grown silent, for the dead
Had entered, with unheard and solemn tread,
And staring eyes and stony lips, and all
That should be shut from vision by the pall.
Mute, rigid, cold, and with his awful eyes
Fixed strangely on them who no more should rise,
He stood a moment, then again, unheard,
Passed to his place without a sign or word;
And when the startled youth found voice to say
'Twas ill-grace shrieking in so wild a way,
No lip made answer, and he saw with dread
That all, like he whom they had mocked, were dead.

Such is the tale in Venice ofttimes told,
And still it holds the list'ner as of old.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE GROUNDWORK OF THE CHRISTIAN VIRTUES. A Course of Lectures. By Bishop Ullathorne. London: Burns & Oates. 1882.

These admirable lectures make a sequel and a companion volume to Bishop Ullathorne's *Endowments of Man.* There is no department of philosophy which has been treated in a more complete and satisfactory manner by great Catholic writers than ethics. Some of the best pagan philosophers, and especially Plato, had already prepared the way in such an excellent manner that one frequently seems to be perusing a Christian author in reading their luminous and sublime expositions. Adopting and perfecting the best portions of the ethical philosophy of Plato and Aristotle, St. Thomas and his school have erected a beautiful fabric of rational ethics, adding to it the superstructure of the doctrine of specifically Christian virtue. Bishop Ullathorne walks in the path they have marked out, and presents deep yet clear views, in a philosophical and theological manner, profound and lofty, yet made intelligible and pleasing to every educated and thoughtful mind.

The lectures begin with the great subject of Probation, which is at present so prominent and important a topic. So far as the reason, the need, the nature and end of probation for man is concerned, considered as in point of fact subject to a moral and spiritual probation in this life, there is nothing lacking in the author's exposition. It seems to us, however, that he assumes the necessity of probation for all rational creatures in too universal and absolute a manner. A great multitude of human souls—viz., all such as are saved without ever exercising the power of reason and of free-will, infants and such as are on a par with infants—are raised to perfection and attain the sovereign good without probation. It is, therefore, evidently possible for God to dispense with this condition if he pleases. Besides, we have in the humanity of the Lord Jesus an instance of the most perfect and exalted human virtue and beatitude belonging to the Son of God *as man*, as a birthright and not as the result of probation, and, moreover, we see in him absolute impeccability co-existing with *merit* gained by acts of free choice; so that even the fullest exercise of free-will and the acquisition of the highest merit do not absolutely require a probation which involves any capacity and risk of sinning. If it be said that the divine personality elevates the human nature of the Lord to an exceptional state, we have in the Blessed Virgin Mary an instance of a purely human person whose nature was so perfect from the beginning as to be impeccable, and who has attained the most sublime height of excellence and beatitude by the way of merit, without that possibility or risk of forfeiture which seems to be a necessary element of probation in the proper sense of the word. Although we know that in general God has established a law of probation for angels and men, and do not know that there are any other rational creatures in the universe, yet we do not know that there are not many such, or that if they do or will hereafter exist they must attain natural perfection and happiness through a probation. In our opinion, view-

ing all these considerations, there must be some reason, other than the very nature of rational beings, why the Creator does expose some of them to the risks of probation.

The author treats very fully of humility as the foundation of Christian virtue. We like very much his way of setting forth the true dignity of man as entirely based on his dependence upon God. Proceeding on this line of argument, he conclusively proves that it is humility which really exalts, while it is pride which utterly debases, a rational creature—a great point to be gained. He shows up, also, most admirably that silly conceit of certain pseudo-philosophers which they call "altruism." His argument is, briefly, that love is due to an object in proportion to its excellence, without respect to the fact whether the object loved is identical with the subject loving or not. God owes to himself supreme love because he is the supreme good, and it is an idle blasphemy to assert that the Christian conception of God represents him as selfish. Every creature owes to God supreme love, and to all creatures, his own individual self included, the love which is proportioned to the just claim of each one. Selfishness, therefore, is not simply the love of self, but that inordinate love of self which is regardless of the just claims of God and our fellow-creatures.

The Persistent Violation by the Managers of the House of Refuge of the Religious Rights of Catholic Minors committed to that Institution.

We have received a pamphlet with the above heading, "prepared by the Executive Committee of the Catholic Union of New York. 1882."

This pamphlet was prepared and published for the purpose of spreading among the "Catholics of our city and elsewhere, and among their just and fair-minded fellow-citizens of other creeds, a knowledge of the present persistent violation of religious rights guaranteed by the constitution of our State to the Catholic boys and girls committed to the House of Refuge on Randall's Island."

This House of Refuge is not simply an institution for those who are guilty of crime. Fifty-three per cent. of the commitments of last year were for vagrancy, truancy, and for being disorderly.

The Catholic Union has requested from the State Legislature of New York for ten years the removal of the grievance of which it has so justly and persistently complained. Catholics seek for no privileges from the state. All they ask is simple justice and fair play, which they are perfectly willing to give to others, and which is in perfect accordance with the principles of our entire political fabric. Let but Catholics persevere; they have on their side justice, liberty, and all fair-minded Americans. The opposition of fanatics makes this more and more evident, and the end of their day is rapidly hastened by their bigotry.

Dr. Brownson's Works. Seventeen volumes. Edited by Henry F. Brownson. Vol. i. Detroit: Thorndike Nourse.

We have received advanced sheets of a considerable part of this volume, which will be issued before this number of The Catholic World goes to press. The typographical execution is excellent. The contents are philosophical essays from the *Boston Quarterly Review*, the *Democratic Review*, and *Brownson's Quarterly Review*. The editor is well known by

his translation of Balmez' *Fundamental Philosophy*, and, being quite competent to edit his father's works understandingly, he occasionally adds notes of his own which are valuable aids to the elucidation of the true sense and import of the text.

Dr. Brownson was a colossal man, and his works are in proportion to his intellectual stature and strength. It is a good thing that we are to have the best of them in a permanent form, well arranged and carefully edited. We hope the editor will have complete and minute indices prepared for the last volume. When completed this collection will constitute one of the great monuments of English Catholic literature in this century, and will be appreciated as such in every part of the civilized world. A portrait of Dr. Brownson, taken from Mr. Wallace's photograph, the most striking likeness of the illustrious publicist ever executed, will accompany the first volume. We wish the editor a complete success in his undertaking, which has been so well begun; and it is but little to say that Dr. Brownson's *Works* will merit a place in every public and private library, and never cease to exert an important influence on the minds of men of thought and study so long as the English language endures.

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By William Edward Hartpole Lecky. Volume iv. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1882.

Modern English literature has been rich in everything but history. Remembering the celebrated names in England that have written on history, this assertion may appear bold. Yet what are the facts? Hume was an eighteenth-century deist, to whom Christianity in the abstract, as a code of morals merely, might be tolerable, but to whom Christianity in the concrete and as a supernatural system—as Catholicity, that is—was merely an effete superstition. Hume patronized the English "Reformers" because he deemed their Christianity doubtful, but for St. Dunstan and St. Thomas à Becket, representatives in the middle ages of the morality and the freedom of religion, he had only scorn. Hume had a theory which he sought to illustrate by his *History of England:* namely, that nations are great in proportion as they free themselves from the shackles of superstition—that is, of Christianity. To his mind England in his time had come the nearest to this desirable end; England, therefore, was to be glorified. Macaulay was a Whig, with William of Orange and the Whig politicians for heroes, and his picturesque pages are a eulogy of Whiggery. What could be more misleading than Macaulay's pretended history of the career of James II.? James at the very worst was a good king as kings went in those times, and at the very worst he was a fair-minded, well-meaning, if mediocre man. Yet the unfortunate king is pursued through two volumes by Macaulay with all sorts of misrepresentation and innuendo. His best-meant actions are made to seem a part of a well-devised system of fraud, while his mistakes and his faults are dressed up in the guise of crimes against God and man. Yet how could James help mistakes when he had no Englishman about him that was not ready to betray him on account of his religion? Even his awkward attempt to give some relief to his fellow-Catholics suffering for their religion was treated as an attack on the state-pampered church. Mr. Green, a contemporary writer on English history, also appears to have no thought of his own inconsistency in praising the Non-

conformists for their professed love of religious liberty, for almost in the same passages he conscientiously records the horror of these same Nonconformists for anything looking toward a toleration of Catholicity. Mr. Froude's bold attempt at an apotheosis of Henry VIII., though at the time successful as a publishing enterprise, has been so shocking to the moral sense even of those unacquainted with the light that has of late years been thrown on the motives and actions of the English "Reformers," that it is seldom read now except to examine and refute it. One of the students who in the pages of the *Saturday Review* and elsewhere contributed greatly to the exposure of Mr. Froude's dishonest methods of constructing history was Mr. Freeman. Yet Mr. Freeman has treated a period of English history according to a certain pet theory of his own, which is that Englishmen, and Englishmen only, have made England and the British Empire what they are, and that those only are Englishmen whose ancestors came to England from the Baltic coasts. It is amazing, if not amusing, to note how solemnly and ponderously he tells his fellow-countrymen that are not of "Low-German origin" that in supposing themselves to be genuine Englishmen they are the victims of a delusion. And then how he seems in the earlier pages of his *Norman Conquest* to gloat over the massacres of the hapless Britons by the Jutes and Angles! One could almost fancy that Mr. Freeman had swung a battle-axe in the fray and was merely relating his own bloody exploits the while he wiped the edge of his weapon.

Among all these great writers—and, excepting Mr. Green, they are all great—not one is really an historian in the proper sense of the word. Not one has been able to choose a point of observation above the crowds contending on the plain whose acts he undertakes to describe. Lingard was truthful and worked conscientiously with the material within his reach; that all admit. When he describes something as a fact or when he quotes an authority he may be depended on. But Lingard's view was not broad, his literary style was not noble, and he is therefore read with difficulty.

Of Mr. Lecky this may be said as to his *History:* he seems to be completely free from bias, and he is one of the first to realize the fact that the British Empire is not exclusively the work of Englishmen, whether Englishmen of "Low-German origin" or Englishmen of the ordinary John Bull kind.

The fourth volume of Mr. Lecky's *History* will be found still more interesting than the one that preceded it. England, though, in fact plays only a minor part in it. Nearly the first half is taken up with a sketch of our Revolutionary War, from the critical epoch when even Washington himself showed some despondency at the weakness of his support, to the successful conclusion by the aid of France. Mr. Lecky's opinion of the André affair will naturally be looked at with some attention. Not that Americans have any doubt but that André was a spy, and therefore liable to all the risks assumed by a spy in time of war, but because André's social rank in England and his relations to the mother of Maria Edgeworth have put a sentimental halo around his memory in the eyes of those who look at our Revolution from the English side. Mr. Lecky says of André: "It is but justice to remember that he suffered under the unanimous sentence of a board consisting of fourteen general officers, and that two of these—

Steuben and Lafayette—were not Americans. Nor can the justice of the sentence, in my opinion, be reasonably impugned." Alluding to our debt to France for her aid, he says: "If England and America had been alone engaged in the contest I scarcely think that any impartial judge can doubt that the Revolution would have been subdued; though if the American people had ever been animated by a serious and general desire to detach themselves from England, it would have been utterly impossible to have kept them permanently in subjection." One of the chief values, indeed, of Mr. Lecky's study of the Revolution consists in the light it throws on the strength of the Tory party.

Chapters xvi. and xvii., comprising nearly the latter half of the volume, are devoted to a history of Ireland from 1760 to 1782—an eventful period, during which the Irish Parliament, though Catholics were still infamously excluded from it, rose to be in some senses representative of the wishes of the Irish nation, until at last (April 16, 1782) Grattan moved and carried his famous address to the king, declaring that, while the crown of Ireland was inseparably united to that of England, Ireland was by right a distinct kingdom; that her king, Lords, and Commons, and these alone, had a right to bind her. The best political history of Ireland from the sixteenth century down to 1782 that has yet been published is in fact contained in the chapters which Mr. Lecky has devoted to Ireland in vols. ii., iii., and iv. of his *History*.

SAFEGUARDS OF DIVINE FAITH IN THE PRESENCE OF SCEPTICS, FREE-THINKERS, AND ATHEISTS. A series of eight essays chiefly addressed to men of the world engaged in their various professional and social avocations. By the Rev. H. Formby. London: Burns & Oates. 1882.

The first half of this work has been previously published, and noticed in this magazine. The second part, now first published, has for its leading theme a most important idea—viz., the unity of the natural and supernatural orders in universal human history, under one providence, for one end, subjected to the pastoral superintendence and teaching of the Word of God. Mr. Formby notices and condemns the doctrine of the sixteenth-century Reformers that the heathen nations are altogether wicked, diabolical, and reprobate, remarking at the same time that a notion too much akin to this has had considerable prevalence among Catholic writers. He insists strongly and with very excellent arguments upon another view, his own and that of many of the best modern champions of Christianity—viz., that the heathen nations have been and are under the direction of a benevolent providence and guidance of the Redeemer of the whole human race.

It would seem to be a necessary inference from this position that the universal historical development of the plans of divine Providence among all nations is trending surely and irresistibly towards the conversion of the whole world to Christianity and the reign of Christ on the earth. Mr. Formby's judgment of the present state and tendency of Christendom presents, nevertheless, the gloomy, desolating dominion of Antichrist in prospect, as the outcome of the errors and vices which are now engaged in warfare against the faith and law of Christ. He can assuredly cite a good many authorities in favor of this interpretation of the prophecies, and some plausible reasons. Yet there is another interpretation which has also some authority and very strong reasons to support it—viz., that Antichrist has al-

ready come in the person of the false prophet Mohammed, and that we are moving toward that universal reign of Christ which is to follow on the downfall of Islam. The reasons for this interpretation are given by Rohrbacher in the tenth volume of his *History*, and by Mr. Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle in his work on *Mohammedanism in Relation to Prophecy*. This view harmonizes much better with Mr. Formby's main idea. If everything is to end in an "abomination of desolation" such as some interpreters of the Apocalypse forebode as awaiting us within the coming half-century, what end and accomplishment has the providence and leading of God over the nine hundred millions or more of the human race who have not yet received the light of faith? It seems in the eyes of common sense physically and morally impossible that the horrible notion of certain writers, who represent Antichrist as a man possessed by Satan who shall destroy all religion, true and false, obtain absolute dominion over the whole world, and for three years and a half turn the earth into a pandemonium, can be realized. To believe this without a plain divine revelation requires an enormous stretch of credulity, for it is a stupendous diabolical miracle. It is a mistake to suppose that there is any such unanimous tradition of the Fathers and agreement of doctors in support of the interpretation of prophecy in this sense as to make it certain. Then again, all those visionary views of a kingdom of Christ to be ushered in by a similarly stupendous divine miracle, St. Michael appearing visibly to cast Antichrist into an abyss and slay his principal followers, like all sorts of millenarian schemes and fifth-monarchy dreams, appear to us as mere *idols of the tribe*. We like the idea of a harmonious scheme in which the natural and the supernatural are blended, and all historical events march steadily on toward a spiritual and moral triumph of Christ in this world, consummated by the transformation at the end of the church militant into the church triumphant. This is no place to interpret prophecy, but we venture to state our opinion that it can be fairly interpreted in harmony with the idea that not Antichrist's kingdom but the kingdom of Christ on the earth is approaching.

Rachel's Fate, and other Tales. By William Seton. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1882.

Mr. Seton's stories have often delighted the readers of The Catholic World. Some of them are love-stories, some are pleasant tales of odd phases of life, displaying close observation and careful description, while others have almost the accuracy and the vraisemblance of chronicles; these last are chiefly stories of early and Revolutionary times in New England and New York. "The Wraith of the Achensee" is an exceedingly amusing narrative of what befell two rather simple-minded but brave art-students in Munich. The picture of the Munich beer-garden and the "Kneipe" is itself an accurate study. It is a pleasure to see these stories gathered together in this handsome volume.

Christmas Rhymes and New Year's Chimes. By Mary D. Brine, author of *My Boy and I; or, On the Road to Slumberland*. Illustrated. New York: George W. Harlan & Co. 1883.

Elfinland. Rhymes by Josephine Pollard. Designs by Walter Satterlee. New York: George W. Harlan.

Two very handsomely illustrated books for very little children. *Elfin-*

land is very bright in its colors. The designs, though often amusingly grotesque, are at the same time tasteful. *Christmas Rhymes* possesses great merit, both in the delightful quality of the baby-prattle that runs through its verse and in the cleverly-drawn wood-cuts that illustrate its pages.

ESQUISSE BIOGRAPHIQUE DE NAPOLÉON JOSEPH PERCHÉ, ARCHEVÊQUE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS. Par M. l'Abbé Adrien Rouquette.

Mgr. Perché is still living and presiding over his province, although the fifty-third anniversary of his ordination has furnished to the eloquent Louisianian orator and poet, Adrien Rouquette, the occasion of writing his panegyric. Whatever the Abbé Rouquette writes has the stamp of genius on it, and this *brochure*, an offering of filial piety and gratitude to his spiritual father, as well as an expression of the common reverence of the clergy and people of the diocese of New Orleans toward their bishop, is a beautiful garland redolent of the aroma of poetic sentiment.

Leo XIII. said to the Archbishop of New Orleans on the occasion of a recent visit which he made to Rome: "You are the glory of France in America; you are also its new Bossuet by your eloquence and genius." After such an eulogium from the Sovereign Pontiff the Abbé Rouquette need not fear to exaggerate when he says of Mgr. Perché in the summing up of his sketch in its closing sentence: "By his qualities of heart and mind, by his science and piety, he has deserved the admiration and gratitude of Louisiana, his adopted country, which he has loved so much, served so faithfully, and illustrated by the brightness of a life full of labors and good works."

We remember the venerable archbishop, now in his seventy-eighth year and almost laid aside from active work, as the Abbé Perché in the prime of life, a vigorous and genial priest in his presbytery near the Ursuline Convent. And we are happy to add our felicitations and good wishes to those of his own diocesans and the Catholics of his province on the occasion of receiving the beautiful tribute of the Abbé Rouquette.

KERNEY'S COMPENDIUM OF ANCIENT AND MODERN HISTORY. For the use of schools. Corrected, enlarged, and brought down to 1880 by John O'Kane Murray, M.A., M.D. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1882.

A new and enlarged edition, as the title indicates, of an old, well-known school-book.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND FROM THE WARS OF THE ROSES TO THE PRESENT TIME. T. J. Livesey. (Granville History Readers.) London: Burns & Oates. 1882.

CATHOLIC GRIEVANCES in relation to the Administration of Indian Affairs. Richmond (Va.): *Catholic Visitor* print. 1882.

THE APOSTOLIC CHURCH. A series of lectures, to which is added a lecture on Divorce. By Rt. Rev. John Ireland. St. Paul, Minn.: *Northwestern Chronicle* Publishing Company. 1882.

NOVENA IN HONOR OF ST. TERESA, with Instructions, etc. By St. Alphonsus Mary Liguori. Translated from the Italian, with a preface by the Most Rev. James Gibbons. Baltimore: John B. Piet & Co. 1882.

THE WONDERS OF THE HEART OF ST. TERESA OF JESUS, those first observed and also those of more recent date. Originally published in Italian by Mgr. Vaccari, President of the Committee upon the Celebration of the Tercentenary of St. Teresa. Baltimore: John B. Piet & Co. 1882.

THE JUDGES OF FAITH AND GODLESS SCHOOLS. A compilation of evidence against secular schools the world over, especially against common state-schools in the United States of America, wherever entirely withdrawn from the influence of the authority of the Catholic Church. Addressed to Catholic parents. By Rev. Thomas J. Jenkins, of the diocese of Louisville, Kentucky. New York: Thomas D. Egan. New York Catholic Agency. 1882.

THE

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AROUND THE HEARTH.*

THE Hearth, the heart of home,
Glows with a welcome warmth as thriftless Thought,
Cooed to the wildwood by the wand'ring voice
Of Spring † (a golden heritage of hours
Spent by the wayside), now the clearer call
Of social instinct heeding, turns again
Back to its own fireside. The ruddy flush
That freshens Father Winter's frosty cheek
Bespeaks "all hail!" while, gathered at his knees,
All kindred pleasures meet to give good cheer
Unto the prodigal.

Set round with joys
The household ring is drawn; unbroken trust
Clasps hands more closely; and divided friends,
Brought face to face, look cunningly askant,
Then shyly through the empty breach between,
Then, one, two, three, away! their bounding hearts
Cleave fast—the faster for the longer leap;
And their free speech makes merry o'er the past

* Free version of a passage in *Les Trois Règnes* of Delille ("*Le foyer des plaisirs est la source féconde*," etc.) Part of this translation appeared as a quotation in a number of the *Dublin University Magazine* many years ago.—TR.

† "O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wand'ring voice?"
—WORDSWORTH.

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As once o'er obstacles they cleared together
Less airy but more easy. Discontent
Hath now half-holiday. The Christmas sky
Shows the true steely sheen; the crispy road
Feels lively to the foot; the shovelled snow
Hath the old tingling touch; and the great log
Burns high with heart of oak. Old times, old times—
Glass kisses glass: old loves, old smiles, old songs.
Waes-hael! waes-hael!—was ever roundelay
Of summertide so sweet?

Soon restless youth
Wearies of wondering at the reckless feats,
The peerless gallants and the matchless maids,
Of forty years ago. White-headed pets
'Scape from the eager sire's relaxèd knees.
Prim darlings loose godmother's apron-string
And edge away demure. The blushful girl
With needless household pretext quits her place;
And the young neighbor, moved to let her pass,
Forgets he might return, and, absence-struck,
Halts on the threshold, timing with his own
The step he hath by heart; and for himself
Claiming each glance that for the tenth time marks
The perfectness of some especial cate
Making sweets sweeter. Now around the hearth
Close up the elders in a narrowed ring
Circling the sacred flame, while tale and jest
Join on to jest and tale. So loud, so full,
So glib and gay hold forth the orators,
You'd say each eloquent hand had moved the mill
That grinds age young again. And auditors,
Fair once and gentle still, with rapt regard
Lure on from pause to pause, deceiving with
The unconscious double-face of womankind:
To each recital they give smiles and tears,
Half to the tale, half to the tears and smiles
Of the dear days when it was not a tale.
At measured distance, watchful of the glance
Of a mild-matron, age-revering eye,
The youngsters gather to a group and taste
The sweets of stolen and yet sinless joys.
Arch gravity and stifled mirth pursue

The slipper's stealthy speed, and when it drops
Clap hands for quiet, and with roguish tale
Count up the forfeits. Gay the sports proceed
Till the great chamber grows too strait to hold
Th' expanding spirits. Following the lead
Of some sly stateling, one by one depart
The mustered conclave till the bounds are broke
In order unimpeached. When silence falls
Upon the elders—clouds come after rain
In autumn skies; * when, the last fight outfought,
The veteran rests on the uneasy bed
The hard hand makes itself; when enterprise,
Bowled o'er the golden road, is brought to check;
When knotty contests, stoutly struggled through,
Bring the poor man to where some luckless morn
His lawsuit left him, at the finger-post
Of scorn—the end of strife, each tongue is still,
And age-dimmed eyes seem asking, each of each,
How, meeting thus at the cross-roads of Care,
Can we make merry? Hearken! Loud and clear
Youth lifts its voice in answer—God in these
Had made those laughter.† Let the games go on!
With doubled strength and skill the bounding ball,
The plumèd shuttlecock and graceful hoop,
Are gone to come again, and come to go.
The fathers, and their fathers, stand aside,
Second the strokes and share in the applause,
And smile, and fold their hands, and for themselves
Draw stakes with Fortune.

Pacing to and fro
Hard by this play of the two ends of life,
Worshipful wisdom, smooth-lipped, broken-voiced,
Shuts up its mouth and stops its solemn ears,
And shakes its antique head to be assured
The whirligig around hath left it steady
On its young shoulders. Holding dais high
With its own musings, yet with eye urbane
Looking on the two ages and their toys,
'Signs them a pitiful place below the salt
That savors its own schemes. Anon it stoops
To its own sport—a sport that doth not shame

* Ecclesiastes xii. 2. † Genesis xxi. 6.

The more-haste-worse-speed spirit of an age
When the head works for play. It meets its match.
The lists are drawn, new lists of cloth of gold;
The forces ranked, the sign of onset made;
The brain is busy as a battle-field.
Forethought is here, is there, is everywhere;
Sets a poor pawn against a crownèd king;
Previses, calculates, combines, concludes.
Farewell, fair Chance, who wast the queen of fights!
Thou'st lost, whoever win.

In elbow-chair
Still the deaf uncle, spectacles on nose
And newspaper on knee, sits on well pleased.
Now he reads slow, yet turns to read again;
Now rubs his eyebrow with the argument;
Now smacks his lips upon a biting jest;
Cries out at "hear" and "cheers," and laughs aloud
To mark the passing sounds of merriment
Chime in with "laughter." Now he folds the sheet,
And, leaning back, looks up as though "my lord"
Had writ and diagrammed his speculations
Upon the wall above the mistletoe.
Now he sits upright, turns the smouldering log
Upon the reddened bars, and, glancing round,
Nods at a noisy child, and slaps his knee
With merry make-believe that he will give
A second Christmas-box to little folk
Who use the first so well.

Three-quarters struck!
Few minutes more and Christmas will be gone.
All hurry back to gather round the hearth
With almost a remorse to think how long
They've spent in sports that any other night
Of the whole winter would as well beguile.
They sit in silence—they've so much to say—
Till the deaf uncle speaks. Then all again
Speak too, but with a speech subdued and slow.
They sweep the ashes by with reverent hand,
And watch the Yule-log as a parting friend;
Look in each other's eyes and say—or smile:
"Christmas is gone; but you and you remain.
Christmas, thou hast been good, and so good-by!"

THE POET'S CORNER.

"IF speech is silvern," saith the ancient saw,
"Silence is golden." Many a silent home
Where the log burns to-night is happy too.
I am alone; yet is my ingle-nook
Not lonely nor unloved. In easy-chair,
Screen-circled, by the blazing hearth I sit;
Not busy, for the world holds holiday;
Nor idle, for a poet's pastime feeds
His hours of labor, as the frolic wind
Fattens the fallow field. My wreathèd urn,
Soft singing as in sacrificial chant,
Pours a libation to propitious Thought.
Now of the ripe, brown berry do I sip—
Ripe ere it left Sabæa of sweet scents.
Now drink I of the life-refreshing leaf
Once waving in the realm of mystery,
Fair, far-away Cathay. No troublous tongue,
No prying eye intrudes. I am alone
With thee, my early mistress, only mate—
Imagination! Loved and lovely one,
Close, close beside me be thy constant place:
My hearth, my home and all it holds are thine.
Bent o'er the burning Yule-log now I list,
Eve that thou art, thy curious questionings:
What kind hand gave it in its acornhood
To foster-mother Earth? What sunny sky
Smiled on its sturdy growth? On what bold bluff
It shook defiance at the wild north wind?
What greenest glade it graced? Or if, perchance,
Its shadow fell upon the mossy knoll
Whereon I wooed thee? We will have it so!
Fairer that hillock than the thousand hills
That stud the Golden Girdle.* My true love,
'Twas a midsummer morn I met thee there
With birds and flowers in careless company.
And still, at mirk midwinter, keep we tryst
Here, hidden in our happy ingle-nook,
With study, silence, solitude, and night.

* The Altay Mountains. See Newman's *Lectures on the Turks*.

MOZLEY'S REMINISCENCES.*

MR. MOZLEY'S work reminds us of a cosy, comfortable after-dinner talk "across the walnuts and the wine." But sometimes there are sentiments uttered under these circumstances that have an enduring effect. Of course it depends on the speaker, for "the lips of the wise disperse knowledge" *whenever* they give utterance. So Mr. Mozley says much that merits careful attention, and our object in this paper will be to point out those subjects which seem wholly to have escaped the notice of his reviewers, numerous as they have been.

We trust we are not uncharitable in supposing, after a careful perusal of his volumes, that their object was "to make a clean breast of it." There is a time in a man's life when he can *afford* to cry *peccavi*. Vanity and self-conceit are overshadowed by the great coming event which dwarfs all earthly things. He feels a sublime indifference to the world's censure and speaks out fearlessly. We imagine Mr. Mozley to have reached this stage. He must have felt through the long lapse of years since he shook hands with those dear friends who went their way, sacrificing all for Jesus, some misgivings, some inward questionings—must at any rate have often asked himself, "Were they right or wrong?" He seems to have resolved that they *were* right, or at least that they were *not wrong*. Then how about his own position? Was there anything to be said in condonation or defence of many who, like himself, had gone to the very verge, and there halted? Various reasons might be alleged by others, but he prefers to give his own. For *this* he merits thanks, because among all the puzzles of the age this position is the most puzzling, and in the absence of any other more intelligible solution we have been tempted to think it is the old story, "Video meliora proboque, sed deteriora sequor."

All Mr. Mozley's reviewers seem equally at sea respecting the movement he attempts to describe. Its causes and results are enigmas, principally, we opine, because they are regarded as purely *human*. We incline rather to look upon the whole thing as *supernatural*. As Cardinal Manning said over the coffin of

* *Reminiscences, chiefly of Oriel College and the Oxford Movement.* By the Rev. T. Mozley, M.A., formerly Fellow of Oriel, etc. Two volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882.

Frederick Oakeley, "these were events not from men nor of men, but from the Holy Ghost." If this is not so, surely some similar phenomenon might be expected at other times. Surely, amid the conflicting opinions of men, some giant intellects might arise to weld these warring ideas into a whole whose force would be such as to act like a battering-ram against the shams and refuges of lies that abound on all sides. There are men living quite as highly gifted as the leaders of the Oxford movement—men who have striven to effect the same thing, to create new ideas, to give men a nobler ambition and aim; and yet their efforts have failed. They have lived to confess the failure and to know that these grand results are not attained by purely human means.

We owe a duty to the reader, who possibly may not have sufficient leisure to read these volumes through, to set forth their salient points, and, as far as we are able, point out their errors. The characters sketched present varying phases of interest. They were all more or less connected with the movement, and it is curious to note its different effects upon each. Mr. Mozley does not attempt to account for the *origin* of the movement. The Evangelicals always attribute it to the *Tracts for the Times*. But what effect would these somewhat jejune treatises have had if the public mind had not been already prepared to receive them? They were fruitful seeds because the soil was ready for their reception. It is really most difficult to say *how* this preparedness originated. But it is certain that at this period men's minds had become tired of the formal and lifeless position of the Church of England. There was a pervading *heart-hunger* among men who asked their spiritual guides for bread, only to receive *a stone*. There was a growing and deepening conviction that there must be *somewhere* a guide to the attainment of that higher aim of humanity—the life of God in the soul of man. It was not to be had in the church. No soul-life flourished *there!* The Methodist sought it in his way, and the Presbyterian in his way; but all seemed unanimous that it was not in the Church of England, but that yet it existed *somewhere* and might be found. This induced men to receive readily anything that promised the least ray of light; and this spiritual disquietude was the first parting of the clouds preparatory to the full breaking of the day.

The picture of Oxford, and of the Church of England generally, at this period ought to be carefully studied by those who affect to believe, like Matthew Arnold, that the whole movement was an abortive failure, and, as he puts it, "wanting lucidity."

Mr. Mozley presents us with some graphic and amusing sketches on the subject. The camp was divided then into High and Low. The High-Churchman had some sense of duty. He visited the sick; he made himself agreeable; he believed that as a parish priest he had work to do, and he did it, so far as it did not interfere with his personal convenience and taste. The Low-Churchman ignored the poor. He lived in his snug vicarage, went up to London to the May meetings, preached sermons no one understood, and went on from day to day in a quiet, humdrum manner, never thinking of the souls of his parishioners, except as utterly beyond his reach. As for *the people*, let any one acquainted with the rural districts of England say if they are not even now really half barbarous. The man who proposed to "'eave 'alf a brick" at the new curate is not an exceptional monster. It is astonishing how long the peasant will go to church and yet remain wholly ignorant of the very rudiments of Christian doctrine. His sentiments about the hebdomadal sermon are much like those of Tennyson's "Northern Farmer":

"I hallus comed to 's choorch afoor my Sally wur deäd,
An' 'eerd un a bummin' awaäy loike a buzzard-clock * ower my yeäd,
An' I niver knaw'd whot a meän'd, but I thowt a 'ad summut to saäy,
An' I thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said, an' I comed awaäy."

The result everywhere was practical heathenism. The abominable immorality which more stringent laws now coerce within the bounds of decency walked unblushing through the land. The owners of "smug parsonages" cared nothing for the hovels where the members of a large family were crowded together without the least regard to decency. It is only within very recent times—thirty years at most—that this plague-spot in the land has won the attention of the rich. The peer housed his horses and dogs far better than he did his tenants. And the parish church!—who can forget the dismal barns that then obtained, and the equally dismal services? The series of etchings got up by a well-known Oxford publisher representing the churches before the Oxford movement were in no particular exaggerated.† It was believed to be the house of God, but there was no evidence of this belief in the conduct of the worshippers. The font was a convenient receptacle for hats; the charwoman stored her mop and pail under the communion-table. It required a vestry vote to get the surplice washed periodically, and everything about the building betokened neglect and decay. The

* A cockchafer.

† *Reformation and Deformation*. Mowbray, Oxford.

vestry was a little more comfortable; so also my lord's pew, made suitably high and curtained to keep out inquisitive eyes. If you opened a cupboard in the vestry you might find an empty wine-bottle and glasses, for the vicar needed support under the burden of the service. A gentleman troubled in mind once went (and it is not five years ago) to the vestry of St. Sepulchre's Church, High Holborn, to consult the vicar, and, as his hand was on the door-knob, heard a jovial voice exclaim: "Do you like it fruity or dry?"

Even regarding the Communion from the Evangelical point of view, the most shameful desecration was common. In a church at the West End of London the writer saw the pew-opener regularly take away the remains of the consecrated elements in a piece of paper, saying "it was so nice for the fowls." The unconsumed wine in the chalice was poured back into a black bottle, which bottle was duly uncorked by the vicar before the service began, *at the table*, lest the crust should be disturbed. The Sunday was a day of torture to the young and of dismal *ennui* to the old. The idea of God was that of a heartless tyrant, who had exacted the last drop of his Son's blood as the price of human pardon, and was only kept from destroying the world by that Son's intercession. Calvinism among Dissenters produced Antinomianism—as the Article of the Church of England defined it, "recklessness of most unclean living."

This picture could be deepened tenfold. The nation was divided into two classes, the intellectual unbelievers and the practical unbelievers—those who knew the better but did the worse, and those who did the worst without knowing the better. As John Wesley described it in fitting terms, "godless licentiousness, mammon-worship, and brutal ignorance." Now, with such unpromising material to work upon, the leaders of the Oxford movement must have felt that their design was of God, for any merely human effort could never cope with it. And those who deny that that movement has wrought good ignore the condition of England for the last half-century—say in 1820—and what it is now. The change is marvellous, and it is due, first, to the Oxford movement; second, to the impetus that movement gave to the church, *up* to that time doing her work fearfully and in secret, and which *from* that time came forth boldly to the world, and has ever since gone forth conquering and to conquer. We hope this is a convincing answer to the *Spectator*, the *Nation*, and other critics who wholly misapprehend the significance of the movement.

In reviewing a thousand pages replete every one with more or less of interest we feel somewhat embarrassed in our choice. Perhaps, therefore, we had better deal with the three parts into which Mr. Mozley's work, like an orthodox sermon, divides itself: I. What he says of other people connected with the movement. II. What he says of John Henry Newman, its real founder. III. What he says of himself.

Under the first head we can only make a few remarks. The greater part of the first volume is taken up with reminiscences of persons who, except the Wilberforces, the Froudes, Arnold, Keble, Pusey, Ward, and Oakeley, have no interest at this time of day. The first person we meet is the rather sinister figure of Blanco White. He was an apostate priest and received his degree of M.A. by royal patent. Whatever induced his change of views, it certainly did not make him happy. A man who has cast himself loose from the Eternal Rock into the open sea must feel some misgiving as to his safety. We do not wonder that "he painfully relates he could not bless a child or utter a short prayer without the instant recurrence of the question, 'Is there a God, and does this mean anything?'" (vol. i. p. 57). Incapable of enjoying anything, always disquieted and suspicious, life presented to him no charm. He drifted farther and farther into the dreary wilds of scepticism—a remarkable instance that, whatever else it brings, apostasy does not bring peace of mind, nor even intellectual satisfaction. Blanco White is much cited by rationalists and modern sceptics as an *honest* unbeliever—one who is like

> "An infant crying in the night,
> And with no language but a cry."

We sympathize with such. To all men the perception of truth is not given. But could Blanco White plead *ignorance?* Assuredly not.

Mr. Mozley says very little of Keble. Yet the Archbishop of Canterbury is quite correct in saying that "his poetry did for Anglicanism all that Cowper and Charles Wesley had done for Evangelicalism." The power of a stirring song to weld the hearts of a nation in one common bond is well known. Probably the power of the Reformation lay in Luther's hymn, "Ein feste Burg," as that of the French Revolution did in the "Marseillaise." They had and have a magic power to stir the wildest impulses of a mob. But in the history of the lyre was it ever

known that stanzas so simple, so devoted to the pure and beautiful, as the *Christian Year* should have had such an effect? It became in its author's lifetime, as Newman says, "one of the classics of the language." It opened up to men a new fact which Protestantism had always doubted and often denied—namely, that the cultivation of the divine life was possible even to a benighted papist. Jeremy Taylor, in his *Holy Living*, had essayed to do this in prose; but for one reader who is acquainted with his magnificent composition a thousand have read the *Christian Year*. It is poetry which, besides great felicity of diction and remarkable aptness of imagery, has a chastened and unearthly aspect about it. You seem to have come out of the glare and bustle of life into the cool quiet of some sanctuary whose stillness falls on the perturbed spirit softer than "tired eyelids upon tired eyes." You feel that holiness has a charm, an attractiveness; that the *something* that draws you to the flowers, the birds, childhood—all nature's most beloved things:

> "The delight of hearts that know no guile,
> Who all around see all things bright
> With their own magic smile"

—is akin and a part of the *something* that makes your soul yearn for nobler things, the full fruition of its desires, the final accomplishment of its hopes. It is a spotlessly pure book, though it has many literary defects and once had many doctrinal. In the *Apologia* we are told about the famous line on the Eucharist. This used to run:

> "Oh! come to our communion feast
> Here, present in the heart,
> *Not in the hand*, the Eternal Priest
> Will his true self impart."

On his death-bed Keble consented to have the third line altered, and it is now printed, "*as* in the hand," etc. Mr. Mozley tells us that he consented with difficulty.

The Wilberforces are a most interesting group—the lamented Isaac, and his brother Henry, and last, not least, Samuel. Unhappily the latter does not gain in our esteem as we read the little that is said of him here. He always had the reputation for—how shall we put it?—slipperiness: a sort of intellectual *wriggling* which in a man of perfectly upright character was hard to understand. It won for him the sobriquet "*Soapy Sam*." His biographer labors hard to clear him of the imputation. If the

bishop ever had any leaning toward Rome, as so many at one time thought, it was wholly removed on the conversion of his son-in-law, Mr. Prebendary Pye. We heard him, only a short time before his melancholy death, express himself with great bitterness about Romanism, quoting the passage, "Of this sort are they who creep into houses and lead captive silly women." We fear he was thinking of his daughter. But withal he was a most genial man to talk to. His ready wit is well known. The last time we saw him he presided at a Workingmen's Congress at Southampton, and the Dissenters had kindly lent the seats from their chapel for the occasion, which drew from the bishop the remark that he was glad to see that, though the Nonconformists objected to his ceremonies, they had lent him their forms.

Mr. Mozley quotes the time-honored maxim, "De mortuis," etc., but he has quite forgotten to apply it in dealing with the late Dr. Ward. We have pleasure in stating that the first misgiving that ever troubled our mind respecting the Anglican Church was after reading his *Ideal of a Christian Church*. We rose from its perusal with this reflection: if this is a correct ideal, then the Church of England does not respond to it. We never met Dr. Ward, but others who knew him at St. Edmund's College have described him far otherwise than Mr. Mozley. He says: "It was otherwise with Ward. I did but touch a filament or two in one of his monstrous cobwebs, and off ran he instantly to Newman to complain of my gratuitous impertinence. Many years after I was forcibly reminded of him by a pretty group of a plump little Cupid flying to his mother to show a wasp-sting he had just received." Any one unacquainted with Ward would conclude from this extract that he was self-conceited and petulant. Archbishop Tait, who knew him quite as well as Mr. Mozley, is of a different opinion. Moreover, the petty smartness shown in the allusion to poor Ward's *embonpoint*, by the image of a *plump* Cupid, is too insignificant to excite a smile.

And who would recognize Frederick Oakeley from the portrait here given?

"Oakeley was very impressible and impulsive. Years before the movement a clever but cynical Oriel friend described him as so impressed by worship and devotion that if he should come upon a temple filled with a multitude prostrate before an idol he would throw himself down amongst them. Nobody cared less for himself. He spent his life eventually serving a poor congregation, chiefly Irish, in the not very attractive region of Islington. He might be seen limping about the streets of London—for he was very lame—a misshapen fabric of bare bones upon which hung some

very shabby canonicals. Yet his eye was bright, and his voice, though sorrowful, was kind, and he was always glad to greet an old friend. He could sometimes be induced to dine quietly at Lambeth and talk over old days with the primate. There was always something aristocratic even in the wreck" (vol. ii. pp. 4, 5).

There is just enough truth in this to make it pass muster, but not to redeem it from the charge of ungenerous misrepresentation. If no man is to be counted happy till he is dead, then we are sure Frederick Oakeley was a happy man. Our acquaintance with him was slight. At an evening party of *literati* this genial priest was able to fill all the young men in the room with jealousy by the engrossing nature of his conversation. The author of *A Gentle Remonstrance* * reminded us of Oakeley when he recently said: "Provided I feel my salvation is sure, I could joyfully clean shoes in the City Hall Square." And yet this man was brilliant in society, and with reasonable expectations of high preferment, and possessing considerable property. So Frederick Oakeley used to say (and be it remembered that the prejudice against converts fifty years ago was far greater than at present): "I once got to my last five shillings, and I at once said the Rosary in thanksgiving; for now, I thought, the Blessed Virgin will show that she loves me." And, true enough, an anonymous letter came that evening, with fourpence to pay for extra postage, containing a banknote for fifty pounds. His solace when depressed was music, and he was so proficient, had such a just appreciation of the "concord of sweet sounds," that he might have risen to eminence as a composer. No mean judge—Mr. Gladstone—thus speaks of him in the *Contemporary Review* for October, 1874: "Mr. Oakeley united to a fine musical taste a much finer and much rarer gift in discerning and expressing the harmony between the inward purposes of Christian worship and its outward investiture." Shakspere rightly judged that a man can have no juster tribute to his worth than the tears of the poor wept upon him. And those who were present on that bleak January morning, 1880, when Frederick Oakeley lay in the peace of death before the altar at which he had ministered so long, can never forget the audible sobs of the warm-hearted Irish who crowded the church to overflowing, nor the pathos of his old friend's voice as, with pale, grief-stricken countenance, he pronounced these words:

"He was a true disciple of Jesus Christ in all the fulness of the word—

**A Gentle Remonstrance.* By the Rev. A. J. D. Bradley, S.J.

loving, holy, harmless, self-denying, laborious in his Master's service. He was a true Catholic in all the fulness of the word. He was a true priest, penetrated by the sacerdotal unction from head to foot. He was a true pastor laboring for souls. He was a kind and loving friend. None that ever approached him could forget his loving, kindly, gentle, cheerful, playful, sweet tone of voice and aspect and countenance, and the maturity of his thought and the wisdom of his words—none who ever approached him could forget these things, least of all his spiritual children. In such a life there was much to learn, but he possessed in an especial manner two marks which were wrought in him by the Holy Ghost—the gift of piety and the gift of fortitude. Frederick Oakeley possessed piety—not the piety of emotion, not the piety of fancy, not the piety of worldly fashion, that squanders itself in words, but a piety deep, simple, touching, primitive, and natural; and that piety was portrayed in a wonderful manner in the multitude of his works and writings. He possessed fortitude —that fortitude which St. Bonaventure refers to as 'the daily martyrdom of private life'; a fortitude which enabled him to endure with resignation and joy those trials which, hidden from the eyes of man, were known only to God." *

To this sufficient testimony let us add one anecdote. We have ever associated with this genial man of God the grand old maxim, "A word spoken *in due season*, how good is it!" At a time when the perplexed mind weighed every word we were saying "Good-by" to him at the door of his rectory in Duncan Terrace. It had a small grass-plot in front of the window, about the size of a handkerchief, which, under *very* favorable circumstances, managed to grow two, or even three, dandelions. It was all his garden. As we stood there two fat sparrows hopped up to his feet. "This is Johnny and this is Billy," said he; "excuse me a minute!" And he went into the house, returning with some bread. "These sparrows," said he, "must look on me as their Providence, for I have fed them every morning for months. After all, my dear friend, '*ye* are of more value than many sparrows.'"

Manning and Pusey scarcely appear in these pages, nor Tait, except in the sharp rap at the "Four Tutors." And surely it is no slight breach of charity to bring back from the past the frailties and errors of the dead, as in the case of poor Hartley Coleridge. We have no space to devote to the Froudes, who present a group almost as diversified as the Wilberforces or the two Newmans. We will therefore turn to the central figure of this picture—John Henry Newman. It is certainly somewhat remarkable that no great leader of thought in his lifetime has exercised so great a

* *Funeral Sermon on the Death of the Very Rev. Frederick Oakeley, M.A.* By Henry Edward, Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. 1881.

direct and indirect influence as this man. One who is anything but friendly recently said: "The figure of John Henry Newman is suffused with an atmosphere of severe romance to which Cardinal Manning is a stranger, and is surrounded by an accretion of traditions and fancies that cause him him even in his lifetime to 'have won his way to the region of fable.'"* Of no other person in this century can as much be said. Newman founded no sect, as did Wesley, yet the latter has never had so many adherents as the former. For Wesleyans are less the disciples of Wesley than of a *system* that bears his name; and not one in a hundred could give a clear account of his life or a *résumé* of his writings. It is not so with Newman. Every item of his career is read with the keenest interest. His works are read with avidity even for their "English undefiled," as well as their clear common sense and profound thought. Carlyle, himself no mean authority on the subject, was once asked what he thought to be the secret of Newman's great popularity. He replied: "A man who does something which all men *worth the name* are trying to do, each one after his fashion, and does it effectually too, is and must be a curiosity to his fellows. Newman thought his way through great difficulties to a logical issue, and those who have the same soul-fights are curious to know *how* he did it." That is to say, he has the prestige of a *hero*. What is the origin of the *éclat*, the triumph that greets a Wolseley or any other general returning victorious? This: he has fought his way against odds, "made by force his merit known," achieved a success at the cost of suffering and deadly peril. And what are the sufferings and perils of an earthly conflict compared to that more fearful war within; when the prize is life or death, heaven or hell, peace present and future; when one has to break loose from old habits of thought, shake hands for the last time with old friends, go forth, unknowing and unknown, to new scenes, new faces, new everything, with only God and Hope to lean on? We say such men are *heroic*, and the leader of thousands of such was John Henry Newman. It is, therefore, not surprising that the *Spectator* says of Mr. Mozley's work: "Above everything else they are reminiscences of Cardinal Newman, and they have the charm which everything associated with that mysterious and solitary figure inevitably possesses."

* Henry Labouchere in the *World*, London.

"For him nor moves the loud world's random mock,
Nor all Calamity's hugest waves confound.
He seems a promontory rock
That, compassed round with turbulent sound,
In middle ocean meets the surging shock,
Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crowned."

Nothing is so interesting as to watch the gradual growth of a mind. The unfolding of the flower, the progress of the day from the first glimmer of dawn to the full meridian splendor, is not half so absorbing. A great deal must always remain hidden and can but be faintly guessed at, for the results seen in a few words or a single sentence may have cost the excogitation and elaboration of months. Mr. Mozley supplies some links which modesty probably omitted in the *Apologia*. We get a faint glimpse of the beginning of the great work in Newman's mind, and some of the processes whereby he arrived at a logical conclusion. From the first to the last it is obvious that his conversion was reluctant. Like almost all converts, he started with a positive *antipathy* to Rome, and his investigations originated in a desire to procure stronger evidence against her. In the chaos of opinions at that period one doctrine was received by all parties as incontrovertible—viz., that the Church of Rome was apostate and the pope Antichrist and the man of sin. Newman began, as all his followers did, by study of the Scriptures. Protestants triumphantly dare Catholics to "search the Scriptures"; but we assert that no man can do this thoughtfully and intelligently and remain a Protestant. The extravagances of those who study the Bible and nothing else are well set forth by the witty Dean Ramsey,* and Keble was not the only one who "took his stand on the conceivability, and indeed certainty, of the Almighty having created all the fossils and other apparent outcomes of former existences in the six days of creation" (vol. i. p. 179). There was supposed to be a fixed disagreement between science and revelation. Newman early surmounted this. It may be remarked that he always had a high esteem for the authorized version. Its magnificent English, its quaintness, the splendid vein of poetry running through it, made it most congenial to his poetic mind. He has explained this in the *Apologia*. Yet he early felt that *alone* it was insufficient. There was a *living voice* needed. He was not, as some have represented, a man confident in his own powers and moving steadily forward step by step to a goal always in view. "In his own case he was always consulting the auspices, so to speak, to guide his

**Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character.*

course and to decide some question which he found it impossible to decide simply on its merits. An unexpected act, or word, or encouragement, or a check, the appearance of a book or an article, pleasant or otherwise, a meeting, a separation, came to him with the significance of an intervention. Whatever happened, he interpreted it as providentially designed" (vol. i. p. 209). He started with the belief that the Church of England was a part of the one, holy Catholic Church, needing much to reawaken her to usefulness and duty, but as such containing the germs of indestructible vitality. He would do what he could to rekindle her smouldering fires, and he made preaching a power in the land. This mighty engine for good or ill had lain neglected for years and years. The Wesleys and Whitefield knew its power, but in the average parish church it had become "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable." The university never gave any instruction in preaching; it was supposed to come, as Dogberry says of reading and writing, "*by nature.*" Who can calculate the melancholy results? Let any one compare the state of the Church of England in this respect five-and-twenty years ago and at the present time. "The sermon was *brutum fulmen.* Humanity and common sense revolted against such teaching, and it really could no more reach the understanding than so many letters of the alphabet shaken out of a bag upon a table" (vol. i. page 188). What has developed Liddon, Knox-Little, Body, and others but the movement which Newman originated? We may remark in passing that his *University Sermons* were the first since those of Jeremy Taylor that suggested any relation between beauty and holiness. Burke has traced the connection between sublimity and beauty, but it did not occur to him that *holiness* must be beautiful because sublime. It seemed a natural corollary in the minds of men at that period, that piety could not be attractive, that ugliness was a necessary qualification of religion. A clergyman who preached a cheerful piety was thought to be "no better than he should be." A sour and vinegary aspect was thought to sit well on "professors," and hence hypocrisy became more or less a fashion. We desire to record our opinion that the constant contemplation of ugliness and deformity is *demoralizing.* It lies at the root of a great deal of vice. Is it any wonder that the poor laborer gets tired of the squalor and dirt of his miserable hovel and flies for a change to the glare and glitter of the gin-palace? Newman may be justly regarded as initiating or reviving the idea that to be godly it is not necessary to be morose and disagreeable.

Mr. Mozley throws a little light upon Newman's politics. His aversion was an oligarchy. "There are always bad elements in it, and the bad elements prevail" (vol. i. p. 244). He was only impelled to speak out when the interests of the church were imperilled. This, we take it, is much the conduct of all peaceable clergy. There is certainly a time when it becomes a crime to keep silent, and that time is when the interests of morality and sound doctrine call for a vigorous defence. In this Newman differed from Whately. And we should have been better pleased if Mr. Mozley had explained to us the final estrangement of these two men. We have seen it alleged again and again that "they passed in the street without recognition," etc., as though this was a strong evidence of Newman's bigotry, and that the well-known urbanity of the man was lost in the *odium theologicum*. We believe that from the first the clear penetration of Newman gauged the mind of Whately and divined his strong leanings to rationalism. After-events proved this preconception to be well founded. As Archbishop of Dublin he gave his patronage specially to Broad-Churchmen. His examining chaplain was a Dr. Abelschauser, who by his influence became a tutor of Trinity College. He imported him from Germany, and, though a devoted admirer of Hegel, gave him a living in the city. He used his great influence to foment the ill-feeling then on the increase between the English and Irish by fostering a society called "Church Missions to Roman Catholics." It was organized exactly as if the Irish were heathens, and we regret to say that the destitution of the starving peasantry was made use of to procure proselytes. Soup and tracts went together, and poor ignorant Pat said amen to any creed proposed, to fill his "lean and hungry sides." Despite the assertions of Lord Plunket, we challenge a comparison of the numbers of the so-called conversions during the famine and two years later. The fact is, as soon as the wretched peasantry could dispense with the bribes of the missionaries they returned to their own church, to which they had ever been loyal at heart. Whately's chaplain, Dr. Hinds, followed his footsteps. He made a lamentable failure as Bishop of Norwich, and his last public appearance was to aid in building a church for Mr. Voysey, the author of the blasphemous work, *The Sling and the Stone*, who was actually ejected from his living and from the Church of England for heresy. If, as it is possible, it was Newman's strong antipathy to rationalism that led him to cut Whately, we are not surprised. This is the more probable from the fact

that he kept up, and still keeps up, amicable intercourse with Anglican friends.

The circumstances under which the exquisite hymn, "Lead, kindly Light," was composed lend additional interest to that favorite composition. It is curious to know that it is comprised in almost all dissenting hymnals, even those of the Unitarians. It must have had a very touching significance when sung recently over the grave of the author's old friend, Dr. Pusey.

Mr. Mozley mentions the cardinal's fondness for the violin. The last time we saw him was at the Brompton Oratory, when the fathers got up a little surprise for him in the way of a quartette of violins. The selection was from Beethoven, and it was very gratifying to note the waves of feeling and keen appreciation that passed over the genial countenance of Newman—a countenance that fully corroborates the idea of Plato that the soul shapes her own habitation and the countenance becomes her reflector.

Newman has never in the slightest way countenanced that style of polemics which consists in ridiculing an adversary. He contents himself with demonstrating his fallacies, as he did Kingsley's in the *Apologia;* but though Kingsley offered some very tempting points for attack, his antagonist refrained with chivalrous magnanimity. Mr. Mozley points out that the caricatures of Protestantism in some Catholic periodicals are often *outré* and defeat their object by their absurdity. But surely they are not worse than those levelled at Catholics. Neither of these caricaturists perceive that the truest ridicule is a most minute description. The Englishman or American depicted on the French stage is so absurdly unreal that the satire fails of its object. But the English and American comedian copies the peculiarities of a Frenchman to the letter—his accent, his dress, his style—and aims at being exactly like a Frenchman, and this is much more provoking. We are of opinion that, as Horace says, one may tell the truth in a laughable way, but ridicule is a dangerous weapon in controversy, and in the interests of charity ought to be discountenanced.

We cut short a great deal more that we should like to have said about Cardinal Newman, because Mr. Mozley himself demands more special treatment. We have said that he represents a large number who, like himself, have been almost persuaded to take the final step. These must either be right or wrong. If they are right what becomes of the illustrious army of men who gave up everything for truth? If they are wrong have we not

cause to ask, "How long halt ye between two opinions?" They could not have a better apologist than Mr. Mozley, and his reasons deserve careful attention. We hope to deal with this part of our subject very tenderly, mindful of the many devout souls who are

> "Longing and wishing to be right,
> Yet fearing to be wrong."

The sweet home-picture drawn at p. 90 *et seq.* (vol. ii.) calls attention to a phase of the subject which has not been fairly handled except by one who was most competent, being himself a convert and understanding thoroughly the entire matter.* Mr. Mozley says that though "there is no future to converts," they have never been intimidated at the prospect. Yet few outside the English-speaking race understand what is meant by *home* or what is involved in breaking it up. Home, we know, is where the heart is, as a shrine is where the divine Presence abides, no matter whether it is rich or poor. Yet I appeal to refined and elegantly reared women who may read this whether they can comprehend the feelings of one, brought up in the daily enjoyment of things and circumstances that have become almost necessary, suddenly reduced from the comforts of home to two frowzy rooms in a mean dwelling; to perform all domestic drudgery, and to be afraid to eat heartily lest the loaf should not last long enough; to count cents and grow learned in all the contrivances of pinching and privation; to see the faces of wife and children grow thin and wan from lack of accustomed comforts, and the forced cheerfulness of the heroic woman who "takes on when no one is nigh." This is a side of the question I fear born Catholics too little appreciate. Few of those who have gone through it would probably have been able to face it had they anticipated it. In this case it is a "blindness to the future wisely given." How many are deterred from making this sacrifice I fear to think. It is frequently the harmless things of life that become our greatest snares. The late large-hearted pontiff felt the want of converts so deeply that he made provision for the maintenance of candidates for the priesthood in his Collegio Pio; but nothing, as far as I ever heard, has been proposed to provide married clergymen with the means of gaining even the most modest pittance. I think that Catholics ought to appreciate this.

But Mr. Mozley intimates that the sweet home-life is a pecu-

* *Life of Father Baker.* By the Rev. Augustine F. Hewit, C.S.P.

liarity of Protestantism. Mr. Ffoulkes has openly asserted that Catholicism is antagonistic to its cultivation. Let us put our foot down firmly upon this lie. What are the bonds of home? Are they not the mutual love of its members, the obedience and self-sacrifice that knit the varying members into a whole, as the ivy that twines around its porch and lends unfading greenness and beauty to its very poverty? And are these dispositions fostered by the teachings of Protestantism? *Nominally*, we admit; but there is an entire lack of means to *enforce* the precept. It is a common complaint that parental obedience is dying out; that the boy or girl of twelve is more experienced in forbidden knowledge than our forefathers at twenty. Masters of schools know this to their cost, and confess that only where the moral restraint of the confessional is practised can there be mental discipline and soul-culture. The English have had it so often repeated that the Catholic Church is the foe of home-life that it is time they seized upon the statement and honestly analyzed it. We say that where there is a perfectly united family it is owing to the cultivation of those virtues which radiate from the church's teachings. We have seen in the East a tract of country, once carefully irrigated and tended, long after it had been left to itself, still putting forth the rare rose and beautiful shrub, though running wild. And wherever the light of divine truth has shone it must leave an effect. That place can never be again as it was before. But the power that helps the members of a family to repress selfishness, and strive for each other's welfare, to carry out the divine precept, "love one another," without repressing the individuality of any—this is found in the Catholic Church, *and in the Catholic Church alone.*

Mr. Mozley tells us, "I cannot remember the time when I liked the Thirty-nine Articles" (vol. ii. p. 254), and he points out their opposition to the Scriptures, upon which they are said to be based. He seems to have found that the Church of England lacks a *system* of piety. Religion has been called "the *science* of the saints." This suggests rudiments, gradual progress, and final development of completed knowledge. But any inquirer who is anxious for his soul can obtain only the vaguest directions how to secure its salvation. He consults a physician for a physical ailment and receives the most specific and minute directions how to treat it. But the equally realizable malady of the soul has no such treatment. This is felt by devout Anglicans to be the weak spot. How is the divine life to be kept up in the soul? They are perforce compelled to borrow Catholic prac-

tices as the only efficient means, for they are too well acquainted with the insufficiency of all others. We think this is really the first query of holy souls. They are not able in many cases to enter into doctrinal disquisitions or weigh the relative value of evidence. But they ask themselves: Will this system help me to keep down the wild beast in my nature, to attain to a higher platform of life, gradually advancing to that goal where the intellectual subjugates the animal? Will it help me to be a better man, more lovable in my home, more conscientious in business, more faithful as a citizen? We confidently assert that no man who has ever asked himself these questions fairly will be content with anything less than the Catholic Church. And this does not, as Mr. Mozley seems to understand, reduce a man to a mere acquiescing machine, whose volition and choice are wholly disregarded. He says, "I always felt that the understanding must be subordinated to belief." This is all the church maintains. The intellect of man is like a wingless seraph, unable to mount into the vast regions around and above it. Faith supplies its wings, and therefore faith is but intellect supplemented and perfected. This our author illustrates by a subject that comes home to all hearts. What do we know of the state of the dead? St. Paul triumphantly exclaims: "Jesus Christ hath abolished death and brought life and immortality to light." Yet, after all, there is very little told us about the subject in the New Testament. It is open to question whether as many hints and intimations of the immortality of the soul may not be gathered from classic writers—say Plato and Socrates, for instance—as from St. Paul. But what is it that enables the Christian exultingly to cry, "O death, where is thy sting?"—that sheds light athwart the gloom that enfolds the grave, and tells us that what seems death is only transition, that life shall live for evermore, and that the communion of saints is unbroken, as an army ever marching on, though part of its ranks are out of sight? It is the supplementing teaching of the Catholic Church. She unites for us the broken threads of doctrine, makes the indistinct clear, the vague definite, and, by her doctrine consoled, we clasp the hands of our dead, not in separation and eternal adieu, but *to meet again* where life shall be perfected with "the full-grown energies of heaven."

Would that Mr. Mozley had followed Bishop Wilberforce's advice! Samuel Wilberforce, in one of the most famous of his sermons, urged Oxford undergraduates to "entertain no doubt, to stamp it out as they would a spark in a magazine, and recoil

from it with horror" (vol. ii. p. 314). He adds: "Such advice is useless." Why? Is there anything so torturing to the soul as doubt? Who can forget the pathetic cry in Homer, "If our fate be death, give light and let us die"? Men wish to know the worst. But we suspect Mr. Mozley considered the advice *de trop* in his own case, because he knew the issue to which candid investigation must conduct him would be disagreeable. It is sound advice to stamp out doubt, especially when immortal issues are at stake.

As we closed these two volumes we asked ourselves the question that Kingsley long ago asked Newman: *What, then, does Mr. Mozley believe?*

He believes in the present occurrence of miracles. "There is a kind of miracle which is not called a miracle, for no other reason than that it seems only a succession of providential interferences" (vol. ii. p. 262). He does not think that the Scriptures unsupported are sufficient foundation for the faith. He thinks that the devotion to the Blessed Virgin is reasonable and proper. He believes in the real presence of the Lord's Body in the Eucharist. He thinks the Assumption of Mary a probable doctrine. He admits purgatory and the invocation of saints to be logical. He admits that the evidence of the senses is so delusive that "what we do know we cannot know rightly." This is more logically expressed by Tennyson:

> "We have but faith; we cannot know,
> For knowledge is *of things we see*"

—that in the regions of the Infinite the puny reasonings that apply to merely finite things can have no application. And will not any one say of this man, as our Lord said of the young ruler in the Gospel, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God"? Yes, but there is no evidence to show that he ever reached it. Mr. Mozley refers to that remarkable book, Forster's *Essay on Decision of Character*. Now, there is no kind of indecision so fatal as indecision in spiritual things. It is easy to find excuses that appear quite irrefragable to ourselves within our secret souls, but we never knew one that would look even plausible when put into writing. Mr. Mozley puts these inward musings into words, and truly he is right in calling his present position "a lame and impotent conclusion." We repeat that he is the mouthpiece of large numbers, and perhaps the late Dr. Pusey would have agreed with his reasons. What *are* these reasons? He says: "If I have not positively recoiled from the great ques-

tion I have never dreamed of facing it" (vol. ii. p. 316). Yet he was willing with his half-conclusions to join the Church of Rome, and actually applied to Newman for advice about it. His reply was, Wait two years; and Mr. Mozley adds: "No doubt Newman's reply did urge upon me the spirit of self-humiliation and discipline in which such an inquiry ought to be conducted." Certainly, Cardinal Newman well understood that a man who makes this momentous change ought to be *wholly* convinced, not *partly*. That the mind tired of being tossed upon the sea of doubt finds repose in submission to a great authority is true, but this is not the entire feeling that ought to induce conversion. One may submit *perforce* and yet experience no real *μετάνοια*, no radical alteration of the basis of life in relation to the Infinite. Whatever Cardinal Newman meant, he certainly expected Mr. Mozley to continue in the path of investigation and preparation, whereas he only waited "for an enlightened volition." Newman had said: "The Almighty would give me the opportunity and the call as well as the power and the mode of conversion." He himself was waiting "for further light from his heavenly Guide." To doubt that such light is given would be presumptuous as well as foolish. But *how?* Not by any sort of compulsion, by any external manifestation, but, as Newman himself expresses it, showing us "one step" and enabling us to take it—by listening ever for the whisper of the Voice that saith, "This is the way!" There is such a time in all men's lives, and no doubt it is highly dangerous to procrastinate then. Because a good thought, a heavenly desire, coming into the mind is from above; it is the whisper of the Paraclete, and if not *at once* heeded will pass away, perhaps never to be repeated. Worldly things, on the contrary, ought to be rarely done without being twice thought over. We can understand no state so unsatisfactory as waiting for this manifestation. Mr. Mozley does not tell us what *shape* he expects it to take; but his seems much like the case of the Pharisees, who refused to credit Christ's teaching and miracles, but "asked from him a sign from heaven." He says: "My call to Rome, if it ever should be, must be one written in circumstances and be intelligible alike to myself and to my friends." But if God gives us the inestimable gift of faith it must be in his own way. Oftentimes his methods are not intelligible to ourselves. We "love to see and choose our path" in ignorance; when true faith comes we add: "But *now* lead *Thou* me on." We deny that "the call of circumstances is all the great mass of mankind have ever had

to lead them to Rome" (vol. ii. p. 403). In most cases we have ever known circumstances seemed to indicate quite the reverse. To some, indeed, the wrench was so terrible that it was a real crucifixion of the flesh, which led those who only judged from appearances to doubt the man's sanity. "They are where they are by force of circumstances," surely is untrue of the Wilberforces, Faber, Oakeley, Dalgairns, Coleridge, Ryder, and a host more, but *quite the reverse.* Mr. Mozley thinks "it is the order of Providence" that a man should accept unquestioning the religious belief in which he has been educated. "Is a man a worse Christian for being a Christian after the manner of his fathers and of those about him?" (vol. ii. p. 404). Then what sense is there in the command, "Go ye into all the world and make disciples of every creature"? Where is the *raison d'être* of missions? If it be "better that people in general should accept the religious forms and ideas, the words and customs, they find," then what right has Mr. Mozley to seek to extend the influence or to propagate the doctrines of the Church of England? A Jumper or a Muggletonian has as good a theological standing as he. We contend that every one born of woman is bound to seek to find out what is truth. This is the entire gist of the Gospel. If so what can we think of one who says "there cannot be so much virtue or so much mischief in either the positive or the negative side"? (vol. ii. p. 404). Do we accept such indecision in any transaction of life? Is it not necessary in all things, however trivial, to make up our minds? Who has denounced such scathing censure against those "who are neither cold nor hot"?

And *this* is where this ingenious author is "landed." It seems to us that it is theologically *nowhere.* Mr. Mozley is less than a half-believer in the Church of England and more than a half-believer in the Church of Rome. His seems to be that heart which Faber described as having "only a twilight of God about it." We close these volumes with two reflections:

First. A deep thankfulness for that great awakening of England which, beginning with Tractarianism, is ending in Catholicism. It has swept away centuries of prejudices and prepared minds heretofore inaccessible for the advent of the full and perfect truth. It has quickened thoughtful minds to perceive that there is a *something* lacking even in the most advanced ritualism, and they find that *something* in the Catholic Church. Matthew Arnold correctly says of the movement: "The basis not being solid, all they build upon it is fantastic." Yet, be it remembered,

it has been a *pioneer*. All the work it has done in familiarizing the public with the worship and ritual and doctrine of Catholicism would have had to be done by those who from education and position could not have done it so well. Therefore "for this relief much thanks."

Second. Reflecting on the nature of grace, we think Mr. Mozley's book inculcates indirectly a very solemn warning. Grace unimproved is like any merely natural sentiment—it loses its power. Any of our faculties, if long disused, will lose their wonted vigor. The fakir in India holds up an arm until he cannot pull it down again. And a man may go on resisting spiritual impressions (that is, *the Holy Ghost*) until they have no effect whatever. It was said of Jerusalem: "Thou knewest not *the time of thy visitation*." To all men there comes such a time. And any one who has had such visitations and rare opportunities of knowing the truth, yet has only such shallow grounds for rejecting it as Mr. Mozley alleges, must dread the solemn statement, "*Now* they are *hid* from thine eyes."

"PAN IS DEAD."

Now from thy throne divine,
Almighty Lord, incline
Thy ear to hear a suppliant sinner's cry.
Direct his poet-flight
To that tremendous night
Where in the straw reposed the Sovereign of the sky.

Give him the eagle's wing
To bear him to his King,
That, prostrate, he adore the Virgin's sacred Child—
Him whom the seers foretold;
Him whom the prophets old,
Him whom the Sibyl's voice, proclaimed the Undefiled.

The snow was on the ground,
And silent fear profound
Appalled the ruffian winds and taught them to be hushed:
While ocean's huddling waves
Seemed conscious in their caves
That by those holy feet their crests should yet be crushed.

The mountains in repose,
Arrayed in spotless snows,
With all their woods and wilds were wrapped in silent dread.
They knew the day was near
When they should see with fear
Their grandeur quite eclipsed by His majestic tread;

That, speaking on their slope,
The burning words of hope
Should issue from His lips to beautify the world,
To smash the rod in twain,
To break the bondsman's chain,
To hoist the bannered cross as oriflamme unfurled.

At Christ's auspicious birth
The gods that ruled the earth
Were smote with list'ning fear and dashed with terror, dumb.
In all the shrines of Greece
The gibbering augurs cease;
The Druid groves of Gaul no longer dared to hum!

A wild, discordant cry,
A yell of horror, high
Broke from the Grecian wave and froze the hearer's blood:
"O grief of griefs!" it said,
"Our great god Pan is dead!
And, bound in night and chains, we welter in the flood."

NOTE.—Perhaps the most singular fact in Plutarch is contained in his celebrated treatise, "Why the Oracles cease to give Answers." A Greek vessel laden with goods for the Roman market was becalmed in the isles Echinades and drifted with the current to the isles of Paxi, when a voice was heard calling, "Thamus! Thamus!" in so loud a tone as astonished all the crew; one of whom, however, an Egyptian, coming forward, shouted in reply, "Here I am." "When you arrive at Palodes," said the voice, "tell them that the great god Pan is dead." A dispute arose amongst the passengers—who were amazed at this occurrence—as to whether Thamus should obey this voice or not. He, however, secretly resolved if the wind was fair to sail by and say nothing, but if a calm occurred and he had nothing better to do he should cry out as he was ordered. Having arrived before Palodes, the wind fell and the sea was as smooth as glass. Whereupon Thamus, standing on deck and facing the land, cried aloud, "The great Pan is dead!" He had no sooner said that than the most frightful howlings burst apparently from several persons, who lamented aloud in tones of astonishment, etc.

THE POOR MILLIONAIRE.

Two days before Christmas Robert Lamson, the banker, went down to Wall Street looking more careworn than usual. He was one of New York's wealthy men; yet it was many a year since he had taken a holiday. To make money was his only enjoyment; his eyes were blind to the wants of the poor; to spend a dollar in charity caused him pain. Nevertheless, strange to relate, with all his wealth he was haunted by the dread of dying a pauper.

Mr. Lamson was a widower with two children, Kitty and Bob, and he had just parted from them after telling them that this year he could not let them have a Christmas-tree, for he considered it a foolish waste of money. "Why, your toys last year cost a small fortune," he said. "For one doll alone I paid a hundred dollars, and there was a hobby-horse which was almost as dear as a real live horse." And with these words he had turned away, leaving his little ones mute and too astonished to cry.

"Well, if mamma were here she'd let us have a Christmas-tree and lots of toys," spoke Bob presently, while two big tears trickled down his chubby cheeks. "Yes, but mamma is dead," answered Kitty, who was a couple of years older than her brother.

"And she won't come back, will she?" said Bob.

"No, but we can go look at her picture," said Kitty. And with this she took Bob's hand, and together they went and stood before the portrait of their mother, which hung in their father's room at the foot of his bed. It was a beautiful, somewhat pensive face, and it always surprised the children to find the large blue eyes following them about the chamber; from whatever spot they viewed the picture the eyes were watching them. "Mamma loves to look at us," Bob would say, and Kitty once fancied that the eyes moved. "Dear mamma! why won't she come back?" sighed Bob just as a domestic entered to tell Kitty that there was a beggar-girl in the basement who wished to speak to her. Kitty answered, "Mamma will never come back." Then, still holding Bob by the hand, she led him down into the basement. There Kitty found a poorly clad girl, not

much older than herself, who had come to beg, not for money nor for cold victuals, but for toys. "Almost anything will do for my brothers and sisters," spoke Mary Malone. "My father got hurt a couple of months ago by a blast. Since then he hasn't been able to earn anything; and as he can't buy us any Christmas gifts, I have come to beg a few."

"Well, walk up-stairs and I'll show you our old toys," said Kitty. Accordingly, to the no small wonder of her father's liveried flunky, the young mistress of the house conducted Mary Malone up to an apartment on the third story called the nursery, closely followed by Bob, who kept lamenting all the way that they were to have no Christmas-tree.

"Papa says we can't have any toys this year," spoke Bob, while Mary cast her eyes about her in utter amazement.

"Well, surely you don't want more toys, do you?" said the latter. "Why, those nine dolls have no sawdust in them; Kitty and I took it all out," said Bob.

"Yes, and the biggest one, which has a complete bridal trousseau," said Kitty, pointing to the doll which had cost a hundred dollars, "has no arms and only one leg. Bob pulled them off." "And I'm tired of my hobby-horse, for I've had him a whole year," said Bob, pouting. "And the horse has no tail, you see," observed Kitty, "for Bob cut it off with my scissors." "And half the animals in those Noe's arks are broken," said Bob, pointing to a number of tiny arks scattered about the floor.

Mary Malone smiled, then said: "Well, I'll be too glad if you'll let me carry a few of these playthings home in my bag" —she had brought a calico bag with her.

"Indeed you may take as many as you like," said Kitty.

"And my hobby-horse, too, if he isn't too heavy; for he has no tail, and I don't care for him any more," said Bob, giving the horse a kick behind which caused him to rock violently.

"Oh! what a fine Christmas-tree we shall have," exclaimed Mary, as she gathered the toys together. "And we sha'n't have any. I wish dear mamma would come back," sighed Bob. "Well, I tell you what you might do," said Mary. "You might come to my home Christmas morning, and there you'll see all your old toys hanging on a pretty green cedar-tree, and my brothers and sisters, and father and mother, singing and laughing and having a merry time together." "Oh! that would be good fun," exclaimed Bob, clapping his hands.

"But what would papa say?" said Kitty doubtfully. "Don't

tell papa a word about it," answered Bob, grinning. "It'll be such good fun!"

"Well, I should like to go," said Kitty. "Is it far? How can we find where you live?"

"My home is only a few blocks from here," answered Mary Malone. "Walk straight up Fifth Avenue to Fifty-eighth Street, then turn to the left and inquire for Michael Malone's shanty. It stands on a high rock. But I will meet you at the foot of the rock; you will see me waving a broom."

"Fifty-eighth Street, on a high rock—what a funny place to live!" said Kitty, smiling. "And you'll be waving a broom. Well, I'll remember that." "Yes, waving a broom; don't forget." And with these words Mary Malone shouldered her bagful of toys and departed.

On the morrow, Christmas eve, the sky was overcast; it looked like snow, but no snow had yet fallen, and at three o'clock in the afternoon Mr. Lamson ordered his carriage for a drive in the Park. He took his children with him; for although Wall Street had extinguished in his sordid heart well-nigh every spark of love except love of money, he still cherished a little feeling for Kitty and Bob, especially for Kitty, who, young as she was, reminded him not a little of his dead wife.

During the day he had once or twice reproached himself for having refused them a Christmas-tree. But whenever he had been tempted to yield, back had come the dread of poverty, and he had inwardly murmured: "No, no, I must not spend so much money; I am going to the poorhouse." During the drive he spoke hardly a word and his countenance wore a mournful expression; nor did Kitty and Bob talk as much as usual. But nearly every person whom they met looked very happy and carried a bundle under his arm, while out of the brown paper wrapper now the head of a doll, now the legs of a turkey, peeped out. As they were driving homeward, however, the banker did smile once; it was when he saw Kitty whisper in Bob's ear, then point toward a high rock which stood in the middle of some vacant lots on Fifty-eighth Street. "Ay," he said, speaking like one who thinks aloud and rubbing his thin, white hands together—"ay, those are my lots, and I own nearly the whole block."

"Why, is that tall rock yours, papa?" said Kitty, opening wide her big blue eyes. "Indeed it is mine," answered her father; "but I wish it wasn't there, for I must blast it away, and 'twill cost me a great deal of money to do that. But then I own

nearly the whole block, Kitty—nearly the whole block. Just think of it—nearly the whole block!"

"Papa, I wish you would always look as you do now; you look so happy," spoke Kitty. "Happy!" groaned the millionaire—"happy! O my God!" Here he buried his face in his hands and muttered something which his children could not understand—something about poverty and the poorhouse; and he regretted that the morrow was Christmas, for Christmas was a holiday and he could not make any money on Christmas.

They had not been home more than half an hour when it began to snow and the wind to blow wildly from the northeast. It was just the weather to be indoors, seated before a blazing fire and enjoying the sound of the tempest raging outside.

Bob and Kitty passed a good part of the evening in the large conservatory, which was connected with the spacious drawing-room by a flight of marble steps. Here they chatted together in their innocent, childish way about their adventure of the morrow morning, and how they might manage to steal out of the house unobserved by their father or the servants. The fact that it was snowing and blowing a hurricane, and that it had become intensely cold, did not trouble them in the least. The air they were breathing was as balmy as the air of June; a Virginia mocking-bird was singing on a magnolia-tree beside them; over their heads twined a network of grape-vines loaded with grapes; within a bower of orange-trees plashed a fountain with numberless goldfish swimming round and round in the little lake into which the sparkling waters fell; while countless jets of gas made the whole scene as brilliant as noontide. Indeed, older people than Kitty and Bob might have been pardoned for forgetting that it was midwinter when they were in such a little paradise as this.

While the children were thus whiling away the last hours of Christmas eve Mr. Lamson was in the library examining some accounts; he found that he had made a great deal of money since last Christmas, and he could not help thinking what a nuisance it was to have the 25th of December interfere with business. The thousands of hard-worked clerks who at this moment were rejoicing at the coming holiday never entered his mind. What was a clerk to Robert Lamson? Long years of prosperity had caused him to look upon himself as a superior being; his riches had intoxicated him with pride, and twice during the winter—much as he hated to spend money—he gave a dinner-party to which no gentleman was invited who was worth less than a million. "And yet this infernal fiend never ceases to

pursue me," he said, groaning and starting up from the comfortable arm-chair. "In my office down-town, here in this cosey chamber, even in my dreams at night, the fiend whispers in my ear and says: 'Poverty is coming—poverty is coming!' And I hear the voice whispering to me now. Alas! alas! why cannot my money drive it away? Why cannot my millions bring me happiness?" Here the banker ground his teeth and clutched a pistol which lay on the mantelpiece. But, thank God! at this very moment, while his finger was on the trigger, the library-door swung on its hinges and Kitty and Bob appeared to bid him good-night.

"Dear father, do be happy," said Kitty as she kissed him; for, young as she was, the child perceived the dark cloud on her father's visage. And now while he pressed her to his heart the awful temptation to take his own life passed away. Then, after his little ones had gone to bed, he put aside his account-books, locked up the pistol, and, seating himself in front of the cheerful fire, he began thinking of the past—of his early married life. "When I was worth only a hundred thousand dollars," he said, "oh! then I was truly happy." And as the sparks flew up the chimney scene after scene passed before his mind's eye: his wife in all her bridal loveliness, their unpretentious home in a side street, the birth of his children; his first great success in business, quickly followed by other successes; then the death of his wife, who had often begged him not to work so hard. "We have enough, dear husband," she used to say. "Why become a slave to money-making?" And now for the first time Mr. Lamson began to think that perhaps his wife might have been right. "For no slave works harder than I work," he murmured. "My brains are racked three hundred and sixty-five days in the year; I am grinding out of my mill a ceaseless stream of gold, and yet I am not happy." While he was thus soliloquizing Bob and Kitty, too, were living over again in dreamland blissful days gone by. They beheld their mother's face bending over their cribs, and they saw Santa Claus and their stockings crammed full of toys. And all through this cold December night, when more than one wretched mortal was freezing to death in the streets, the children went on dreaming. But the happiest dreams come to an end, and when at length Kitty opened her eyes, and discovered the snowflakes striking against the window and heard the wind howling, she lay for a brief space wondering what had become of her mother's face and Santa Claus and the toys. Then gradually, as she grew wider awake, she remembered that her mother

was dead, that she was to get no toys, and then she remembered that she had promised Mary Malone to go and see her Christmas-tree.

Softly now, in bare feet and on tiptoe, Kitty stole over to Bob's crib. But Bob was not easy to rouse: he clung hard to his sunny dream; he babbled aloud something about his mamma and his hobby-horse, so that Kitty feared lest the nurse, who slept in the next room, might hear him. But as soon as Bob was fairly awake he got up and let Kitty dress him, and by the time he was quite dressed she had wrapped so very many things around him to keep him warm, and had thrust his legs into such a huge pair of rubber boots—they belonged to his father—that Bob made a wry mouth and declared he was unable to walk, and Kitty realized the unpleasant fact that it would be necessary to carry him at least a part of the way. But Kitty was a plucky little thing; she was not to be daunted by this obstacle. "And if it's cold out in the street, Bob," she said, "don't cry. We haven't far to go, and we'll see such a pretty Christmas-tree." Thus encouraged, Bob said: "I won't cry." And with this he let her put her arm about his now enormous waist (he had on two overcoats and three shawls), and as noiselessly as possible, very slowly, too—a cat might scarcely have heard them—they glided out of the bed-room and down the broad staircase. Kitty's heart beat very fast when she placed her hand on the big key, for the heavy hall-door sometimes made a noise when it was opened.

"Now, Bob, be good, be brave," she said as she gave the key a twist. Round it turned in the lock; a moaning, whistling sound followed, and in another moment a gust of wind and snow was blowing furiously into the hall. Kitty found it impossible to close the door again. "Never mind, Kitty; be quick. I'm getting cold," said Bob in a whining voice. At these words Kitty caught Bob in her arms and half walked, half rolled with him down the stoop. It was a sight indeed to behold and not soon to forget when presently Kitty faced the tempest. Her hat in a jiffy was torn off her head and was whirling round and round, and up and up, higher and higher, until it disappeared amid the snowflakes, while her beautiful, long chestnut curls went streaming upward after the hat, as if they wanted to catch it. But still right gallantly she faced the gale; she struggled onward one whole block in its very teeth. But with such a burden as Bob she could not advance any further; and at the end of the block she stopped and leaned, panting for breath, against the lamp-post.

Nor by this time could anybody have told by her dress who she was; she might have been a beggar-girl for any sign of gentility about her. She was all enveloped in snow, while at her feet lay a curious white mound, impossible to recognize except for a pair of large, tearful eyes turned upward imploringly on Kitty, and a voice was whimpering: "Take me home! take me home!" Just at this critical moment a lamplighter and a policeman made their appearance, and when they began to pity the poor children and asked Kitty where she wanted to go to, she promptly replied to Mike Malone's shanty in Fifty-eighth Street. "Oh! I know where that is," said the policeman. And now, as soon as the good lamplighter had been given the necessary directions, he picked up Kitty and Bob as if they had been two feathers, and away he trudged. But even for him it was laborious work; deep were the drifts, bitter cold was the wind, and every block seemed twice its usual length. "I see her! I see her!" exclaimed Kitty after he had turned down Fifty-eighth Street. "Who is it you see? Your mamma?" inquired the lamplighter, who was not sorry that his journey was near its end.

"I see Mary Malone waving the broom. Don't you see her?" answered Kitty. "Are we almost there?" spoke a low, smothered voice next to Kitty's ear. "Yes, Bob, I see the broom waving; we are almost there," said Kitty. Great indeed was Mary Malone's surprise and delight to greet them at the foot of the rock. She had hardly expected them in such a snow-storm, and she herself, too, was clad in a virgin robe of snow.

"Your sister is mighty glad to get you home, isn't she?" observed the lamplighter, as he tramped up the narrow pathway which led to the shanty, where he safely deposited his load. Kitty thanked the honest fellow and told him that he was very kind, while Bob wished him a Merry Christmas, which was reward enough for the lamplighter, who turned on his heel and departed.

Inside the humble dwelling all was light and warmth and merriment. Michael Malone, with an ancient pipe in his mouth—it had come over from Ireland—was leaning on a pair of crutches beside his wife; seven children were linked hand-in-hand round about a cedar-tree whose branches were loaded with toys, while against the trunk of the cedar stood Kitty's hundred-dollar doll. For a moment profound silence fell on them all when Mary entered and introduced the young strangers. Then presently arose a joyous peal of laughter and hearty words of welcome which made Kitty and Bob feel quite at home. Their snowy garments

were taken off, their hands and feet were rubbed into a glow by Mrs. Malone's willing hands, some hot coffee was poured down their throats, and Bob, whose twinkling eyes were roaming about the room, declared that it was great fun and that he liked it much better than his papa's house. And as he spoke a goat approached and poked him gently in the stomach, which greatly amused him, and at once the goat and Bob were excellent friends.

As soon as Kitty and her brother had been made dry and warm the distribution of presents commenced. And as each of the little Malones got something he set up a cry of delight and capered about the room in an ecstatic manner, to the great amusement of his parents. Then by and by Bob likewise received a present—a broken elephant which had once adorned a Christmas-tree in his own palatial home. Bob thought that he recognized the old castaway plaything, but immediately he raised his shrill voice, too, and began to frolic and shout like the rest of the children. The elephant seemed to be as good as new to him; and when finally the expensive doll with no arms and only one leg was given to Kitty the whole household clapped their hands and cried: "Hurrah for Santa Claus! Hurrah! hurrah!"

"What a happy morning this is!" spoke Mr. Malone to Kitty, as he drew her affectionately toward him and stroked her luxuriant brown tresses. "Yes, indeed," answered Kitty; "and do let Bob and me come again next Christmas." "Alas!" sighed Mr. Malone, shaking his head, "this is the last Christmas we shall ever celebrate here." "Why?" said Kitty. "Because this rock on which I have built my shanty, and where all my children were born, is soon to be destroyed; it stands in the path of improvement, and it must be blasted away." He had hardly spoken when Kitty gave a start and pointed, with a look of wonder and awe, toward a little window behind the stove-pipe. She fancied that she had seen a ghostly face pressed against the glass; and when she told what she had seen Bob immediately declared that it was Santa Claus—Santa Claus coming with more toys. Every eye was fixed upon the window, when presently the shanty door swung open and a figure appeared all wrapped in snow and with great icicles dangling from his long, white beard.

"It's Santa Claus—Santa Claus! I told you so," ejaculated Bob. And now, while an indescribable hubbub was reigning amongst the excited children, the white apparition spread out its arms, and in another moment Kitty and Bob were tightly

hugged in its snowy embrace. "Oh! it's not Santa Claus; it's you, papa," exclaimed Bob, who was not easily scared. "Yes, papa, I know you," said Kitty. "My children! my children!" cried the happy father. "God be blessed and praised! I have found you. But what made you run away? O my children! my children!" Here he embraced them again and again, while tears of joy rolled down his cheeks.

"Well, now, just take off your overcoat, sir, and make yourself at home," spoke Michael Malone. "Your children have been having a good time and are none the worse for their early visit to us."

"Yes, we've had a most merry time," said Kitty. "I declare I never saw such a splendid Christmas-tree," said Bob. "O papa! you ought to have come sooner. And there's a goat in the room, papa—a real live goat."

"Indeed!" said the banker, smiling, as he drew off his heavy outer garment. "Yes, and his name is Nanny," said Bob. At the sound of his name out came the goat from his corner, and, after wagging his beard a moment, he gave Bob another gentle poke in the stomach, whereupon everybody laughed, but no voice was so loud and gleeful as Bob's.

"Papa, did you bring us any toys?" whispered Kitty, who hoped that the deep pockets of her father's overcoat might be filled with good things of some sort. "Alas! my child, I have come empty-handed. But it shall never happen again," replied Mr. Lamson. "Next Christmas you shall have a thousand dollars' worth of toys." "And I want a new hobby-horse," said Bob; "mine has no tail." "Well, papa, isn't the rock on which this house stands the one that you said yesterday belonged to you?" pursued Kitty, lovingly stroking his beard—she seemed to be kissing him with her hands.

"Yes, this is my rock," answered Mr. Lamson.

"Well, papa, give it to me, will you?"

"To be sure I will." "Then it's my rock, is it? Truly mine?" said Kitty, gazing earnestly in his face. "Yes, upon my honor," answered her father. "Good! good!" exclaimed Kitty, clapping her hands. Then turning to Mary Malone, "And now, Mary," she said, "I give the rock to you."

"What! to me?" ejaculated the latter, while the millionaire's jaw dropped a couple of inches. But it was too late for him to retract, to undo what he had done; his child had only given away what belonged to her.

"Oh! then we sha'n't have to move? We may stay here in

our dear old home?" said Mary, who was ready to cry for joy. "Yes," answered Kitty; "and next Christmas Bob and I will come and pay you another visit."

While she was speaking her father was trembling violently; his eyes were rolling wildly about, and louder than ever he heard a voice whispering: "Poverty, poverty is coming."

The struggle with himself lasted for about a minute. Then suddenly his countenance brightened, and, catching Kitty in his arms, "It has gone! it has gone! I hear it no more," he cried.

"What has gone, papa?" inquired Kitty.

"Never mind," he answered, while he pressed her to his heart—"never mind. But I owe it all to you—all, all." Then turning to Mary Malone, who had been greatly surprised at his agitation, "To-morrow," he added, "I will have the deed drawn up. Henceforth this rock is your property, and may you live long and happily upon it!"

"Well, I mean to give the rock to my father," said Mary. "Then it may as well be deeded directly to him," said the banker. Here he took the poor man's hand, and, pressing it, he added: "This rock, Mr. Malone, is a pretty weighty Christmas gift. But since I gave it away a moment ago I feel like a different being; I am no longer pursued by a horrible fear; I am ever so happy." "As happy as I am, I hope," spoke the honest laborer.

"And I invite you, my friend," continued Mr. Lamson, "to come and take your Christmas dinner with me; and bring the whole family—don't forget." "May Nanny come, too, papa?" said Bob. "Yes, bring the goat, too," answered the millionaire, pinching Bob's cheek.

"I am afraid Nanny must stay behind to take care of the house," put in Mr. Malone.

"Must he?" said Bob, with a look of chagrin. "Well, I like Nanny ever so much, and you must bring him to see me very soon."

While they were talking the jingling of sleigh-bells was heard, and presently a flunky with a dazed expression thrust his head into the shanty and announced to his master that his sleigh was waiting for him below.

"And 'tis time for us to go to Mass," observed Mr. Malone, glancing at the clock. "So it is," answered his wife. "But the snow is too deep for the little ones; they must remain at home."

"I'll carry you all to church in my sleigh; it is big enough to hold a regiment," said Mr. Lamson. This remark was greeted

by a burst of applause from the children. "And at three o'clock," he added, "the sleigh will be here again, and I hope that you will have rousing appetites."

Accordingly to Mass Michael Malone and his family went in the banker's large, comfortable sleigh, and in the afternoon at the appointed hour they found themselves at No. — Fifth Avenue. The servant who admitted them concluded that Robert Lamson, Esq., had lost his wits to be inviting such people to the house. Yet Mr. Lamson had not in years looked and really been in such high spirits as now; giving away the rock instead of selling it—selling it to make more money—had broken the spell of his gloom and marked the dawn of a new and better life.

The hungry guests were not kept waiting long for dinner, and when the dining-room was thrown open the scene which burst upon their vision wrought a most vivid and lasting impression on the youngest of the Malone family. In the midst of a bower of evergreens stood the table, loaded with a feast such as the child had never dreamed of; the mocking-bird was singing merrily overhead; the plates and dishes of silver and gold threw back the light of a hundred wax candles; and after gazing around him a moment the little fellow cried out, with eyes as big as saucers: "O papa! papa! is it here where Santa Claus lives?" Whereupon Mr. Lamson enjoyed a hearty laugh and said: "Yes, Santa Claus lives here." But this was only the commencement of much laughter and merriment. Four turkeys and six plum-puddings were devoured, and in the whole city of New York there was not a happier Christmas party than this one.

And from this day forth Robert Lamson was indeed a changed man. In place of racking his brains in Wall Street, instead of toiling to increase his enormous fortune, he devoted much of his time to works of charity. He built cottages for poor families at the sea-side; he erected model tenement-houses; he treated poor children to excursions on the water; he slept soundly, he enjoyed life, and never again did Kitty and Bob see a cloud on his face.

And whenever Kitty Lamson met her friend Mary Malone, who grew up to be a fine young woman, she would stop and have a chat about the merry Christmas morning when she and her little brother had paid a visit to Mary's home, and when innocent Bob had mistaken his own father for Santa Claus.

A NEW THEORY OF ÆSTHETICS.

EVER since the time of Plato countless theories have been broached touching the genesis of those strange and subtle feelings which beautiful objects inspire. We have had metaphysical explanations and scientific ones. Aristotle expended some of the finest efforts of his great intellect on the inquiry, and St. Augustine clothed the mystic notions of Plato in a Christian garb. German philosophers, including Baumgarten, Kant, Hegel, Schelling, Winckelmann, and Lessing, have speculated most curiously on the subject, and have tolerably succeeded in investing it with a great deal of obscurity. Our own day has witnessed a revival of the discussion, accompanied by a tendency to put mere speculative views to a practical test. This has been particularly the case in England, where Pater, Burne-Jones, and the whole school of Preraphaelites have endeavored to re-establish the principles which had unconsciously guided Giotto and Cimabue in their work. Curiously enough, it came to pass that the least systematized school over there has given us most practical results, and decorative art, which is a marked outcome of the present revival, has thriven chiefly at the hands of the poet Morris and his confrères. On the other hand, the most elaborate attempt to analyze the æsthetic feelings minutely and to account for them on scientific principles originated with those who profess no special connection with the progress of art. While the tribe of Oscar Wilde posed in mediæval attitudes and raved about daisies and sunflowers and dados, Herbert Spencer, true to his faith in the doctrines of evolution, strove to discover in the nervous system the elements of our æsthetic emotions, and by synthesis to account for them in their higher and more complex condition. Mr. Ruskin has stated that it is no more possible to say why we receive pleasure from some forms and colors than it is to say why we like sugar and dislike wormwood. To this statement the philosophers of the evolutionary school are unwilling to subscribe, and insist that it is quite as easy to reduce the most ideal emotion to its constituent elements as it is to account for any purely physiological function of the human body. Indeed, one of the most pleasing and ingenious writers of that school, Mr. Grant Allen, has written a monograph on the subject, entitled *Physiological*

Æsthetics, wherein he seeks to prove that our most complex æsthetic feelings are represented, on the objective side, by minute changes occurring in the nervous tissues. Since this treatise of Mr. Allen's embodies and amplifies the views held by Herbert Spencer and Professor Bain, we will endeavor, by a brief outline of its contents, to exhibit the nature and purpose of this latest contribution to the philosophy of æsthetics.

Mr. Grant Allen starts out with the principle that every subjective condition of which we are conscious depends for its particular effect on some change wrought in the minute structure of the nervous substance. In order, therefore, to appreciate the depth and intensity of a pleasurable or painful emotion we must inquire into the nature and extent of the nervous change which accompanies it. And as pain is the commonest feeling we experience, our author first addresses himself to an analysis thereof. Every pain, he contends, from the severance of a limb to a disagreeable sight or noise, is accompanied by some disintegration of nerve-tissue and herein lies the cause of the sensation. With regard to pains of an acuter sort there can be no doubt of this, but it is not so easy to perceive such disintegration when there is question of a slightly disagreeable sensation. Yet it is most probable that whatever affects us unpleasantly is connected with the stoppage of nerve-function or repair. Brilliant lights, vivid masses of color, and monotony of hue produce disagreeable feelings, because they interfere with the due repair of the nerve-cells in the retina. Such being the nature of pain, according to Mr. Allen, we would naturally look for the sources of pleasure in an opposite condition of the nerve-cells. Accordingly both Herbert Spencer and Mr. Allen refer our pleasurable emotions, from the agreeable sense of satiety which an appetizing repast produces to that more subtle and elusive pleasure derived from the contemplation of a Vandyke, to a healthful activity of the nerve-cells. They distinguish two sorts of pleasure, the massive and the acute. The former consists in the sense of general well-being which results from the healthy action of all the organs of the body, and which, though not distinctly cognized as pleasure, induces a sense of comfort to which we give expression when we say that we feel well. We are then conscious of a subdued undercurrent of pleasurable feeling which forms the background of our emotional state. Such pleasure is called massive because it affects no organ in particular, but diffuses itself in equable currents throughout the system. Acute pleasures, on the other hand, belong to particular organs and are the result of an activ-

ity in each which is accompanied by a maximum of stimulation together with a minimum of fatigue. Every organ is supplied by a system of nerves which convey to it the vitality that enables it to perform its functions effectively. When, owing to repose on the one hand, an organ has undergone no wear and tear, and on the other hand the supply of nervous force is unintermittent, there results a high condition of vitality, the outlet of which in action is accompanied by a keen sense of pleasure. This is called acute pleasure, and it is evident that it can be realized only in the case of those organs whose activity is intermittent. Hence pleasure is keenest after protracted intermission, and grows less and less as the stimulation is more frequently repeated. The greater the supply of nerve-force there is to a given organ the more acutely does it feel the pleasure which a normal action entails, so that the amount of pleasure we experience is in the direct ratio of the nerve-fibres involved and in the inverse ratio of the frequency of excitation.

The main principles, therefore, upon which the new theory of æsthetics rests, as formulated by Herbert Spencer and Grant Allen, are these: Pain is the subjective concomitant of destructive action or insufficient nutrition in any sentient tissue, and pleasure is the subjective concomitant of the normal amount of function in any such tissue. But not every pleasure which we derive from a healthy stimulation of the nerves can be called æsthetic, and so we must differentiate the grosser pleasures from those more delicate and ethereal ones that are justly entitled to the designation. There are, first, certain pleasures connected with necessary vital functions which, by reason of their having a purely useful end in view, we must exclude from the list of pleasures as such, they being simply incidental to the work of our lives. Whatever pleasure, therefore, accompanies work, since it is merely accessory to the main purpose of an action, is to be eliminated from the list. The first, because the lowest, form of pleasure we experience, apart from useful endeavor, is play, and by pointing out the essential character of this exercise of our faculties we will take one step forward in the task of differentiation. Motor nerve-fibres not in action are in their highest state of efficiency and are easily made to discharge their energy. If the occasion of this discharge is purposeless—*i.e.*, not connected with a life-serving end—the result is called play. This storing up of potential energy is most marked in childhood and youth, when the nerve-cells are abundantly nourished and there is consequently a most exuberant display of purposeless activity.

Should the sensory fibres find themselves in a similar condition of efficiency and repair we have no longer the muscular activity involved in play, but a state of receptivity of which our various organs of sense are the subject. It is in the cells which supply nerve-force to those organs that the effects of intermittent activity are most observable. When they are frequently or monotonously excited the resulting sensation, which is *per se* pleasant, becomes exceedingly disagreeable. We have now reached a farther step in the process of differentiation, and find that the æsthetic feelings belong to nerve changes that accompany a state of receptivity. Æsthetic pleasure is accordingly defined by Mr. Allen as "the subjective concomitant of the normal amount of activity, not directly connected with life-serving function, in the peripheral end-organs of the cerebro-spinal nervous system."

This definition is not quite so formidable as it appears. It means that the æsthetic feeling is awakened through the action of the bulbous ends of the nerves which are connected with our organs of sense, and which transmit the impressions they receive to the supreme nervous centre—the brain. As play is the purposeless consequence (purposeless as opposed to life-serving) of muscular activity, so art and the æsthetic pleasures are referable to the passive changes which our organs of hearing and seeing, especially, undergo. These facts agree with the view taken by all writers on the beautiful—viz., that the sentiment it engenders is most remote from life-serving ends and freest from monopoly. Professor Bain observes: "The objects of fine art and all objects called æsthetic are such as may be enjoyed by a great number; some, indeed, are open to the whole human race. They are exempt from the fatal taint of rivalry and contest attaching to other agreeables; they draw men together in mutual sympathy, and are thus eminently social and humanizing. A picture or a statue can be seen by millions; a great poem reaches all that understand its language; a fine melody may spread pleasure over the habitable globe. The sunset and the stars are veiled only from the prisoner and the blind."

This well accords with the functions assigned to seeing and hearing in the production of æsthetic feelings, for both operations are far more taken up with purposeless activity than those of any other organs of the body. The most fixed and pronounced of our æsthetic emotions flow, therefore, through the channel of those two senses, and, by reason of the intervention of the intellect, give rise to the æsthetic thrill. The solemn tones of the

organ filling the dim spaces of a cathedral harmonize well with the subdued colors that fall on chancel, nave, and pillar, and produce within us powerful emotions for which we would not exchange the commoner though more dearly purchased pleasures of every-day life. In this case there exists not only an adequate stimulation of the fully-fed nerve-cells of both organs, together with a minimum of fatigue, but such effect is enhanced by a sympathetic co-activity of both. Here, however, we are confronted with a difficulty which the invariability of function in the body would seem to countenance. Since the nerve-cells are the same in all, how is it that the same objective phenomena fail to produce corresponding feelings in all? It is true that the purely physical functions of respiration and circulation are performed in the same manner without regard to individuals, because these are independent of educational influences; but those nerves which serve the purposes of volition manifest a great diversity of structure. The cortical matter of the brain, for instance, which is supposed to be connected with the higher functions of the mind, differs materially in individuals, and so with regard to the nerve-cells and fibres that stud the retina. In like manner minute nerve-structures that preside over the sensations of hearing and smelling exhibit marked differences of structure in different individuals. Hence it is that some are overcome by the stronger perfumes of musk and ambergris, which are delightful to coarser organs. And physiologists incline to think that as our means of conducting minute explorations in the nervous structures continue to improve we will eventually be able to account for those peculiarities of function which distinguish individuals and enable some to enjoy with keenest relish what to less delicately organized nervous systems might appear flat and unprofitable.

In these differences between the nerve-organs of different individuals we find, according to Mr. Allen, the basis of taste. Nerve-cells undergo organic changes which leave a permanent impress behind, and if the stimulus which has aroused a set of fibres into activity be normal and salutary the resulting organic change is progressive and tends to the development of a correct taste. If, on the other hand, perverse influences have been at work organically shaping the cells and fibres, and throwing them into a fixed condition of retrogressive vitality, we have as a result a depraved and perverted taste. Thus it is that the glare of primary hues pleases the unduly-stimulated retina-rods of the vulgar eye, whereas neutral tints and subdued colors alone satisfy the fastidious vision of the artist who has fed the nerve-cells

of his retina with gentle and correct stimuli. This view, whatever its philosophical shortcomings may be, certainly possesses the advantage of explaining those mysterious changes that affect the taste of the public from time to time and constantly give rise to new fashions in dress and decoration. Let a similar set of influences widely disseminated be allowed to work for a time on the nerve-cells of a community, and a sympathetic change is wrought in the prevailing perception of the beautiful. For this reason we wonder how we could have ever brought ourselves to admire the balloon-shaped garments of twenty-five years ago, and accuse our progenitors of such hideous notions as could tolerate the monstrous neckties of George IV. and Beau Brummell, or the short-waisted dresses of our grandmothers. These no doubt appeared quite beautiful at the time, since they were the outcome of the influences which effected such changes in the nerve-fibres of the retina as enabled the eye to regard them with favor. As corroborative of this view we may advert to the greater sensibility of the nervous system of women, and its consequently greater susceptibility to the influences that produce vital changes in the nerve-filaments of their various organs of sense. It is impossible for a man, even for Worth himself, to enter into full sympathy with a woman's feelings over a faultlessly-constructed costume, simply because of the comparative inability of his nerve-cells to respond to the delicate influences which produce changes in the more finely organized nerve-fibres of the gentler sex. This theory by no means does away with a fixed and absolute standard of the beautiful, nor does it impart to the principles of taste a fleeting and capricious character. The intellect presides over all conscious functions, and though it may approve, as in the case of savages, pleasing effects that offend the more cultivated, the fault lies in that imperfect development of the mind which experiences gratification through the operation of coarse stimuli. Correct taste and improved understanding progress *pari passu*, and between them is established a consensus which insures their inseparable advance or retrogression. This fact the philosophers of evolution endeavor to explain by the so-called principle of natural selection. The influences that work changes in nerve-filaments are perceived and appreciated by the intellect. If, by the reiterated impressions which they make, they induce vital or organic changes in the nervous structure, the intellect is compelled to accord approval and the æsthetic thrill is experienced. Should the influences that determine nerve-change be debasing it is because they occur amid

surroundings which have tended to lower the intellectual faculty at the same time. Thus there is a constant consensus of intellectual and æsthetic power, so that we have, by virtue of this natural selection, correctness and delicacy of taste only where the higher faculty of the intellect has learned to discern delicately and correctly.

We have additional proof of this in the variety of tastes which characterize various epochs and nations; for though the civilizing influences which have brought our own land and the western countries of Europe to the van were profoundly different, they have resulted in giving to each nation an intellectual development of the same high order, notwithstanding this essential difference in character. And as the intellectual bias of each of the foremost countries of the world widely differs, so do its artistic work and æsthetic susceptibility. Hence the raptures of those who, constantly stimulated by pure richness of color on canvas, in sky, woodland, and lake, stand speechless before the paintings of the Venetian masters, and yet look coldly on the works of Gérôme and Alma-Tadema, to whom perfection of form was all in all. Not only does art in its highest sense follow a fixed and necessary law dependent on intellectual development, but the inferior order of decorative art consciously takes the cue from genius and seeks to reproduce in its work the tone, color, and sentiment of its more ethereal sister. "Let the reader cast his eye about his room," says Mr. Allen, "and notice the pattern and colors of the wall-paper, the carpet, and the hearth-rug; the mouldings of the cornice, the fender, and the gas-hangings; the polish on the chairs, the table, and the coal-scuttle; the gilding on the curtain-rings, the mirror, the binding of the books; the very bevelling on the doors, the mantelpiece, and the wainscot, and he will see that every one of them has a decorative purpose." Not only that, but, he might have added, a decorative purpose in thorough harmony with the higher art of the day and as fully the outcome of our present art-intellect as the works of Millais or Holman Hunt. In order to refer all this to its physiological origin we have but to reflect that as there is a unity pervading the intellectual activity of an epoch, so there is a unity among the artistic forces then at work, the result of objective influences acting upon the nerve-cells of our sense-organs and approved by the higher voice of reason.

Bad taste is, then, the result of unhealthy stimuli working on full-fed nerve-cells with the approval of a low emotional nature and an imperfect intelligence, whereas good taste is the product

of nerve-cells subjected to the action of salutary stimuli operating on the same sort of nerve-cells with the approval of a lofty emotional nature and a cultivated and discriminating understanding.

These definitions are in a measure provisional, for in our present state of experimental knowledge it is impossible to determine all the conditions that enter into the production of either subjective state in its lowest or highest form. It is evident, however, from the terms of the definitions that correct taste is the offspring of sound art-education, and that such education in turn depends for its completeness on the due supply of needed external agencies and the fitness of the nerve-centres to respond to their operation. As Mr. Allen says: "In every department the aim of education should be so to train each individual that he may use to the best advantage the organism which heredity and circumstances have given him." Attention is the most potent factor at our command in the education of taste, since it is through this operation that we compel the mind to a study of the nature and tendency of the influences which our environments exert over nerve-cells. The necessity of attention is more conspicuous in the training of our æsthetic faculty than of any other, since every appreciation of the beautiful is the aggregate result of a great number of faint and almost imperceptible impressions of pleasure and pain. These seldom rise into the foreground of consciousness, and consequently require for their recognition a close and concentrated attention such as no other psychical change demands. This has been the invariable experience of accomplished artists, and it is doubtful whether the study of the deepest philosophical problems entails so much concentrated mental effort as the pursuit and capture of those faint and fugitive impressions which leave their trace for a moment and speedily wing their way to a higher and more congenial home. Hence the true artist who has seized and translated the subtle features of an object often fails to gain recognition from those of his own day and generation, but is compelled to wait for a discriminating posterity to do justice to his work. Thus the intellect in the last analysis is the true educator of art-taste, for to it belongs the determination of those stimuli which are permitted to exert their influence over our nerve-cells. The question here arises as to what constitutes the cause of difference between individual tastes, and the answer which the Spencerian school is prepared to give has certainly none of that vagueness with which writers generally upon this subject may be charged.

When nerve-fibres are constantly subjected to the action of similar stimuli a corresponding organic change is wrought: an individual organism is built up, between which and the stimuli that produced it a profound sympathy is established. As a consequence of such sympathy a readier response is made by the nerve-structure to the influences which had so often and so favorably impressed it on former occasions, and a fondness is conceived for all objects in which those exciting influences reside. In this manner the law of emotional association is established in each individual and an individual taste is engendered about which there can be no dispute. Thus an upland view, with its airy and distant surroundings, delights those whose eye has been accustomed to take in at a glance extended horizons with their vast foreground of plains and valleys; glimpses of blue water revealed through a network of foliage delight others to whom such a stimulus is endeared by long association.

"We grow at last," says Mr. Allen, "to love the special touch of our favorite masters, and the recognition of their style, or of some delicate imitation of it in particular points, gives rise to an emotional thrill of familiarity. In any modern composition a dash of Claude or of Vandyke, a reminiscence of Mendelssohn, a Dantesque or Virgilian touch, comes back to us with a glow of delight. Tennyson's 'faint Homeric echoes' or occasional Miltonic ring carry with them clustered memories of older poets. The thoroughly æsthetic mind is stored with such scraps of recollection, and projects them even into its appreciation of nature. A meadow scene is admired because it is just what Cuyp would have loved to paint; a bit of still life is in the very style of Sneyders; a head and figure are Reynolds himself; a half-length in the gloom is a perfect Rembrandt."

Thus there is a law of association for each individual, which is the result of suitable stimuli long supplied to the same nerve-centres. When sickness attacks the frame or sorrow attaints the mind those centres fall into direct sympathy with the devitalizing influences in question and cease to respond to the usual stimuli. Hence neither the absolute beauty of a scene nor such beauty as belongs to it by virtue of association can rouse the underfed nerve-cells into activity, and, though the intellect may assent to the conditions of the beautiful, the emotional side of our nature remains unaffected. When the nerve-cells are delicate in structure and finely organized they are neither subject, on the one hand, to violent disintegrative action nor, on the other, to those agitating pleasures which result from strong stimulation applied to coarser nerve-filaments. On anatomical and microscopic inquiry we accordingly find that the nerve-cells concerned in the functions of hearing and seeing are of the most delicate struc-

ture, are most finely organized, and that consequently the pleasure which results from their activity in the highest planes is of the purest and loftiest order. So delicate are the nerve-tissues of our auditive organs that they respond with painful alacrity to the slightest disintegrating influence. Hence squeaking noises fill us with discomfort; the crowing of a cock near by becomes intolerable, whereas when heard at a distance it possesses all the charm with which early associations have invested rural sounds. The laughter of some people exerts so violent a disintegrative action on the auditory nerve as absolutely to prejudice us against them, no matter how worthy they may be, whilst the silvery ring of other voices draws us to them as if by magic. If, however, long-continued, violent stimulation has abnormally affected the nerve-cells of audition they not only can stand the action of the coarser stimuli but actually find pleasure therein. The bagpipes discourse more melodious music to some than do the warblings of a Minnie Hauk, simply because association, the result of long-continued exposure to braying sounds, has established a consensus between the stimuli and Corti's organs.*

It is this consensus that enables the educated ear to appreciciate the melody of a sentence, and to reject, for no assignable reason, the discordant combination of sounds that enter into an inharmonious composition. No doubt the rhythmic flow of Johnson's rounded periods had much to do with their acceptance among a community in which the sensuous element predominated over the intellectual. However much we may to-day admire the lofty sentiments contained in *Rasselas*, we are not disposed to allow its measured cadences to win our ears, for we now guide ourselves by a more delicate criterion of harmony than the monotonous swing of similarly lengthened phrases. It is this advance in the quick perception of delicate harmonies that lifts modern poetry above the artificial metre of the Queen Anne poets and gives a wider scope to the development of individual poetic genius. It too often happens that in measuring the value of a poem we are misled by the subtle influence of its concealed music, while we imagine that its intellectual traits alone possess a charm for us and determine our judgment in its favor. It may hence be inferred that the nerve-changes produced by sound, whether the same be the coarse echoes of a bass viol or trombone or the delicate, high-register notes of a cultivated voice, are mainly influenced by association in the production of the pleasure they occasion. And what has been said of hearing may with

* Small bodies situated in the cochlea of the ear and concerned in the recognition of musical tones; so-called after the anatomist Corti.

more emphasis be repeated of the sense of seeing, for sight necessarily holds a loftier rank in the hierarchy of æsthetic causes. Sounds are limited in number and address our organs far more intermittently than sights. Sculpture, painting, and architecture are understood and appreciated by the eye, and the countless beauties of nature reach us through the same organ. How varied are the objects that meet our gaze at every step! In dress we admire the dyed cloths of the East, silk, laces, furs, jewelry, and embroidery. In pottery we have Greek and Etruscan vases to delight us, as well as Palissy and Wedgwood ware, the goblets of Cellini, and the many-tinted glasses of Venetian make. In natural scenery we find woods, valleys, rivers, lakes, and the numberless effects of sky and water. All the pleasurable emotions derived from these sources depend on the normal stimulation of the optic nerve, just as their opposites result from its excessive activity and consequent fatigue.

Insufficient stimulation of the optic nerve leaves an impression akin to fatigue, and pain is the result. Hence though black color produces no stimulation, we tire of it as quickly as we do of the dazzling effects of an unbroken surface of snow. Between these extremes, therefore, we must seek out the æsthetic effects of color according to the normal and harmonious effects it produces upon the optic nerve. The novelty and pungency of the analytic colors—blue, green, yellow, orange, red, and purple—lie at the bottom of the pleasurable feelings for which we are indebted to color. Green and blue surfaces are the least irritating, as spectral analysis proves, and hence the eye can look out upon green meadows and the dense foliage of emerald groves with delight, or gaze upwards at the unbroken azure of the sky or afar on sapphire seas and never feel fatigue. Crimson, purple, and orange are powerful stimulants to the optic nerve, and hence enter sparingly into grand effects of nature. A flower of brilliant hues, a cockatoo among the branches, or a butterfly in the merry sunshine are just stimulant enough to impart a warm effect to a scene. And Nature, a mother beautiful and benign, has distributed her gifts with such judicious hand that just enough of the powerfully stimulating colors are commingled with the gentler ones to proclaim her handiwork a joy for ever. All color-harmony, then, consists in such an arrangement of tints as will give the various portions of the retina stimulation in the least fatiguing degree, with intervals for the repair of nerve-cells. But we can pursue this most inviting part of the subject no farther. Enough, we hope, has been said to give the reader an idea of the principles on which rests this new theory of æsthetics.

ST. PETER'S CHAIR IN THE FIRST TWO CENTURIES.

PART THIRD.

IN the Second Part of the present article a summary of the primitive Catholic theology was given. It was stated that this theology, prevalent in the second and third centuries, was not a system introduced by a false development, an alteration, or a supplanting by new inventions, of apostolical Christianity, but was a collection of pure, unchanged traditions received from the apostles. In proof of this statement we have pointed to the evidence from prescription, and the continuous testimonies of written documents which remain now extant from the earliest period of Christian history. The presentation of evidence in proof of our general thesis and particular parts of it having been already made, we will not say completely, but as fully as we intended, in a long series of articles under different titles, there is still left a remainder, which we propose to supply in this last part of the present article, which will conclude the whole series.

Returning now to the summary mentioned above,* the portions of it for which we propose now to give the evidence of early testimonies are these: 1. The Catholic doctrine of the Trinity. 2. The Incarnation. 3. Original Sin, and Redemption through the merits and grace of Christ. 4. The Sacraments as the instruments of grace. 5. The real presence of Jesus Christ in the Eucharist through the ministry of a priesthood, empowered to consecrate, offer, and communicate to the faithful the Body and Blood of the Lord under the species of bread and wine.

The two centuries to which our attention is confined, we have already warned our readers, are not precisely the first two of our common reckoning, but the period embracing a little more than two hundred years which elapsed between the beginning of St. Peter's pontificate and the middle of the third century. We intend to cite only a few decisive testimonies from documents of this period, including the canonical Scriptures, not, however, laying any stress of argument on the inspired, but only on the human and historical, authority of the sacred books.

* THE CATHOLIC WORLD for August, 1882, pp. 624–626.

The mystery of the Trinity is the first and fundamental mystery of the Catholic faith professed and taught by the Roman Church from the beginning, and by all the other apostolic and episcopal sees of Christendom, as the doctrine received through the apostles from Jesus Christ.

The mystery of the Trinity includes the doctrine of the Unity of the Godhead, of which it is the explication, revealing what cannot be discovered or demonstrated by pure reason—the subsistence and inward relations of the one divine essence in three persons. The Greek term *Trias* occurs for the first time in any extant Christian writer in Theophilus of Antioch (A.D. 180), and the Latin term *Trinitas* in Tertullian. This term in its Greek and Latin forms may have been in earlier general use, but was certainly employed as the exact expression of the Catholic dogma soon after by Clement of Alexandria, Origen, Cyprian, and the other writers of that age. Whenever the word began to be used, the doctrine which it expresses was taught by Jesus Christ and the apostles, professed in the original Creed of the church, universally taught to the faithful and believed by them as an explicit and necessary article of the faith. The mysterious verities contained in this doctrine were not purely speculative ideas proposed as objects of wonder, sublime enigmas for the trial of faith and obedience. They are essential to a proper conception of the entire Christian system, both dogmatic and practical. They are necessary for a proper knowledge of Christ and the way of salvation, of the whole order of supernatural grace, and of the specific character of the eternal life of the blessed in the immediate vision of God, which is the consummation of creation and redemption. Faith in this doctrine imprints on the spiritual life of Christians its peculiar character, and it is not only the primary object of belief, but the soul of Christian worship, which is directed formally toward the Three Persons of the Trinity, in their hypostatical distinctness and essential oneness, adoring and glorifying the One God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

The Godhead of the Father may be taken for granted. The Godhead of the Son and of the Spirit can be proved of each one distinctly, from which results the plurality of persons as a consequence of the proof of the divinity of the Son taken apart, and the complete doctrine of the Trinity when the proof of the divinity of the Spirit has been added. Besides, the distinction and equality of the Three Persons under one proposition can be proved by another separate class of testimonies.

St. Matthew affirms the divinity of Jesus, the Son of Mary, whom he declares to be also the Son of God, when he affirms that he is the Emmanuel—*i.e.*, the God With Us—foretold by Isaiah, conceived from the Holy Spirit; and at the same time he testifies to the divinity of the Holy Spirit as the author of the supernatural and divine work wrought within the Virgin Mother (St. Matthew i. 18–23). In his account of the baptism of Jesus he presents clearly the Three Persons, the Father declaring that Jesus is his Son, the Son himself, and the Spirit as the Sanctifier of the humanity of the Son (iii. 16, 17). He narrates the saying of Jesus himself: "No one knoweth the Son but the Father: neither doth any one know the Father but the Son" (xi. 27), in which he plainly teaches that the intelligent and intelligible essence of the Son is identical with that of the Father, equally infinite, and incomprehensible by any created intellect. He records the confession of Peter declared by Jesus to have been made by a divine revelation: "Thou art Christ, the Son of the Living God" (xvi. 16). Also, another saying of Jesus: "The blasphemy against the Spirit shall not be forgiven" (xii. 31). He records the commandment of Jesus to the apostles after his resurrection: "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost" (xxviii. 19).

St. Matthew is a witness to the teaching of Jesus Christ himself, and of the apostles during the first period of the existence of the apostolic church.

St. John is a witness to the same, and to the doctrine of the church up to the close of the first century. It would be superfluous to cite passages from his Gospel, Epistles, and Apocalypse, or from the Epistles of the other apostles. That God is presented as revealed under three distinct names, as Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, in the sacred books of the New Testament, is a plain, obvious, indisputable fact. The baptismal formula alone is an absolute proof that these Names represent three eternal distinctions and relations in the one divine essence, which are not nominal merely, but real and personal, each person designated being distinct from and equal to the others. A distinction of names without any personal distinction in the Real Being denoted would be too trivial and unmeaning to be made the characteristic formula of Christian profession. The names themselves, being placed in the same line, under the same proposition, and without any indication of inequality, necessarily express equality in the Persons designated. Baptism was a profession of

faith. The formula of baptism was the nucleus of that Creed the profession of which distinguished Christians from the unbelieving Jews and from the heathen; expressing the belief in One God explicitly revealed and believed on as the ever-blessed Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. The original and universal Creed of the Apostles, in its various forms, afterwards fixed in one common symbol by the earliest œcumenical councils, was constituted in its principal essential elements by the more expanded confession of the Three Names of God contained in the baptismal formula. In this Creed catechumens were carefully instructed before baptism, and during the solemn administration of the sacrament they were interrogated, and they answered, concerning the articles of the Creed, which they repeated with the priest, and were baptized into the faith which they professed.

The doctrine of the Incarnation is inseparably connected in the Christian faith with the Trinity. It presupposes and requires the distinction of the Persons of the Father who gives and sends his only-begotten Son, and of the Son who is sent, of the Father who is not incarnated, and of the Son who is the Word made flesh and dwelling among us and dying for us, and rising from the dead to lead the way into the heaven which he has opened for us. It presupposes also the equality of the Father and the Son, and is inseparably connected with the distinct personality and the divinity of the Holy Spirit.

The revelation of the Trinity was primarily made by the promise of the mission of the Son from the Father to assume and redeem human nature, which mission is completed by the mission of the Holy Spirit from the Father and Son, as the Life-giver to the human nature of the Son and to all those who are made through and with him the sons of God the Father. It is the Messiah, son of Adam, Abraham, David, and Mary, Jesus the Christ and Saviour, truly conceived and born in a real human body animated by a real rational and human soul, from a Virgin Mother by the Holy Ghost, who is set forth by the prophets and apostles as the Eternal Son and Word. The only-begotten Son of the Father and Jesus born of Mary, the Son of Man, are identically one and the same person. The Son of God is truly man, is born and dies on the cross. Jesus, the son of Mary, is truly God of God, Light of Light, Begotten not made, of the same substance with the Father. It is impossible that the infinite, unchangeable divine nature should become a finite, human nature. Such a conception is more "barbaric" than any other heretical travesty of the truth ever invented, and is on a par with the

gross, childish notions of pagan theogonies. It is equally impossible that a finite, human nature, composed essentially of a generated body formed from created matter and a created soul, should become the infinite, uncreated, divine essence. True and proper divinity cannot be predicated of a human person. The Son of God is a divine person. If a human person had been born of Mary and called Jesus, this Jesus might have been the greatest of prophets and the legate of God, full of the Spirit of the Son, and the instrument of his divine operation. But he could only have been a son of God by adoption and grace, not by nature, and divinity could not have been predicated of him. The Eternal Son, and the son adopted in time, would have been two distinct and separate persons. The Son of God and the Son of Man, being set forth as one and the same person in the apostolic writings and in the Creed, having human attributes and divine perfections, a life without beginning and one which began, human understanding and divine intelligence, a divine will and a human will, operating divine and also human works, must be regarded as One Person, the Second Person in the Trinity, subsisting in two natures, God in eternity who became man in time.

This is the mystery of the Incarnation, explicitly taught to the apostles by Jesus Christ, preached by them as the great supernatural fact on which revealed and historical Christianity is based, confessed from the beginning by the Roman Church and all the apostolic churches together with the churches affiliated to them.

This is what Peter, inspired by God, confessed at Cæsarea Philippi when he was christened by this new name of Peter, which designated the position to be given to him and his successors in his Roman See, as the principal and indefectible support, through an unfailing faith in the genuine doctrine of Christ, of the whole fabric of the church and Christianity.

The preaching of the Gospel, or glad tidings of salvation through Jesus Christ, presupposes that all men are in need of a Saviour, not only on account of the personal and actual sins which they are liable to commit, but on account of a fallen state of their common nature which is the consequence of the sin of Adam, from which they need to be redeemed in order to attain heaven, and from which they can only be saved through the incarnation, obedience, and death of Jesus Christ.

St. Paul, who was, with St. Peter, the principal teacher of the Roman Church, upon which these two apostles "poured out

all their doctrine with their blood," inculcated this doctrine of Original Sin in the most explicit manner in his Epistle to the Romans:

"Why did Christ, when as yet we were weak, according to the time, die for the ungodly? For scarce for a just man will one die: yet perhaps for a good man some one would venture to die. But God commendeth his charity towards us: because when as yet we were sinners, according to the time, Christ died for us. . . . Wherefore as by one man sin entered into this world, and by sin death; and so death passed upon all men in whom all have sinned. . . . But death reigned from Adam unto Moses, even over them that had not sinned after the similitude of the transgression of Adam, who is a figure of him that was to come. But not as the offence, so also is the gift. For if by the offence of one many have died: much more the grace of God and the gift, in the grace of one man Jesus Christ, hath abounded unto many. And not as it was by one sin, so also is the gift. For the judgment was indeed by one unto condemnation: but the grace is of many offences, unto justification. For if by one man's offence death reigned through one: much more they who receive abundance of grace, and of the gift, and of justice, shall reign in life through one, Jesus Christ. Therefore, as by the offence of one, unto all men to condemnation: so also by the justice of one, unto all men unto justification of life. For as by the disobedience of one man, many were made sinners: so also by the obedience of one, many shall be made just" (Rom. v. 6–19).

Apart from all questions of criticism and exegesis which can be raised concerning the exact rendering of words and phrases and their exact sense, in this passage, it is obvious at sight that St. Paul teaches the doctrine which has been stated above—that is, of Original Sin: a doctrine held by the Synagogue as well as by the Christian Church, the vestiges of which are found among all nations, which is attested by the whole tradition, Jewish and Christian, and, under some theological form or other, confessed by all in the present time who call themselves Christians, except a small minority on the extreme left.

In another Epistle (1 Cor. xv. 21, 22) St. Paul utters a sentence which may be taken as a summing-up of the whole Christian religion:

"For by a man came death, and by a man the resurrection of the dead. And as in Adam all die, so also in Christ all shall be made alive."

In the same context the apostle sets forth Adam and Christ under the title of the First and the Second Adam, the two heads of humanity, through whom Paradise has been lost and regained. The earliest Christian writers present the same conception, and affirm the doctrine which was afterwards so solemnly defined

and universally proclaimed when it was denied by Pelagius. Justin, the philosopher and martyr, says:

"Christ was baptized for the sake of the human race, which through Adam had fallen into death and the fraud and seduction of the serpent" (*Dial. cum Tryph.*)

Irenæus:

"Christ gave salvation to us, that we might receive in Christ Jesus what we had lost in Adam" (*Hær.*, l. iv. c. xviii.)

Tertullian:

"In the beginning man was entrapped into breaking the commandment of God, and, being given over to death on account of his sin, the entire human race, tainted in their descent from him, were made a channel for transmitting his condemnation" (*De Test. Anim.*, iii.)

Origen:

"Every soul which is born in the flesh is polluted by the uncleanness of iniquity and sin; wherefore it is said: (Job xiv. 4 secundum LXX.) No one is pure from uncleanness, not even the infant whose life on the earth is of one day" (*Homil.* xii. *in Levit.*)

The Sacrament of Baptism is a witness to the universal faith in the doctrine of Original Sin. It testifies to the need of regeneration in Christ, on account of the loss of supernatural life incurred by the whole human race in the sin of Adam, which is only restored by the renovation of the Holy Spirit through the grace of the Redeemer.

The belief in baptism as the Sacrament of Regeneration was equally universal with the belief in the need of the sanctifying grace of the Holy Spirit for the purification of the soul from original and actual sin and the infusion of a new life by a spiritual resurrection from the state of death. It is just as evident that this doctrine of regeneration through baptism was derived from the teaching of the apostles as it is that regeneration by the grace of the Holy Spirit was an apostolic doctrine.

St. Paul fully and at great length teaches the complete abrogation of all Jewish sacraments as inefficacious types and signs, so that it is evident *à priori* that no similar sacraments can have been instituted in the Christian Church.

John the Baptist declared that the baptism of Jesus Christ would be a baptism as much better than the rite administered by him as the Lord himself was superior to his servant and precursor.

"He that sent me to baptize *in water* said unto me: He upon whom

thou shalt see the Spirit descending, and remaining on him, he it is that baptizeth *with the Holy Ghost*" (John i. 33).

Jesus said to Nicodemus:

"Unless a man be born of *water and the Holy Ghost*, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God" (ib. iii. 5).

He said to the apostles:

"Go ye into the whole world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth *and is baptized* shall be saved" (Mark xvi. 15, 16).

St. Peter exhorted the multitude on the Day of Pentecost:

"Do penance, *and be baptized* every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ, *for the remission of your sins:* and you shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost" (Acts ii. 38.)

St. Paul wrote to Titus:

"When the goodness and kindness of our Saviour God appeared; not by the works of justice which we have done, but by his mercy he saved us, *by the laver of regeneration*, and the renovation of the Holy Ghost" (Tit. iii. 4, 5).

The doctrine of baptism was understood in one, and only one, sense in the church, and in the sects which professed to believe in the apostolic doctrine, during the earliest age. The argument from prescription suffices to prove this. It is proved also from the controversy with those heretics who denied remission of the more grievous sins to those who fell away after baptism, and from the more merciful yet really severe penitential discipline of the Catholic Church, as well as from the alleged reasons of those Catholics who denied the validity of heretical baptism. All take it for granted that regeneration and full remission of sins were given in baptism.

But, besides these proofs, everything which is extant of the writings of the earliest age in respect to baptism directly proves the same thing.

Justin Martyr, in his first Apology, thus explains the Christian sacrament of baptism:

"As many as are persuaded and believe that what we teach and say is true, and undertake to be able to live accordingly, are instructed to pray and to entreat God with fasting for the remission of their sins that are past, we praying and fasting with them. Then they are brought by us where there is water, and are regenerated in the same manner in which we were ourselves regenerated. For, in the name of God, the Father and Lord of the universe, and of our Saviour Jesus Christ, and of the Holy Spirit, they then receive the washing with water. For Christ also said: 'Except ye

be born again, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. . . .' In order that we may not remain the children of necessity and of ignorance, but may become the children of choice and knowledge, and may obtain in the water the remission of sins formerly committed, there is pronounced over him who chooses to be born again, and has repented of his sins, the name of God, etc." (*Apol.*, c. lxi.)

So also Clement of Alexandria:

"He is perfected by the washing—of baptism—alone, and is sanctified by the descent of the Spirit? Such is the case. The same also takes place in our case, whose exemplar Christ became. Being baptized, we are illuminated; illuminated, we become sons, are made perfect; being made perfect, we are made immortal" (*Pædag.*, l. i. c. vi.)

Tertullian says:

"Happy is the sacrament of our water, in that, by washing away the sins of our early blindness, we are set free into eternal life. . . . The spirit is corporeally washed in the waters, and the flesh is in the same spiritually cleansed. . . . The unction runs carnally, but profits spiritually, in the same way as the *act* of baptism itself too is carnal, in that we are plunged in water; the *effect* spiritual, in that we are freed from sins" (*De Bapt.*, c. i. *et passim*). "The flesh is washed, that the soul may be cleansed from all stains; the flesh is anointed, that the soul may be consecrated; the flesh is signed, that the soul may be fortified, etc." (*Res. Carn.*, c. viii.)

St. Cyprian writes:

"The blessed apostle sets forth and proves that baptism is that wherein the old man dies and the new man is born, saying: *He saved us by the washing of regeneration*—Tit. iii. 5" (*Ep. ad Pomp.*) "In baptism remission of sins is granted once for all" (*De Oper. et Eleemos.*, § 2).

That those who lapsed into sin after baptism could be restored to grace and obtain forgiveness through the power of the keys left to the church by Jesus Christ was universally believed in the earliest age by Catholics and by those heretics who denied the power of the church to remit certain sins and absolve certain sinners.

Tertullian, while still a Catholic, wrote:

"That most stubborn foe never gives his malice leisure; indeed, he is then most savage when he fully feels that a man is freed. . . . These poisons of his, therefore, God foreseeing, although the gate of innocence has been shut and fastened up with the bar of baptism, has permitted it still to stand somewhat open. In the vestibule he has stationed the second repentance, which is opened to such as knock. . . . Therefore, since you know that after the first bulwarks of the Lord's baptism there still remains for you *in confession* a second reserve of aid against hell, why do you desert your own salvation?" (*De Pœn.*, vii. xii.)

St. Cyprian says to the lapsed:

"I beseech you, most beloved brethren, let each of you confess his sin while he who has sinned is still in the world, while his confession can be received, while satisfaction and *the remission given by priests* is acceptable to the Lord" (*De Lapsis*, xxix.)

Origen:

"He on whom Jesus has breathed, as he did upon the apostles, and who can be known by his fruits to have received the Holy Spirit and to have become spiritual, inasmuch as, like a son of God, he is moved by the Spirit of God to all those things which reasonably ought to be done; he remits those sins which God would remit, and retains those which are incurable" (*De Orat.*, xxviii.)

"If the sinner himself becomes his own accuser, while he accuses himself and *confesses*, he throws off his sin and at the same time is freed from everything which causes disease. Only, consider very diligently *to whom you should confess your sin*" (*Hom.* ii. *in Ps. xxxvii.*)

It is not necessary to go into a more minute and complete examination of the early tradition concerning the number and nature of the sacraments. The apostolic and primitive doctrine of sacramental grace being once proved identical with the Catholic doctrine of a later age, the rest is easily settled, and reference can be made to books treating of each particular sacrament by itself. The exposition we have given of the original and genuine Christian idea of baptism suffices to establish the sacramental principle as the basis of the genuine and Catholic doctrine of the justification, sanctification, and salvation of individual believers through the grace of Christ applied by the Holy Spirit. The new birth of regeneration, through a sacrament committed to an apostolic priesthood, which can only be lawfully administered and received in the true church, initiates the Christian life within the society of this true church, under its jurisdiction which is symbolized by the keys given to the church in the person of St. Peter. The same sacramental principle must pervade the whole Christian system, and all its sacraments must be generically similar.

There is one, however, having a specific difference from all the rest which places it high above them all, inasmuch as Jesus Christ, who is only virtually present by his divine operation in the others, is really and substantially present in this one. Moreover, this sacrament is also a Sacrifice, and from relation to it the Christian priesthood in all its grades derives its special character. It was the chief privilege accorded to the believer who had been baptized and confirmed, on the earth, as a foretaste of

the celestial banquet awaiting him in the kingdom of God. Sin excluded him from it; penance and absolution, of which extreme unction is a supplement, restored him to its enjoyment; holy order conferred the character of priesthood, which consists chiefly of power to consecrate and offer the Sacrifice of Christ's Body and Blood; the sanctity of marriage is derived from the supernatural union between Christ and his spouse the Church, of which the Holy Eucharist is the principal sign, pledge, and medium. This admirable sacrament is a synopsis of all faith and religion. Christ is in it, as our Sacrifice and our Life, either in figure or reality. If it is a bare sign, representing his body and blood sacrificed for us, and the spiritual union with him effected by a living faith, then the great act of Christian worship in the apostolic and primitive church was only a commemorative oblation, and the sacramental grace of communion was merely a virtual and operative presence of Christ. But if it is really the Body and Blood of the Lord, then Jesus Christ is really offered to God and received by the communicant in the Holy Eucharist.

The passages relevant to the topic in the Gospels and other canonical books are too familiar to all to need citation. In their literal and high sense they confessedly contain the Catholic doctrine. The question is respecting the way in which they were understood by those who came immediately after the apostles and the Christians of the apostolic age. A great deal of evidence has been given in previous articles of this series, and in others on the Tradition of the Church of Jerusalem, showing the primitive doctrine of the Holy Eucharist as a sacrifice and a sacrament. We will add now a few citations proving that this doctrine was identical with the Catholic doctrine of later ages—viz., the doctrine of the Real Presence.

St. Ignatius says of the heretics called Docetæ:

"They abstain from the Eucharist and the prayer (*i.e.*, the Liturgy), because they do not confess that the Eucharist is the flesh of our Saviour Jesus Christ, which suffered for our sins, which the Father in his benignity raised to life again" (*Ep. ad Smyrn.*, c. vii.)

St. Justin Martyr:

"And this food is called among us the Eucharist, of which no one is allowed to partake but the man who believes that the things which we teach are true, and who has been washed with the washing that is for the remission of sins and for regeneration, and who is so living as Christ has enjoined. For not as common bread and common drink do we receive these; but in like manner as Jesus Christ our Saviour, having been made flesh by

the word of God, had both flesh and blood for our salvation, so likewise have we been taught that the food which is blessed by the prayer of his word, and from which our blood and flesh by transmutation are nourished, is the flesh and blood of that Jesus who was made flesh" (1 *Apol.*, c. lxvi.)

St. Irenæus:

"Giving directions to his disciples to offer to God the first-fruits of his own created things—not as if he stood in need of them, but that they might be themselves neither unfruitful nor ungrateful—he took that created thing, bread, and gave thanks, and said, *This is my body.* And the cup, likewise, which is part of that creation to which we belong, he confessed to be his blood, and taught the New Oblation of the New Covenant; which the church receiving from the apostles, offers to God throughout all the world, to him who gives us as the means of subsistence the first-fruits of his own gifts in the New Testament, concerning which Malachi, among the twelve prophets, thus spoke beforehand: *I have no pleasure in you, saith the Lord omnipotent, and I will not accept sacrifice at your hands. For from the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same, my name is glorified among the Gentiles, and in every place incense is offered to my name, and a pure sacrifice; for great is my name among the Gentiles, saith the Lord omnipotent* (Mal. i. 10, 11), indicating in the plainest manner, by these words, that the former people shall indeed cease to make offerings to God, but that in every place sacrifice shall be offered to him, and that a pure one; and his name is glorified among the Gentiles. . . .

"The Oblation of the church, therefore, which the Lord gave instructions to be offered throughout all the world, is accounted with God a pure sacrifice, and is acceptable to him; . . . and the Lord, wishing us to offer it in all simplicity and innocence, did express himself thus: *Therefore, when thou offerest thy gift upon the altar, and shalt remember that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then return and offer thy gift* (Matt. v. 23, 24). . . . And the class of oblations in general has not been set aside; for there were both oblations there, and there are oblations here. Sacrifices there were among the people; sacrifices there are, too, in the church; but the species alone has been changed, inasmuch as the offering is now made, not by slaves, but by freemen. . . .

"For it behooves us to make an Oblation to God, and in all things to be found grateful to God our maker, in a pure mind, and in faith without hypocrisy, in well-grounded hope, in fervent love, offering the first-fruits of his own created things. And the church alone offers this Pure Oblation to the Creator, offering to him with giving of thanks from his creation. But the Jews do not offer thus; for their hands are full of blood; for they have not received THE WORD WHO IS OFFERED TO GOD (*al.* through whom it is offered to God).* Nor, again, do any of the conventicles of the heretics. . . . How can they be consistent with themselves when they say that the bread over which thanks have been given is the Body of their Lord, and the cup his Blood, if they do not call himself the Son of the Creator of the world, that is, his Word? . . . Then, again, how can they say

* The first reading is adopted by Massuet, the great Catholic commentator on Irenæus.

that the flesh, which is nourished with the Body of the Lord and with his Blood, goes to corruption, and does not partake of life? Let them, therefore, either alter their opinion or cease from offering the things just mentioned. But our opinion is in accordance with the Eucharist, and the Eucharist in turn establishes our opinion. For we offer to him his own, announcing consistently the union of the Flesh and the Spirit. For as the bread, which is produced from the earth, when it receives the invocation of God, *is no longer common bread, but the Eucharist, consisting of two realities, earthly and heavenly*, so also our bodies, when they receive the Eucharist, are no longer corruptible, having the hope of resurrection to eternity" (*Adv. Hær.*, l. iv. cc. xvii. xviii.)

St. Cyprian, in his *Testimonies against the Jews*, proposes twenty-four theses to be proved. The tenth is, "that a New Law was to be given"; the sixteenth, "that the ancient sacrifice should be made void, and a new one should be celebrated"—proved chiefly from the prophecy of Malachi; the seventeenth, "that the old priesthood should cease, and a new priest should come who should be for ever"—by which he intends to designate Christ as the founder of a new line of priests after the order of Melchisedech, as is manifest from the text and many other passages in his writings. He continually affirms that there is a priesthood in the church appointed by God in which bishops hold the chief place under one president, the Roman pontiff; that this priesthood has no lawful existence outside of the Catholic Church; and that it is a part of the office of the priesthood to offer the Sacrifice of the New Law, which is the Body and Blood of Christ, and to give the same sacramentally to the faithful.

"When he (the Lord) says that not even the least things are done without God's will, does any one think that the highest and greatest things are done in God's church either without God's knowledge or permission, and that priests—that is, his stewards—are not ordained by his decree?" (*Ep. ad Cornel. con. Hæret.*)

"Since some, either by ignorance or simplicity in sanctifying the cup of the Lord, and in ministering to the people, do not do that which Jesus Christ, our Lord and God, *the founder and teacher of this Sacrifice*, did and taught, I have thought it as well a religious as a necessary thing to write to you this letter. . . .

"Also in the priest Melchisedech we see prefigured the sacrament of the Sacrifice of the Lord. . . . And that Melchisedech bore a type of Christ the Holy Spirit declares in the Psalms, saying from the person of the Father to the Son: *Before the morning star I begat thee: thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchisedech;* which order is surely this coming from that sacrifice and thence descending; that Melchisedech was a priest of the most high God; that he offered bread and wine; that he blessed Abraham. For who is more a priest of the most high God than our Lord Jesus Christ, who offered a sacrifice to God the Father, and offered that

very same thing which Melchisedech offered—that is, bread and wine, *to wit, his Body and Blood?* . . .

"In Isaiah also the Holy Spirit testifies the same thing concerning the Lord's Passion, saying: *Wherefore are thy garments red, and thy apparel as from the treading of the wine-press full and well trodden?* Can water make garments red, or is it water in the wine-press which is trodden by the feet or pressed out by the press? Assuredly, therefore, mention is made of wine, *that the Lord's blood may be understood*, and that which was afterwards *manifested in the cup of the Lord might be foretold by the prophets who announced it.* The treading, also, and pressure of the wine-press is repeatedly dwelt on; because just as the drinking of wine cannot be attained to unless the bunch of grapes be first trodden and pressed, so neither could we *drink the Blood of Christ* unless Christ had first been trodden on and pressed, and had first drunk the cup of which he should also give believers to drink. . . .

"If Jesus Christ, our Lord and God, is himself the Chief Priest of God the Father, and has commanded this to be done in commemoration of himself, certainly that priest truly discharges the office of Christ who imitates that which Christ did; and he then *offers a true and full sacrifice in the church to God the Father* when he proceeds to offer it according to what he sees Christ himself to have offered" (*Ep. ad Cæcil. de Sacram. Cal. Dom.*)

"As the prayer goes forward we ask and say, *Give us this day our daily bread.* And this may be understood both spiritually and literally, because either way of understanding it is rich in divine usefulness to our salvation. For Christ is the bread of life; and this bread does not belong to all men, but it is ours. And according as we say *Our Father*, because he is the Father of those who understand and believe, so also we call it *our bread*, because Christ is the bread of those who are in union with his body. And we ask that this bread should be given to us daily, that we who are in Christ and daily receive the Eucharist for the food of salvation may not, by the interposition of some heinous sin, by being prevented, as withheld and not communicating, from partaking of the heavenly bread, be separated from Christ's body, as he himself predicts and warns: *I am the bread of life which came down from heaven. If any man eat of my bread, he shall live for ever: and the bread which I will give is my flesh for the life of the world.* When, therefore, he says that whoever shall eat of his bread shall live for ever, as it is manifest that those who partake of his Body and receive the Eucharist by the right of Communion are living, so, on the other hand, we must fear and pray lest any one who, being withheld from communion, is separate from Christ's Body should remain at a distance from salvation; as he himself threatens and says: *Unless ye eat the Flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his Blood*, ye shall *have no life in you.* And therefore we ask that our bread—that is, Christ—may be given to us daily, that we who abide and live in Christ may not depart from his sanctification and body" (*De Orat. Dom.*)

That there can be no lawful priesthood, no authoritative teaching, no lawful administration of sacraments, no real church, outside of the strict, ecclesiastical unity of the One, Catholic

Church, is continually affirmed by St. Cyprian, as we have formerly proved by citations. One more may suffice in this place:

"Whoever he may be, and whatever he may be, he who is not in the church of Christ is not a Christian. Although he may boast himself, and announce his philosophy or eloquence with lofty words, yet he who has not maintained brotherly love or *ecclesiastical unity has lost even what he previously had been.* Unless he seems to you to be a bishop, who—when a bishop has been made in the church by sixteen co-bishops—strives by bribery to be made an adulterous and extraneous bishop by the hands of deserters; and although *there is one church, divided by Christ throughout the whole world into many members, and also one episcopate diffused through a harmonious multitude of many bishops*, in spite of God's tradition, in spite of the combined and everywhere *compacted unity of the Catholic Church*, is endeavoring to make a human church, and is sending his new apostles through very many cities, that he may establish some new foundations of his own appointment" (*Ep. ad Anton.*, xxiv.)

The doctrinal authority of the church as the proximate rule of faith is indissolubly connected with this idea of strict ecclesiastical unity. This is evident in itself, and abundant proofs have heretofore been given that this was the ancient way of conceiving the idea of the faith in its objective sense—viz., as something committed to, and transmitted by, the Teaching Church in a sure and unerring manner. We add one more citation from Origen, the peculiar value of which, on account of the known character of this great man, need not be enlarged upon:

"Therefore, inasmuch as many among those who profess to believe in Christ disagree, not only in lesser and the least matters, but also in great and the very greatest ones—that is, either concerning God, or concerning the Lord Jesus Christ, or concerning the Holy Spirit; and not only concerning these, but concerning other beings also, who are creatures, to wit, either concerning the Dominations or the holy Virtues—it seems to be necessary for this reason first of all to lay down a certain line and a manifest rule in regard to every one of these topics, and then afterwards to investigate also other things. For as we have ceased to seek among all those Greeks and barbarians who in great numbers have promised to show it to us, but have given instead only assertions of their own false opinions, the truth, from the time when we have believed that Christ is the Son of God and have been persuaded that we must learn this truth from him: so, also, as there are many who think that the opinions which they hold are the doctrines of Christ, and some of these hold opinions which are diverse from those of the men who preceded them, but *the ecclesiastical preaching handed down by the order of succession from the apostles is preserved, and is permanent even to the present time in the churches; that alone is to be believed as the truth which in no point varies from the ecclesiastical and apostolic tradition*" (*Periarchon*, i. 2).

This rule of Origen, which is indisputably the same rule fol-

lowed by all the early Catholic writers, shows the demonstrative value of the testimonies we have cited from their works and the greater number which we have omitted for the sake of brevity, in proving that the doctrines taught by them had always been held in the church, unaltered, since the days of the apostles. They are not proclaiming private and personal opinions, but declaring what they have received, and what is everywhere received, as the teaching of their predecessors, who received it from the apostolic founders of the churches. Moreover, the language of the apostolic writings is itself similar in all respects to their own in regard to the great matters under discussion. It can be understood in their sense, it is most easily and naturally and harmoniously interpreted in the same sense. All the doctrinal statements in the apostolic and the early ecclesiastical writings match each other in texture, quality, and color. Their comparison is like the placing side by side separate pieces of some costly stuff which show that they have all been cut off from the same bale of goods or have come from the same fabric.

The doctrines which relate directly to God, those which are called the doctrines of grace, and the ecclesiastical doctrines respecting the church, the hierarchy, and the sacraments, are all interwoven together, they make parts of one system, they rest on the same foundation and have one origin. Nowhere is there the faintest trace of that pale, disembodied spectre, that ghost of Christianity, which is regarded by many sincere and estimable men as the *evangelical system*. It is vain to search for it among the graveyards of the first centuries. The illusion flies before pursuit and vanishes from every place where it is sought. There is no such thing in ancient historical Christianity.

We are admonished to draw to a close without further delay. In our firm conviction, it is demonstrated that one who is not prepared to fall back on pure rationalism must believe that salvation for the human race and each individual belonging to it is to be found in Christ alone through the regeneration of the Holy Spirit; and that one who believes this is bound for the same reasons to confess also that this salvation is only in the Catholic Church, through her faith and sacraments.

In conclusion we must add one word for the benefit of those who, looking at the Christian Idea of the Fall and the Redemption of man only through the dark, cloudy atmosphere of Lutheran and Calvinistic doctrines, are repelled by its unreasonable aspect, and disposed to fall back upon pure rationalism or give up the search for truth in discouragement. The doctrine of ex-

clusive salvation through Christ, his faith, and his religion, cannot be correctly apprehended without taking into consideration that universal mercy and grace of God which overflows the appointed boundaries of divine institutions. And, again, the doctrine that all men are in a lost condition through the transgression of their first common head, from which they are redeemed only by the grace of their second head, the Lord Jesus Christ, so that natural reason and virtue do not suffice, but a supernatural revelation and grace are necessary, cannot any better be correctly apprehended without a key to the mystery, which Catholic theology can alone furnish. It is necessary, namely, to understand the distinction between that gratuitous, supernatural destiny of rational creatures accomplished in the immediate vision of God, and the one demanded by the exigency of nature, in respect to which nature suffices to itself in due dependence from its Author.

Let not any one suppose that the Catholic theology consists only in a certain number of doctrines held by Protestants with the addition of a few more positive dogmas. Protestantism has lapsed into rationalism by just and necessary sequence from its own principles, and by a just reaction against its dogmas. There is no way out of the difficulty by means of a modification of its doctrines. Tincture of Catholicism or Tincture of Rationalism will not combine with it to make the truth. No form of it can be reconciled with either history or reason. On the contrary, the Catholic religion is both historical and reasonable. But those who have been thrown off into rationalism and scepticism can only find out this fact by studying carefully both the historical evidence that the Catholic Church is from Christ, who is from God, and also the rational exposition of its doctrines as contained in sound theology and sound philosophy. This is precisely what the Successor of St. Peter in the nineteenth century, continuing the preaching of his predecessors of the first two centuries, is continually exhorting all men to do who have an upright mind and are seeking for the Truth.

A LEGEND OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

As a child the world's Redeemer
Clasps his Mother's hand to-night,
And his infant brow is shining
With that radiance, softly bright,
Making once in Bethlehem's stable cold and darkness fire and light.

As a child among the children
Of his Father's house he stands
When the Christmas-trees are kindled
By the busy angels' hands:
Swiftly on glad mission speeding, to and fro, the white-winged bands.

Echoeth through the courts of Heaven
Sound of unchecked childish mirth,
Keeping, with a soft-voiced clamor,
Holy day of happy birth
When a child, to win man's loving, came the Lord of Heaven to earth.

Stands his tree among the others,
Tall and strong and very fair;
Sweetest scent of earthly forests
Filling all the heavenly air,
Lifting, as it were, in incense, grateful earth's adoring prayer.

But scarce lighted are the tapers
On the Christ-child's cross-boughed tree,
And the angels, as they pass it,
Scarcely seem its want to see
Through the myriad lights that sparkle like the sun upon the sea.

And the hosts of little children,
Happy-hearted, scarcely mark

In the light of Jesus' smiling
That his tree alone is dark;
That where lights should burn the brightest, shineth but the tiniest spark.

Till one little soul that, nestling
Lovingly at Mary's feet—
Finding thought of earthly mother
In her hand's caresses sweet—
Questioning words of childish wonder doth with grieving heart repeat:

"Why hath none our Lord's tree lighted?"
Soft he speaketh, unafraid.
Then unto him Mary answering:
"Tender heart, be not dismayed,
Though thy tree like star be gleaming, and my Son's seem dark with shade.

"All thy tapers God's dear angels
Set with heavenly love aglow,
But the flames my Son's to kindle
Must be born on earth below,
Must ascend from each soul's altar bought with love so long ago.

"Every thought of him uprising
From a loving human heart
Swift shall make dark-seeming taper
Into golden shining start;
So he wills his earthly brothers in his Christmas shall have part.

"Every kindly thought for others,
Every loving action wrought,
Every sigh of soul's contrition,
Shall with kindling flame be fraught,
And the burning candles symbol earthly love in deed and thought.

"Lonely were my Son in heaven,
And his Heart unsatisfied,
Did to-night amid earth's gladness
Rise no thought of Him that died,
Rise no thought of her that worshipped Bethlehem's manger straw beside.

"Royal gifts to men he giveth,
And his angels on them wait;
But the Lord of men and angels
Chooseth ever humblest state,
And in lowliest heart that loves him seeks his own love's thirst to sate.

"So he chooseth that not angels
Light to-night his Christmas-tree:
Heavenly service for his brothers,
For himself earth's charity;
And the brightness of his Christmas measure of earth's love shall be."

On the Christ-child's tree the tapers
With a glow, e'er deep'ning, shine—
Prayers of grateful heart ascending,
Sin o'erthrown in some soul's shrine,
Loving thought in noble action grown more like to love divine.

Then the Christ-child, smiling softly,
Gazeth in his Mother's eyes,
Listening to the angels' singing
Sounding through the starlit skies.
"Gloria in excelsis Deo"—as of old the strong words rise.

With the song of angels mingling
Earth's glad Christmas harmony,
And the Peace of God descending
In hearts warm with charity,
While far down the streets of jasper shines the Christ-child's Christmas-tree.

OUT OF THE WEST.

II.

A FEW letters were exchanged—fewer, through Margaret's prudence, than Edmond's wishes would have dictated, and almost ceasing during Lent. At Easter, however, he received one that made up for all. During a "mission" held in Chicago Margaret's period of thought and prayer had culminated in the decision that she must be a Catholic, but of this she had been unwilling to speak until fully assured that she was answering to her conscience only. She had been receiving instruction during the latter part of Lent, and now wrote to ask his prayers for her at her baptism at Easter.

Edmond's first impulse would have carried him to be present at the holy ordinance; but self-denial, now becoming a second nature, restrained him, and he contented himself for all outward expression with a letter that made Margaret say after reading it, "Well for me that *this* did not govern my decision." For his unspoken feeling glowed on every impulsive page, and he stood fully betrayed to her now, though he thought himself silent still.

On Low Sunday a missionary who compassed the Gruenwald settlement once in six months came around to it, and Edmond again confessed and received. It was his duty and pleasure to convey the good father a part of the distance to the next station, and on the way made a full confidence of his wishes and difficulties. "If your own admiration has not over-drawn this young woman," said the priest, "you will do well to marry as soon as a support is assured you. She will consent to share your rude life and speedily help you rise above it. But do not be rash. In any case you are both young enough to wait, and a good many obstacles before marriage are a great help to happiness in causing people to ignore trivial difficulties after it." "Ought I to speak now, or shall I still maintain this painful silence?" asked Edmond. "There can be no wrong, since your friend is a Catholic, in declaring your hopes and wishes concerning her, especially as you are in danger of having deeply enlisted her own feelings," said the priest; "and you might be in such event wrong to withhold them, leaving her to uncertainty or trial, as a modest woman fears to give her love unsought. But do not seek any pledge or bond from her. If your mutual at-

tachment is not strong enough to bear delay it had better fail, and no pledge would then be a safeguard, but, on the contrary, an odious bond. And in this, as in all else, seek chiefly to fulfil the will of God."

One thing alone prevented Edmond from putting the priest's advice into immediate execution. If Margaret had been reticent as to her religious feelings before her baptism, her reserve on these subjects vanished now. Beautiful letters came up to Gruenwald, full of a happiness that seemed too holy to disturb; and, awed by an experience that he was content thus to share, Edmond forbore to hint at his own "selfishness," as he named it to himself. Indeed, in the full, pure confidence of this woman his own soul seemed to grow, and his replies cheered and strengthened her in their sympathy. No happier days can come to man or woman than those in which they forget themselves for the love of God.

And now busy working days were hard upon them. Planting and weeding, and the hardest manual labor that Edmond had ever known, made rest at night sweet even on his rude bed, and the long, toilsome days cut the very nights short.

Margaret's summer terms were always the hardest, for the preparations for the fall promotions were then most oppressive, and the warm weather often came on with violence. Glad was she on a Friday afternoon in July to lock her desk for a two months' rest. To Edmond's dismay he had not been able to make any suitable arrangement for Margaret's visit, but before this became an embarrassment he was relieved in one way by Margaret's own second thought. It had been in real innocence and unselfishness that she had offered to come, and much later it suddenly occurred to her to think of the people at Gruenwald and what construction they would put upon it. Before the blush that this brought to her cheek had subsided she had written excuses to Edmond declining the visit. It gave him relief, from the same fear that Margaret would be placed in a false position in reference to himself, but it required more than the energy of his outdoor work to drive away the disappointment that he felt.

Margaret went steadily to some sewing that she had to accomplish—clothing to be finished for the coming fall; but the loan of use of a sewing-machine in the absence from town of a neighbor during the summer completed the task only too soon for Margaret's mood, and there were three days of comparative inoccupation in which Margaret put some severe questions to herself.

Compelled to face her own feelings toward Edmond, frightened at having given her heart unasked, yet suspicious, from his own repressed feelings, of their existence, without understanding his silence, the girl often blushed and sought to occupy her thoughts in every other way. One day in her searching self-examination, trying to see if there were any sin in it, she laid the matter fully before God in a visit to church, asking only that his will be done.

With a peculiarly light heart she returned home, to find Mrs. Barbour seized with sudden illness that for the next ten days fully occupied Margaret, on whom devolved the double duty of nursing and keeping the house. About the middle of August, as the landlady was slowly rallying and feebly taking part again in the housework, Margaret was rather startled by an announcement from her. "I must go away," said she; "the doctor says I must—says I'm all 'run down,' and if I mean to build up I must do it outside o' these walls, 'n I've been thinking 't if I c'n get Nancy Page to run this house f'r a fortnight I s'll go off up to the woods and see that young man 't lives like a bear, 'f he'll have me, and live wild awhile myself. There's nowhere else to go, for I haven't a soul west o' Connecticut to look to except you, Maggie, 'n you'll have to go to take care o' me, and we'll carry up enough to pay for everything 't 'll really cost him, and between us we'll contrive to save as much trouble as we'll make."

Mrs. Barbour had clearly been thinking, and to the point, with very imperfect material that she had fished from both young people rather than received as communication from either. Certainly there could be no impropriety in receiving an elderly friend at Gruenwald in Edmond's own house, and, coming as an invalid, Margaret's presence as nurse, companion, or friend was natural. So one beautiful August afternoon, the matter having been settled by correspondence, Edmond postponed the mowing of his last field, set his man at other work, and went down to the Gruenwald station, glad, in spite of his extreme misgivings about their comfort, to meet his best friends among women in America.

There was near Mrs. Barbour's an auction-room, in which that good woman might have often been seen on a Saturday morning, as she returned from market, looking out for bargains that she by close watching often secured. She was shrewd, and the auctioneer often favored her as an old customer; and now, in view of several things that she turned over in her own mind, she had purchased there and brought up with her a nice bedstead. Emptying a straw-filled mattress of last year's use, now ready for

renewal, she packed it with a pair of pillows and some bedding, and despatched it on the freight-car with her trunk, shared in the packing room with Margaret, and a barrel of provisions, delicacies in comparison to Edmond's usual fare, pretended to be necessary for her own use.

To the small crowd assembled at the Gruenwald station the good woman appeared the invalid that she had been, and the bringing of the bed furthermore removed any thought that could have connected the visit of her attendant with Edmond particularly, she needed so much care and luxury.

"You see, young man, I've took up my bed and walked, like the Bible cripple!" was Mrs. Barbour's greeting to Edmond, whose growing stock of English failed to compass the phrase, and who was occupied in solving the problem of conveying so many people and goods over the two miles of rough road in his ox-cart. Margaret insisted on walking, "tired of sitting so many hours on the train," and Mrs. Barbour on the trunk, with the sections of bedstead and the bedding, were all that could be conveyed at one trip. The barrel must wait for another day and trip.

A strange world opened upon these city women. After a few rods, passing the station and a building that combined the blacksmith's shop, grocery, and post-office of this region, the road struck into woods whose growth was nearly primeval. It belonged only to the railway company, whose uses thus far required but the few cleared acres lying immediately about the station, and, held in reserve for more extended business, it was for no individual's interest to clear.

A panorama of rich, varied foliage above and a dense tangle of undergrowth below stretched out before them for nearly three-quarters of a mile. Then a turn of the road brought them upon one of the settlements, and again a plunge into nearly unbroken forest. After the heat and dust of the city, and the noise and whirl of the railway, the contrast was so extreme, the picture so beautiful, that an involuntary hush fell upon them. At intervals gleams from the sun, now low in the west, would throw a golden hue upon the green, and a hum and whirr of insect-life or murmur of some wood's brook alone broke the silence, or seemed rather to blend with it.

Then they came to a larger stream, and so rude a bridge crossed it that Mrs. Barbour preferred to dismount rather than risk the jolting and pitching of the cart, which was extreme, in crossing it. Another half-mile through woods again, and just as both women were perceiving their fatigue they came out of the

thick growth to an opening which presented a picture that drew forth their enthusiastic exclamations. "How beautiful!" said Margaret, with flushed face and sparkling eyes. "O my!" was Mrs. Barbour's sententious praise.

The woods from which they were emerging belted the foot of a low hill near whose base they stood; other hills, higher and more abrupt, but picturesquely grouped, were more distant, and showed three ravine-like valleys opening away between them, these in a northeasterly direction. To northwest and quite near rose a series of rocks, half-hill, half-cliff, just now a luxurious tangle of wild growth and rock-faces alternately, and, though it shut away all distance for a portion of the horizon, it was delightfully suggestive of shelter. To the westward a few cleared acres intervened, and then the ever-present forest closed the circle again.

Between the low hill and the cliff that suggested shelter lay a pasture from which the hay had just been mown; but this level was so small that a log-house crowning the knoll or little hill-top seemed to lie at the very foot of the rocks in cosey protection. It was a larger house and far more neatly built than many hereabouts, and Hans Werber had truly some eye for beauty in adding a wing or large bay-window to eastward, and in the angle formed by it and the house-front had constructed a rustic veranda, whose supports rising from the ground were draped in vines clinging gracefully and trained in festoons between at the top of the posts. This natural cornice was striking indeed. A bit of ornamentation over the doorway on the south side was well enough carven and in harmony with an arched rustic window-frame over a window on the same side, and a well-executed date of the year of its construction, set in the gable, completed the most striking details of a picturesque building, apart from the neat placing and finishing of its heavy timber corners.

The stumps which usually marred the cleared portions were now hidden by the beauty of ripening harvests, and the distance behind the house to northward glowed in lights from the sunset. The cliffs kept the sun's rays from the house for a part of the afternoon, but the barn, lying more to north and east, caught these late beams and in itself made a pleasing addition to the house on the knoll. A line of fencing, along which a vine was growing, made a pretty foreground to right, and a well and its sweep to left completed the picture.

They paused a few moments to enjoy it, and admiration grew with every new perception. But Edmond's face grew sad. As

if by intuition he felt how terrible an anti-climax was before them, and the more beautiful the exterior appeared the more painful he knew that the inner contrast would be.

And so it was. "We wanted to turn round and run right out doors again and stay with the squirrels," said Mrs. Barbour afterwards in description.

The interior consisted of a large single room; for the smaller room, built on and unfinished by Hans Werber, had not yet had a door cut to connect it with the large apartment. The window at the front, with another at the west, were the only ones, and the north end of the room farthest from the entrance was nearly dark at all times and occupied with six bunks or berths in tiers of three. There, too, a clumsy ladder placed beyond the chimney led to the loft above, taking space uselessly from its position, and everywhere marks of untidiness prevailed. The long bench and few stools that served for seats, as well as the table, were spotted with grease-marks, new and old, so that the women hesitated to sit upon them; no sign of towel or white cloth was visible, and soon it was clear that Beta's dish-washing was effected without either, as without soap. The longer they looked the worse such details became in discovery.

Beta was old and must always have been dull or deficient in intellect. She showed little interest in the arrival, and went on preparing the supper for Edmond and the hired man without thought of an extra allowance until Edmond discovered and corrected the error. The meal concluded, and dishes washed by a summary process of dipping, the poor old creature hastened to her loft for the night, while Edmond, aided by Jacob, the hired man, set up the bedstead and filled the straw bed, and then retreated for the night to the barn, where the hay was quite as comfortable as in the bunks.

Rest for Mrs. Barbour was almost necessary, as she was really tired from her journey and worse than fatigued by the untidiness.

The day began at an early hour with old Beta's descent and preparation for breakfast. Edmond, coming softly to the door for fear of disturbing his guests, found both of them alert and refreshed by the sleep begun at so early an hour. A shade of embarrassment hanging over the party was dispelled by seeing old Beta, after disposing of her dishes, as the night before, leave the house as if the labors of the day were over. Margaret, timidly inquiring if any little changes or cleaning they might make would hurt Beta's feelings, brought out the truth that the

old creature had gone to the woods to amuse herself, according to custom, until near dinner-time, and that she had no sensibilities to be injured by any labors of theirs about the house.

At the thought of a housekeeper's morning toils being concluded by, instead of commencing with, breakfast, so keen a sense of the ludicrous overcame Mrs. Barbour that her pent-up feelings of dismay and abhorrence vanished in this, as she broke out in a peal of laughter that became contagious, and the house rang with the merriment of three people who had been suffering silently before. Edmond confessed to his distress having been increased tenfold at the thought of their sharing or even seeing it. Mrs. Barbour and Margaret entered freely into a discussion of simple measures of improvement, and Edmond, without farther apology, hastened to the hay-field, greatly relieved, to the last day's haymaking. With ample assistance it would have been a small matter, but with Jacob's aid alone the day was likely to be consumed.

Hardly was Edmond outside the door when Mrs. Barbour mapped out a scale of labor within that would have daunted a less vigorous person than Margaret, to which the latter lent herself with that enthusiasm that accompanies the visible results of toil. There was an amount of picking up and clearing out of accumulated rubbish to which Mrs. Barbour was not equal, but while Margaret attacked the enemy on this side the elder woman could not remain idle. Seeming to gather strength with interest, Mrs. Barbour sat down to a scouring of tin with the aid of some grease and wood-ashes, with which she supplied as well as possible the total want of soap in the establishment. To have seen the veteran housekeeper in action then, with expressive muscular indications of nostril and mouth, would have suggested the old figure of "the war-horse scenting battle afar off."

The warfare was fairly begun, Mrs. Barbour still scouring, Margaret standing on the table with turbaned head, striving to detach cobwebs and dust overhead with a broom of brush, when a large, well-made man entered the door without other ceremony than an admonitory knock.

"Heavens and earth!" said Mrs. Barbour nervously, "company *so* quick?" when to her dismay the large gentleman, bowing, replied in admirable English: "Not at all; a servant, not a visitor. I am Herr Brenner's friend, Dr. Klein, and he thought as I was to pass the railway I might perhaps bring from the station a portion of the contents of the barrel, if they can be divided." "You'll just save the butter and meat, then," said Mrs. Barbour

eagerly. "I gave them up as lost when I heard that young man say 'hay-field' to-day. Just unhead the barrel, and you can take off the very top what's not melted of five pounds of butter, and a joint of beef, with as fine a fowl as ever crowed, next below. I thought of them every time I turned over in bed last night." "Then we have little time for making acquaintance," said the doctor, smiling. "To the rescue!" he added gaily, hunting up a basket and meal-bag from localities evidently familiar, "and I suppose the sooner my patients are dismissed the better your prospects of dinner," turning, as he concluded, good-humoredly to Margaret. She now, recovered from her surprise, cordially invited him to join them at dinner, in the provision of which he was to play so important a part.

Before eleven o'clock the doctor reappeared on horseback, bearing a well-filled basket and so large a proportion of the other contents of the barrel in the two ends of the bag slung across the horse behind the saddle that another trip would convey the whole. The two women, who had been taking what Miss Barbour called "a resting-spell," were quite ready to prepare the meal, Margaret judiciously pressing into service old Beta, now returned from the woods.

Edmond had lingered a little at noon in the field to finish the final spreading and turning of some hay, so rapidly drying that there was a prospect of harvesting the whole before dark. A pleasant welcome awaited him at home, the usually silent, untidy interior seeming strangely changed even by one morning's work alone.

The smell of roasting meat and other unwonted odors of cooking came to his fasting stomach with strong appeal, and chatting merrily, as if with old friends, were Dr. Klein and the guests.

"The gods are propitious toward you to-day, Brenner," was the doctor's greeting. "They must regret some of their frowns on preceding ones," said Margaret, thinking of what she had found there, and remembering how quickly all the wretchedness would return with their departure.

Pitying old Beta, whose gaze on the banquet was painful to witness, Margaret, preparing a portion of the best, carried it to her at the hearthstone, as she sat waiting her later meal, at the beginning of the repast. The action was so simply, gracefully done that it won Margaret the firm friendship of two, Beta and the doctor.

"Miss Chester," said he, "were I infirmarian I would ask

you to be head-nurse, or were I king you should be a chief counsellor." He had been filling the table with mirth at a burlesque description of what he found in the morning, pretending that Edmond's house had been invaded, and that he had arrived only in time to prevent its being spirited away, and that by magic he had converted strangely bewitched dishes into the present tempting viands. But his manner was quite serious when he addressed her as just described, and complimentary to a degree that drew out blushes.

Edmond, in view of the time allowed before dinner and awaiting the drying hay, made a little longer nooning indoors.

Beta accepted a little instruction from Margaret in the art of dish-washing, something being sacrificed from the trunk to supply the want of towels, and Mrs. Barbour settled to well-earned, much-needed rest. Dr. Klein left for his afternoon visits with a sense of having experienced a rare social pleasure, so animated a conversation had Edmond and Margaret sustained with him on topics of a kind rarely entered into with members of this community.

Edmond went to the field, and Margaret sat down for a long hour's thinking. For a time it was planning such alleviations of Edmond's condition as would be of value after their departure, then drifted into her impressions on arrival, which were, "I could never become part or parcel of this."; but with the experiences of the day, and renewed pleasure in Edmond's society, she cautioned herself now: "I must be careful not to be stirred by too much pity." Then, arousing herself for allowing her thoughts to follow in such a channel so long, she resumed the practical train, and tried to work out the problem of doing a great deal on a small capital.

At four o'clock Margaret was minded to walk about the premises, which would have been her very first inclination in the morning had not the less agreeable tasks seemed to sternly shut away any mere pleasuring. Now she felt quite free to go out, and Mrs. Barbour, whose propensities and habits were renewing force with her rested condition, preferred to stay and superintend Beta's tea-getting.

"I can't touch a morsel," said she, "if I don't see how it's done"; and it ended in her "doing" the most that was "done."

Meanwhile Margaret went out in the clearing, and presently met Edmond and Jacob bringing a load of hay up to the barn. Inviting her to ride on the fragrant load, Margaret accepted a pleasure unknown for many years. Then, returning with them

beside the empty cart, Edmond proudly pointed out a field of ripening grain that was all that heart could desire.

"The neighbors," said he, "pronounce it the finest crop grown here since Hans Werber's second year, when the same grand plough broke the ground. It ought to do something to add a trifle to the nest-egg laid by for the fifty acres, besides what is required of it toward the general support of the farm."

Besides hay and grain little else was planted, and Margaret commented on the absence of a kitchen garden and vegetables for the table. "Those articles require close watching and weeding," said Edmond, "at a time when I have to economize strength and labor, like everything else, and I am learning better to dispense with mere luxuries than I once thought possible."

He said this so cheerfully that Margaret looked at him in surprise. Was this the same young man that had viewed life as barely endurable a few months since, and was ready to follow any one's lead who appeared to advise, even to take a woman's counsel?

To other suggestions there was the same prompt response, always self-denying, but cheerfully so. Still, any one who had known Edmond before his coming to America would have been sorry to see how thin he had grown, and Margaret's eye often detected an underlying sadness when his face was at rest and he was unconscious of being observed.

Once in the field Margaret found a rake, and in amusing herself rendered such actual service that the last load was housed a full half-hour before it otherwise would have been.

"If you are not too tired, Miss Margaret," said Edmond, "we might climb the rocks here, and I could show you the beginning of those tempting fifty acres."

Up they went, the little clearing presenting new points of beauty the higher they rose, until they reached the point that appeared from below the highest to shelter the house. Then by a foot-path branching abruptly to northwest and five minutes' walking they attained a point commanding a fine outlook, from whence also the noise of a stream could be distinctly heard.

"It is the same stream that you crossed so far below," said Edmond, "but it makes a long curve yonder to north and east, only these trees hinder your seeing into what a curve this bold little hill has forced it. But there is the spot for a mill yonder"—and he pointed to a distant lower level—"and I had to bring you up here to see it." "We have often to work our way up-hill, only to see into what we might earnestly long to

possess," said Margaret; then, as a thought suggested old Bible-reading, she said, condensing, "Moses, and Nebo, and the promised land." "Which he was only permitted to see and not allowed to enter," said Edmond. "Let us hope that your simile may not prove prophetic." And presently his face settled away to the expression of hidden care that Margaret had begun to detect.

But now it was time to descend to tea, Edmond pointing out the line of the fifty acres and showing why they ought not to be divided; and when they reached home the smell of real tea saluting their nostrils produced an effect on the man of many privations that he could ill conceal.

"What feasting!" he cried. "You are spoiling me." And Margaret, divining the pain of obligation, jested on Mrs. Barbour's addiction to the beverage, and with many playful sallies brought him back to the full enjoyment of the moment.

Next day Jacob had to go to another settler's haymaking, and Edmond was able to bring up the remaining contents of the barrel and show to Margaret and Mrs. Barbour the cleared land in detail. To this they would not, however, lend themselves until certain interior improvements begun the day before were completed, and on this occasion Beta was not suffered to make her escape to the woods until she had shared the toil. To watch the changes effected by these two women in her régime was to watch an ancient barbarism vanish before a vigorous civilization.

On the third day of such house-cleaning Miss Barbour professed herself satisfied, with such limited material as they had to work upon and with, and Dr. Klein, coming in for his daily chat, pretended that the house had been transformed to-day into a temple, that the women were priestesses, the smoking viands offerings to deities, even the smell of the teapot suggesting ancient incense. "Then we will consider you one of the enraged gods," said Margaret, "and possibly appease your wrath with a chicken-wing seasoned by amiable motives in the offering," and went on from waging mimicries to themes of higher interest until the trio drifted off into fogs which set Mrs. Barbour dozing.

Dr. Klein had not been able to persuade his wife of the aristocratic Von to call upon Margaret, but she had sent her a very gracious invitation to visit her, excusing herself from not varying from the habit of years from delicate health. Mrs. Barbour was included, but had the wisdom to decline, as Margaret would have done but for the urgent solicitations of both gentlemen, who wished her to see the doctor's fine entomological collection.

The visit was unimportant, except for the "bugs," natives of these woods, and for which the doctor showed his appreciation by his remarkable care and, to a certain extent, "training" of living specimens.

On the homeward route there was a moment of conversation between Margaret and the doctor that indicated the understanding that had insensibly arisen between them. "I have never seen a character more rapidly developed, a man more quickly changed, than our friend Edmond," said the doctor. "When he came here he was so untaught in any of the rough ways of life—the best-natured fellow in the world, but most unpractical—his beginning reminded me of nothing so much as of a child learning to walk. He leaned on anything, on any one, as the child seizes the first support, chair, or hand that is stretched out. I never pitied any one more in my life." "There must have been something to work upon, a character to develop," answered Margaret. "These circumstances and hardships would never have made a strong man out of a weak one." "You are right," said the doctor; "to use your own expression, trials 'develop but do not create character.' To return to our friend, I remember how the curl of his fastidious lip forgot its lines and became first enduring, then courageous; for our friend is truly courageous. He used to find fault with, now he always excuses, old Beta. But there is something that has for some months been underlying the courage itself, and I am sorry to see that it is a hard battle for him." Here the doctor paused, and when he continued it was so gravely that Margaret forgave what he said while he was speaking, seeing that he was so truly Edmond's friend. "I think," said he, "that I have this week detected the symptom that has baffled me so long. He is being crushed himself in trying to crush out hopefulness that he dares not cherish. I only hope that it may not ultimately fail him, or that he may not break down physically under the strain meantime. His spirit will not now yield, but without hope his body will."

Margaret understood while hardly daring to understand, nor was response really possible. Dr. Klein had not intended to ask a question, but to give information of vital import to the friend that he loved so well, and to whom he could not imagine a woman like Margaret remaining indifferent. Nor would he have wounded her delicacy willingly; but, deeply anxious for his friend, whom he prized beyond any other near him, he was anxious, if possible, to foster in his own heart a hope that was deeper in its sympathy than he could well express.

With some hesitation Margaret said: "It is the bitterest thing to see a friend suffer without being able to console or share the sorrow."

Her tones and her averted face assured the doctor that she was not indifferent to what he had been saying; and this was all that he had a right to consider now, and he became in turn consoler.

"You may be sure," said he, "that your visit up here will cheer our friend wonderfully and do him, I trust, a lasting good; and for the rest, when one's heart is set to do good the way rarely fails to be opened sooner or later." "Especially if one puts one's *whole* trust in God," said Margaret, turning to her habitual refuge; "it's half-measures that ruin us in faith as in every other thing."

And now came the last day of the visit. Mrs. Barbour introduced the subject unconsciously avoided by the others, and Edmond, hastening to conceal his deep chagrin, spoke hurriedly of taking down and packing the bedstead.

"Thank fortune," said she, "there's so much less baggage going over the road!" and to the astonished man declared that she had "brought it up on purpose for him and hadn't house-room for it anywhere." The contents of the barrel, with all their show of housekeeping, were still sufficiently economized to leave some luxuries for him, and the house was a picture in comparison with its state at their introduction.

"Do you know, Herr Brenner," said Margaret a little formally to recall him from his touched condition, "I have wondered repeatedly why Hans Werber should have made such ample provision for company or a family, all of one sex. Surely a mixed party could never occupy those six berths at the end of the room. Would not three have been better, with the bed-room in the wing or bay? And a north window in place of three of those shelves would really transform this room by its light and ventilation." "Admirable!" said Edmond. "My first luxury shall be the purchase of a window and the demolition of half the berths."

Then they entered into an estimate of the cost of cutting a door into the room and finishing it in simplest fashion, Mrs. Barbour helping by naming a carpenter who was always buying and selling sash at second-hand, and offering to look out for chances. Edmond felt now capable of doing the most of the work himself, and "Klein was a capital carpenter and aid," as a good surgeon often chances to be.

After this a walk was proposed, as had happened in the late

afternoon for several days past. "The last walk," said Mrs. Barbour with cruel emphasis; some way or other she had an air of dissatisfaction, and made to herself a gesture that she was wont to use when her bread wouldn't rise or in other cases of failure.

Her words struck pain into both young hearts, each charged in its own way with a load with which each was bravely struggling. If Margaret had doubted the strength of her feelings or their nature, Dr. Klein's hints of danger to Edmond had revealed them to her in the glow of woman's pity. It caused them to walk on in silence.

Without especial purpose they chose their way up the hill again. Any one looking on at the ascent would have admired Edmond's fine figure, always slightly in advance of Margaret, but only sufficiently so to give her the continual help over rough places that was naturally required; any one looking at her and listening to their not lively conversation would have said she takes up the thoughts that he begins to express and carries them out as if they commenced in her own mind. A conclusion might readily have been reached: How well suited this pair are to climb together continuously!

In reality each one was striving to show the least possible selfishness toward the other, and to do nothing that could make the parting harder. It was impossible, though, but something of the mutual feeling should be evident to both, yet each strove for the other's sake, and the woman in modesty as well, to repress all contemplation. But with Edmond the subject was "never five minutes out of mind." He had before the visit counted on speaking, in accordance with the priest's counsel; but the lines betrayed by Margaret's tell-tale face on arrival had silenced him, and he was even now saying to himself, "It would be too rude; she could never bear it here."

They reached the summit and sat down on a fallen trunk overlooking the distance of the three ravines and across the valley of the mill-stream. To Edmond but one overwhelming thought was present: "Parting must be like dying," and he could not speak at all.

Showers had been falling but a few miles away and threatened to approach. As this prospect recalled to them the prudence of descent, they rose to go, when Margaret's attention was attracted to a distant rainbow.

She thinks that she had begun to say something about the "emblem of hope"; but she will never know what that unfinished

sentence would have been, for Edmond, turning quickly, stooped to see it from under a projecting branch that hid it, and she, as quickly turning to see if he were looking, found her face in sudden, accidental contact with his, and, like sparks from the bosom of a parent flame or drops of coalescing oil, these two long-united souls were betraying and betrayed in the embrace that no one could have pronounced voluntary. Certainly it was without intent or deliberation.

But once occurring, each drew back, Margaret with blushing, drooping face, Edmond self-reproachful and terror-stricken. "What have I done?" said he remorsefully. "O Margaret! can you ever trust me again?" all his pain pouring into the tones as he repeated in self-reproach: "What have I done?" "Found a rainbow," said she when words were possible; and seeing him but half-reassured, she presently continued, still deeply blushing, but now too pitiful for him to dwell on self: "I believe that the best thing has happened that could; now, whatever comes, we know ourselves as we are."

What sweet knowledge to the pure-hearted, to taste which once rewards every denial of vice has been the testimony of the ages, and which every man forgoes in other indulgence!

"But this poverty, my misery—what right have I to enlist any woman's love?" said he, pouring out in quick, brief phrase the pent-up pain of months. "Let that be my care, not yours," she replied gently. "If I am not afraid, surely you need not fear for me. Besides, I think a great deal of the misery capable of alleviation by very simple measures, since it is a case of Margaret instead of Beta," she added, with an inflection of tone that forced a smile from him.

That their great relief and joy should find expression in one more renewal of what had been nearly involuntary was but natural; but even as they embraced these old young people remembered the mortality they had thrown aside for a few rapturous moments, and began their return.

Edmond became eloquent in the description of what he had concealed, realizing the very ideal of woman, ardent and pure as he was, and Margaret now became conscious of mingling love and admiration that she had not hitherto known.

"And now," he said, "just as we are revealed to each other, as a little happiness might be tasted, we must part. O Margaret! how can I let you go?" "Let us rather be thankful that we part in the joy of hope than in that silent, cruel pain; it will give us courage," was Margaret's response. "We are

young and can wait," she added; for he had now told her of the priest's counsel, and she quoted it suitably. Once again, once only, did they embrace, and that after words that meant the sanctity of betrothal, though neither asked nor gave a promise—words as noble and full of respect, almost, as of love. And then they went back to the world again, the world being Beta and Mrs. Barbour.

Mrs. Barbour was at that climax of preparation at the moment of their arrival when delay "just spoils the hot cake," and was too eager to display such trophies achieved under difficulties to be critical of observation. It is highly improbable that, with their deeply underlying thoughts, a word of praise would have been accorded the poor, patient, toiling woman, had not her own remarks drawn forth their tardy but now overdone praise.

Fully suspicious during the meal, Mrs. Barbour's very positive glances from one to the other after tea were too plainly directed to be longer evaded. Summoning the very best English that he was yet able to command, Edmond, taking Margaret's hand, said to the elder woman: "Dees dear friend haf promise to be more as a friend!"

An indescribable sound of good-natured disparagement issued from the lips of the good woman addressed, best explained by her rather original comment, made quite as much to herself as to those whom she addressed: "Got yer eyes open at last? I never *could* see why kittens and lovers take so much time to it. 'S fur me, 'twouldn't take me two minutes any time to know *my* mind"; from which we may safely infer that the *intricacies* of love were still a mystery to Mrs. Barbour.

But now, her mind relieved of what had really oppressed her for a long time, the warm-hearted woman was not wanting in congratulation better suited for translation to Edmond than her first forcible comparison. "My children," said she, "the old woman knew yer better 'n yer knew yerselves, and couldn't see any way out o' the trouble yer were in but to get yer together and see 'f 'twouldn't out 'n some fashion, 's 't has, and I'm more pleased 'n to find a hundred-dollar bill." And though so large a note was not often apt to dazzle her vision, she spoke truth indeed. Margaret had grown into her heart as few had done, and her suspicion that this girl's happiness was going to connect itself with Edmond's was of much longer standing than Margaret's own.

Mrs. Barbour once in their confidence, there ensued a long discussion of ways and means, and a fearless investigation of the

rather gloomy future, though both declared that waiting for years with hope would be less painful than a short renewal of the recent past. It was allowed that, without fixing any positive time, should Edmond's affairs prosper for two years they might venture to marry, especially if the growth and prosperity of the whole settlement kept pace; but when the words "two years" were spoken a silence fell on all the group, it seemed such waiting, and Mrs. Barbour spoke for all when she said:

"Two long, lonesome years in all *this*"—"all this" recalling the condition to which it was to be expected the house would return presently. It was clear to all, however, that in the present uncertainty nothing better could be counted on, and that a small misfortune would make a greater delay still. "Let us trust in God and do our best," said Margaret cheerfully, and then, as had happened for two or three evenings, Edmond took up his violin.

He had been playing with his back toward the open door, quite too absorbed in an improvisation to notice his friend Dr. Klein, who came softly in. "This is farewell," said the doctor mentally, used to following Edmond's musical moods, and hearing almost with pain the sad notes that marked its commencement. He read in Margaret's eyes the appeal that it made to her, but he was puzzled to divine a look behind the tears, so bright and triumphant that it made him wish to see Edmond's also.

But now the music spoke for him. A thread of melody began interweaving the sad accompaniment, that grew fuller and more prominent until the minor of the one was lost in the swelling major that was now the theme in full, and gradually brightened without ever becoming gay. But it was ever so tender, so full of pathos, that it could only have grown out of an intensity of happiness, and it told the doctor all that he was longing to hear.

"It is farewell indeed," mused the doctor again, "but it is parting in hope, and a very full hope. Can it be? Has it happened?" he eagerly asked himself. Just then the music ceased, and Edmond, speaking low to Margaret, said in German: "Adieu, dear child, but never more divided." Dr. Klein stepped quickly forward, and, kissing Edmond on both cheeks in a fashion new and strange to Margaret, said: "Tell me, dear friend, that there is joy that I may share." And for response Edmond drew Margaret to his side.

For a moment the doctor's utterance was choked, then, with their clasped hands enfolded in his generous palms, with coming

speech he poured upon them a wealth of congratulation and blessing. To the two years' delay he shook his head. "Fix no time," said he. "If this sweet hope alone will bring back the lost color and vigor that care and a joyless life have robbed from these young cheeks and the once strong limbs, I will not complain; but they must recover quickly in the year to come, or I shall summon this child to aid my skill." And Edmond, exhilarated with his new happiness, declared that now he had so much to live for he should live with all the strength of a happy soul, and that health could not fail to follow.

In this bright moment Beta and the tiresome life seemed an inconvenient trifle only. But this could not last. Their parting on the morrow we veil, and the correspondence that was true consolation, and in which each aided the other to endurance and exertion. There were letters, too, to be written to the two home-circles so distant and so different.

Margaret's family was of a common New England, undemonstrative type, in which the real affection is so veiled that one would be troubled to believe in its existence but for some unusual occurrence in life which will at least call forth a clannish allegiance or determination to "stand by" at need, and in other cases really awakens a regard that seemed dormant.

When Margaret wrote to them of her conversion to the Catholic faith their letters gave her greater pain by their very indifference than keen reproaches would have awakened. "You have always chosen for yourself; you must choose now," was the sum of their response, yet without any intended hint of wilfulness. It was a kind of divesting themselves of responsibility that indicated want of interest as well, and it seemed as if they didn't care enough about her to feel badly; for they scorned "Romanism," and since Margaret's Western life had brought her in contact with more demonstrative people she felt that there was something that she had craved and missed her whole life through.

She could look back and count the few kisses ever volunteered, with anything like warmth, by any member of her family or similarly bestowed on each other. She had seen her father and mother embrace each other once after the death of a child; doubtless they did so at other times, but never so frequently as to be observed by their children, repression being the rule in this class of New England households, and emotion a weakness to be concealed.

For some time Margaret had been at pains to write more frequent and affectionate letters herself, and now she succeeded in pleasing herself better than ever in what she said, although she was obliged to own: "I have always the misfortune to appear before you in some unfavorable light in the marked events of my life, and shall do so peculiarly in having engaged myself to a poor young man whose fortunes have to be made under circumstances of peculiar difficulty, and whose qualities I can hardly expect to place before you in as attractive a light as they appear to me."

But there was something cumulative in Margaret's continued attempts to win affectionate expression, and her mother and brother Francis at last wrote with sufficient kindness to sound very well in Margaret's translation to Edmond.

But the warm German letters that he sent her as soon as received were truly food for such a nature as Margaret's long-hungry being. With their blessing his parents welcomed the choice of their beloved absent son, and in endearing terms expressed their love for him and longing to see him happy in his exile. The old father augured good from the name of Edmond's betrothed, fondly dwelling on the memory of a little lost child who had borne it, and saying so tenderly, "And thou, my son, givest us another Margaret," that no woman's heart could have resisted the adoption.

Most suitable and affectionate were the congratulations of Edmond's brother and sister, and some quotations having been made from her own letters to him a little later, they were won to a correspondence of their own which was lasting and helpful.

This went far to alleviate the trials of the following year and more. For fifteen months they worked and waited in a way that gives little to dwell upon in detail. In result Margaret had been again promoted, this time to the post of assistant in the high-school, the former administrant having married a professor in a Western college, and the increased salary had for eight months told perceptibly on the little savings.

Edmond for his part rejoiced in the harvests of two most favorable years and the yield from two more acres of cleared land, though, unlike some of his neighbors, he was sparing of his timber, always counting its greatly increased value when a saw-mill should be able to convert it into boards. The oxen had been sold and replaced by a better pair, and a horse added to the stock, and this year a calf that had been bought for a merely

nominal price was growing up, Edmond hoping that by the time a small dairy could be established some one more capable than Beta could be coaxed to manage it.

The bank-deposit had grown only by eighty dollars' deposit and interest, for the remaining receipts had to be used for labor, seed, tools, and the changes in stock just named. This was slow progress, but it did seem as if the question of a living, just a living, was established, and that it might be decent and comfortable with the presence of a woman like Margaret.

They had met once only during the fifteen months. In Margaret's long summer vacation there was a four weeks' visit made by her in companionship of an ailing child of twelve, one of her pupils, who grew strong and well in the woods, and rejoiced to join Margaret in the hay-field and at the stump-burning, which last work, persevered in with enthusiasm, removed the ugliest feature in the landscape and made the land about the house quite sightly.

Her efforts to make things presentable indoors were greatly encouraged by the removal of the three berths and substitution of a larger window than either of the others, and the finishing, though somewhat rudely, of the bay room, now brought into use by a connecting door and containing Mrs. Barbour's gift, the bedstead and fittings.

Margaret herself brought up an addition to the table furniture in some dishes and cooking utensils purchased in sundry excursions to the auction-room with Mrs. Barbour, and the place had now become a world of interest to both women. Her little store of soap and towels was almost luxurious under the circumstances, but Edmond could object to nothing in view of her present comfort or the store that was to be her own in the future.

But that future the young man sought to hasten, now that the problem of living was solved, and he chafed at Margaret's prudential wish to wait out the second year, as at first proposed. His restored health could no longer admit the old excuse, not even his supporter, Dr. Klein, being able to urge his need of the care that was so great the year before; but his plea was so ardent that Margaret found herself obliged to be very firm indeed to return to school without promise of speedier nuptials.

It was in the very early days of December that Edmond received notice from the clerk at the land-office that speculators were now looking up the land about Gruenwald, and that there would probably be no extended delay in purchasing. It was the

renewal of temptation to him, but his thought of every increased responsibility kept him steady and he waited for Margaret's counsel.

"Dear Edmond," she wrote in reply, "I have long thought that I should like to own some land myself. Why not? And you have lived in America long enough to know that both house and land belong to the wife often, who is considered as deserving something in the matrimonial partnership. Were you able I should have liked to receive this as your gift, but since it is I who am able I should be very sorry to let this be lost to you. Between you and me no question of money can make any difference, so let me secure this for us now, and some day we will arrange the ownership."

The "some day" was nearing more rapidly than either of them expected. Professor Neale's wife, whose place Margaret had filled, found herself at New Year's a mother and a widow in one short week, without means for more than a few months' support, and friendless except for her mother, who was in part dependent on her daughter's aid. It was to this household of misery that Margaret now seemed a veritable angel. Such of her limited out-of-school hours as she could devote were given to the Neales during the crisis of the professor's illness and death and the birth of the child, and to her the desolate women turned as their sole friend and counsellor.

With the convalescence of Mrs. Neale came the question of "a living," and it was found that, after the settlement of the professor's trivial accounts, less than six months' maintenance was afforded with the most frugal management. Mrs. Neale had lost her position as teacher, but, with a resolution like Margaret's own, determined to seek a place in the lower schools, and, with her mother to attend the child, recommence the strife, though greatly at disadvantage. This resolution she confided to Margaret one evening, while Margaret, in negotiation for the land, had received a letter from Edmond of unusual persistence, and showing greater discouragement at the delay of their marriage than he had ever exhibited.

"I seem to be winning bread that should be this woman's, and refusing to make that which Edmond has a right to demand of me," said Margaret in self-accusation; and returning to Mrs. Neale, whom she had left an hour before, she announced to that surprised woman her intention of resigning her own post. "Next week," said she, "the school-committee will meet, and we must do what we can to secure the place for you for the spring

term; you have the means of living until the close of this, and at Easter we will change places." Then she wrote to Edmond before sleeping a letter destined to cheer him in a very despondent moment. He had taken cold and was ill, and Beta quite laid up and useless from similar causes, when the joy-giving missive came giving consent to their marriage at Easter.

Again did life brighten, and many of the following winter hours were shortened by toil destined to make the house interior more sightly or comfortable. A neater finish was bestowed on the bed-room by the purchase of some smooth planking for the upper part, while a really pretty rustic wainscot met this work, constructed of neatly-joined small logs. Overhead Edmond's skilful hand and delicate taste wrought a ceiling of the same material, but in fine branches, radiating prettily from the centre to the corners of the room, and a graceful pendant of pine cones at the point of union was adapted to the hanging of a lantern or remained simply ornamental at will.

Some most desirable drainage also received attention, and Edmond worked on thus at innumerable improvements in the enthusiasm of immediate hope. Margaret had few remaining preparations to make, having set soberly about the most needful ones some time before, and having, in her visits to the auction-room from time to time, secured a judicious and valuable outfit at small cost. The fortnight's interval between the close of school and Easter was therefore almost one of leisure.

The latter half of Holy Week Edmond spent with her. It was naturally a quiet, serious moment, and though it could but be to them a moment of anticipation as well, there were grave discussions of their not brilliant future and a full look at the shadows as well as lights of the picture.

It was at this time that a photographer boarding at Mrs. Barbour's requested Edmond to sit for his picture, less from his striking beauty than the belief that he had after long search found a long-desired model for a leading artist for whom he worked. This painter had been seeking a face and form from which to paint an ideal Hamlet, and, fully agreeing as to the type of face, the photographer saw it before him when Edmond appeared. Not a little was the theory of these men strengthened when they learned that Edmond's maternal grandfather, whom he greatly resembled, had been a Dane.

It resulted in several pictures for the artist, besides a study or two from the life, and for Margaret's wedding gift there was a fine full-length figure in photograph framed, and a head and

bust in crayon was sent later to Gruenwald when the painting had won laurels for the artist and he was not ungrateful.

They were married on Easter Monday at eight o'clock in the morning, Anna Davison remaining with Margaret before the departure from home, and aiding the arrangement of a soft gray dress with delicately-wrought collar and cuffs, her own gift to the bride.

"She looks just like a dove," said Mrs. Barbour, peeping in at the toilette, "and," brushing out an unwonted tear, "she's just as sweet as one, 'n if that young man don't turn out as he promises—" Here words failed, and she fled.

Not all Mrs. Barbour's coaxing could tempt Margaret to the extravagance of a black silk. "Remember the want of soap and towels," said Margaret laughingly, "and think how many would be swallowed up in one dress like that." And then she coaxed the elder woman to a satisfied inspection of crockery and hardware that had been accumulating all these months and stood packed in cedar wash-tubs, and so diverted her thoughts from the luxuries.

One of the Davison brothers was best man to Edmond, who had at first asked Zelter; but he, being impecunious at the moment and unable to contribute any other gift, could only offer the outpouring of his talent, and excused himself that he might preside at the organ, and so it happened that the music was such as had never been heard in the small near church which they sought as humble folk and from past association.

The morning sun was as beautiful as if it were falling through stained glass, making slender rays upon the high altar as Edmond and Margaret knelt together before it and were made one, and at the moment of benediction, stealing through another window, threw a charming wealth of light and warmth upon the kneeling pair that was hailed as a happy omen. At the same moment Zelter, who had at suitable intervals been sending down notes that suggested all that was stirred in him in tones like an orchestra of sweet-voiced birds, gave way to a joy-song that had been hovering all through the subdued, half-pathetic preludes, and filled the air with something as jubilant, as triumphant as the favorite "March" of Mendelssohn. It would have honored the nuptials of a prince!

The breakfast at Mrs. Barbour's was their banquet, with little silver and no cut glass, and Zelter and the Davisons and two of the boarders alone for guests; for these poor working-world people had to economize time as well as money, and so it happened

that while Mrs. Neale and many of Margaret's pupils were at the church they had to hasten to newly opening school.

But there were some flowers from some of these scholars that brightened both table and the little parlor, and the pupil who had accompanied Margaret in her last visit to Gruenwald, and been annoyed by want of a clock, sent a very pretty one now to supply that deficiency. And Herr Bensen, who would have been at table with them were he in the city, had sent a very attractive, generously-filled work-box. And there were some piles of cotton articles, the material for which was jointly contributed by the Davison brothers, who were young dry-goods dealers; and a rheumatic, eccentric old gentleman, one of the guests at breakfast and a warm friend of Margaret's, expressed himself in a barometer, many yards of red flannel, and a book of practical hints for fever-and-ague districts. Mrs. Neale had insisted on Margaret's acceptance of some valuable clothing in colors to which she never meant to return.

Mrs. Barbour, who had been constantly aiding Margaret in little motherly ways, had despoiled herself of some heavy silver spoons that she once meant to keep while she lived, as well as some china and a teapot that had been her grandmother's, and were of greater value to a collector than either of the women dreamed. However, they were sure to be as highly prized and cared for from better motives growing out of mutual regards and obligations, and so became in the giving and receiving very valuable indeed.

At noon the young couple went away to Gruenwald, Edmond having been obliged to make two trips with the express-wagon to get their accumulated treasures safely bestowed on the freight-car. It was a matter of several days' transportation to convey them all from the Gruenwald station to the woodland home in the forest; but once there, how the interior was made to bloom with the few needed pieces of furniture!

A sightly table replaced the rude affair banished to the barn until increasing prosperity should allow a dairy and pans that would need it. Some chairs, treasures too from the auction-room, neatly covered by Margaret, stood invitingly here and there—one an arm-chair, the picture of comfort—while ample shelves, built by Edmond during the winter, shone and smiled with bright tin and clean crockery. Neat curtains hung beside the windows, and in a corner a cone-trimmed bracket supported a vase which Margaret promised should never want wild flowers in their season; while prettiest of all were the shelves

of a little bookcase holding Margaret's treasures, and hanging over it the framed full-length photograph of Edmond.

In the little bed-room the bedstead and a crucifix with its font, brought from the German home, with a neat curtain to cover hanging clothes, were all; but "there shall be a bureau when we are rich," said Margaret, and contented herself at present with neatness. And Edmond's rustic adornment was furniture in itself.

A week after the marriage Margaret received from her home friends a check for fifty dollars with apologies for delay, and with this she paid in full for her land, one-half of which she had left on mortgage.

At first her time was fully occupied with settling and organizing the housework; but as the systematized care of things diminished labor and the advancing season brought beautiful outdooring, Margaret often found herself in the field beside Edmond, rendering him real assistance in light and not unsuitable duties that often fall to boy or girl on a farm.

Like Beta, too, she was constantly tempted to run to the woods. "In the beautiful, green, still wood" she was often singing from one of Edmond's compositions—"Im schönen, grünen, stillen Wald"—which dawned upon his fancy first one holiday in a Suabian forest. Even apart from the high summer of love in life that made all charming now, Margaret's enthusiastic love of nature would have brought her satisfaction. She had thought her former delight in these woods the result in part of contrast, and from the rest and change of city life; but now they were her daily living, and she found that she never tired. So she would sit, when at liberty, singing under the shade of mighty trees, or where less closely woven boughs let golden sunlight stream in broken splendor on varied undergrowth, vine tangles, or fern-beds. There were moments when the perfect silence was sublime and no sound could have fallen from her lips.

"It was as if all the world were praying," she said once, "and most of it was praise."

Thanksgiving formed a large part of her own praying. In other moods and moments, when the movement of some harmless, unscared animal stirred the leaves beside her, or the faint hum of insects in warm days or the song of dwellers overhead unchecked her own musical fountains, her voice would fill its own space in her dear "beautiful, green, still wood." These happy, happy days, when life was golden summer, every real need supplied, and some luxurious wants ministered to, and,

filled with resolution and with hope, no special dark anticipation could be pictured!

"I always knew how well I loved you," said Edmond one day, "but I never dared dream how well you could love me," was his tribute to some revelation of her deep feeling now, so perfect had been her repression before marriage.

Happy the husband, thrice happy the wife, whose harvests grow with time in such wise, and whose perfect innocence in youth merits the experience denied all others!

One late October day, the crops gathered in and having a little leisure, they made festival, and in a day's excursion visited the nearest of the three ravines, towards which Margaret's eyes had often turned with longing, the other two being unapproachable even by foot-path. To this, however, there was such access, and there they spent a glorious day, their first full holiday. An early frost had started the first blaze of autumn glory and arrayed its gorgeous contrast on sombre backgrounds of russet and evergreen. The summit of some high rocks was hollowed into the semblance of a seat, to cushion which with mosses and autumn leaves, and enthrone Margaret thereon, was Edmond's care, and an overhanging vine was drawn down for a canopy. Under this graceful shelter they wove the woof of a hundred lives into the warp of one, fancying themselves in every delicious existence of which either was capable of dreaming; but the old imaginations were so tame that they were soon abandoned, as, looking toward the sheltering rocks of their distant home, they each confessed that present living in that dear spot made the other devices pale and lifeless.

"I am glad that we are going home," said Margaret, as the lengthening shadows marked the time, "yet the day has been beautiful." And truly it had been one in which, as Edmond declared, "the soul and the senses might revel together."

However hard the field-work by day, now that Edmond was sustained by well-prepared food and in greater variety, and so cheered and comforted by his happy home, he was rarely too tired to play for a while on the dear violin, and the house rang nightly to its tones. It seemed a living thing, a part of themselves.

"We called it our dear child," said Margaret, "until one came, for it was of ourselves and spoke to us. Truly it was a happy, happy year."

There had been some little acquaintance between Margaret and the Gruenwald folk at the settlement near the station, but it

had been chiefly in kindnesses shown by her to the sick. Soon after their marriage our friends had thought best to accept an invitation to one of the merry-makings held in simplest fashion among these settlers, Edmond, as usual when present, contributing the music. The dancing was occasionally varied by games, not unlike those once in vogue in rural districts of New England, into which promiscuous kissing entered.

Margaret, having grown up in a city, had never seen anything of this kind except among children, far less joined in such. A rough fellow named Schopfer, rather tolerated even in this limited society than sought, half stupid with beer, pretended to think that Margaret was playing, and, "seeing his chance," embraced and would have kissed her. But this was hindered by the prompt, almost involuntary, action of Margaret, who, feeling quite as attacked as she would have done in wood or field, drew her well-shaped hand smartly across the fellow's face and left a stinging blow. Then, feeling her rising color and tears, she went out at the nearest door, quickly followed by Edmond, who had not seen the action, but who heard what had happened in a confused report of several voices. His nature would have allowed little time for thought, and he was turning to seek Schopfer when Margaret detained him. "Stay a moment," said she; "I will go with you and speak for myself."

They returned to the house, where the people were gathered in a group, discussing the matter still. One of the women turned to Margaret, saying in eager explanation: "You are not to mind; it is only a custom," while a man remarked, "Schopfer shouldn't have done it," and a second woman pronounced Schopfer to be "a brute any way, and he was drunk then." One voice remarked, "Brenner has brought us a fine lady like Frau Von, the doctor's wife," which reached the ears for which it was really intended, but most of the crowd said: "Shame on Schopfer! The frau was not playing."

At first tremulously, with gathered firmness as she continued, Margaret spoke: "My friends, I am very sorry that anything so unfortunate should have marred this pleasant occasion, which I know was in part meant as a welcome to me. For my own action I can only say that I did not understand your custom and was frightened as if I were on the road; nor do I like it now. It always seemed to me that a woman's lips were sacred to the kisses of her family or her husband; her form no other should touch; and if I thought this growing up a Protestant maiden, a hundred-fold do I think it as a Catholic woman. Nor can

'playing' make it different. Still, if it is your 'custom' and you like it, I have nothing to say of that."

Here one of the women said, "We do not all like it," and another, "It's a disgrace," but a third whispered "jealous," which silenced both. Margaret resumed:

"I have come among you in a spirit of true friendliness, to be one of yourselves, to be a good neighbor, as far as may be, in trouble or in sickness, to live your life, and in no way set myself above you; but that does not require me to submit to an action that is to me wrong and indecent, and I know now that you will never expect it of me. But having said this, you will no longer misjudge me, and Schopfer, I am sure, is already so sorry for the pain he has caused me that there need not be another word spoken between us. Let us all be friends, but courteous, respectful friends, as well as kindly ones." And turning in a very graceful manner to Schopfer, she held out the hand that had given him his lesson—a little rosier, perhaps, for that—which the fellow, pushed on by his wife, had the sense to take and stammer out what served as an apology.

Then, discreetly renewing the dancing, no more ring-plays were introduced during the evening. Tacitly abandoned whenever Margaret was present, these games fell into disuse, and the festivities improved in tone, as Margaret, feeling the severity of the lesson she had given, considered herself doubly bound to introduce and sustain more refined pleasures among them.

This became easier as with passing time Margaret's word was nobly fulfilled among them. Schopfer's own child, hurt by the felling of a tree, was one of the first to receive Margaret's ministrations as nurse, to its great benefit and its parents' full gratitude. But her best work was on Sundays.

Longing eagerly as she did for the religious privileges so irregularly administered here, she did her best to foster the religious feeling of the community. Sometimes, drawing children about her, she would ask them questions out of the catechism, coaxing one or two of them to learn the answers for her for another Sunday's meeting; then, finding out which women were most faithful, she would modestly urge their working at home with their children and bringing them to her for farther instruction when they met on Sunday. By a skilful concealment of her own part, and allowing it to appear as the work of others, she won over some of the most influential people, both men and women, to come together with regularity, and gradually several classes were formed by taking the best instructed and watching their

teaching of the little ones and most ignorant. So that when the priest came around at the next Easter following Margaret's arrival he found a number of well-prepared children, to whom he promised means of a journey soon to a town where they received confirmation.

Before the close of her first year of marriage all Margaret's labors were increased in difficulty of execution by the birth of the first child, a fine little fellow, very like Edmond, except his eyes, which were the dark ones of his mother instead of the German blue ones. Now more than ever was Beta of some real service, devoting herself so fully to the care of the baby that little else could be expected of her, and evidently finding a labor that pleased her.

At the end of a second year a little daughter increased the family group, who promised to be a great beauty some day, and not quite two years later another boy was born. This harvest of children, which brought great happiness with them, was the best harvest that could be shown at the woodland home, at least for the last two years, for during those the crops had been but average, and one year before decidedly poor. So far from adding to the deposits in the bank, Edmond had been obliged to draw out twenty-five dollars.

The fifth year was one of great prosperity, weather favoring all operations, and the yield abundant even to careless farmers. To Edmond's skill there was ample response, and in restoring the money drawn out in the spring he would have doubled it but for expenses contingent on Margaret's rather long sickness after her fourth confinement, and Beta's sickness and burial.

It would have been a trying convalescence for Margaret but for the timely visit and aid of Mrs. Barbour, who found a new existence opened to her in the interest inspired by the family of children. She stayed three weeks at the crisis, and tided over a hard moment of domestic trial, under the old plea of resting.

Dr. Klein was another faithful friend. These years of acquaintance only drew the three into a closer circle of mutual enjoyment, narrowed by the impossibility of extending it to those of less intelligence. It was through the doctor now that the pair kept up their knowledge of an outer world. From him came the news of the day, political, social, and especially scientific. Every discovery, from the latest development of the solar spectrum to the newest researches in polar regions, were carried as precious treasures to be shared with his friends, at whose hearthstone he had become a third inmate nearly. Poor Madame Von

would as soon have entered upon the study of Arabic as the contemplation of themes that delighted Edmond and Margaret and kept the little dwelling an intelligent centre, and life was to her a series of memories and the nursing of small ailments of her own.

The first boy, now a sturdy little fellow running about the fields beside his father, had been named Franz, for his grandfather across the sea and with loving thoughts on the part of Margaret of her brother Francis. The little girl was Elisa, for Edmond's mother and sister—he had tried to have it Margaret in vain. The next boy was a junior Edmond, and when the next proved a son also his parents had but a single thought for his name—Waldemar Klein. "Now," said the honored doctor, "I am no longer childless."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE SPHINX.

"LE REPOS EN EGYPTE."

All day I watch the stretch of burning sand,
  All night I brood beneath the golden stars;
Amid the silence of a desolate land
  No touch of bitterness my reverie mars.

Built by the proudest of a kingly line,
  Over my head the centuries fly fast:
The secrets of the mighty dead are mine,
  I hold the key of a forgotten past.

Yet ever hushed into a rapturous dream
  I see again that night—a halo mild
Shone from the liquid moon; beneath her beam
  Travelled a tired young Mother and her Child.

Within my arms she slumbered, and alone
  I watched the Infant. At my feet her guide
Lay stretched o'er-wearied; on my breast of stone
    Rested the Crucified.

THE COMEDY OF CONFERENCE.

PART IV.

SCENE: *Exeter Hall, London.* TIME: 18—.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

AMERICAN DELEGATES.	ENGLISH DELEGATES.
Rev. Bishop Latitude, Methodist Episcopal.	Rev. Dr. Chosen, Presbyterian.
Rev. Dr. Topheavy, Baptist.	Rev. Dr. Sophical, Wesleyan.
Rev. Dr. Flurry, Presbyterian.	Rev. Dr. Ballast, Baptist.
Rev. Dr. Liberal, Congregationalist.	Rev. Dr. Whistle, Independent.
Rev. Dr. Bounce, Lutheran.	Rev. Washington Dipwell, Baptist.
Rev. Dr. Jocund, Methodist Episcopal.	Rev. Luther Knockpope, Wesleyan.
Prof. Augustus Synonym, having the chair of Lost Arts and Occult Sciences, —— College.	Rev. Amen Hallelujah, Primitive Methodist.
	Prof. Jeremy Ratio, holding the chair of Algebraic Inequalities, etc., etc., —— University.

Together with a large, enthusiastic, and somewhat demonstrative audience.

PROF. SYNONYM said that sturdy Protestant, Mr. Knockpope, had, as Conference would remember, objected to the introduction of "Latinized phrases" in argument. He (the speaker) would not be the apologist of the Church of Rome with respect to her use in her services of a tongue generally unknown to the laity, although in so doing she but followed the example of the Jewish Church, the mode of conducting whose services was explicitly laid down by God himself. And, indeed, in the ancient Jewish services and the Roman Mass the reason was identically the same why it was not necessary for the vulgar tongue to be used—namely, that the act of worship was sacrificial and performed by the priest in behalf of the people. The act of worship was, however, assisted in by the people by their devout contemplation of the proceedings at the altar. The Romish Church had the advantage over the Jewish in that in the Mass the people saw, and heard the voice of, the officiating priest or celebrant, and by practice (and many, indeed, by a knowledge of the Latin) fully knew what was done and said; while in many of the Jewish services the people neither saw nor heard the priest, and were, naturally enough, unconscious of what was done and said in their

behalf. It, however, fell somewhat within his province to show that as a philological expedient the retention by the Romish Church of the Latin tongue in her services was justifiable. The fact was well recognized among scholars, continued the learned professor, that words, the "*signa audibilia*," had existed before sound-signs, the "*verba audibilia*." Warburton had shown that writing originated in pictures. Hence as ideas had changed the symbols of those ideas had changed with them, which was the ultimate cause of the idiosyncrasies observable in all living languages. Richardson, in section ii. of the preface to his English Dictionary, while viewing the changes to which all national languages are subject, had declared: "The lexicographer can never assure himself that he has attained the meaning of a word until he has discovered the thing, the sensible object—*res quæ nostros sensus feriunt*—the sensation caused by that thing or object of which that word is the name." That learned author had divided the meaning of words into the literal, metaphorical, and consequential senses, and had actually made the almost inappreciable distinction of the metaphorical application of the literal meaning. (Laughter.) In view of the evident appreciativeness of Conference he would quote at greater length from the preface to the standard work named: "While investigating, then, the meaning and consequent usage or application of words," continued the professor, referring to the said authority, "I have considered it a duty incumbent upon the lexicographer to direct his view (1) to the etymology and literal meaning; (2) to the metaphorical application of this meaning to the mind; (3) to the application consequent or inferred from what is metaphorical." (Renewed laughter.) He would propose to Conference some words of the ancient vernacular, and leave it to them to apply the rules laid down by the learned Richardson in their interpretation. Conference would perhaps be astonished to hear that St. Peter and another disciple were stated to have brought suit against their divine Master. Yet so it to-day stood written. (Sensation.)

REV. WESLEY LOVEFEAST demanded to know where.

PROF. SYNONYM (smiling complacently). "In the Bible." (Immense stir.) He would also show from the same authority that Christ was upon another occasion threatened with a suit. (Loud calls to order.) He begged time to explain. He referred to Wickliffe's Bible, in which was found the following: "But Symound Petir *suede* Jhesus and another disciple"; * as also:

* Wick., Jon c. xviii.

"And a scribe neighede and said to him, Maistir, I shall *sue* thee whider ever thou schalt go." *

A marked change, the professor said, was here seen to have taken place in the mode of conveying the idea to follow; a change which would be succeeded by others as long as the *signa audibilia*—words—were dependent on the vagaries of human will in choosing its vehicles of expression. Perhaps twenty per cent. of all words in the vernacular either carried with them, at the expiration of each second or third century, new meanings or became totally unmeaning or obsolete. No one could tell to what age God had decreed that the church should descend. The world was as yet but six thousand years old; still, all traces of the primary language of the race had disappeared. The existence of the Hebrew tongue, in which the Jews yet read and sang their services, had alone preserved a knowledge of revealed truth. Hence the Church of Rome preserved *its* doctrines in a tongue not exposed to the transformations experienced by all vulgar languages. Other extracts from Wickliffe would strengthen the conviction which seemed to be forced on the impartial mind of the wisdom of this precaution. Thus the familiar object which was now known as a *rock* was in that early translator's day designated by a term both singular and amusing, as the following would show: ‡

"And whanne gret flood was maad, the flood was hulid to that house, and it myghte not move it, for it was foundid on a sad stoon." †

The same term "sad," which was then the equivalent of *fixed* or *sure*, was used in the following verse:

'But the sad foundament of god stondith, hauynge this mark, the lord knoweth which ben hise." ‡

Other extracts might be given equally calculated to create astonishment at the changes observable in the English language within a few centuries. Thus:

"Ye generacioun of eddris: how moun ye speke good thingis whanne ye ben yvele? for the mouth spekith of the plentee of the herte"; §

and:

"No man sigh euere god, no but the oon bigetun Sone, that is in the bosum of the fadir, he hath teeld out." ‖

* Wick., Matt. c. viii.
† Ibid. Luk c. vi.
‡ Ibid. Luk c. vi.
§ Ibid. Matt. c. xii.
‖ Ibid.

Some words in the same translation were now well-nigh, if not wholly, obsolete, as in

"And sche bare a knaue [knave] child that was to reulynge all folkis in an yrun gherde"; * and "Which man hadde hous in birielis and noither with cheynes how myghte ony mon bynde hym. For ofte tymes he was bounden in stockis and cheynes and hadde broke the stockis to small gobetis." † (Laughter.)

Dr. Ballast thought this subject had been sufficiently ventilated.

Dr. Bounce inquired what bearing all this had upon church unity.

Dr. Ballast renewed his protest. These digressions were not only unprofitable but perplexing. He thought Conference was getting out of gear. He appealed to the chair to restrain this disposition to discuss all subjects save that before the house.

Dr. Chosen seconded what was said. It seemed absurd that so simple a question as that ostensibly under debate should afford an opportunity to each gentleman to air his specialty before Conference.

The Chair said if Dr. Chosen took exception to the minutes he must move a distinct resolution.

Dr. Chosen thought the chair did not fully understand his remark.

The Chair replied that he did.

Dr. Chosen said all he wanted to know was what liberality of discussion was considered pertinent to the issue.

The Chair regarded this as equivalent to moving a vote of censure, and thought enough had been said.

Dr. Chosen said he would move that a committee be appointed to examine the minutes, and that all therein in the judgment of said committee impertinent to the issue be expunged.

The Chair said the motion was not in order and would not be entertained.

Dr. Liberal, with an air of wonder, asked, Did the gentleman (Dr. Chosen) aim to circumscribe debate?

The Chair conceived it to be his duty to discourage any such attempt. (Cheers.)

Rev. Washington Dipwell pointed out that, with respect to the rule of faith, the confusion extended beyond the questions of canonicity, interpretation, diversity of meaning consequent

* Wick., Apocalips, c. xii. † Ibid.

upon structural changes in language, and of obsoletism. Learned Protestants had gravely questioned the intrinsic value of the present authorized translation. That eminently orthodox publication, the *Edinburgh Review*, in an article on the revision of the English Bible, speaking of the heretical doctrines of Dr. Colenso, had said:

"Those who constantly charge Bishop Colenso with being led astray by the English version ought surely to be forward in placing a more correct and trustworthy translation in the hands of those to whom the 'People's Edition' of his destructive work now becomes so easily accessible." *

And again:

"Upon Dr. Wordsworth's † showing the Apocalypse at any rate ought to be retranslated, if there were any real desire on the part of the authorities of the Church of England to place every inspired Scripture in a satisfactory translation in the hands of the laity. Indeed, Dr. Wordsworth's admission as to the present authorized version of the Apocalypse amounts, to all intents and purposes, to a distinct confession that in its present condition it is not Scripture." ‡

The same *Review* had said:

"It is manifest that if a royal commission were to be set on foot for a revision of the authorized version of the Scriptures its attention would have to be directed to two principal points—(1) the settlement of the text with which the existing version should be compared, and (2) the alterations to be made in the translation itself from grammatical and exegetical considerations." §

And further:

"Dean Alford, in Dr. Guthrie's *Sunday Magazine*, writes: 'A formidable list of passages might be given in which our version has confessedly misrendered the original or has followed a form of the original text now well known not to have been the original form. . . . As matters now stand we are printing for reading in the churches, we are sending forth into the cottages and mansions, books containing passages and phrases which pretend to be the Word of God and are not." ‖

Bishop Ellicott ¶ had declared:

"Believing the Bible to be a special, direct, and inspired revelation from God, we have yet not used the means now at hand of ascertaining the exact language in which that revelation is vouchsafed."

The *Edinburgh Review* was even more emphatic:

* *Edinburgh Review*, No. 249, July, 1865. † Archdeacon and Canon of Westminster.
‡ *Edinburgh Review*, No. 249, July, 1865. § Ibid. ‖ Ibid. ¶ *Aids to Faith*, p. 422

"It is difficult to imagine a stranger case of retailing the Word with petty adulterations * than that exhibited by the upholders of the present authorized version." † (Sensation.)

REV. WESLEY LOVEFEAST rose to order. He wanted to know if this did not transcend the proper limit of debate.

THE CHAIR, while doubting their policy, could not question the admissibility of the expressions used.

REV. WASHINGTON DIPWELL, with reference to the chair's censure, begged to suggest that if Protestants could repudiate the power by which the canon of Scripture was decided, they certainly were at liberty to dissent from the philological and exegetical findings of a royal commission of translators.

REV. AMEN HALLELUJAH, after announcing that his curriculum had embraced but English grammar and "Church Discipline," wished to know where he and the large class whom he represented stood, when, not only left in doubt regarding the extent of the canon, the rule of interpretation, and the meaning of such English words as "*birielis*" and "*gobetis*" (laughter), they were also assured that the translation on which, in their ignorance of Hebrew, Greek, and Sanscrit (laughter), they had been accustomed to rely as infallible, was a bungle?

THE CHAIR replied that the right of private judgment, which was the platform upon which all Protestants, learned and unlearned, must stand, was the only authority to which the brother could be referred in the emergency named by him.

DR. JOCUND observed that by this rule men, just in proportion as they were learned, shallow, or ignorant, were likely to become high, broad, or heretical. (Laughter.)

DR. BOUNCE inquired whether the late revised edition did not clear up many of the misconstructions which had been cited.

REV. AMEN HALLELUJAH thought not. He objected to the revised version for several reasons, one of which was that he could not preach from it in view of the absence of the verses which heretofore he had used as texts. His chief objection to it, however, was because of the deliberate effort on the part of the translators to harmonize it with the Douay, or authorized Romish, translation. So far as his examination of it had gone, he had found that very many of the hitherto disputed readings had been conceded to the Catholics. He deemed it a dangerous book to be placed in the hands of the laity.

BISHOP LATITUDE (Dr. Jocund in the chair) desired to speak

* Compare 2 Cor. xi. 17.

† *Edin. Review*, No. 249, July, 1865.

briefly in support of the Topheavian theory—to recall Conference once more to that admirable compendium of theology. (Hear, hear.) The fact that the practices of the church which was admittedly a unit had fallen into desuetude had prepared him to find that its ecclesiastical polity had also been abandoned. He had good authority in his own church for entertaining this view. The great founder of Methodism had seemed to understand that so much of the Evangelical Church as he had established, in part apology for its unscriptural unity, should set up a novelty in episcopal ordination. John Wesley had stood for many years against the solicitation of his lay preachers in England, who had desired him to ordain them. At length Thomas Coke, a presbyter of the Church of England, but then in America, under date of August 9, 1784, had written a letter to Mr. Wesley at Bristol, the opening sentence of which was as follows: "The more maturely I consider the subject the more expedient it appears to me that the power of ordaining others should be received by me from you by the imposition of your hands." This letter had had the desired effect; and Mr. Wesley, after having in a private chamber and in secrecy, contrary to primitive and modern usage, first ordained two laymen, Messrs. Whatcoat and Vasey, deacons, and then elders immediately, they at once assisted Mr. Wesley in ordaining Dr. Coke bishop. Dr. Whitehead—who, by the way, was selected to deliver the funeral oration over Mr. Wesley's remains—in his *Life of Wesley* * had said:

"Mr. Wesley's episcopal authority was a mere gratuitous assumption of power to himself, contrary to the usage of every church, ancient or modern, where the order of bishops has been admitted. There is no precedent either in the New Testament or in church history that can justify his proceedings in this affair. And as Wesley had received no right to exercise episcopal authority either from any bishops, presbyters, or people he certainly could not convey any right to others; his ordinations are therefore spurious and of no validity." †

When this, continued the speaker, became known to the Conference, one of that body exclaimed:

"Ordination—among Methodists! Amazing indeed! . . . And so we have a Methodist parson of our own! and a new mode of ordination, to be sure, on the Presbyterian plan! . . . Who is the father of this monster, so

* Whitehead's *Life of Wesley*. John Whitehead, M.D., author of the discourse delivered at Mr. Wesley's funeral. Boston: Hill & Brodhead. 1846.

† Ibid. "No doubt the three gentlemen (Whatcoat, Vasey, and Coke) were highly gratified with their new titles, as we often see both young and old children gratified with gilded toys though clumsily made and of no real worth or valuable use except to quiet the cries of those for whom they are prepared" (ibid.)

long dreaded by the father of his people and by most of his sons? Whoever he be, time will prove him a felon to Methodism and discover his assassinating knife sticking fast in the vitals of its body. This has been my steadfast opinion for years past, and years to come will speak in groans the opprobrious anniversary of our religious madness for gowns and bands."*

Rev. Amen Hallelujah rose to a point of order.

The Chair (Dr. Jocund) requested the gentleman to state his point of order.

Rev. Amen Hallelujah said his objections were general. Like the reverend bishop's speech, they had no point. (Laughter.)

The Chair said that, though the bishop was in order, according to the bishop's showing the Methodist Church was egregiously out of order. (Laughter.) Perhaps this was the point Brother Hallelujah had in view. If so, the Chair saw it, and thought it a good one and too prominent to be comfortably sat down on. (Laughter.)

Bishop Latitude, resuming, said another preacher, writing to a friend, had exclaimed:

"I wish they had been asleep when they began this business of ordination; it is neither Episcopal nor Presbyterian, but a mere hodge-podge of inconsistencies."

The Rev. Charles Wesley, writing to Dr. Chandler in 1785, had said:

"I can scarcely yet believe it, that in his eighty-second year my brother, my old intimate friend and companion, should have assumed the episcopal character, ordained elders, consecrated a bishop, and sent him over to ordain our lay preachers in America! . . . He has renounced the principles and practice of his whole life, acted contrary to all his declarations, protestations, and writings, robbed his friends of their boastings, realized the Nag's Head ordination, and left an indelible blot on his name as long as it shall be remembered."

To his brother John he had written:

"Before you have quite broken down the bridge stop and consider! . . . Go to your grave in peace; at least suffer me to go first before this ruin be under your hand. . . . I am on the brink of the grave; do not push me in or embitter my last moments. Let us not leave an indelible blot upon our memory, but let us leave behind us the name and character of honest men."†

Mr. Wesley's intention might or might not have been to

* Ibid. † Ibid.

make Dr. Coke a bishop. Coke declared that it was. The *Discipline* on this head asserted that Mr. Wesley preferred the episcopal mode of church government to any other, and solemnly set Thomas Coke apart for the episcopal office and delivered to him "letters of episcopal orders," commissioning him to ordain Francis Asbury to the same "episcopal office." And, as the *Discipline* went on to say:

"The General Conference held at Baltimore did unanimously receive the said Thomas Coke and Francis Asbury as their bishops, being fully satisfied of the validity of their episcopal ordination."*

The letter addressed by Mr. Wesley to the brethren in North America, from Bristol, under date September 10, 1784, had, however, expressed his intention in these words: "I have accordingly appointed Dr. Coke and Mr. Francis Asbury *joint* SUPERINTENDENTS over our brethren in North America." The letters of "episcopal orders" said to have been given to Dr. Coke were never exhibited by him; and as to Mr. Asbury's ordination, he had expressly stated: "I was ordained a *superintendent*, as my parchments will show." Indeed, it should not be forgotten that when Mr. Wesley heard of the assumption of the new title by Dr. Coke, and also, very inconsistently, by Mr. Asbury, he wrote to the latter:

"How can you, how dare you, suffer yourself to be called a bishop? I shudder, I start at the very thought. Men may call me a knave or a fool, and I am content, but they shall never, by my consent, call me a bishop. For my sake, for God's sake, put a full end to this."†

DR. SOPHICAL inquired, why was this transaction alluded to? Did the reverend bishop question the validity of his own ordination?

BISHOP LATITUDE said he did not; though if he did he should do so in good company. Coke himself had doubted the validity of the ordination received by him at the hands of Mr. Wesley; for he had upon a subsequent occasion urged Bishop White, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, to ordain preachers whom he (Coke) had ordained. This he had done in a letter written at Richmond under date April 24, 1791, in which he had said: "I don't think the generality of them" (the ordained ministers) "would refuse to submit to a reordination." And in a letter previously written to the Bishop of London from Manches-

* *Doctrines and Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church*, chap. i. ¶ 2.

† *Letters on the Organization and Early History of the Methodist Episcopal Church.* Rev. Alex. McCaine. Boston: T. F. Norris. 1850.

ter, March 29, 1790, he had said: "I am inclined to think that if a given number of our leading preachers, proposed by our General Conference, were to be ordained and permitted to travel through our connection to administer the Sacrament to those societies who have been prejudiced as above, every difficulty would be removed." * If further proof were needed of Dr. Coke's dissatisfaction with his ordination by Mr. Wesley, it could be found in Dr. Coke's letters to the Earl of Liverpool and William Wilberforce—that to the latter having been written in 1813—soliciting their influence towards his consecration to the episcopacy for work in India.

DR. SOPHICAL renewed his objections. What edification, he asked, was to be derived from a narration of these facts?

BISHOP LATITUDE said the facts implied that the father of Methodism had anticipated Dr. Topheavy in his theory. He had seen that as a Scriptural unity was not found in the church, the Scriptural rite of episcopal ordination should be discontinued. Coke's distrust of his ordination had shown his appreciation of the novelty practised by Mr. Wesley.

DR. BALLAST called for light. Mr. Wesley, in his letter to Dr. Coke, Mr. Asbury, and the brethren in North America, had said: "Lord King's account of the primitive church convinced me that bishops and presbyters are the same order, and consequently have the same right to ordain." † How was this to be reconciled with his other letter, in which he, a presbyter of the Church of England, had said in substance: "Men may call me a knave or a fool, and I am content, but they shall never, by my consent, call me a bishop"? He (the speaker) assumed that Bishop Latitude was prepared to prove that Mr. Wesley was wrong, and that the offices of bishop and presbyter were distinct, such being now the view held by the bishop's church.

BISHOP LATITUDE said it would be unbecoming in him to essay to prove Mr. Wesley in the wrong. He would content himself by showing that his own view, which was radically different from that of Mr. Wesley, was right. Bingham (to refer once more to that author) had said the order of bishops was settled before the canon of Scripture was concluded,‡ and had quoted Origen to show the primitive distinction between bishop and presbyter.

"Origen," Bingham had asserted, "takes notice of the distinction above ten times in his works, which those that please may read at large in Bishop

* Ibid. † Ibid. ‡ Bingham, *Antiq.*, book ii. c. i. § 3.

Pearson. I shall only recite two passages, one out of his homilies upon St. Luke, written while he was a layman, where he says that 'digamy excludes men from all ecclesiastical dignities, for one that is twice married can neither be made bishop, presbyter, nor deacon.'" *

The reverend bishop, continuing, appealed to Ignatius,† who had said:

"Do all things in unity under the bishop presiding in the place of God, and the presbyters in the place of the apostolic senate, and the deacons, to whom is committed the unity and service of Christ"; ‡

and to Clement,§ who had written:

"There are here in the church the different degrees of bishops, presbyters, and deacons, in imitation of the angelical glory." ‖

DR. SOPHICAL again pronounced this whole digression unprofitable to the last extent. Let Conference at once grapple with the difficulties before it.

DR. LIBERAL favored the widest discussion. (Cheers.) His views, generally comprehensive, had been much expanded by what he had heard. (Hear, hear.)

DR. WHISTLE inquired of any Methodist brother present whether it were true that the Methodist class bore some resemblance to the Romish confessional.

[(Several Methodist delegates arose to reply, among them the Rev. Amen Hallelujah, who, having been recognized by the chair, repelled with some warmth the idea suggested by Dr. Whistle.)

THE CHAIR (Bishop Latitude) pointed out that a material difference existed between the two institutions. In the Roman confessional the penitent confessed his sins and was absolved by the priest; in class the member appeared as one of a company of men having the form of godliness.¶ Indeed, said the bishop, such veniality as the "using many words in buying and selling" ** or "the putting on gold and costly apparel" was a mark of unfitness for the class.

REV. LUTHER KNOCKPOPE thought some analogy was observable between them. For instance, said he, the following, taken from the *Discipline*, looked much like confession in the class: "If there be any among us who observes them not" (that was to say, the rules of the class, two of which had been stated by the reverend bishop), "who habitually breaks any of them, let it be known unto them who watch over that soul as they who

* Bingham, ibid. † First century. ‡ Ignat., *Epist. ad Magnesians*, n. iv. p. 44.
§ Second century. ‖ Bing., *Antiq.*, book ii. c. i. § 2. ¶ *Discipline*, ¶ 29. ** Ibid. ¶ 32.

must give an account."* This, he contended, taught personal confession by the transgressor, or established an unchristian espionage, which he was sure the reverend bishop would at once repudiate. Besides, among the duties of the leader were those of advising, reproving, comforting, or exhorting, as occasion required.† This analogy to the Roman system had, in fact, deterred him in early life from becoming a Methodist. (Laughter.)

DR. BOUNCE seconded the views of the last speaker. In a little work written by the present primate of the Catholic Church in the United States the following words occurred:

"In sermons, to use a military phrase, the fire is at random, but in confession it is a dead shot. The words of the priest go home to the heart of the penitent. In a public discourse the priest addresses all in general, and his words of admonition may be applicable to very few of his hearers. But his words spoken in the confessional are directed exclusively to the penitent whose heart is open to receive the word of God."‡

The object of the class was stated in the *Discipline* to be "to establish a system of pastoral oversight that shall effectively reach every member of the church."§ The objects of the two institutions were, therefore, seen to approximate. In the Catholic work referred to it was stated: "The confessor exhorts the penitent according to his spiritual wants," while the *Discipline* said: "Let each leader be careful to inquire how every soul of his charge prospers."‖ He (the speaker) understood it was usual with Catholics, before going to confession, to make an examen of conscience, to aid which forms of examination were provided in their books of devotion. He fortunately had with him such a book. (It was here noticed that the face of the Rev. Luther Knockpope assumed an expression of despair.) This book, he had ascertained, was a favorite help to devotion with English and American Catholics. In it he had found "an examination of conscience for those who confess their sins regularly and frequently according to the threefold duty we owe to God, our neighbor, and ourselves,"¶ which, while much fuller and decidedly more Scriptural, was similar to a form of examination of conscience prescribed in the *Discipline*, under the head of "Duty of Preachers," as a prudential means of grace.** These prudential means of grace, it was expressly stated, could be used by persons, either as Christians, Methodists, or preachers; and

* Ibid. ¶ 35. † Ibid. ¶ 30, § 1. ‡ *Faith of our Fathers*, Archbishop Gibbons.
§ *Discipline*, ¶ 56, § 1. ‖ Ibid. ¶ 57, § 2. ¶ *Vade Mecum*. ** *Discipline*, ¶ 120.

he supposed the form of examination alluded to was applicable also to the purposes of the class. True, it might be said an essential difference existed between the confessional and the class in respect to the nature of the subject-matter divulged to the priest and leader respectively, the former hearing nothing but confessions of sinfulness, the latter chiefly professions of holiness. Yet he was unable to divest his mind of the conviction that if either institution were Scriptural it was the former, which in practice seemed to be a following of the injunction, "Confess your sins one to another"—the clergy, including the pope, being bound equally with the laity to confess—and not the latter, which not only was wanting in Scriptural authority, but in fact seemed to be rather the converse of what Scripture enjoined.

THE CHAIR inquired if the gentleman was so far misinformed on the subject of the class as to suppose that the so-called confessions made thereat were auricular?

DR. BOUNCE saw little difference, in principle, between open and auricular confession. Not having yet possessed the blessing of full sanctification, a grace to which—judging from his eminent position in his church—he presumed the chair had attained, if he were going to confess he would prefer the auricular to the open mode. He thought it would be difficult in an assemblage of both sexes, if all the secrets of human depravity were openly exposed, to preserve the respectability of the meeting.

THE CHAIR said the gentleman's remarks were not germane to the subject up for debate. This, he opined, was the Topheavian theory, in support of which the Chair had referred to Mr. Wesley's ordination of Dr. Coke as a violation of ancient usage.

REV. WASHINGTON DIPWELL argued that Roger Williams, who had founded the Baptist Church in America in 1639, had disregarded usage with as much freedom as Wesley. Though it was then, as now, an article of faith in the Baptist denomination that none were baptized unless immersed, and that none could baptize except the immersed, yet Williams was immersed by Holliman, an unbaptized man, who in turn was immersed by Williams. Strange though it might seem, no Baptist holding the strict tenets of his church could now accept the baptism of Williams as valid; the church by its teachings, of course inapplicable in this case, obviously excluding its revered founder from the kingdom of heaven. (Laughter.)

DR. LIBERAL showed that Congregational ordination, which to the New England Puritans was so dear, had not been prac-

tised during the last two centuries. A reciprocal laic ordination had taken place in 1629 between Higginson and Skelton, they in turn having ordained each other. Thus the first Congregational church had been instituted. The laical form of ordination had been since displaced by the clerical; although it might be said, with some show of reason, that if the first ordinations were laical the subsequent ones derived from them must be also, though termed clerical.

DR. WHISTLE said, could argument have made church unity, all before this would have been gathered into one fold. To try the temper of the house he would move to amend by striking out all after "Resolved," and by substituting "*That this Conference be denominated an Œcumenical Council of the Church.*"

(Loud cheering. The motion was seconded by Dr. Chosen, and carried amid much enthusiasm. The chair's announcement of the success of Dr. Whistle's measure was received with lively manifestations of approval, and general congratulations ensued, during which the sitting was suspended. The house having been called to order—)

DR. BALLAST remarked that one thing remained to be done. A name must be given to the church (cheers)—a name expressive of the character imparted to it in debate. He moved a resolution to that effect.

(Seconded by Dr. Jocund, who somewhat gratuitously ventured the opinion that the discussion of the name might involve the reopening of the debate just happily closed. Loud cries of "No!" "None of that!" "Enough said!" etc.)

He (Dr. Ballast) would move additionally that delegates be invited to send to the secretary's desk such names as in their wisdom might seem appropriate as designations of the church.

(Seconded by Prof. Synonym, and carried. On motion of Dr. Chosen the session was suspended for thirty minutes, at the expiration of which time the house was called to order. Many delegates responded to the invitation extended by the chair pursuant to the resolution, and handed slips to the secretary.)

THE SECRETARY (the Rev. Washington Dipwell) stated that the papers would be read in the order in which they were handed in, and proceeded to read as follows:

1. (Submitted by Dr. Chosen.) The Church of the Unquestionable Unit. (Cheers.)

2. (Submitted by Rev. A. Hallelujah.) The Church of the Sacred Variation. (Hear, hear, and laughter.)

3. (Submitted by Prof. Ratio.) The Church of the Blessed Problem. (Merriment.)

4. (Submitted by Dr. Ballast.) The Progressive Protestant Church. (Enthusiasm.)

5. (Submitted by Dr. Whistle.) The Church of the Figurative Unity. (Renewed merriment.)

6. (Submitted by Dr. Bounce.) The Church of the Hypothetic Connection. (Cheers and laughter.)

7. (Submitted by Rev. L. Knockpope.) The Holy, Unaltered Protestant Church. (Deafening cheers.)

8. (Submitted by Dr. Jocund.) The Church of the Sanctified Uncertainty. (Unrestrained mirth.)

DR. BALLAST indignantly moved the suspension of the reading and the tabling of the rest of the names, of which at least fifty more seemed to be forthcoming.

(The motion was supported by Drs. Chosen, Bounce, and Sophical, but strenuously opposed by Drs. Liberal and Flurry and Rev. Messrs. Hallelujah and Lovefeast; the result being the carrying of the measure amid much confusion.)

DR. CHOSEN moved the appointment of a committee of five to report a name for the church.

DR. JOCUND moved to substitute eleven. Five he deemed too small a committee. The corpse was too heavy for so few pall-bearers. (Amendment lost; motion carried.)

THE CHAIR: The committee to be appointed conformably to the vote of the Conference—

DR. CHOSEN: Œcumenical Council, Mr. Chairman.

THE CHAIR: I owe you one, doctor—Œcumenical Council, brethren—the committee will consist of Drs. Chosen, Whistle, Ballast, and Topheavy, and the Rev. Wesley Lovefeast.

(The committee having retired, the Rev. A. Hallelujah and others favored the Council with "Hold the Earthwork" and other popular revival airs, during the rendition of the last of which the committee unexpectedly appeared. They having reported as the result of their labors the name, "The Holy, Unaltered Church of the New Progressive Connection," it was moved and seconded that the name be adopted, when the)

REV. LUTHER KNOCKPOPE, with much excitement of manner, arose and inquired: Was he endowed with ears and yet denied the faculty of hearing? (Rev. Dr. Jocund, *sotto voce*, "Endowed with ears! Rather think he is!") or *was* the word PROTESTANT omitted? (Cheers.) Had the committee reported a name abounding in titles of mere rhetorical precision, yet lacking the only safeguard of evangelical orthodoxy (hear, hear), the very essence of denominational unity? (Loud and continued ap-

plause.) Should papistical treachery be permitted in the ranks? Should Jesuitical intrigue be tolerated within the fold? (Great excitement; cries of "Never!" and calls to order, joined with shouts of encouragement to proceed.) In a word, should that mass of iniquity—that—that—

DR. LIBERAL begged the brother to recall—

REV. LUTHER KNOCKPOPE declared the echo of his protest should reverberate till time should be no longer. Let, cried he, this right hand of Knockpope be charred in the blaze of the faggots, as was Cranmer's, ere it sign your un-Protestant decrees. With Luther he trampled on their popedom. (Vociferous cheering.) With Latimer, and Huss, and Ridley, and Hooper he offered his body a sacrifice of sweet-smelling savor to Protestantism.

(Coughing; cries of "Put him out!" "Sit down!" "No popedom!" "Away with priestcraft!" "Down with the nunneries!" "Good for Knockpope! He's our spokesman," etc. The chair, having been approached by several delegates, with whom a hurried conversation was had, brought the gavel down with violence.)

THE CHAIR called for, nay, *demanded* order. The speaker must be seated at once. If necessary the Rev. Amen Hallelujah would serve as sergeant-at-arms.

(Quiet having been in a measure restored—)

DR. SOPHICAL moved the previous question. (Lost.)

DR. BOUNCE objected to the term "progressive." It admitted, he urged, of too much license in holy things.

DR. CHOSEN, in a few words, explained that the obnoxious term was mollified by the preceding term, "unaltered."

DR. WHISTLE disapproved of the expression "unaltered." Was it, he asked, consistent with the Topheavian theory?

DR. TOPHEAVY defended this term. The scope of his theory of mutability was ample to suit the pleasure of Conference, however directed.

DR. JOCUND liked brevity, which he had always deemed the soul of a sermon. (Laughter.) The name proposed was too long. Would not, he asked, one-half of it be sufficiently œcumenical? (Laughter.) His liberality extended to either half. (Laughter.)

DR. CHOSEN said names of churches equally long appeared in the office of the registrar-general.*

(Cries of "Question." Rev. Luther Knockpope moved an adjournment. [Lost.] Renewed calls for the question.)

* See *Whitaker's Almanack* for 1876, p. 157.

THE CHAIR announced that the vote would now be taken on the name. Was Conference ready for the question? ("Question! question!")

(The vote was then taken, and the name reported by the committee adopted with but few dissenting votes.)

THE CHAIR inquired if any business remained to be transacted.

DR. CHOSEN moved that the house do now adjourn.

(Seconded by the Rev. Dr. Topheavy and carried.)

THE CHAIR said his closing thoughts could be presented in a few words. It was with pride he now surveyed and addressed this Conference—

DR. CHOSEN: Œcumenical Council, brother.

THE CHAIR: This Council—feeling that the church had regained her sovereign sway over the gates of hell. He had faith that since the decree of Conference—or rather Council—they could no more prevail against it. (Great applause.) With pride (repeated the chair) he now surveyed the features of those who, before rancorous in zeal for sectarian distinctiveness, now reposed as infants on the bosom of their newly-found spiritual mother. (Loud cheering.) A church had been gathered together; a name had been given to it; a vexed question in theology three hundred years old had been settled. The name, *per se*, was an ample groundwork for unity. In it was embodied a soothing element which would quell that tide of religious misconception which had arisen since evangelicalism had separated from ecclesiastical restraint. The authority of the church had been subordinated to a liberty of opinion. (Hear, hear.) This had been accomplished by the use of the term "progressive." (Cheers.) On the other hand, a tendency to unhealthy development had been checked by the enlistment of the opposite term, "unaltered." The church had been defined, and admitted of no future definition. This could not be said as truthfully of the name itself. The labors of Conference had begun in the objective and had ended in the nominal. The chair (said Bishop Latitude in conclusion) has been gratified by the courtesy manifested in debate, and towards the chair personally. Your forbearance draws largely on my gratitude. The work is accomplished. The acts of this Conference—

REV. WESLEY LOVEFEAST: Council, brother.

THE CHAIR: Correct, doctor. The acts of this Council—

DR. CHOSEN: Œcumenical Council, Mr. Chairman. (Applause.)

THE CHAIR: The acts of this Œcumenical Council become a record of the past, and the chair gladly draws a veil over its proceedings at a point when an effort to add to their brilliancy would be futile. I therefore declare this Œcumenical Conference adjourned without day.

EVENING HYMN.

I.

THE sunset wanes; now gather again from task and play,
The daylong-busy children around the mother's knee;
And we again, Blest Mother, draw round thy shrine to pray,
In words that first were cadenced by angel voice for thee—
Ave Maria!

II.

Now twilight pale is fading, and softly o'er the sea
The stars, in clustering glory, steal forth with trembling blaze;
So o'er the soul in silence rise gentle thoughts of thee,
Whose Virgin-Mother graces outcount the starry rays—
Gratiâ plena!

III.

Now night's weird shades and phantoms troop forth in shapes of fright;
Abroad sin, death, and peril brood through the darkling air:
Oh! ask thy Son to guard us; thy prayer he will not slight,
From crib to cross the sharer of all thy mother care—
Dominus tecum!

IV.

Our life is but a shadow, a night of troubling dreams—
Its visioned woes all fleeting like cloud-racks swift away;
Pray, Mother, for thy children till break the morning beams,
Till dawn the dazzling splendors of our eternal day—
Ora pro nobis!

JEM; OR, "IT BRINGS LUCK."

THE neighborhood of the Mansion House, Cheapside, is at all times pretty stirring about five o'clock in the afternoon. Omnibuses are crowded, private carriages and cabs rattle past in eager competition; for it is the hour when the well-to-do City man quits his office for his villa at Sydenham or some suburb still farther out. But on *this* particular evening the press was unusually great. Yet, though every one was constantly getting in every other one's way, people did not snarl and swear as usual. A vein of good-humor pervaded the scene and oiled the grating springs of life. You might see cabs laden with corpulent hampers suggestive of salmon, small barrels suggestive of natives, cases with "Clicquot" on the outside; while white-haired gentlemen went home with a doll in one pocket and a Noe's ark in the other, besides innumerable packages suggestive of crackers, and bonbons, and all the things dear to childhood. It was observable that people shook hands heartier and seemed for once disposed to look upon the bright side of things —"so hallowed and so gracious was the time." For it was the blessed Christmas eve come round again, and there are few English hearts that do not beat the quicker as the bells ring out blithely upon the keen, wintry air, announcing the grand tidings, "Unto us a Child is born." A little good-humor within will enable a man to endure much discomfort without. For, despite all the aids of wraps and comfortable overcoats, the icy blast penetrated almost to the bones. It howled across the open space in front of the Exchange, upsetting the apple-stalls, carrying off sundry hats, to their owners' great annoyance, and causing people to pull up their coat-collars and tie their comforters the tighter.

The satirist Horace has described the satisfaction of beholding *from the shore* the struggles of the storm-tossed mariner upon the ocean; and if you are well protected by fur and broadcloth you may smile with conscious security at the coldest blast. So thought a comfortably-dressed gentleman as he stepped into his brougham and looked at a miserably-clad boy who held out his hand for an alms. He was averse to giving away anything in the streets—had proven at the annual meeting of the Mendicity Society that almsgiving in the street was

the source of unspeakable evils and threatened the stability of the social fabric; but the little fellow had said, "Merry Christmas, sir!" and he thought of his own boy at home and gave him sixpence. And then he went his way, and loud above the roar of the city, the clatter and din of vehicles, he heard the laughter of his children at home, and was enjoying by anticipation their shouts of pleasure at the presents he was bringing them. If the thought of the ragged boy to whom he had given the sixpence crossed his mind, he dismissed it, muttering, "Poor devil!" as he remembered his bare feet and the blue flesh that peeped from out his miserable garments. And this half-contemptuous ejaculation relieved his mind.

"Poor devil," indeed. He was only twelve, and very small for his age. Hardship and want had made him unnaturally sharp with the shrewdness of those whose schoolmaster is famine, and who from infancy have to battle with the hard and cruel world. His features were pleasing and not so dirty as those of boys of his class. A pair of clear gray eyes looked intelligently though wistfully out from a mass of tangled brown hair, and his cheeks were pinched with cold and hunger. His garments consisted of what had been a pair of trowsers made for a man. They were made to do duty as coat and vest by being fastened round the neck with a piece of string. The legs were unequal, for the right one was shorter than the other, and, further, torn up to the knee, revealing a pair of naked legs and feet purple with chilblains that showed through the coat of mud. Even at a time when most hearts expand poor Jem had met with little sympathy. Londoners are not less charitable than other folk, but they have grown too familiar with such things to be greatly moved by them. Jem was one of many such boys who in their "looped and windowed raggedness" might be seen vending matches, except when driven off by the stern "Move on, there!" of the policeman. It was not often any one gave them sixpence. You might see that from the gleam of surprise and pleasure in Jem's eyes as he first bit it to try its genuineness, then spat on it for luck. As he tied it up in the piece of dirty rag that did duty as his purse he suddenly grew grave, and exclaimed, "I knowed it would bring me luck, blest if I didn't!" And in the exuberance of his feelings he turned a somersault on the dirty pavement, unluckily nearly upsetting a corpulent gentleman who received the full weight of two naked, dirty feet right in his chest. Escaping from the irate pedestrian, he ran off in the direction of London Bridge.

He thought there might be a chance to pick up a penny or two extra in the Borough Market. Very gay and animated the market was this evening, for it is the resort of the poor man, and numbers of housewives were intent on the important business of buying the Christmas dinner. The grocers were dispensing the ingredients of the absolutely necessary pudding; the butcher was shouting himself hoarse with his cry of "Buy! buy! buy!" The green-grocer was vending his vegetables and the bunches of holly and rarer mistletoe dear to the English heart. Men were pouring in and out the public-houses, from whence issued loud laughter and merriment, while at their doors might be seen occasionally a little girl entreating "dad" to come home, "'cos it's Kismass, you know." Hour after hour the throng came and went, until, when it had reached its height, suddenly the beautiful peal of bells from the old Priory Church of St. Mary Oviry rang out the Christmas welcome. Once again the hour had come round breathing peace and good-will to men. For a moment a hush seemed to fall on the eager, chaffering crowd as the Christmas hymn rose high above the howling wind, bringing to each its recollections of joy or pain—yes, even to poor Jem, who had crept in and out the crowd, hustled by some, kicked by others, suspected of being a thief, but gaining only one little bit of sympathy from all that multitude, and that was when a little girl nearly as ragged as he offered him a bite out of a very suspicious, belly-aching apple.

He hugged his sixpence as he quitted the market in search of a lodging. He stopped in front of the vast pile once a cathedral, still showing traces of past splendor. The bells rang merrily, and the boy listened. "She used to like 'em," he whispered to himself; "I wonder why?" His reflections were, however, compelled to take a more practical turn. He knew "the cares that petty shadows cast" already. The sordid arithmetic which is called "making both ends meet," and which to the poor consists in a daily fight with want and misery, had been known to him since he could crawl. He had to study how to get a lodging, a supper, and sustenance for a whole day (and that day Christmas, too) out of sixpence. You and I, dear reader, would give up this difficult equation, but the intellect of the London waif is preternaturally acute. To "doss," that is, sleep in a bed—and such a bed!—would cost threepence. It could not be thought of. He must doss out in some one of the many makeshifts that a kind Providence and the wholesale grocers furnish for the homeless in the shape of empty sugar-hogsheads.

This would leave him the whole coin to spend in food. There was supper: a halfpenny cup of coffee at the Coffee Palace, and a slice of bread and butter, or a baked potato—but this coveted luxury was doubtful, for the last he had was bad in the middle—or the fried fish, or the stewed eels, or the sheep's trotters, commonly called pettitoes; all this array of luxuries was at his choice. Ah! if he could have had a go in at them all. No boy in London would have been happier. He was like the hungry lad who was asked by a bishop a question: "What does the Bible teach you to desire most of all?" He received the unexpected reply: "Please, mister, a good blow-out."

It took Jem so long to decide upon his supper that he found all the merchants of the various edibles enumerated had closed for the night, and only the baked-potato man was left. "I'm blowed if I risk another duffin tater," he exclaimed, as the man held out a smoking one and stood prepared to put upon it a dab of greenish-yellow butter. He looked at it wistfully, whistled a bar or two of a song, and marched on, for the smell of it had made him feel a little more hungry. He recollected some barrels covered with a tarpaulin, and he selected this for his bedroom. It was bitterly cold, though bright, and it was a good way to the spot. Hungry as he was, the consciousness of having sixpence in his pocket greatly solaced him. If he went without supper to-night he might have a glorious feed on the morrow, a real Christmas treat. Hope told a flattering tale of the pennies he might perchance obtain from the revellers, and so, though he had to beat his arms over his chest and perform vigorous dances to keep up his circulation, he was not unhappy. He had acquired the difficult art of being satisfied with a little, and the *summum bonum* of this class is plenty to eat and nothing to do.

The goal of his ambition to-night would have seemed anything but inviting to a gentleman hurrying home to an elegant bed-room with a snug fire. Indeed, it looked forbidding and dangerous. All the better, thought Jem. That enemy of waifs, Policeman X., would not be so likely to peer about with his terrible bull's-eye. On the wharf, through whose dilapidated planks you could see the black ooze, lay a number of casks protected by a tarpaulin. The owners only thought of the safety of their goods, but they had unwittingly provided shelter for a large family of waifs. As soon as day declines your London gamin is on the look-out for any likely place of shelter, and his quick eye discerns any commodious doorway or arch, anything

that promises shelter, even to a garden-roller, in which one young gentleman slept for two months regularly. Jem climbed deftly over a pile of pig-iron and a quantity of all sorts of merchandise as noiselessly as a cat until he reached his haven. It was already largely occupied, for as he lifted one part of the overlapping canvas he was greeted with a volley of oaths that would have made any one else shudder. When the swearer perceived who he was he muttered a "Come in, young 'un; don't stand shivering there. I thought it was a blue-bottle" (policeman). The voice that spoke was hoarse, and its tone and language might have fitted a man; but it was *a woman* with a baby in her arms. She had wrapped it in her poor worn shawl, leaving her own half-naked shoulders bare. With a natural instinct of kindliness which the poor always have for the poor, Jem said: "I say, if I keep close up to you we might keep the kid warmer between us." A look of gratitude came into the poor creature's eyes as she replied: "Blest if you an't right; you're not a bad sort, either." They huddled up together in silence, and the unhappy baby, feeling warmer, ceased to moan and fell into an uneasy sleep. The great bell of St. Paul's sounded two o'clock, and comparative stillness was settling down upon the mighty city. The effect of the clock was strange. The woman started and groaned. Jem imagined she was thinking of the time to turn out, for the policeman on that beat was mercifully blind to their presence there until daylight. So he told her they were all right till seven. "I'm not thinking of that," replied the woman savagely. "I don't want to see the daylight again. I'm going to put an end to it. I was only waiting till things was quiet when you comed. Look at this poor kid!" And she hugged it closer. "I an't eat anything for two days, and it's sucking; and yet last Christmas—" She stopped abruptly, and the silence was more eloquent than words. Last Christmas perhaps she had been pure and virtuous, the beloved daughter of some home that mourned her presence to-night, and whose inmates looked through falling tears upon her vacant chair.

Poor Jem was, alas! no stranger to such scenes. He had known several boys who had committed suicide, and, like the generality of his class, he regarded it as a last resource for those who would not steal and *so* secure a shelter in a prison. When the winter was deepest and hunger sharpest a plucky boy would die to get out of it all—"anywhere, anywhere out of the world." But Jem, though he thought he had not pluck enough to do it himself, was not shocked at it in any one else. If this woman

had been alone he would hardly have spoken to stay her from her purpose, but—*there was the baby.* It had twined its little, wan fingers in his hair and leaned its cheek upon his, and he felt its frail breath against his face. He could not think of it plunged in the icy water and its cries stifled in the dreadful, slimy ooze.

"I say, missis," he whispered timidly, "I'm often deuced hard up, and when Joe, my pal, slipped into the water down there by Westminster Bridge I thought I'd do it, too; but somehow I thought I'd try my charm, and perhaps my luck would turn—and blest if it didn't, too."

The woman appeared interested, for the poor are very superstitious.

"A charm! Show it me."

"It isn't anything what you wears, you know. If you won't split I'll tell you."

"Oh! honor bright. But does it bring luck? Mine's bad enough."

"Yes, it do; many a day I've made it when I 'ad no grub, and I've sold my 'ole dozen of boxes before night. Can you see me? I'll show you."

The woman looked curiously at him and by the dim light saw him *make the sign of the cross.*

"Why, it's wot the Romans do," said she. "I've seen 'em lots o' times. Is *that* a charm?"

"I swear it is," said Jem, who had expected her to be more duly impressed, and was much disappointed at finding others possessed his charm. "I don't care for Romans—who is 'em? Peelers?"

"No," said the woman, with the pride of superior knowledge; "you're hignorant. They's papishes, you know, what worships images and that. All the Hirish is Romans."

"Be they?" said Jem, opening his gray eyes very wide. "I've knowed lots of Hirish chaps, and they didn't do it. One on 'em, Pat Magrath, had a bit o' flannel he wore round 'is neck with a pictur on it—only you couldn't make out the pictur: it was wore out—and he said it brought him luck."

"Was your mother a Roman?" inquired the woman.

"I don't know," said Jem; "but I'll tell you. It was a long time ago; I was only a bit of a kid, an' we 'ad a cellar in Wentworth Street, you know, close to the Lane.* We paid a bob a

* The reader acquainted with London will know this is Petticoat Lane, and Wentworth Street is celebrated by Dickens; but a more particular account may be found in Mayhew's *London Labor and the London Poor.*

week. Mother she did charring, but she 'adn't enough grub, 'cos she giv' it all to me. An' I tried not to be 'ungry; but I couldn't 'elp it, you know, and she'd say, 'Jem, jest you eat that,' when I knowed she wanted it 'erself; and I could jest cuss meself for it now." Poor Jem broke down in a fit of weeping, and was surprised to feel the woman's hand smoothing his shock hair. "Well, you know," he continued, "the winter last year was terrible 'ard for the like o' us, and mother she 'ad rumatiz and couldn't go to work—she couldn't get up—so I prigged a lot o' hay an' made her bed comfor'able like, an' w'en Chrismass eve com' I says, 'Mother,' says I, 'I'll go out an' cadge; mayhap I'll get a penny or two.' 'Child,' says she, 'come here. I've been a poor mother to you.' 'You shut up!' says I; 'you've been a reg'lar brick an' no mistake.' 'Well,' says she, 'try to do this.' An' she showed me how to make my charm. '*It'll bring you luck!*' 'Will it?' says I. 'Here goes.' An' I did it lots o' times, an' she seemed so pleased and said somat, to 'erself like, about 'Holy Mary'; but I didn't know she ever knowed any Mary. Howsumever I went out and I made the charm; and the fust gent as I axed, he says I ought to be sent to 'formatory. 'So,' says I, 'charm don't work.' But I thinks o' poor mother, an' if I could only get her a brown or two she might get better; so I axed a cove as looked like a parson, and I makes my charm right afore him. He looked 'ard at me, and says 'e, 'Poor boy!' and he give me a Joey.* I was so glad I runs back to mother full of hope; I wouldn't stop to buy anything on the way. I busted into the cellar, and says I, 'Mother, 'ere's a Joey, and your charm brings luck!' But she didn't say anything, and when I kissed her she was cold—oh! *so* cold." And poor Jem sobbed aloud at the sorrowful remembrance.

"Poor little buffer!" said the woman.

"Well," said Jem, "the parish buried 'er, an' I goes and looks at 'er grave sometimes; only they won't let me in 'cos I'se ragged, so I looks through the gates. But I remembered the charm, an' it '*as* brought me luck." This was said with an air of conviction that seemed to impress the woman.

"I wish I could think so," said she musingly. She looked at the baby; its poor attenuated face had grown paler, its eyes more sunken. "Look!" said she in a tone of deep agony, "it is going, poor dear!—going for want of suck."

"Cuss me!" said Jem. "What a fool I am! Look 'ere, missis, I've got sixpence; jest you stay 'ere an' I'll run to the coffee-man and bring you back some grub."

* A fourpenny piece—no longer in circulation.

Without waiting for a reply away he went, and, in what seemed a very long time, he returned with some hot coffee and bread and butter. He stood by and saw the famished mother eat with quite a paternal air, chivalrously refusing any share of the food, exclaiming, "Women wants it more than us."

The food seemed to have infused new hope into the despairing woman. She grasped the hand of her new-found friend with silent gratitude. "I was a respectable farmer's daughter," she said, "at ——, and a year ago I ran away with a young man who promised to marry me; he left me when I was ruined, and 'ere I am. But if my old mother knew how I was she wouldn't be 'ard."

"Why don't you tell 'er?" said Jem.

"Will *you* tell 'er?" she eagerly rejoined, as if catching at a new hope.

"I?" said Jem, and he glanced at his rags. The woman understood him.

"Never mind togs," said she. "You could take this letter, which I've carried for weeks because I could not get a stamp. They are good folks; they'd not let you come away without some grub. An' you might save the kid, you know."

"Is it a long way?" said Jem, thinking of the snowy road and his chilblains.

"It's eleven miles from London."

"Well, missis, I'll go, and I'll just make my charm before I start. It may be it will bring us luck. You stay 'ere till I come back; leastwise meet me 'ere, for I'll come back quick-sticks, I can tell you." And without waiting for further speech he took the letter and started off. He had a penny left of his sixpence, and he indulged in a cup of coffee. A laboring man was having one at the same time, and, looking at the thin, ragged child, he said: "Here, youngster, will you have a slice of toke? You look sharp set." Jem ate it with avidity, and, with many thanks for the unexpected gift, went his way.

Travelling in midwinter with plenty of fur robes and a full stomach is pronounced "exhilarating," "invigorating"; and the noble marquis, governor-general of Canada, declares that it is the highest enjoyment. Performed on foot, without shoe or stocking, or any *warm* garment soever, with a cup of very thin coffee and a solitary slice of bread and butter to sustain one, travelling is anything but "the highest enjoyment." The whole of London had to be traversed—streets where lordly magnificence slumbered on beds of down, streets where vice hid its

head among frouzy rags; temples of God in sculptured marble, temples of drink in gold and stucco; the abodes of millionaires, and the miserable tenements where seamstresses make shirts at thirty cents a dozen. In what other city is wealth and poverty, virtue and vice, religion and profanity, so jumbled together? Amidst it all that poor waif stumbled on, occasionally stopping to listen to the church-bells chiming for early Matins, and looking wonderingly at the religious folk entering the house of prayer, who had no look for him. O Christ! thou homeless wanderer without a place to lay thy head, would it fare better with thee now in this nineteenth century, among thy professed followers, if thou didst appear, than it did in Judea among thine enemies?

At last the streets began to grow more straggling. Fields intervened between the rows of houses. The inevitable public-house was less frequent. The snow was white and untrodden, and, footsore and weary as he was, poor Jem felt that sense of satisfaction which comes over the soul long "in crowded city pent." And, lo! so vast is the city of London, ever stretching out its Briareus arms in all directions, that ere he had got well quit of it he was at his destination, a quiet little village in Surrey. There it lay in the calm of that Christmas morning, the inhabitants apparently nearly all gone to church. For, let him neglect his parish church every Sunday in the year, the yeoman and the peasant is bound to go on Christmas morn. In Brittany they leave the cottage-doors wide open while the owners go to the midnight Mass, in hope that the ruddy fire glowing on the hearth may attract the Christ-child to enter and leave a blessing. In England most of these humanizing legends have been banished with the religion from whence they sprang. The poor barefooted waif who stood irresolute at the entry of the village, not knowing where to find the house he sought, was accosted by a genial-looking woman, the barking of whose dog had brought her to the door. The English peasant is less hard upon the outcast than the townsman. Probably the effect of municipal institutions is to harden the heart and promote selfishness. We never met but one alderman who had a soul above turtle. She questioned Jem. He knew of the righteous law that renders his class liable to three months' imprisonment with hard labor—the same punishment that is meted out to a thief—so he assumed the style and title of a messenger. He was sent with a letter to Farmer X——. Had he walked all the way from London, and with such feet? God help the child! And, unlike the country *clergy*,

who are "great only in advice," she rushed back into her cottage and brought out a huge hunk of bread and cheese. Poor Jem thanked her less with words than with tears, and the good woman added a penny to her welcome gift. "I knowed as how my charm would bring me luck," said Jem. He had been directed to the residence of Farmer X——, a fine pile of buildings wearing the air of solid wealth and prosperity. In the *Cadger's Map*, a most useful publication to all persons of eleemosynary proclivities, the whole of the forty counties are curiously divided into sections, where certain signs indicate the houses where the people are "soft," or "a hot 'un," or "a beak," or "dog kept—fierce," or "dog kept—not up to much," or "taters, or cold chuck," or "three months"; so that the enlightened cadger is informed by a certain hieroglyphic on the gate or door of the house as to the disposition of the people he has to deal with. He would probably have found "a hot 'un" on Mr. X——'s door if he had been initiated, for the farmer was held in dislike by almost all his neighbors. Sorrow had made him dislike and suspect them. First he had become indifferent to the little courtesies of life which are like oil lubricating the rough hinges of society; then, as no man noticed him except when compelled, he grew misanthropical and hated the lot. More than this, he had tyrannized over his wife, who had been compelled to forego her religious convictions from fear of his anger. He had prospered, his banking account grew larger yearly, yet at that hearth sat Care and Discontent, and hardly one of his poorest laborers was so miserable as Farmer X——. And more, there was a skeleton in the house. People talked in whispers of Miss X——, who went away suddenly to London and never came back. And poor Mrs. X—— was wont to steal up to the pretty little room which had been her child's, and was always kept ready for her return, and weep and pray as only mothers can.

Mr. X—— had a dog, but he was in the category of "not up to much," and to-day he had had such a surfeit of bones that he was enjoying his *otium cum dignitate* in the recesses of his kennel. The poor waif envied his warm quarters as he looked around in uncertainty how to proceed. The house looked so big and pompous, and the good woman who gave him the bread and cheese had said Mr. X—— was "a hard man." He would wait about on the chance of seeing a servant to whom to give the letter. But not out there in the open when there was a well-conditioned haystack available. No one knows the comfort of this as an extempore bed better than a London tramp. It was

long since Jem had had such a chance, and he promised himself a glorious snooze. The reader probably knows that a haystack has four sides. We repeat the information because it is now the mode to do so. We were lately informed in a newly-published work that "the domestic hen lays white eggs." We thought we knew that before, but nowadays one cannot be certain of anything. Selecting the side farthest from the house, Jem crept in and was soon fast asleep.

It might be imagined that eleven miles of walking on a hungry stomach would make any one sleep heavily. But your waif is habitually a *light* sleeper. He slumbers with one eye open, for he is always expecting the rude shake of the policeman. The sound of voices awoke Jem suddenly; he thought at once that he was found out. He listened, rubbed his eyes, and listened still. The voices seemed close beside him; he could hear every word. The speakers were two.

"There's only three in the crib, and two on 'em women. They all goes to bed at eight, and we shall only 'ave the dawg to look after. Do you know where he keeps his swag?"

"Yes, I do. I was about here last week a-mending their kettles, and I sees the old bloak go into the front room and put a big bag o' shiners into a old bureau what stands in the corner. But, I say, Bill, if he shows game, no pistol, mind. Knife's the thing; does the job jest as well an' no noise. Time's long. I wish we could have a draw. Try and get a snooze; you'll be all the fresher for the crack."

Jem understood every word instinctively. Wentworth Street was the native habitat of the London burglar, and his slang was familiar. An instinct of self-preservation prompted him to get away from the scene, for if a robbery was done who would be so soon suspected as a barefooted, homeless tramp? He crept out of his hiding-place noiselessly by the way he came, and saw a large, portly woman a little distance off feeding the fowls. He made straight toward her, but, mindful of the importance of his errand, as he approached her he made the sign of the cross. The woman perceived him, and exclaimed with a strong Irish accent:

"What is ye wanting, me poor gossoon, wid yer bare feet this bitter day?"

"Please, mum, I've a letter for the master."

"For *the master!* The Lord betune us an' harm!" And *she* made the sign of the cross.

"That's my charm," cried Jem, repeating the action.

"Then you're a Catholic," said the woman, evidently gratified.

"No, I an't," said Jem.

"What do you bless yersel' for, then? Sure the cratur 's a Catholic widout knowing it. But come along wid me and I'll tell missis." She showed him into the clean farmhouse kitchen, in one remote corner of which hung a crucifix and a small picture of the Immaculate Conception. Jem saw them and gazed at them curiously.

"Please, mum," said he, pointing to the picture, "does it bring you luck?"

"In coorse it do," replied the servant, somewhat puzzled.

"'Cos it's jest like what Pat Magrath used to wear round 'is neck on a bit o' flannel, and he said it brought 'im luck."

"Mother of mercy!" said the servant, "he manes the blessed scapular."

Her interest was quickened in the lad, and she at once prepared him some food. Oh! the comfort of sitting by that huge fire with his feet on the fender; to feel the warmth stealing luxuriously over his benumbed limbs; and then the bread and meat, and the home-brewed ale! Here was a Christmas dinner worth walking eleven miles to get. But he had a duty to perform. The letter must be delivered. Biddy had got out all about it, and wept at his artless story. She divined the sender.

"There's no fear of master to-day," said she; "he's in the best parlor looking over his money. You stay here in the warm and I'll find missis."

She was not long absent when another woman entered in her company. She was pleasant to look upon, with a plaintive smile that seemed to solicit pity. She made Jem tell his story all over again. He had barely completed it when the remembrance of the conversation he had overheard returned to him. He told them, and they decided to fetch the farmer. Anything concerning his money they knew would interest him. Farmer X—— was a blunt, rough man, but beneath his ungracious exterior he had a heart. He growled at the liberty Jem had taken in sleeping in his haystack, but he appreciated the information, and remarked: "I'll go and get help, and if thee says true, lad, I'll be a friend to thee. Gie him some supper, Biddy, and lock all the doors till I come back."

At this hour of need Farmer X—— experienced what it is to be unpopular. He had neighbors within call, but he never spoke to them, and the nearest person he could call upon was four

miles off. Fearing to excite attention by catching his mare, he started to walk it. Apparently he had been seen depart by the lurking burglars, for only a few minutes later the back door was tried, then the front. Convinced that they had only two helpless women to deal with, they proceeded to force the door. The trio within had now retreated to the parlor, the door of which they had barricaded with furniture. But there was the window. The burglars came round and looked in; the bureau was there, and contained, as they supposed, the farmer's gold. But the window looked on to the road and could be seen by passers-by. It would be dangerous to attempt an entry there. They returned to the kitchen and ransacked the cupboards. The remains of a noble sirloin of beef and the Christmas pudding, to say nothing of several bottles of brandy, proved too great a temptation. They sat down to feast, and thus furnished time to their imprisoned victims. The second bottle of Hennessey had been broached when the two doors opening into the kitchen were flung open, and Farmer X—— entered by one, and three neighbors, including the constable, by the other. The robbers were caught red-handed and surrendered at discretion. As soon as they had been forwarded in the farmer's cart, handcuffed, to the county town Mrs. X—— approached her husband timidly. The boy Jem had a claim on them—he had perhaps saved their lives and property. The farmer was grateful and in a compliant mood. Jem was washed and combed as he had never been before, Biddy taking a pride in making him "swate and dacent"; and, moreover, she put a medal round his neck which he looked on with awe.

"Will it bring luck—I mean as much as the other charm, you know?"

"An' sure it will, child. I'm sure your poor mother was a Catholic—heaven rest her!—and I'll be kind to yez for her sake."

And meantime some one else was making the sign of the cross and secretly breathing the pathetic prayer, *Memorare*—the poor mother, in the fulness of her love, pleading with the father's pride and obstinacy. It was a long and bitter struggle, in which it seemed that self-will must conquer; but nothing is so persevering as Love. Hours passed by, and Biddy was telling her beads upstairs, wetting them with her tears, as the sound of her mistress' pleading voice reached her from below.

Suddenly the colloquy was interrupted. There was a third voice heard. The writer of the letter had followed her messenger. Biddy hurried down and saw the poor, long-lost daughter

folded in her mother's arms. The old farmer was hugging the wee baby which had been kept alive by Jem's sixpence, and big tears were rolling down his cheeks. As for Jem, the only way he could express his delight was by standing on his head. When he had sufficiently recovered his gravity he whispered to the poor home-returned daughter, "I say, didn't I tell you it brings luck?" And he made the sign of the cross.

THE FACT OF HOME RULE.

A FEW weeks ago a gentleman who has occupied an influential, if not an aggressive, place among the patriot leaders of Ireland said to the writer: "I believe Mr. Gladstone is only waiting for an occasion to introduce Home Rule for Ireland." The faith seemed indeed the martyr's; yet events appear to be bringing closer and closer its actual fulfilment. There are those not unfamiliar with the mental process of the premier, not free from contact with his political tactics, who suspect that he has a Home-Rule bill in the hand he carries behind his back, and that he will quietly but peremptorily lay it before Parliament at no distant day. No statesman who has guided the conduct of Great Britain has affected more profoundly to despise the methods of mere politicians, the ethics of expediency; and no British statesman has more astutely employed those methods, more abjectly accepted the favors of expediency. Nay, he has done more: he has even justified himself in the achievement of revolutionary changes by no higher argument than expediency. He overthrew a state church, not because it ought to have been overthrown, but because its downfall had become a political necessity. He yielded to the menace of Fenianism, in the express terms of his own public confession, precisely as the Duke of Wellington yielded to the menace of insurrection when he advised the sullen and stubborn king to consent to Catholic Emancipation. Neither of the ministers gave either right to Ireland as a right; they simply succumbed to destiny.

Mr. Gladstone, being no soldier, is something of a philosopher. Where the Iron Duke saw squadrons on the field, he searches human experience for political laws. History has taught him that the law of destiny for great empires is disintegration. A great Irishman, who might have died a patriot

had he kept out of British office and not been taunted by Henry Grattan for taking the pay of his post—Henry Flood defined in the Parliament of Ireland the process by which the law of disintegration would slowly overtake the empire of England. "Destruction," he exclaimed, "will come upon the British Empire like the coldness of death. It will creep upon it from the extreme parts." Flood, having taken oath to support the empire, was bound in conscience to point out the way by which dissolution could be at least postponed. The way was Wellington's—force. When the exasperated king demanded that Irish troops be sent out to America, to compel the desperate but determined American rebels to lay down their arms, Flood was compelled to sustain the king; he was drawing the king's wages. He urged upon the Irish Parliament the duty of prompt compliance with the royal command, and designated the troops as "armed negotiators." Then arose the giant eloquence of Grattan and crushed his brother Irishman to the earth. He pictured Flood standing "with a metaphor in his mouth and a bribe in his pocket, a champion against the rights of America, the only hope of Ireland and the only refuge of the liberties of mankind."

The troops were sent: the rebels left them nothing to do, for Great Britain yielded to destiny and surrendered almost half a continent. The troops had something to do, nevertheless. As soon as they were back in Ireland, with a hundred thousand more they were employed to bully the people into silence while the office-holders sold for cash and titles the sovereign right of the Irish people to make their own laws on their own soil. "Armed negotiators" they became.

Mr. Gladstone does not believe in Mr. Flood's curative for coldness at the extremities of the British Empire. He has never employed force to keep up the circulation of imperial blood in its remote parts. He has found a Fact as powerful as a law; it is that communities are contented in proportion to their share of political self-government, if the form be sufficiently elastic to prove self-correcting. He has never proposed armed negotiators to suppress free speech, personal liberty, liberty of the press, the right of peaceable public assembly, in any civilized dependency of Great Britain remote from the centre of administration. Whenever one of the colonies has petitioned for the redress of a grievance the petition has not only been respectfully heard; it has been referred back to its origin for redress, and the power to accomplish the object sought has been sent with it directly or indirectly. The law of great empires is disintegration;

but the Fact which stands a gigantic barrier in the way of that law is not Force—it is Home Rule. Mr. Gladstone has mastered the Fact.

It is a universal fact, too, throughout the civilized dependencies of the British Empire. India cannot be said to be civilized; dominating vestiges of the tribal systems are preserved by custom and in the newly-grafted laws of the intruders for the purpose of delaying civilization: it is easier to rob the people than to civilize them. Ireland has not been civilized in modern times, except to the degree which the people have reached for themselves in defiance of the government. They have preserved their love of learning in spite of centuries of efforts to reduce them to illiteracy. They have preserved religion in spite of all the methods of torture the English were able to borrow from the fanaticism and cruelty of the Continent, and all the added varieties of fiendishness they were able to invent. They have preserved love of virtue, natural and supernatural, in spite of the rewards placed upon vice by English monarchs and the penalties the same agents laid upon virtue. They have preserved race-ambition in spite of seven hundred years of persistent stamping out of race-consciousness. They have preserved the determination to be free in spite of centuries of slavery. There have always been inherent in them the essentials of an energetic, buoyant, vigorous, and healthy political organization; and these germs have retained their vitality in spite of compulsory famine, compulsory emigration, compulsory ignorance, compulsory poverty, compulsory civil death. The national life has never gone quite out, although, indeed, its glimmer has often been too feeble for the world to catch it; and, for the matter, the world has spent very little of its time trying to catch it. Look over the world, into its high places, into its low ones. Through the fierce light that beats upon thrones Irishmen are seen, counsellors. Through the yellow haze of plague and pestilence Irishwomen are seen, succor-givers. In the glare and shriek of battle in every part of the world they are there, soldiers and generals; they are there, stooping over the wounded, stanching the streams of death, Irishmen and Irishwomen. In every country but their own rich, powerful, educated, refined, lovers of liberty, upholders and expounders of law, their talents and their genius have been given to mankind; there is scarcely a nation on the globe whom they have not helped. What return have they had? A selfish spasm in France, doing more harm than good, furnishing an excuse to send the pure soul of Robert Emmet up to sanctify an English

scaffold; in famine-days bread from America, when—let us tell the simple truth—arms should have been sent instead with the honest command of Heaven and conscience, "Take what is your own." If any government, with an army and a navy, had forbidden England to starve Ireland forty years ago, would food enough to feed twice the population of Ireland have been exported from Irish harbors while the people whose labor had produced it perished by thousands of starvation? There was no government to speak the word, sublimely as Ireland had earned it. To-day it is simply the massed moral influence of the Irish in the United States, looming up behind the patriot minority in the British House of Commons, that has compelled English politicians to look for the first time dispassionately at the question, Why should Ireland be made an exception to the policy of Great Britain toward her dependencies? It is the massed moral power of the Irish people in the two great partisan organizations of the United States which has compelled a witless coxcomb administration to intimate to the English jailers in Ireland that it is imprudent to imprison American citizens there. It is the rational appreciation of the constantly growing strength of the Irish people in the United States, breathing the same breath with their countrymen at home, that has compelled Mr. Gladstone to draft his bill of Home Rule for Ireland.

Men have an alert way of getting off the natural into the artificial. Nothing is easier for cunning and craft than to conventionalize the simple and just into the unjust, impossible, and the impracticable. The Irish Church was conventionalized into a base for the English crown in Ireland. When Mr. Gladstone got ready with his axe and ladder to tear the structure down, he tore the conventionality aside like a filmy bit of morning gossamer. The denial to the Catholics of Ireland of any participation in the civil affairs of the country had been conventionalized into a sacred responsibility, the discharge of which was as incumbent upon the alien crown as the maintenance of a police force. When the Duke of Wellington saw that Catholic Emancipation was the sole alternative to insurrection he thrust his sword through the conventionalized sacred duty and found it only a veil of bigotry. When the first demand for judicial rents in Ireland was made, in lieu of rack-rents, the rights of landlords had been conventionalized into a denial of any rights in the tenants; but when Mr. Gladstone found the Irish people in the United States ready to support with money, perhaps with more than money, the demands of the tenants, he demonstrated to the sluggish sense of

the English Parliament that after all landlords had no rights superior to law, and that no law was binding which was in its nature immoral—and a law is immoral which does not give to him who toils the first-fruits of his toil. Every vast wrong which has been inflicted on any portion of mankind has been maintained by nothing more substantial that conventionality.

It has been a traditional conventionality in England that Ireland must not be permitted to enjoy the privileges allowed other dependencies of the British Empire. Mr. Gladstone, when he appears before Parliament with the bill creating, first, county government, then municipal government, finally a national legislature in Ireland, will have only to say, "This is not revolution. It is only the policy of the empire."

Let us see briefly with what completeness that policy has been carried out:

1. The Bahamas are eighteen small islands containing a population of less than forty thousand persons, and of these about an eighth are white. Home rule exists there. The domestic legislature is elected by the people.

2. Barbados is an island containing a population of 171,889. It has home rule. Its Assembly, elected annually, administers its domestic affairs.

3. The Bermudas are a cluster of little islands containing about twelve thousand inhabitants, one-third white. They enjoy home rule. Their domestic laws are made by an elected Assembly of thirty-six members.

4. The Cape of Good Hope, with a population one-fifth that of Ireland, and only one-fourth European, was granted home rule thirty years ago. Its legislature is composed of an Upper and a Lower House, both chosen by popular suffrage.

5. Natal, an integral part of the Cape settlement, was dissatisfied with Cape control and was allowed autonomy in 1856. Its legislative council consists of twelve elected members.

6. Sierra Leone, "the white man's grave," contained ten years ago one hundred white men and thirty white women; but it enjoys home rule.

7. British Guiana, although its civil law is Roman and Dutch, and its population the most heterogeneous to be found in perhaps any part of the globe, has enjoyed home rule for nearly a century.

8. Honduras has home rule for its sugar, india-rubber, pine, and mahogany. Of a population of four hundred thousand only a few thousand are white.

9. Dominica has home rule for its cocoa, arrowroot, and cotton; half the legislators are appointed by the crown, half are elected by the people. It sends its representatives to the General Assembly of the Leeward Islands.

10. Nevis, a conical mountain, with less than three hundred whites in a population of nearly ten thousand, is enabled through the blessings of home rule to get the highest prices for its rum, sugar, and molasses.

11. St. Kitt's adds flax to rum, sugar, and molasses, and boasts its own domestic legislature.

12. St. Vincent is a beautiful oval island eleven miles wide and eighteen long. It has home rule.

13. Tobago in 1834 emancipated its slaves, paying their masters compensation; its cocoanuts—the *theobroma*, or food-for-the-gods of Linnæus—bud and blossom under home rule.

14. Australia was granted legislative independence in 1856.

15. Australia West is under home rule.

16. New South Wales has its own domestic government, its mint, observatory, university, and free public library.

17. New Zealand has boasted home rule for more than forty years.

18. Queensland is governed in part by the British crown, which sends its convicts, political and other, out there, and in part by elected deputies.

19. Tasmania is governed by a legislature elected by the people.

20. Victoria. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has helped officially to discharge there functions which he would not be allowed to exercise in his native land. He has been Minister of Lands in a cabinet responsible to a parliament of the people, elected by the people.

21. Alderney, eight miles in circumference, is in unquestioned possession of home rule.

22. Guernsey makes its own laws, imposes its own taxes. It has one town, St. Peter's Port; its laws are a quaint mixture of Norman and English, and its official language is French. Great Britain does not scorn to allow it home rule.

23. Out in the Irish Sea is a historic spot, visible in clear weather from the coasts of England, Scotland, and Ireland, once the throne of Welsh kings, once the home of the Norwegian marauder, once the kingdom of a royal Dane who drew up the first articles of its constitution. A Scandinavian sceptre ruled its narrow boundaries until Magnus of Norway ceded his

supposed rights to a Scotch Alexander; and on his death the people chose to become subjects of Edward of England. Through many vicissitudes it passed, but one misfortune has not yet befallen it. It is not governed from another country, even from England. It elects its own parliament, makes its own laws, and is subject only to its own courts. The British Parliament has no more jurisdiction in the island than it has in Paris or Berlin. The tiny Isle of Man, seventy-five miles in circumference, enjoys home rule in the fullest and most effective form.

24. Far away from the independent sovereignty of the Manx, anchored deep in the blue waters of the Mediterranean, is a rocky fortress frowning upon a magnificent harbor. Here the fleets tarry on their way to and from India; here the Knights of St. John rested after the Turks expelled them from Rhodes; here La Valette heroically resisted the flower of the Ottoman army under the Sultan Solyman; it is to-day little more than a British military post and depot. Can it be believed that home rule, denied five million people in Ireland, is actually recognized in the rocks of Malta? The commandant of the garrison is the civil governor; but the inhabitants elect one-half the council by whom the affairs of the island are administered.

25. The Dominion of Canada is technically included in the colonial dependencies of Great Britain, and is, comparatively, the most striking illustration of the fact of home rule antagonizing the law of disintegration in great empires. No one acquainted with the spirit of the people of Canada can doubt that the country would have retained even its nominal connection with the crown had the imperial Parliament manifested any disposition to interfere with local self-government. Canada, for all practical purposes, is an independent commonwealth. In 1867 the provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick were united under the title, "The Dominion of Canada," and since that time British Columbia, Vancouver's Island, Prince Edward Island, Manitoba, and the Northwest Provinces have been added to the confederation. But this principle has been maintained throughout the enlargement of the Dominion boundaries: that while the Dominion Parliament should exercise a general political supervision, each unit of the confederation should govern itself in domestic matters. Each province, great and small, has its own domestic legislature in addition to, and totally independent of, its representation in the Parliament of the Dominion. In brief, home rule is carried to its ultimate and logical conclusion in Canada. It is an interesting fact in the

land-reform of the time that when the proposition was made on behalf of the Dominion that Prince Edward Island should join the confederation, one of the conditions which the people insisted upon was the abolition of landlordism. The Dominion government advanced the money with which the actual workers of the soil bought out the non-working owners; and the island is a conspicuous example of successful peasant proprietary, accomplished with no social friction.

When, therefore, Mr. Gladstone submits his bill creating Home Rule in Ireland he has his argument in the system of local self-government everywhere else existing in the British Empire. By giving autonomy to Ireland that portion of the empire will merely be brought into political harmony with the other portions in all quarters of the globe. It is true that Mr. Gladstone has hitherto found arguments against the step which he is apparently preparing to take; but when he is ready to take it he will be found expressing mild surprise that it was not taken sooner. He may not, indeed, proclaim that the law for great empires is disintegration, but he will brilliantly demonstrate that the fact of home rule is the only substantial barrier against the operation of that law, by whatever term of disguise he may choose to conceal its identity.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED; or, The Prophetic History of the Church. By the Rev. M. J. Griffith, Pastor of St. John's Church, Valatie, N. Y. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1882.

It was the opinion of Bossuet that the prophecies of the Apocalypse relate exclusively to the first three centuries of Christianity and to the last age of the world. The majority of interpreters, however, regard them as embracing the entire period from the beginning of the history of the church to the end of the world. Father Griffith, following this common opinion, attempts to show how the prophecies of St. John have been fulfilled up to the present time. The greatest part of his book is taken up by a concise and vigorous sketch of the history of the church, with a running commentary on the text of the Apocalypse, explaining the symbolic imagery by which its principal events were foreshadowed. Towards the end he gives the interpretation of the unfulfilled prophecies which he thinks the most probable—one not by any means new, but borrowed from the commentaries of very respectable Catholic expositors.

Here the greatest difficulties are encountered. So long as one seeks in

history for an explanation of prophetic symbols he is necessarily obliged to explain all preternatural imagery in such a way as to correspond with actual events, and restrained from following his own imagination. But just as soon as he begins to construct future history from these symbols alone there is not the same restraint on his imagination, and the disposition to theorize in an *à priori* manner from existing causes to their probable effects in the future, from actual tendencies in the present age to the outcome of their results in a coming age, can have full scope. The common interpretation of the latter part of the Apocalypse which Father Griffith follows is one in which the great coming Antichrist plays a principal part. Father Griffith divides the history of the church into seven epochs, each one symbolized under one of the seven seals of the mysterious roll unfolded before the Seer of Patmos. We are supposed to be near the close of the fifth period; the sixth is the period of Antichrist, upon whose downfall follows very soon the end of the world, and the seventh epoch is the beginning of the everlasting period. In regard to this coming and kingdom of the Antichrist, Calmet observes: "Concerning this most wretched man we have seen that there are scarcely even a few certainties; that the uncertain and problematical things are almost innumerable; wherefore his advent, his stated time, country, origin, parentage, infancy, name, extent of empire, kind of death, etc., are all doubtful." We cannot help being struck with the contrast between the historical description of the events of fulfilled prophecy and the extraordinary representations of the last age of the world derived from unfulfilled prophecy by many writers. Their description of the age of Antichrist does not read like the history of the past and the present. It has a preternatural aspect arising from the circumstance that the actual events prefigured by prophetic symbols being undetermined, the figures are too literally interpreted. It seems more reasonable to believe that when the period between the present time and the end of the world becomes present and passes, it will be actually in the main similar to its predecessors. Whenever the Scripture speaks in plain language of the last age of the world it seems to teach that the appearances of things will be much the same as they have always been. We do not mean to imply that there may not be some extraordinary and preternatural events and phenomena and some astounding miracles in the future, as there have been in the past. But it seems reasonable to conclude that the future development of good and evil, of the kingdom of Christ and of the kingdom of Antichrist, ending in the final triumph of Christ and the Saints, will mostly proceed *in a human way*, analogous to the procedure it has hitherto followed. We do not think it is a vain effort to attempt an explanation in detail of the fulfilled prophecies of the Apocalypse, or even of those which are unfulfilled, in a certain general way. If it were, of what use would this book ever have been up to the present time? We must therefore praise the effort of Father Griffith, which we consider as in a measure successful, and we can recommend his book as both interesting and edifying to pious Catholic readers. We do not think, however, that he has given a complete solution of the whole mystery, especially that which relates to the future, or that it could be given without a fuller exposition of reasons and authorities than he has attempted.

TWELFTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE ASSOCIATION FOR BEFRIENDING CHILDREN AND YOUNG GIRLS, House of the Holy Family, Nos. 134, 136 Second Avenue, from October 1, 1881, to 1882. New York: P. F. McBreen. 1882.

This *Report* presents quite a dainty and elegant appearance, suggestive of the source whence it emanates, though its contents relate to forlorn little waifs rescued from misery. For both these reasons it is better worth perusal than many of the choice and pretty products of the press which issue forth before Christmas to adorn the centre-tables of drawing-rooms. It tells of the charity of refined ladies toward the poor girls whom they recognize as their unfortunate little sisters in Christ. The expenditure of the Association is very moderate, amounting only to $20,000. The results show that the money has been well invested and has brought in a better return than most investments. The number of girls cared for during the year, more than half of whom were under twelve years of age, is 451. The average number of inmates of the Family is 185, all from the most necessitous class, and such as cannot be received into other institutions. While they remain they get three hours' schooling every day, careful religious instruction, and, if old enough, are taught sewing and housework. Of the 253 children dismissed during the year, 53 were provided with employment, 164 were returned to their friends, 27 were sent to other institutions, 6 ran away, and 3 died. Besides these children 1,541 out-door poor were relieved in various ways. One pleasing item in the *Report* is the account of Judge Kelley's charity-boxes which were placed in 28 hotels and restaurants, and brought in various sums, from the $116 83 of the Everett House to the $7 61 of the Café Worms, 256 Third Avenue—in all, the handsome amount of $1,109 43. The mention of the "Fresh-Air Fund" produces a most exhilarating effect and a desire that everybody might profit by it. The Fresh-Air Fund amounted to $664, and must have been collected in warm weather. We can fancy the subscribers, panting for the country, gladly giving their $25 and $10 in most feeling sympathy for the poor children who have to stay in town all summer. The Fund was expended, not directly in the purchase of fresh air, but in the construction of a play-ground, 39 by 50 feet, protected by an iron railing, on the roof of the building. We are reminded of Mr. Riah, the Dolls' Dressmaker, and Lizzie Hexham in the little garden on the top of Pubsey & Co.'s warehouse. However, the children do not "go up to be dead," but to be extremely lively.

The Catholic institutions for befriending children in New York City are among the noblest and best we have. Such great houses as Father Drumgoole's Home for boys and the Foundling Asylum are on a much larger scale than the House of the Holy Family. This may grow, however, as we trust it will; and it is deserving of patronage. If all would imitate the example of the ladies and gentlemen whose names appear on the list of patrons of the Holy Family, we might hope to see all the forlorn and neglected children of the city provided for.

THE LONGFELLOW CALENDAR FOR 1883. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

This Calendar, besides the utility which belongs to it in common with all others, is a tasteful and appropriate Christmas and New Year's card

suitable for a present. It is ornate and rich in its blending and distribution of colors. It has an excellent portrait of Mr. Longfellow, with a view of his house at Cambridge on one side and of the Belfry of Bruges on the other. Below there are pretty pictures of Evangeline and Priscilla, the Puritan Belle. Attached to the card is a box filled with slips for each month and each day of the month, having below the numbers short passages selected from the poet's writings. The verses on Christmas cards are frequently atrocious specimens of doggerel. We can easily believe that all the passages below the one which lies on the surface in *this* box are beautiful scraps of poetry, for it would be impossible to select any others from Mr. Longfellow's poems. This pretty souvenir costs one dollar, and every one who receives it as a gift will accept the same with pleasure, if in the least degree æsthetic. Priscilla Alden's numerous grandchildren will look on it with especial favor.

Growth in the Knowledge of our Lord. Meditations for every day of the year, etc. Adapted from the French original of the Abbé de Brandt, by a "Daughter of the Cross." Two vols. London: Burns & Oates. 1882.

As our holy faith presents an almost unlimited number of topics suitable for meditation, and as there exist varieties of tastes, needs, and states of life, and differences in length of time and manner of making meditation, it is possible to give only qualified praise to any one book, however excellent, of meditations. We consider this work a real addition to the few really good books of meditations we have in English.

The true test of a book of meditations is use, but as this is a brand-new book we have not been able to apply it. The following seem to be its merits: there is variety, and variety in order, daily meditations on the life and mysteries of our Lord, special meditations for feasts and for all Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, on the Blessed Sacrament, the Sacred Heart, and the Blessed Virgin, and for monthly retreat days; the subject for meditation is divided into two points, and the second point has a true and logical connection with the first—a great merit: we are not asked to meditate on three or four different subjects; the Scripture quotations are not turned and twisted to make so many extra points, but exemplify and impress, as they should do, the real point; finally, the treatment is solid, just, and sufficiently ample. It is excellently gotten up by the publishers.

Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac. A Critical History of Operations in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania from the commencement to the close of the War, 1861–1865. By William Swinton, author of *Decisive Battles of the War*, *Outlines of the World's History*, etc. Revision and reissue. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1882.

Except that he has added a useful Appendix, Mr. Swinton has made no alteration of importance in his admirable book, which first appeared in 1866, but has been out of print for a long while until the appearance of this new issue. Much has been written and spoken by military critics concerning the Civil War, but nothing has modified the verdict originally pronounced in favor of Mr. Swinton's history. It remains of all that has been published the most faithful, instructive, and readable narrative of the struggle

between those two great, heroic armies which are acknowledged to have been, each for its own side, the picked representatives of the patriotic and soldierly qualities of the American people.

There are several points of dispute, however, on which new evidence has been brought to light in recent years, but on which Mr. Swinton has nothing new to say. It is true that the report of the Schofield Board of Inquiry of March, 1879, exonerating General Fitz-John Porter, is given in the Appendix. But a curious matter still needs elucidation—viz., who is responsible for the failure of the Army of the Potomac to enter Petersburg in the evening or night of June 15, 1864? A mere handful of Confederate local troops were in the town, while several thousand veterans of Hancock's and other corps halted unwillingly at the defences and remained there in idleness until Lee had brought down the greater part of his army from Richmond and was then able for ten months to bid defiance to all attacks. Mr. Swinton shows that Hancock had no orders to attack and had not even been informed that an attack on Petersburg was intended. "Somebody blundered."

Mr. Swinton's work will always be the standard authority for the main parts of the events it records, and will also continue to be a favorite with amateur students of military history and strategy, for the narrative is clear and sufficiently detailed, while the movements themselves of the two armies were compact.

CONFERENCES ON THE BLESSED TRINITY. By the Rev. Dr. J. J. O'Connell, O.S.B., St. Mary's College, Gaston Co., N. C. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1882.

These sermons of the well-known North Carolina monk will be welcome reading in the numerous households that are situated far from the city or village church and have to depend on their own pious resources as a substitute for assisting at Mass.

Dr. O'Connell's style is fervid and he is fond of cumulative evidence, so that he readily appeals to the heart of the reader as well as to the head. Like all the illustrious order to which he belongs, he is impregnated through and through with Holy Scripture, and he is constantly recurring to the sacred text for argument and illustration.

The book is tastefully gotten out and is a credit to its publishers.

A SHORT SKETCH OF MODERN PHILOSOPHIES AND OF HIS OWN SYSTEM. By Antonio Rosmini-Serbati. With a few words of introduction by Father Lockhart. London: Burns & Oates. 1882.

The *Sketch of Modern Philosophies* embraces the systems of Locke, Condillac, Berkeley, Hume, Reid, Kant, and Fichte, with a critique upon the same. As might be expected from a writer of such eminent learning and ability, it is good, though brief. Then follows, within the brief compass of eighteen pages, an exposition of Rosmini's system, in respect to one point only, the theory of cognition. Father Lockhart, in his introduction, defends the system in respect to its immunity from any theological censure, and we suppose that most persons will admit that in this he is successful. He adds also some explanation and vindication of the system on philo-

sophical grounds. Those who are interested in philosophical studies will find this *Short Sketch* worthy of perusal.

THE IRISH QUESTION. By David Bennett King, Professor in Lafayette College. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1882.

This volume is the result of two visits recently made to Ireland by the author, a man of strong English sympathies, which appear constantly in the apologetic tone employed in describing the fearful evil of English rule in Ireland. Mr. King's chief sources of information, next after the use of his own eyes, were persons connected with the English administration. It is true that prominent Home-Rulers are quoted here and there, but generally, as it appears, with a view of combating what they say. A really valuable part of the work, however, for purposes of reference, is the Appendix, which gives the charter of the Land League, the No-Rent Manifesto, the lord-lieutenant's proclamation against the Land League, as well as the Coercion Act of 1881, the Land Law of 1881, the Prevention of Crimes Act of 1882, and the Arrears of Rent Act of 1882.

CEREMONIAL FOR THE USE OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCHES IN THE UNITED STATES. Fifth Revised Edition. Baltimore: J. B. Piet & Co. 1882.

The arrangement of the subject-matter in this latest edition of the *Ceremonial* is better; there are to be found in it later instructions upon several points previously undetermined, and in both the text and the frequent foot-notes the reader is referred to the best authorities and made acquainted with the most reliable Roman practices.

Differences of opinion, as the compiler remarks, do exist on minor points, owing to lack of directions and a variety of interpretations, but he has endeavored to secure uniformity and perfection by taking Mgr. Martinucci as his guide. This prelate, for more than twenty-five years papal master of ceremonies, published a few years ago a most comprehensive, accurate, and authoritative ceremonial in eight volumes, and the present edition is conformed in most points to the directions and interpretations therein laid down.

Possessed of the new edition, we hope all former editions will be withdrawn or speedily used up, and recommend the clergy in purchasing to be particular to ask for the fifth edition. The book is published in good style of binding and printing.

SACRED RHETORIC; or, The Art of Rhetoric as applied to the Preaching of the Word of God. By the author of *Programmes of Sermons and Instructions*. New York: Benziger Bros. 1882.

We find this book to be a concise and practical compendium of the precepts of rhetoric, which it undertakes to apply specially to the various kinds of instructing and preaching necessary in "the ministry of the Word." Intended for those who are preparing themselves for that great work, it is somewhat elementary, and embraces the subjects of composition, style, the different kinds of sacred topics and delivery, all in a brief, clear way, giving specimens of the modes of treatment, with plates to exemplify the gestures. It seems eminently well fitted for a text-book in seminaries, and will

also be found of use to those who are beginning and engaged in preaching It is neatly and well gotten up by the publishers.

LEXIQUE DE LA LANGUE IROQUOISE. Avec notes et appendices. Par J. A. Cuoq, Prêtre de Saint-Sulpice. Montreal: J. Chapleau et Fils.

Those interested in the study of the languages of our aborigines, and philologists generally, will doubtless find the dictionary of this zealous missionary of much service. Having submitted the volume to one fully competent to judge of the merits of such a work, we feel no hesitation in recommending the book to all in any way interested in such matters.

THE HOLY EXERCISE OF THE PRESENCE OF GOD. Translated from the French of T. F. Vaubert, S.J. St. Louis: P. Fox, publisher.

This little book treats of what is most fundamental, and in a clear and complete way. For the presence of God is the very atmosphere of that world into which we are introduced by the gift of the faith—the needle that directs, the safeguard, the stimulus, the very soul of all we do. We wish this translation a wide circulation among our people.

MARY'S FIRST SHRINE IN THE WILDERNESS. By the Rev. A. A. Lambing. Pittsburgh: Myers, Shinkle & Co. 1882.

CONATA. A collection of Poems. By Mary Grant O'Sheridan. Madison, Wis.: David Atwood, printer. 1881.

THE MODERN HAGAR. A Drama. By Charles M. Clay, author of *Baby Rue*. Two volumes. New York: George W. Harlan & Co. 1882.

CHURCH PROPERTY: ITS ORIGIN AND USE, ITS TENURE AND ADMINISTRATION. By Very Rev. P. A. Ludden, V.G. Albany: Weed, Parsons & Co. 1882.

QUINTUS CLAUDIUS. A Romance of Imperial Rome. By Ernest Eckstein. From the German by Clara Bell. In two volumes. New York: William S. Gottsberger. 1882.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE MOST REV. JOHN MACHALE, ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM AND METROPOLITAN. By the Rev. Ulick J. Canon Bourke. New York: P. J. Kenedy. 1883.

THE SUBSTANCE OF SEVEN SERMONS preached in St. Michael's Church, Philadelphia, and published for the benefit of the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul. Philadelphia: Thomas Coleman, printer. 1882.

VERSES ON DOCTRINAL AND DEVOTIONAL SUBJECTS. By the Rev. James Casey, P.P., author of *Tyndall and Materialism*, *Intemperance*, *Our Thirst for Drink*, and other poems. Dublin: James Duffy & Sons. 1882.

THE NATURE AND FORM OF THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT FOUNDED IN THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION. By the Honorable George Shea, Chief-Justice of the Marine Court of the City of New York. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882.

HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH OF THE RENOWNED AND VENERATED STATUES OF ST. PETER AND NOTRE DAME DES VICTOIRES, recently presented by his Holiness Leo XIII. and by the Rev. Father Chevojon, pastor of Notre Dame des Victoires, to the French Roman Catholic Church, Notre Dame des Victoires, of Boston. Boston: Alfred Mudge & Son, printers. 1882.

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THE ESCHATOLOGY OF ORIGEN.*

PART I.

ORIGEN, after having been, during many ages, regarded generally as a heretic and the great father of the grossest heresies, has been, during the later times, gradually regaining the reputation of orthodoxy. Recent historians and theologians have commonly, while speaking of his genius, his great scriptural works, and his character with admiration, adopted a tone of qualified defence of his orthodoxy on most points of Catholic faith, while admitting that he was in error on some others. They have apologized for his supposed errors, on the ground that they were not taught by him dogmatically but only in a tentative and hypothetical manner, may have been, perhaps, retracted, and at all events were not contumaciously upheld in a spirit of wilful resistance to the supreme authority of the church. Besides this, they have suggested that the supposed errors contained in his writings, as we have them, may have been inserted in them by the craft of heretical interpolators. On the whole, he has been excused from formal heresy, and spoken of as a man, not only great but holy, who may be credibly supposed to have lived and died in the communion of the Catholic Church, and to deserve a place, notwithstanding the cloud resting on his name, among her most brilliant ornaments.

* *In S. Gregorii Nysseni et Origenis Scripta et Doctrinam Nova Recensio.* Cum Appendice de Actis Synodi V. Œcumenicæ. Per Aloisium Vincenzi, in Romano Archigymnasio Litt. Heb. Professorem. Romæ: Ex Typogr. B. Morini. 1864.

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Some have even gone so far as to exculpate him from all error in respect to doctrines which, in his own time, had been explicitly declared by the teaching of the Catholic Church; and to vindicate for him the rank of a great doctor equal to the men of most illustrious fame in the annals of Christian antiquity. Halloix had already led the way as a thorough-going apologist for Origen. The Roman Professor Vincenzi has anew undertaken the task of vindicating his memory and character, and has performed it in a most laborious and exhaustive manner. Since the publication of his work the cause of Origen has gained greatly, and the belief of his complete innocence of the grave accusations made against his doctrine seems working its way by degrees into general acceptance.

The *Dublin Review* for 1865 and 1866 had a series of most interesting articles on Origen's character and career, in one of which, republished in this magazine while it was still partly eclectic (vol. iv. p. 791), the writer says:

"It will doubtless have occurred to most of our readers that we have too completely ignored the charges of heterodoxy that have so often been made against the name of Origen. But we do not admit that Origen was unsound in faith, much less that he was formally heretical. Although not unprepared to justify this conviction, we cannot do more at present than invoke the authority of a new and important contribution to the Origen controversy," viz., the work of Professor Vincenzi.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (April 23, 1866) concludes a most favorable review of the same work with these words:

"Perhaps the most serious difficulty to be overcome in this controversy will be one altogether outside of the merits of the case, and will arise from that kind of prejudices which Bacon loves to call *idols of the tribe*."

The highest and most splendid eulogium, however, which Origen has ever received was pronounced upon him by that pontiff who specially delights in honoring illustrious scholars, Pope Leo XIII., in his encyclical *Æterni Patris*, of August 4, 1879.*

"After him (to wit, Clement of Alex.) came Origen, renowned as the master of the School of Alexandria, who was most deeply versed in Greek and Oriental learning. He published many volumes involving great labor, which were wonderfully adapted to explain the divine writings and illustrate the *sacred dogmas;* which, though, *as they are now extant*, they may not be altogether free from error, contain nevertheless a wealth of knowledge tending to the growth and advance of natural truths."

* This encyclical may be found, in Latin and English, in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, vol. xxx. p. 111. The extract is on pp. 120, 121.

It will be observed that the Pope is not here pronouncing a judgment on the question whether there are or are not doctrinal errors in the writings of Origen as we have them in their text as it now stands, much less as he actually wrote them. What is positive in his language is a recognition of the splendid and justly-earned fame of Origen as an editor and expositor of the Scriptures, as an expounder of the dogmas of the faith, and as a philosopher. His words of caution are expressed in the mildest form and hypothetically. They insinuate that any errors which theologians and critics may find in the present text of any of Origen's writings are not to be imputed to him. Moreover, the expression, *licet erroribus omnino non vacent*, is conditional and very general, leaving the whole question whether such errors do exist, and, if so, what their import may be, entirely open to discussion. No one can fail to see in the remarkably strong and explicit language of the Holy Father a deliberate intention to vindicate the fame of Origen, proceeding from a cordial admiration of his genius and character.

Origen was honored, from the beginning of his career until the latter part of the fourth century, as one of the most holy and illustrious teachers of Catholic doctrine in the church. When his name and reputation were violently attacked by several men eminent in the authority of station and learning, he was defended with equal vehemence by other men of high character, and by a numerous body of disciples, especially among the monks, who suffered great persecutions on that account. Although his assailants succeeded in bringing a heavy cloud of suspicion upon his orthodoxy, at Rome and throughout the Western Church, which has lasted until the present time, through a misunderstanding of his real doctrine, his advocates have at length gained their cause, and his character has been rehabilitated, in such a way that he must now and ever hereafter be ranked among the orthodox Fathers of the church.

It is obvious from all this that the cause of orthodoxy is implicated in the due explanation and defence of those points of his doctrine which present a dubious appearance in certain parts of his writings as they stand in their extant text. The theory of his substantial orthodoxy and good faith as a Catholic cannot co-exist with the admission that he was in error respecting the points of doctrine above alluded to. The errors imputed to him are not of a secondary importance, relating to matters not very explicitly revealed, or not clearly manifested as pertaining to faith, and certain theological conclusions, in the time when

Origen lived. They are matters of primary importance, of which there was never any doubt in the church, and the errors imputed to Origen are such that he could not have held them in good faith, through ignorance of the doctrine of the Catholic Church. Not only so; but St. Gregory of Nyssa is in the same category with Origen, and so are other recognized saints, together with the bishops in general who were suffragan to the metropolitan bishop of Cæsarea, and many others who were in fellowship and sympathy with Origen.

The investigation of the incriminated passages in the works of Origen, and of similar ones in the writings of St. Gregory of Nyssa, with a view of finding out what these great men really intended to teach, as well as the inquiry into the common understanding respecting the actual doctrine of these teachers and others who agreed with them, are things of great importance. One way out of the difficulty which was taken by some learned men, and which still continues to be followed, is to deny the authenticity of the questionable texts, and then to refer to other passages in the same writings in which the Catholic doctrine is plainly affirmed, as a proof of the genuine teaching of these writers. Where there is no critical or historical evidence of an alteration of this kind in the text, such a proceeding is very objectionable on many grounds. If there is a way of fairly reconciling both classes of texts with each other, by explaining the dubious ones in a sense which harmonizes with orthodox doctrine, it is much to be preferred. Such an explanation Professor Vincenzi has attempted in respect both to St. Gregory and to Origen.

The great question relates to Eschatology—that is, to the doctrine concerning the final state of angels and men. Those who deny, and some of those who affirm, the Catholic doctrine of the final and irreparable reprobation of all the angels who have sinned and of many men who have likewise fallen from the grace of God, maintain that certain passages in the writings of St. Gregory of Nyssa express the opinion that all rational beings will be eventually brought into the same state, alike those who have not sinned and those who have sinned—namely, into the state of perfect holiness and beatitude in the kingdom of Christ, from which they can never again fall away throughout eternity.

The same opinion is ascribed to Origen. Another error, incompatible with this one, is also ascribed to Origen: to wit, that there is no final and unchangeable state for rational creatures. That is, he is supposed to have held, or to have conjectured as a

possibility, that free-will being intrinsically vertible and in an equilibrium toward every kind of real or apparent good, the whole rational creation must for ever exist in a movement of rotation. Running a series of endless revolutions through all possible changes of position, all rational beings will alternately pass from the moral perihelion in which they are as near as possible to God, to their aphelion of the utmost distance from him; now rushing, like comets, almost into the sun, and then wandering away indefinitely on long orbits into the dark and cold infinitude of space. This notion, which may literally be called *extravagant*, is closely connected with another, which might appear to be plausible to a heathen philosopher, but which is in the highest degree *bizarre*, as well as utterly incredible and odious, to an enlightened Christian mind. It is this: All rational creatures are created at first as equal souls, at the zero-point of moral being, with free-will and an indefinite capacity of progression toward the infinite good and retrogression in the opposite direction. Each one becomes what he chooses to make himself, going up to the highest order in the angelic hierarchy, becoming a demon, or getting materialized and turning into a corporeal, human being. That soul which reached the highest point of perfection was rewarded by a hypostatic union with the Person of the Divine Word, and in the Incarnation became the soul which animated the body generated by the Virgin. In regard to the resurrection, Origen is sometimes made to teach that human bodies are transformed into brilliant orbs, and again to maintain that incorporated souls, by becoming holy and perfect, are etherealized and transmuted into purely spiritual beings.

In fact, so many different opinions have been imputed to Origen that if all the accusations of his enemies are admitted, and we consider that confessedly he did, in his open teaching and in many parts of his writings, inculcate also the orthodox doctrine opposite to all these errors and absurdities, we must set him down as a genius erratic to the verge of madness, and as a hypocritical impostor worse than Montanus or Manes. There is no half-way vindication or half-way condemnation of Origen which is tenable. If he held and taught, even as probable hypotheses only, the errors in matters pertaining to faith which St. Jerome imputed to him, his accusers were right in denouncing his doctrine as a congeries of heresies which were completely subversive of all genuine Christianity. Moreover, besides those errors which have been just now specified, he was accused even of corrupting the Catholic doctrine of the Trinity and the In-

carnation, whence he was styled the father of Arius and the principal author of the heresies which were bred from his false teaching concerning the Word and the Holy Spirit.

Of course an apologist for Origen is obliged to meet fully the very serious *primâ facie* appearance of his guilt which arises from real and supposed facts in the history of the Origenistic controversy, as it is commonly narrated by ecclesiastical historians. It is certain that St. Jerome and St. Epiphanius waged a most vehement war upon Origen and all his apologists, and did all in their power to bring about a formal condemnation of himself and his writings. It is commonly supposed that he was actually condemned by the Roman pontiff and by the Fifth Œcumenical Council, whose anathemas were repeated by several succeeding councils. How is it possible, then, to vindicate his innocence and orthodoxy, and at the same time to observe due respect towards these popes, councils, and fathers?

Father Vincenzi's discussion of these important and complicated matters is very learned and elaborate. The main point of his defence is that it was not the genuine doctrine of Origen, as contained in the authentic text of his works, which was inculpated. Spurious and corrupted editions were produced by which St. Jerome and his associates were deceived and led into a mistake. Theophilus, Patriarch of Alexandria, the cruel persecutor of the Egyptian monks and of St. John Chrysostom; who was in the end smitten by the anathemas of Rome; is designated as the author and prime mover of the war upon Origen, who imposed upon St. Jerome, blinded by partiality for this able and astute but unscrupulous prelate, and misled by a false judgment of his real character and motives. The combat was waged against a man of straw, and the real Origen is therefore unscathed by any censures which were levelled against his counterfeit.

Father Vincenzi, moreover, endeavors to prove that Origen and his writings were never condemned either by any pope or by the Fifth Council, and that the supposed documents in evidence of his condemnation are spurious. The anathemas of the subsequent councils, not being of the nature of new judgments upon the merits of the case, but merely repetitions of those which were taken without examination from forged additions to the authentic records of the Fifth Council, fall to the ground with the foundation on which they rested.

There are several very interesting and valuable elucidations of obscure and generally misunderstood historical topics involved in the course of this investigation. The character of Rufinus and

of John of Jerusalem is ably vindicated from the unfavorable estimate of these celebrated men which has become current through the invectives of their great antagonist in controversy. The character of Vigilius is also cleared from the aspersions cast upon it by his personal enemies and the opponents of the Fifth Council, and the story which defaces the account of his accession to the supreme pontificate, and his conduct at Constantinople, as found in our ecclesiastical histories, is proved to be a fabulous invention.

Father Vincenzi then goes into a thorough investigation of the genuine works of Origen, and the whole history of his career, vindicating him in respect to every part of Catholic doctrine from all errors which could compromise his reputation as an orthodox Father of the church.

In the present state of the Origen controversy, we do not think it necessary to go into the whole question. We assume that the orthodoxy of the illustrious Alexandrian in respect to the Trinity, the Incarnation, and all other Catholic dogmas has been fully vindicated, and may be admitted, with the sole exception of the one doctrine that the doom of exclusion from the heaven of the blessed is final and irreversible for all fallen angels and for many fallen men. We assume also that the translation of the famous book *Periarchon*, or *De Principiis*, on which the controversy principally turns, made by Rufinus, is an honest and faithful version of the Greek original text, and that Father Vincenzi's recension of the text of disputed passages in other works of Origen is likewise trustworthy. Lest we should seem to presume too much, we will cite the high authority of the *Civiltà Cattolica* in favor of the recension adopted by Father Vincenzi :

"The author discusses the question, which of the two translations should be esteemed the most conformable to the original text, that of St. Jerome or that of Rufinus; and after travelling through a laborious examination he adjudges the pre-eminence to the Rufinian, as the one which fully agrees with the doctrine elsewhere taught by Origen, and corresponds to the argument pursued in the respective passages, and accords with the genuine quotations made by the martyr St. Pamphilus in his Apology. True it is that Rufinus confesses to have corrected the Greek codex; but this candid confession, instead of damaging, considerably helps the author's assumption. For Rufinus affirms that he amended or omitted only some phrases relating to the Trinitarian doctrine; he adds that he did this only where he found his codex contrary to the doctrines of Origen; finally, he observes that his corrections regard only *some words incautiously inserted and some things discordant from the argument.* This confirms what we know otherwise, to wit, that Rufinus expended much study in the comparison of

the different works of the Alexandrian, using for that purpose the best codices that he could find, while St. Jerome, overwhelmed with other labors, did not enter into an examination of the integrity of the Origenian codices, did not institute an accurate comparison between the various works of the same writer, and, spurred on by his zeal, denounced to the faithful the heresies found by him in the codices under his hand.

"Let it not be supposed, however, that the apology constructed by Vincenzi is based only on the pre-eminence of the translation of Rufinus. It is founded upon a comparative examination of the divers works of Origen, and upon a discussion of all and singular the heads of the accusation by which his name was burdened. This method obliged the author to cite the parallel passages from all the Origenian works and to traverse almost the whole field of Christian theology. Those who read this long and laborious work (1,866 pages octavo) will find that it proceeds from a simple intention of clearing up the truth and is constantly regulated by the measure of the most secure critical and hermeneutical laws. . . . Besides the examination into the genuineness of texts, there is a sagacious discrimination of hypothetical reasoning or the *argumentum ad hominem*, from the absolute argument which proceeds from common principles; of a mere suggestion of the doubts which may occur to the readers, from the affirmation of the writer; of the apparent sense of solitary texts from the true one which is gathered from the whole context; of the mediate signification of allegory, which was so familiar to Origen, from the immediate sense which others have chosen to gather from certain passages in the Origenian works; and a perpetual regard to the special scope which the Alexandrian writer proposed to himself at every step, whether this was the confutation of error or the illustration of the truth. Keeping all these things in view, the author goes on demonstrating, part by part, that all the genuine places of Origen, in which grave errors appear to his adversaries to be found, are not only susceptible of an orthodox interpretation, but necessarily demand it, when they are put in the light of other and clearer places of the same writer."

We have found Father Vincenzi's work to be very hard reading. A complete *compte rendu* of his entire course of argumentation and its results would fill a small volume of almost unreadable density. We have in view only a selection from the mass of erudition of as much as may suffice to make Origen's teaching on the one point we have noted intelligible, hoping to make our exposition as easy to read and understand as the subject will permit.

Vincenzi takes up the case of St. Gregory of Nyssa first in order, and it will be convenient for us to do so likewise, as the elucidation of his doctrine of Eschatology will much facilitate the explanation of Origen's teaching.

Universalists are wont to refer to the writings of this Father with special confidence, as evidence that the doctrine of universal salvation was regarded in the earlier ages of Christianity as tenable, and was propounded by men of high repute as a probable opinion. This is a very excusable mistake on their part, in view

of certain passages which are found scattered through the works of St. Gregory and of several other Fathers, difficult of interpretation according to Catholic faith, if their genuineness is admitted. Catholic writers generally have shown themselves to be puzzled by these hard sayings, particularly by those which belong to St. Gregory of Nyssa. Some writers of repute allow that the doctrine of universal restoration is distinctly professed as a rational probability in the text of his writings as it now stands, leaving it as an open question whether this text is genuine or corrupt. Stöckl, namely, does so in his exposition of the Nyssenian philosophy:

"Gregory's doctrine finds its completion in his *Eschatology*. Inasmuch as Christ arose from death and entered into glory, the human *Nature as such* has already returned to the original, ideal state from which it had fallen away through sin. Inasmuch, however, as it is individualized in the multitude of *single men*, it has not yet returned thither. This can be accomplished only when the human race has completed its full number. The number of individuals in the human race must one day be filled up, for the law of human nature demands that this number be definite and determined. Then, first, after the human nature has actualized itself by the way of corporeal propagation in all the individuals in which it should and must actualize itself, can it return to its original state, also in *these individuals*. And when this Apocatastasis is accomplished it will be *universal*, extending to *all individuals*.

"It follows from this that the punishment awaiting bad men in the other life can only be *purgatorial*. Bad men fall into the penal fire after the death of the body, in which they are made to suffer in proportion to the demerit of their evil deeds. But by the operation of this fire all that is carnal and sinful which still remained inherent in the soul after its separation from the body will be gradually consumed, so that at last, after a longer or shorter period of punishment, these souls will be freed from everything which is irrational and sinful. Therefore, the purgatorial punishment of souls in the other world is comparable to the purification of gold in the fire; for as fire separates all dross from gold and reduces it to the condition of a perfectly pure metal, so an analogous effect will be produced in the souls of the wicked.

"After the full number of the human race has been completed, next follows the *Resurrection*. . . . Upon the resurrection follows the *Judgment*. Those men who are perfectly purified will enter into glory immediately after the judgment, and all the rest will be again consigned to the penal fires. Their punishment will not, however, be everlasting. Evil must one day be *completely effaced* from the realm of existing being; for as it is not from eternity, it cannot have an eternal duration. Therefore, those also who have been subjected to punishment after the judgment, after they have been fully purified by penal suffering, will, sooner or later, enter into glory, until finally the human nature in *all* individuals will become glorified after the image of Christ.

"Yes, the Devil himself will at last acknowledge the sovereignty of Christ, and thus the Apocatastasis will finally become *universal*, without any exception. When this goal has been reached then is God All in All, because all will be in God, and God in all.

"We have represented these doctrines as we find them in the works of Gregory. Whether they are his own, out and out, or some elements have been smuggled in by Origenists—it is, anyhow, a just inference from his teaching taken as a whole that Gregory allowed himself to be influenced in a high degree in his *philosophical* conclusions by the Neo-Platonic, Origenistic doctrine. Where he goes to work in a purely dogmatic manner his doctrines are in perfect accord with the ecclesiastical faith-consciousness; where, on the other hand, he gives himself to philosophical speculations, the Neo-Platonic, Origenistic element often obtrudes itself very remarkably. That, nevertheless, the propositions which he teaches as conclusions from these principles were regarded as merely Gregory's private opinions, is shown by the reputation which he has enjoyed as an orthodox teacher in the church from his own time and until now. In the view of the church these private opinions in philosophy were cast into the background by his dogmatic orthodoxy."*

Huet of Avranches and F. Petau (Petavius) declare undoubtingly that St. Gregory taught the purgative, remedial, and temporary nature of all punishment, and the absolute universality of the Apocatastasis, in the sense of a restitution of all fallen angels and men to the beatitude for which they were originally destined. Stöckl's apology for his orthodoxy will not bear examination. St. Gregory was far too enlightened a man to hold and teach a philosophy in diametrical opposition to the theology which he held and taught as revealed and Catholic dogma. The catholic sense of his day would never have tolerated such a self-destructive pretext of orthodoxy in a bishop. Unless a trenchant method of cutting the knot by a theory of wholesale corruption of his text be adopted, all sound rules of criticism and hermeneutics demand that either St. Gregory should be proved to have changed his doctrine, or that the seeming contradictions in his writings should be shown to be no real ones but only apparent antilogies admitting of a fair interpretation which harmonizes them with each other. There cannot be any supposition that he changed his doctrine, for the two classes of passages in question occur together in the same writings, and are intermingled throughout his principal works. All those passages which are admitted to be genuine must, therefore, be reconciled with each other. His doctrine of Apocatastasis must be interpreted in such a way as to accord with the doctrine of eternal punishment, or his doctrine of eternal punishment must

*Stöckl, *Lehrb. Geschicht. Phil.*, p. 291.

be explained as meaning what some moderns call *æonian*, of long duration co-eval with an *æon* or world-period, but not endless. On any hypothesis except one, viz., that St. Gregory consistently taught both as a philosopher and as a theologian all that is of Catholic faith respecting the infernal state and its everlasting duration, it is impossible to escape the conclusion that heresy in respect to this dogma was tolerated in the church at the close of the fourth century.

The importance of vindicating St. Gregory's doctrine is surely obvious enough; and the vindication of Origen is indissolubly bound up with the cause of St. Gregory. The latter derived his doctrine in many respects, as Stöckl remarks, from Origen and his school. If the key be found which unlocks the Nyssenian casket, it will fit the locks of Origen. And, *vice versa*, the elucidation of Origen, which is easier, will remove all difficulty which hinders the understanding of St. Gregory.

That St. Gregory teaches explicitly an Apocatastasis or Universal Restitution of the violated and deranged order of the universe, is unquestionable. It is true also that, however clear and intelligible his exposition may have been to his contemporaries, and to Orientals of the period near to his own, it is now obscure and has always been so to the ecclesiastical writers of the Western Church. The Nyssenian system of philosophy presented by Dr. Stöckl is not an epitome of a systematically constructed system from the mind and hand of Gregory. It is one constructed by Germans in an ideal manner, in which Gregory's ideas as understood by them are made to fit and correspond. If the single statements of the Nyssene doctor have been misunderstood, the system falls to the ground. In particular, if the historian of philosophy has failed to apprehend correctly the idea of the Apocatastasis in the Origenian Eschatology, and in the formal conception of Gregory's own mind, it is impossible for him to make a correct comparison between the two terms which he puts in opposition, to wit, the Nyssene dogmatic theology and the Nyssene philosophy. Now, in one important point the eminent German philosopher has noted a difference between Origen and Gregory which does not really exist. In his exposition of Origen's Eschatology he points out the period of the Resurrection and the Last Judgment as the time of the fulfilment of the Apocatastasis. "The Apocatastasis is fulfilled in the resurrection of bodies" (p. 280). Vincenzi shows conclusively that the disciple did not depart from the master in respect to this point. St. Gregory knows nothing of any restoration or essential

change of state for angels or men after the Last Judgment. And, as he most certainly does teach in no equivocal terms that this judgment determines a separate and opposite destiny for two classes of angelic and human beings, which is eternal, there is no contradiction here between his theological dogma and his private, philosophical opinions. If there be a contradiction, it must be in that he teaches theologically a separate eternal destination determined finally at the Last Judgment, and teaches philosophically its precise contrary—viz., that at the Resurrection an Apocatastasis takes place by which all angels and men, without exception, are made partakers in one celestial beatitude. This notion implies that all punishment is remedial and purgative, terminating at the Last Judgment.

Now, that St. Gregory does teach that there is a certain punitive and purgative discipline which the human race has incurred through original and actual sin, ceasing at this final term and succeeded by a universal restoration, is beyond all question. The eternal penalty which he also teaches as a dogma of faith with unequivocal clearness must be therefore something quite distinct from this. The Apocatastasis makes an end of the former, but does not liberate from the latter. It repairs the damage done by sin, in certain respects, and expels from the universe the disorder which it had introduced. Yet it leaves the fallen angels, who have never been redeemed, for ever incapable of regaining the celestial glory which they forfeited by the abuse of their free-will. And it leaves all men who have not been personally liberated, through the redemption, from all sin, original or actual, by the grace of Christ, likewise for ever incapable of regaining the Lost Paradise.

If St. Gregory had presumed to deny or question this doctrine of revelation and Catholic faith, even by the way of private, philosophical speculation, he would have been a formal heretic, instead of being, as he was, a great Saint and Father of the church. What his real doctrine is concerning eternal punishment, and also concerning the Apocatastasis, we will endeavor to explain hereafter.

ANCIENT ART AND MODERN THOUGHT.

Once came to Archimedes a youth who thirsted for knowledge.
"Do but instruct me," he said, "Art's godlike features to trace!"
Answered the wise man:
"If thou the goddess wouldst court, hope not a woman to find."
—Schiller.

The study of the antique has ever since the days of the Renaissance engaged the serious attention of the artist. Those matchless forms of Phidias, of which Quintilian says that they elevated the sentiment of popular religion by disengaging it from the worship of the material, have always served, if not as a source of inspiration, at least a fitting vehicle to the expression of noble thoughts and sentiments. Yet, however advantageous this pursuit has or may have been in the past, it is significant that in more recent times it has entirely changed both in its meaning and in its application to art. Modern thought bears in many respects the stamp of a tendency towards paganism. A large class of society, ever ready to improve their social respectability by merging private interests of a superior though misunderstood nature into those that are leading, complacently accept the situation. Taste follows habits of thought, and thus it has come to pass that as in other things, so in art, men worship for its own sake what their fathers respected for the sake of its accidental good. Whilst Catholic philosophy holds that art is on the whole impossible without religion, and that the highest art is to be found where there is most perfect development of the religious feeling, the modern agnostic and infidel schools are anxious to convince us that the influence of Christianity upon art is not a necessary one. "Whatever Christianity may have done or may be able to do for art," say they, "it is an undeniable fact that as a religion it is not congenial to the great majority of men in our day. Consequently its beliefs cannot inspire the artist with a genuine enthusiasm. On the other hand, it is generally admitted that the ancient Greeks attained a high perfection in art. It follows, therefore, that by taking the basis of the golden days of Greek art we may reasonably hope to reach the highest excellence without—as science has done in spite of—Christianity."

The argument is worthy of notice, not because it presents any special intricacies, for it is as shallow as it is common. But

common it is. And in an age when stereotyped opinions form much of the public morality, when there is an evident craze, as it has been termed, in the world of æsthetics, such error is a powerful lever for evil. In a community, moreover, where Catholic interests are so closely interwoven with those of a dissenting public, reflection on our becoming attitude towards topics of the day is of highest importance in guarding these interests.

What can be said in answer to the above argument of the non-Christian art-student may be summed up thus: The modern artist cannot go back to pagan art with any hope of drawing inspiration therefrom, because of the change Christianity itself has wrought upon our present ethical life. We may ignore, even with a show of consistency, the Christian teachings, but we cannot divest ourselves of certain all-pervading influences which it has produced affecting our knowledge, our views and tastes. Moreover, we shall find on examination that pagan art of the best period, and in proportion as it is worthy of our imitation, was nourished by a sentiment similar or parallel to that which raised the Christian art of the middle ages; and that, whilst Christian thought may still inform pagan art and make it its own, modern scepticism renders it impossible to itself through lack of that real sympathy which is necessary to the production of high art of any kind.

In Christianity mankind has, as we said, received a lesson the effects of which it can hardly eliminate, though it might forget the lesson itself. And this makes it impossible that, whilst we may bring back paganism in its worst features, we should have that sprinkling of "the good and the true" of Aristotle which gave lustre to those ages. Who is there that would resolve astronomical problems of to-day, ignoring the laws of Kepler and Newton, by the old methods of Pythagoras? The problems could not even be conceived without the light given us by these laws.

But let us compare pagan art of a representative age—say that of the Phidian in Greece—with modern thought stripped of its Christian element as we take it to be, and see what both may have in common. Let us see whether anything can be gained in the direction of a reform or a perfecting in high art by the study of the antique pursued without any other light than that shed upon it by its own contemporary history. Probably it will sound like an anachronism to say that pagan art, whilst at its summit, was inspired by Christian thought. Yet if we reflect that, by the divine economy, all things in the moral world have,

since the fall of man, been tending to the central point of the Redemption, that by virtue of the expected Messias countless children of the patriarchs were saved, it may not seem so strange that what was truly good and noble in paganism, emanating, as it must have done, from the source of all good, should have been not merely afterwards appropriated by Christianity, but have belonged to her by ancient right of inheritance. The human soul is Christian by birth; that is, it is created to tend to its final end, God. Whether we call the line that marks that tendency Christianity or natural religion is, in point of logical importance, of little consequence, supposing that man acts according to his full lights. As natural religion has been perfected by the supplanting of positive religion, so art, the natural growth of man's appreciation and love for the beautiful, was ennobled by being transplanted on Christian ground. Put the flower back in the old rocky soil where once it managed to live, nay, bloom, and it will wither. Its organic structure has changed under the new influences. The less abundant sap can no longer feed so large a stalk as it has grown to be. Deprive it, moreover, of the light from above which it enjoyed in former days, and you will quickly bring about its death.

What was the status of the Athenian people, in point of religion and morality, during that period of healthiest growth in pagan art, down to the days of Praxiteles, in whom the first symptoms of a decline appear? Lecky, the historian of European morals, has, with apparently great pains and certainly much erudition, established * that the religion of the Greeks had little or no influence upon their morality at any time. Yet who will practically doubt the contrary? Is not art the reflection to a very great extent of the moral atmosphere in which it is brought forth? But the art of almost all primitive nations was, we might say, exclusively the offspring of their religious convictions. In Greece religious convictions of a high moral order had certainly taken hold of the popular mind considerably before Socrates brought them into the byways and dwelling-places of the poor. The noble teachings of Thales concerning God's presence to the most secret thoughts of the human soul had been preached by his disciple, Anaxagoras, in the public places of Athens for full thirty years. The master, whom the oracles had pronounced the "wisest of men," himself a sculptor in the school of Phidias, reveals to us in his doctrines that singular asceticism, so much like the Christian virtues of humility and self-denial, which has

* *History of European Morals*, W. E. H. Lecky, vol. i. cap. ii.

claimed the admiration of these more than two thousand years. Whatever his errors in detail or in the light of revealed religion, we cannot but wonder at the clear depth which he lays open of the divine wisdom and the dignity of the human soul. What a strange, awe-inspiring feeling takes possession of us when we follow Plato as, with almost prophetic surety, he unfolds the plan of the Christian religion, giving us a glimpse, momentary but defined, of the doctrine of the Trinity and of atonement! Singular that the idea, whencesoever it may have come to him, of a redeemer, with the details of his sufferings and death on a cross,* should have found acceptance in him, when we remember the tenacious incredulity of the apostles before they had received the Paraclete! It is a mournful thought that such souls should have missed the light of later times, and recalls to mind the tears which St. Paul is related to have shed when, on his landing at Puteoli, he came to the tomb of Virgil:

"Ad Maronis mausoleum
Ductus fudit super eum
Piæ rorem lacrymæ:
Quantum inquit, te fecissem,
Vivum si te invenissem
Poetarum maxime."†

These doctrines had without doubt found sympathy among the people. Thus can we account for the almost sudden and simultaneous springing up of great souls such as the philosophic schools of that day produced, of the hundred eminent sculptors and painters, of immortal Æschylos, Sophocles, Euripides, and their disciples. Philosophy, art, literature, all conspired to raise popular thought and feeling to a high moral level—the highest, perhaps, that was possible under the conditions of that time. The Thebans had passed a law that nothing offending decency should be allowed to be painted. Art was made the instrument to spread a sound morality. Painting, says Aristotle, teaches the same precepts of moral conduct as philosophy, with this advantage: that it employs a shorter method. To the same purpose Callistratus calls painting *ars mores effingens*. Cardanus, in his book *De Subtilitate*,‡ says the painter is of necessity a philosopher. It has, indeed, been doubted, with Plato, whether the splendor and magnificence which the patronage of Pericles helped to develop

* Plato, *Rep.*, ii. 361, cited from Döllinger's *Heidenthum und Judenthum*, 247.

† These beautiful lines are a fragment of an ancient sequence, quoted by Schlosser, *Die Kirche in ihren Liedern*.

‡ Lib. xvii.

in the fine arts did actually improve the Athenian citizens in virtue. But granted that it did not, it does not disprove the nobility of the cause which gave rise to that art. Judge the art of the Renaissance—supposing it to be the highest yet attained—by the actual good it has done, and it will in all probability fall far below the average good effected by the Pre-Raphaelite painters. The most perfect form of things is not necessarily the most extensively useful, though it might be if certain other conditions were not wanting. There were, indeed, many things that conspired to facilitate the peculiar growth of art among the Greeks. Their finer susceptibilities, accidents of a political and geographical nature, perhaps a certain superior foreign culture introduced from the Hebrews—all these were circumstances unusually favorable to such development, whilst they made the people averse to the grosser forms of religious worship which abounded among Egyptians, Persians, Jews, and Romans. Whilst these adored images of the brute-creation, "the Greek created God," says Jacobs, "in his own image as the purest symbol of the divine nature, and associated to every phenomenon in which he felt God's life-giving breath a being who appeared to his imagination under human guise as an object of human devotion." Here, then, lay the secret of their inspiration—the divinity informing the human figure, not as the seat of the passions, but as the most perfect symbol of all that is noble and great. The days of the declining glory of Athens had not yet come to change that faith in the gods as the representatives of highest moral sentiment, of power, dignity, reverence, and purity. These were the ideals, and to express them the artist sought worthy types in the most perfect of God's creations—in man. Yet the form was ever secondary. Hence Pausanias says even of the sculptures of Dædalus that, in spite of their rough clumsiness, they gave intimations of a high and divine character. There was nothing illiberal, nothing loose or immoral, but, as Plato had set down in his *Republic*, everything bearing the stamp of the becoming and the beautiful.

Thus religion operated upon the creative art of the Greeks as long as it was what we can admire or imitate; and, with the instinct of a future life common to all men and closely connected with their religious worship, they drew into the circle of the gods the great mortals who had passed away leaving the memory of their virtues behind. Discerning the object of the things in nature created for the service of men, the artist placed in subservient order the animal kingdom, the products of nature,

often symbolical as in Christian art. Witness the statue of Jupiter by Phidias, its size and bearing full of majesty and earnest dignity. Victories support the throne, and beneath them are the sphinxes and the children of Niobe, symbols of retributive justice. Mark the sculptor's fond preference for flowers, especially lilies, with which on every side he ornaments the seats of his imaged gods, as if he understood it full well that they must rest their power on transcendent purity and freedom from all imperfection. "Everywhere," says Müller,* "do we find a natural dignity and grace united with noble sublimity, without any effort to allure the senses, a characteristic of the best ages not merely of art but of Grecian life generally."

In painting, too, so far as it was cultivated, the Greeks attained to the highest excellence. And though it was still at its summit when sculpture showed already the first symptoms of decay, we recognize the same influences in the development of both arts. The first to break with the archaic rigidity of his immediate predecessors was Cimon, who is said to have introduced foreshortening. The names of Polygnotus, whose mythological forms show an earnest and religious spirit, of Zeuxis and Parrhasius, are sufficiently familiar. Superior to these rises Timanthes. In his "Sacrifice of Iphigenia" he gives us a striking instance of the sublime notion he had of his craft and of his delicate sense of propriety. Unwilling to mar the beauty of his canvas by even the least repulsive feature, he expresses the distressing grief of Agamemnon by making him hide his face in his mantle. "It was a fundamental law in Greek art," observes Westropp † on this subject, "to represent alone what was beautiful, and never anything disagreeable."‡ The crowning glory was reached in Apelles. In him we find the true spirit of the Socratic school. What is said of his extreme generosity and utter unselfishness might have put to blush the jealous rival-masters of the sixteenth century. "Deinde," says Pliny, "cessavit ars." Art thenceforth became venal; the old heroism departed with the age of Alexander the Great. And though the old impulse still carried it on mechanically, Greece sank morally and æsthetically.

If we analyze what has thus far been said of the representative period of pagan art we discern in it two principal condi-

* *Ancient Art*, Müller (Leitch's translation). † *Handbook of Archæology*, p. 67.

‡ The same is illustrated in the celebrated group of Laocoön (in the Vatican), where the cry of agony, expressed by the poet,

Clamores simul horrendos ad sidera tollit

(VIRG. ii. 222),

is softened into a sigh by the sculptor.

tions. In the first place the object of that art was of a most dignified character, both in its general sense, representing the majesty and benevolence of the divinity, and in its particular application to man in his exalted dignity of true virtue. The second condition of this high art of the Greeks was that it had its root and source, not in any admiration of what was externally beautiful, but in their inmost hearts. It was their conviction that labor for the glorifying of Olympus, for the benefit of an elected race, was its own highest reward, since it brought them the favor of the gods and the gratitude of a magnanimous people.

Now, in the light of Christianity—or what Christianity has since shown Greek philosophy and Greek deism in reality to have been, however sincerely we must believe its own devotees to have clung to it—can any man in our nineteenth century look upon that pagan creed as anything dignified: dignified with a dignity that rests on perfect freedom such as Christianity has given it to us? Or, as a matter of fact—for it still sounds as if we might say yes to the foregoing question—do men in our day who would fain worship the pagan deities respect virtue, not civil or social but private virtue? As has well been said by a recent writer, to superstition sublime action is possible, but who would expect heroism from incredulity? And do we, on the other hand, possess, or is it possible for us to be animated with, a real enthusiasm, with a conviction that these things are realities, at least in a remote sense, and not myths, the outgrowth of a neglected revelation or an imperfect view of partial truth? When once we have seen a beautiful picture it will not do to bid us be satisfied with its first unfinished draughts. But did not the Renaissance produce great effects by taking the classic ages for its models? Yes, because Christian art supported it. The moment that Christian thought was ignored in it, that moment did pagan art become insipid imitation or pasticcio. Mere subjective admiration is to art what probably wealth is to it, stimulating, never inspiring. All great works are produced from some inward conviction of their serving a higher purpose.

Hence if we reject Christianity we reject the basis upon which alone we could utilize pagan inspiration of the loftiest character. Do we aim at anything less—perhaps at the imitation of the more voluptuous forms of Praxiteles and his followers? Well, if so we may do something towards feeding our senses, but we do not help art. And such is the fact. What is the growing popularity of the life-classes indicative of? They have become almost the principal instead of the merest contribut-

ing element in our art-study. Moreover, we object to the method * because it favors popularizing of vice. Is an artist supposed to have no blush? It is quite pertinent to true art that corporal beauty should be represented such as it is, where the nature of the subject demands it. Hence the art-student must at times take notice of the "figure." But since art is not a mere signboard to point out how viler passions may be aroused, and man, instead of being elevated, is taught to grovel in the mire of moral depravity, it is manifestly impossible sufficiently to utilize such knowledge with any proportion to the pains one is ordinarily under to acquire it. Philosophers tell us that what is ethically ugly cannot be in any true sense beautiful. Now, an object is ethically ugly whenever it violates the fundamental laws of propriety and decency. Besides, truth, psychological no less than historical, is essential to art. When art, therefore, assumes to represent the human person typically, this representation must correspond with the character, principles, and spirit of man as such. Surely it is not in accordance with our ideal conception of man's greatness and loveliness, the shadow of original sin hanging ever above us, to represent him in the form in which the more licentious ages of pagan art exhibited their gods. The pure heart naturally rebels at, and sends its blood into the face to signalize the violation of, this principle. We can understand, however, how men may be educated to the contrary views. As for the Greeks, none of their statues representing the true dignity of the gods and of man during the period we have spoken of in the beginning offend the chastest eye of an intelligent Christian. The Greek sculptors, without Decalogue, without the virginal models of our Lord and his holy Mother, show in their pictured divinities and heroes an instinctive feeling of the necessity of decency and modesty as part alike of art and of religion. On the whole the nude, in sculpture as well as in painting, is incompatible with the psychological truth required by the true criterion of art. The exceptions are comparatively rare, and then truth to nature is never the object, always only accessory, and disappears amid the general dignity of the whole. It is a good rule for the artist to keep in mind that everything which may offend, in this respect, even the most sensitive eye should be omitted in a work of art.

As we said above, of the life-classes there is much too much.

* We have in our mind the art-schools of Philadelphia, which, though not an art-centre in the common acceptation, has the best-equipped schools (by all accounts) in the country. Here the life-classes show an unusually large attendance.

It works harm, because it rests on no sound basis, and of itself is of course in nowise capable of creating either high or even mediocre standard of art. Take, for example, the works of Watts, R.A., of whom there has been so much talk of late. No better example can be found to illustrate the truth of what we have said throughout this article. Mr. Watts is said to be the one master in England who thoroughly understands the human figure. He has devoted himself with more zeal than any other contemporary artist of note to the study of Greek sculpture, and the effect of this, we are given to understand, shows itself in all his imaginative creations. He has applied the knowledge thus gathered during more than half a century to every conceivable department of high art, and that with apparently purest motives and most whole-souled devotion. He is no servile imitator; he is original, and, leaving aside all criticism of technique, his subjects, even the portraits, contain the motives of great thoughts. And yet the vast exhibition of his works at the Grosvenor last year has called forth the verdict that he is a failure,* though "even his failures are beautiful, for they are sincere work in a great cause, and over the weakest of them there lingers something of the glory and the dream." He has attempted, and under the most auspicious circumstances of an unusually long life spent in his favorite pursuit, of singular talent and earnestness of purpose, to combine modern thought with the sentiment of the past. And failed. Why? Mr. Quilter tells us substantially that it was so because he has been a "dreamer with a purpose," and that with dreamers there must be no motive. We rather think that his was a false, a mistaken motive. Mr. Watts himself had told us only three years ago† what his motive has always been and what he considered the necessary condition to elevated art—viz., the love of beauty for its own sake; which is a sophism, as we have shown elsewhere,‡ and as the fact of his life has demonstrated. Could Mr. Watts have thrown the motive power of an ardent Catholic heart into his religious subjects he might have surpassed some of the best of the old masters, and his pictures would not "shadow forth a state of mind in which the great problems of life and death have received no adequate solution." That state of mind can never be concealed in any worthy subject. A painter may occasionally succeed in calling forth emotions to which he himself is a stranger, but it is much like a shrewd man's playing at *naïveté*—dangerously nigh to being repulsive. There is no

* *Contemporary Review*, February, 1882.
† *Nineteenth Century*, February, 1880.
‡ *Catholic Quarterly Review*, July, 1882.

point of contact between modern habits of thought and the motives that have ever produced great works in art. He who would become an artist must devote himself not merely to the subject which his brush is to illustrate, but also to the subject within him whence beautiful life emanates into the forms in nature which he sees around him. "If thy eye be simple thy whole body will be lightsome."

DE CONTEMPTU VITÆ PRÆSENTIS.*

Ah! have no fault to find if to the rapid wind
I liken human joys; for which abides?
Who holds the worldling's creed is like a winter reed,
Tossed in the gale and bended in the tides.
Pain is mixed with pleasure in unequal measure,
More of pain than pleasure in our lot:
His joy no reason bears who soweth seed for tears;
Who totters to a fall firm standeth not.
So grants this mortal span no certain good to man;
All up and down, all shine and storm succeeding.
Yet should it something give, the little space we live:
Death all withdraws, our life itself receding.
Hear Job—still patiently—complain life's brevity:
Man, woman-born, appeareth as the flower
Blooming but to wither, a shadow fled nowhither,
The seasons changing o'er him every hour.
This fleeting life, then, spurn; the lasting strive to earn,
And by brief labor seek eternal rest.
Should golden Fortune smile, yet hold her cheap the while,
Rememb'ring her a changeling at the best,
Who lures and wins in vain whom she forsakes again,
Unless thou know to shun her perfidy.
Nor think thee of an heir, but now, while thine they are,
Give to the poor thy goods, O born to die!

* From the Latin of Marbod, Archbishop of Cennes, eleventh century.

AMONG OUR DIPLOMATS.*

"Dull, just dull!" was Thomas Carlyle's comment on one of George Eliot's later stories; and "dull, decidedly dull" will be the comment of the unfortunate who is at pains to wade through the twelve hundred and fifty pages of printed correspondence that represent the "papers relating to the foreign relations of the United States." "Happy," said some one, "is the land that has no history." Judged by this standard, and measured by the vulgar sense of history, which is, in Othello's words, the story of "battles, sieges, fortunes, . . . of most disastrous chances, of moving accidents by flood and field," and such like, the United States ought to be very happy indeed. Judged by the space devoted to it, the most "moving accident" in our foreign relations during the year 1881 was pork—American pork—against which a sudden but dark conspiracy of "designing persons," as Secretary Blaine called them, arose and spread over all European nations to the dire detriment of one of our great national products. But, thanks to the eternal vigilance and vigorous representations of our home secretaries acting upon our diplomats abroad, and through them on the European governments, American honor and American pork were in due time at least partially vindicated. There was also the matter of the projected Panama Canal, of international importance, and which when, if ever, it comes to a head, will doubtless right itself on our side. That, however, is a matter pending. There was furthermore the important question of protecting the lives and rights and persons of American citizens in foreign lands. To that special attention will be given in this article. For the rest there is little that is interesting, save by accident; and in this sense the American people may consider themselves happy in the fact that there is no history for their diplomats abroad to make. We have no gay and gallant Dufferin flirting with the girls and assisting at private theatricals, while under his seeming show of nonchalance the pleasing and plausible Irishman is making all the wily diplomats at Constantinople dance to the music of his Irish jig, ruling out the joint intervention of the Porte in

* Papers relating to the foreign relations of the United States, transmitted to Congress with the annual Message of the President, December 5, 1881. Washington: Government Printing-Office. 1882.

Egyptian affairs, and keeping the diplomatic ball rolling until his fellow-countryman, Wolseley, settles once for all the question of England's pre-eminence by the victory at Tel-el-Kebir. We have no grim Orloff watching and checking off Germany in Paris. We have no sprightly Ignatieff gasconading through the European capitals and dashing off a scratch-treaty with the defeated Turk. Nor have we a Count Harry Von Arnim to dictate from a foreign capital to his chief, and intrigue against him in the court circle at home, until he is driven out by the iron hand of his master to die broken-hearted in ignominy and exile. No brilliant sensations of this kind are to be found in the pages of our diplomatists. We are a quiet commercial people, at peace and good-will with all the world. Where other diplomatists have their eyes for ever on bayonets and cannon and munitions and rumors of war, on alliances and counter-alliances, plot and counterplot, our diplomatists, from London to Hong Kong, are chiefly concerned with the great pork question. True it is that Mr. Blaine suddenly shot up like a rocket in a clear sky and emitted some sputterings and sparks, which were taken to mean a spirited foreign policy. But even he had to fall back upon pork, and he was happily removed before he could work any mischief.

People who are not in the habit of consulting the "papers relating to the foreign relations of the United States" might imagine that from the courts and capitals of the world, from China, from Japan, from Russia, Germany, Austria, Italy, France, England, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, and the rest, there might be matters of public interest to communicate from year to year to our Secretary of State. If there be, as a rule it either escapes the notice of our distinguished diplomatists (who are generally changed once every four years or oftener) or else they discreetly avoid all mention of it. There was a time when some of our diplomatists—men like the lamented Mr. Marsh in Rome or Mr. Foster in Mexico—devoted special attention to Catholic matters and wrote of them in the spirit and with the intelligence of the average Protestant newspaper. But Mr. Marsh, alas! is dead, and Mr. Foster is removed; and in the places where one looked for the usual anti-Catholic tirades, in which even such men as Mr. Bancroft and Mr. John Jay were not in their day ashamed to indulge, there is little of the kind to be found, and often an eloquent row of asterisks. This style of correspondence flourished mightily under Mr. Fish, during the Methodist *régime*, and to some extent under Mr. Evarts. But the attention of Mr. Evarts

having been called to the nature of the diplomatic communications from Catholic lands, he doubtless gave a hint to our diplomats to mind their proper business, which was to represent and guard the interests of the American people and not of anti-Catholic sects. Accordingly, where Catholic matters are now broached at all it is for the most part in a fair and respectful spirit. The only wonder is that it should ever have been otherwise and that it should have continued otherwise so long.

There is one characteristic common to many of our foreign representatives: their despatches are anything but models of style. It is not intended by this that they should write essays —a mistake into which a purely literary man like Mr. Lowell seems inclined to fall. But clear, idiomatic English is at least expected of them. Those who hunt this bulky volume for anything of such a nature will find their labor in vain. Some of the despatches are positively silly; others, like that of Mr. Hoppin describing the London lord-mayor's show for the edification of Mr. Blaine, make the cheek of an American tingle with shame. There is hardly a statesman's paper in the whole volume, and the papers of actual value or importance are extremely few. Nor can the excuse that we are happy in having no history fairly apply here. If we have no history other peoples have. What information do our diplomats supply concerning the peoples to which they are accredited: their means, movements, tendencies; the nature and relations of their government; their conditions and prospects; the possibilities of our relations with them, what tends to hinder or advance those relations? Surely these are matters worthy the attention of American representatives in foreign lands. But of all this there is nothing, or next to nothing.

Let us look at a few specimens. Austria-Hungary is one of the great powers of the world, and Mr. Delaplaine is the American secretary of legation at Vienna. Mr. Delaplaine finds it incumbent on his office to entertain Mr. Evarts, who was then Secretary of State, with an account of the commemoration of the day on which "the truly great and illustrious monarch, Joseph II., ascended the throne of the Hapsburgs," quite apart from the fact that Joseph II. was neither truly great nor truly illustrious, and that his own epitaph on himself, "Here lies the man who failed in everything he undertook," is a true measure of his career. Mr. Delaplaine's letter is a very absurd one to send to the Secretary of State. It is chiefly devoted to a description of the students' "commers," or drinking-bout, at which Mr.

Delaplaine was an invited guest, as he is careful to inform Mr. Evarts. Mr. Kasson, late minister at Vienna, sends some interesting papers on the course of study and training undergone in Austria-Hungary by those who aspire to serve in the diplomatic body or in the consular service. That course is of the most careful and elaborate kind, embracing languages, law, political science, political history, etc., and extending over five years. Mr. Kasson recommends a similar course of training for our own diplomatic and consular service. Any one who consults our foreign papers from year to year will cordially agree with Mr. Kasson. If we must have ministers plenipotentiary, secretaries of legation, consuls, and vice-consuls abroad, it is only right that we have men fitted by nature, education, and training to fill those responsible positions. There is only one way to procure such men, and that is by training them for their business. But where is our training-school?

Here, for instance, is Mr. Putnam, our minister to Belgium, writing a long and nonsensical letter to Mr. Evarts on the school question in Belgium, wherein he talks learnedly of Gregory XVI.'s "Encycles" (*sic*), of the famous Syllabus of Pius IX., of the liberal and Catholic press, etc. It might have occurred to Mr. Putnam that Mr. Evarts had something else to think of than the Belgian school question, but that if it was necessary to inform him on the matter at all it were at least as well to inform him correctly. Besides, Mr. Putnam happens to be two or three years late in his information.

There is a Mr. C. A. Logan too, who—for our sins, doubtless—was deputed to represent us in Central America. He has views of his own as to the amount of knowledge scattered through the department of the Secretary of State. "As explained in my No. 44," writes Mr. Logan to Mr. Evarts, "when treating of the new constitution of Guatemala, the word *faccion* (plural *facciones*) may mean a military exploit, engagement, or action. It may also mean a faction or turbulent body of men who, in the name of revolution, may rob the store of a foreigner, tear up the railroad built and owned by foreigners, etc." Surely this is the schoolmaster very much abroad. There is much more of a like diplomatic importance from Mr. C. A. Logan. He informs Mr. Blaine that President Barrios' "old opponents are held down with an iron hand made up, so to speak, of muskets and brass bands," which is a delightfully mixed metaphor. He discovers later on that the Jesuits were "at the bottom of the insurrection" in Matagalpa. The "insurrection" was simply a popular

demonstration in favor of the Jesuit fathers (Mr. Logan calls them "brothers") who were being expelled by a decree of the government. The people assembled and naturally enough cried, "Down with the government!" "Long live the Jesuits!" Beyond this nothing was done, order, in all probability, being restored by the Jesuits themselves. It was on the information furnished by this man that Mr. Blaine relied in his course of action towards Mexico and the South American states, where, as has been sufficiently shown in the investigation before the committee of the United States Senate, he meddled overmuch and muddled grievously.

Note may be taken of Mr. Blaine's distinct instruction to Mr. Dichman, our minister to Colombia, to "inform the Colombian Secretary for Foreign Affairs of the stand taken by this government to check the apprehended movement of the powers of Europe in the direction of a joint guarantee, as needless, as offensive to Colombia and to the United States as well." Warm words these from a prudent Secretary of State who had not yet been three months in office. There are other similar instructions from the same quarter to other ministers.

Minister Noyes instructs Mr. Evarts on the progress of events in France. Many things have happened in France since Mr. Noyes penned his despatch. But that distinguished diplomatist is on his native heath when the question of American pork rises; Mr. Noyes rises with it and becomes positively eloquent on a subject so near his heart.

Mr. Langston, our minister to Hayti, vies with Mr. Hoppin in gush. Mr. Langston is very eloquent over the doings of President Salomon. He describes, with great glow of feeling and in voluminous despatches, the president's movements "through triumphal arches," and so forth. The president's reception at Port-au-Prince was, in the graphic words of Mr. Langston, "imposing and warm." "Whether," writes Mr. Langston to Mr. Evarts, "entering the city through the triumphal arch situated at the southwestern entry of the city; marching, surrounded by his cabinet and aids[*sic*]-de-camp, along the streets thereof [thereof is good]; attending services at the cathedral, where thanks were offered and benedictions invoked, according to the usual custom on such occasions; addressing the people at La Place de la Paix, Pétion, or the Palace, the popular applause which greeted the president was general and ardent."

Now, that may be submitted as a style of diplomatic correspondence to which no trained Austrian could by any possibility

attain. Mr. Evarts and Mr. Blaine must have appreciated its deep importance. On Mr. Blaine's accession to office Mr. Langston regales him with a description of "the fête"—he does not mention what particular fête—at Port-au-Prince. "It may be true," he says with diplomatic caution, "that there was connected with it [the fête] needless military display." Hayti is proverbial for excessive "military display," and it is only right to inform our Secretary of State on so important a matter. Nevertheless, as display there was, it is consoling to be assured by Mr. Langston, our minister, that "the army, the national guard, and the local police, in uniform and with their respective commanding officers, [singular phenomenon!] . . . were largely and conspicuously represented," though it is melancholy to hear that "the salvos of artillery were too frequent and annoying" to suit the delicate ears of our minister.

Mr. Langston is really diverting, but we must let him pass. One despatch, and only one, fully comes up to his level in diplomacy. That is from Mr. Hoppin, the secretary of legation in London, to Mr. Blaine, describing the lord-mayor's show in November, 1881. Here is how it opens, and readers may judge from it of the onerous nature of the responsibilities of an American secretary of legation at one of the chief capitals of the world:

"Legation of the United States,
"London, November 12, 1881.

"Sir: I have the honor to give you an account of the proceedings here on the 9th instant, the day on which the newly-elected lord-mayor went in state from the Guildhall to Westminster to take the oath of office before the lord chief-justice of England, and to claim certain privileges which belong by prescriptive right to the city corporation. This is the only public procession of importance in the year, and it is always witnessed by hundreds of thousands of people, whose numbers were increased on Wednesday by the favorable weather."

Mr. Blaine must have been deeply impressed by this exordium, but it is nothing compared to what follows. It seems that for the first time in English history the American flag was borne in the procession, and at this demonstration of love for what Mr. Hoppin, for reasons best known to himself, calls "the daughter-republic" of England, Mr. Hoppin's heart gushes over with patriotic fervor. The bands of music, which, he tells Mr. Blaine, "were massed for the purpose," actually played the "Star-spangled Banner," whereupon Mr. Hoppin again gushes in ecstasy over "the mother-country" of "the daughter-repub-

lic." Mr. Hoppin is really very fine, and Englishmen must be delighted with him, if it is possible for Englishmen to be delighted with anything that "has suffered a sea change into something rich and strange." There, said Mr. Hoppin, in Palace Yard, opposite Westminster Hall, "within which," to quote his eloquent words, "the clear stream of English justice had flowed for so many generations without a suspicion of impurity," was planted the banner of the people who became a people by their very revolt against English oppression. So oppressed was Mr. Hoppin with the overpowering emotions called up by the occasion that he actually writes a letter of gratitude to the mayor of London—a worthy grocer, or something of the kind—whom he addresses as "My Lord" and "Your Lordship," in which he conveys to his "lordship" the interesting information that while "we [the American people] are now able to depend upon ourselves for our own clothing and our industrial implements, not the less proper does it seem that we should commemorate," etc.

While Mr. Hoppin was writing thus eloquently to "My Lord" the mayor of London, there were American citizens, born and naturalized, caged in British prisons, charged with crimes that they had never committed, powerless to help themselves, and their petitions for assistance to the American minister in London received with coldness, suspicion, and neglect. The arrest and detention of American naturalized citizens abroad was by no means confined to Ireland during the past year. Similar arrests occurred in the powerful Austrian, German, and Russian empires, in the latter more especially in the case of Hebrews. In Germany, Austria, and Russia our ministers were one and all extremely prompt and earnest in investigating the cases of detention, making proper representations to the authorities and ministers of the respective governments, and effecting the liberation and, where necessary, the future safeguard of the men who had been imprisoned. They lost not a day or an hour in their cases; and the governments to which they were accredited gave respectful and immediate attention to the demands of the ministers of this republic. Here is how Mr. Evarts writes to Mr. Foster, our minister at St. Petersburg:

"Department of State,
"Washington, March 3, 1881.

"Sir: Your several despatches, numbered 73, 74, and 75, of the 30th and 31st of December ultimo, in relation to the treatment of American Jews in Russia, have been received, and I have pleasure in commending your zealous presentation of the cases of Pinkos and Wilczynksi, and of

the general questions involved. The assurances you have received as to the liberal treatment hereafter to be accorded, as an act of comity and courtesy by the military authorities, to American citizens visiting Russia, are fully appreciated."

Mr. Evarts instructs Mr. Foster, in his presentation of such cases, to insist on "treaty treatment for our aggrieved citizens, not because they are Jews, but *because they are Americans.*" They were, as in Germany and Austria, all naturalized American citizens, who were arrested under special laws and provisions of the governments to which they once belonged. Mr. Evarts, who, besides being Secretary of State, is a lawyer of international renown, adds in his despatch to Mr. Foster:

"This government is not unmindful of the difficulties under which, as is alleged, that of Russia labors in dealing with those of her subjects whom she may deem disaffected; but the reasons adduced and methods adopted against them should have no application to American citizens sojourning peacefully, for business or pleasure, in Russia, for they are not to be charged with abstract political disaffection to a government to which they owe no allegiance; and if charged with the commission of unlawful acts, they should have guilt explicitly imputed and proven."

"Mutato nomine de Anglia fabula narratur." It is to be regretted that Mr. Blaine did not possess the calm but resolute temper, the sound legal knowledge that would have led him to avoid pitfalls and always fence himself in by the right, and the honest Americanism of Mr. Evarts. Upon Mr. Blaine's accession to office American citizens were arrested and put in jail in Ireland under precisely similar circumstances as in Russia. In England, as in Russia, special measures were drawn up to meet the cases of British subjects whom the British government might "deem disaffected." Under the stringency of those measures American citizens, whether of Irish or American birth mattered not, who, in Secretary Evarts' words, "were sojourning peacefully for business or pleasure (in Ireland)," were arbitrarily arrested and cast into prison, "charged with abstract political disaffection to a government to which they owe no allegiance." There they were literally allowed to languish until it pleased the British government to release them.

This is the simple truth, known to all the world. And who is responsible for this detention, without trial or warrant, of American citizens in British jails? Russia, Austria, Germany, as seen in the despatches of our ministers abroad, recognize and guarantee the rights of native-born Russians, Austrians, and Germans who have become Americans by choice and declaration, as soon as the cases of our "aggrieved citizens" are

brought before them by our ministers. Great Britain, until the unanimous and angry voice of the American people made itself heard over the heads of blustering secretaries and finical foreign ministers, pooh-poohed the idea of American citizens who happened to be British born having any rights that the British government was bound to respect.

It is a painful subject, and one approaches it with pain. When the news came of the arrest of American citizens in Ireland under the Coercion Act—an act that authorized the arrest of any person in Ireland on mere suspicion of hostility to the British government—Mr. Blaine was Secretary of State and Mr. Lowell was our minister at London. Mr. Blaine is a professional politician, who aims at being a statesman. Whether or not he is a statesman let others determine. Mr. Lowell is a literary man, who never aimed at being a statesman, for which reason, in the wisdom of our national government, he was withdrawn from the comparatively harmless atmosphere of Madrid to represent this republic in the very foggy and trying atmosphere of London. There were days when Rubens was sent as minister to London and when Addison was made under-secretary of state in England. There were times when English ministers were regarded *ex professo* as Mæcenases—the times when men like Dr. Johnson sat cooling their heels in the minister's outer office, waiting for a call or a favor. But those days have passed, and men have come to see that government is a very serious and solemn business, calling for careful and competent hands in all its departments, from the premier to the policeman, from the judge to the under-secretary of a foreign mission. Had Mr. Lowell lived in the days of Addison he would doubtless have made an admirable representative of a great power from the Addisonian point of view. It was his misfortune to have been chosen to fill the most responsible of our foreign ministries at a time that would have tried the knowledge and the judgment and the diplomatic tact of the ablest of our statesmen, while a clear, unprejudiced American sense of what was owing to the citizens of this country, no matter where born, was most necessary to enable him to steer clear of blandishments on the one hand and possible roguery on the other.

Of Mr. Lowell as an essayist and poet this country is justly proud. Of Mr. Lowell as an ambassador the less said the better. Lord Granville, to whom Mr. Lowell had to address his communications, if not a statesman by the most royal right of genius, is at least so by long and careful training and experi-

ence. He has spent half his life in courts and cabinets, and knows by practice as by instinct all the winding ways that go to make the tangled web of European diplomacy. Mr. Lowell has spent his life among books. He was in no sense a fit person to send to England to guard the interests of this great power. It was almost inevitable that in a trying case he should fail. Let us do him justice. He had extremely trying cases. He had a politician rather than a statesman at the head of affairs at home. The President was stricken down by the hand of an assassin. Ireland was actually in a state of semi-revolution. American citizens in Ireland were clapped into prison at the will of British officials on suspicion of hostility to the British government. Hostility! There are abundant reasons for any man being hostile to the British government. The people most hostile to the British government at present are her majesty's most conservative and loyal Opposition. Yet for whispering in Ireland one-hundredth part of what her majesty's loyal and conservative Opposition shouted out in Parliament—for whispering, no, but for being suspected of whispering—American citizens in Ireland were imprisoned, and kept in prison, "at her majesty's pleasure."

One would imagine that an American's native instinct might be a sufficient guide in such cases. But, for some reason or other, Mr. Lowell wholly failed to act in London as his colleagues acted in Vienna, Berlin, and St. Petersburg. Where they were energetic and persistent he was evasive and lagged. He put himself from the very start in a position of hostility to his imprisoned countrymen and ranged himself on the side of the British government. How absolutely wrong the British government was in the premises may be judged from the fact that as soon as the American Senate and Congress, and the press and people of this country, took up the cause of their imprisoned countrymen they were all unconditionally released. But until this loud call of the American people came these poor men were in prison, deprived of their liberty, removed from their business, suffering in health and suffering in pocket—perhaps ruined, for all the British government, or seemingly the American minister, knew or cared. Mr. Lowell was dangling about London, and Lord Granville was doing as he pleased with Mr. Lowell. There is probably no more painful chapter than this in our diplomatic history; and the more painful because Mr. Lowell, of all men, would profess to be, and by many would be regarded as, a type of American citizen of whom the republic might be justly proud.

The trouble with Mr. Lowell was that he swung right in with

the British government in their treatment of Ireland. His first despatch to Mr. Evarts (page 492) sufficiently shows that. It is an essay on Irish affairs. Mr. Lowell was not sent to London to write essays. He treats of "the sensitive nerve of property," and that sort of thing, in a business communication to the State Department. Mr. Evarts responds in language worthy of him:

"Department of State,
"Washington, January 20, 1881.

"Sir: Your No. 115, of the 7th instant, on the present critical condition of Ireland, has been read with the attention due not only to the importance of the subject but also to your lucid treatment thereof. This government cannot but watch with attention and some degree of solicitude the successive phases of a question touching the welfare of a population with which our own people have so many and close ties of blood, and cherishes the confident hope that a wise and statesmanlike policy on the part of the enlightened rulers of the United Kingdom may soon restore perfect tranquillity to so important a part of her majesty's dominions.

"I am, etc.,
"Wm. M. Evarts."

But Mr. Evarts went and Mr. Blaine came in, and Mr. Blaine, while blustering in Mexico and South America, seemed to have neither head nor heart to attend to the American citizens immured in British prisons. He, like Mr. Lowell, was only roused to a sense of the shame and wrong put upon the republic by the angry protest of the American people.

It is needless to quote Mr. Lowell at any length. Every despatch of his to this government on the case of American citizens imprisoned in Ireland might have been written from the British Foreign Office. Anti-Irish Mr. Lowell is at liberty to be to his heart's content, if his inclination lies in that direction. There are people who hate the Irish, as there are people who hate the Chinese and people who hate Americans. That cannot be helped. All that we expect, and all that we demand in reason, is that a man who is sent abroad by this government to represent our people be not anti-American. In the fact that some of our imprisoned citizens happened to be Irish by birth Mr. Lowell seems to have lost sight of the all-important fact that they were American citizens unjustly imprisoned on charges of which they vainly protested their innocence both to him and to the British government.

Mr. Lowell disapproves of the manner in which the Irish members fought the Coercion Bill—a measure that Mr. Gladstone himself afterwards tacitly condemned by disavowing its author and projector, Mr. Forster. From the very outset our minister

displays an instinctive antagonism to everything Irish. "The wild and whirling words," he writes to Mr. Evarts, February 26, 1881, "of some Irishmen and others from America have done harm to something more than the cause of Irish peasantry, by becoming associated in the public mind with the country whose citizenship they put off or put on as may be most convenient." That is his standpoint throughout. The arrested men only used their American citizenship as a shield to cover their attacks upon the British government; and no protests on their part could shake this conviction from Mr. Lowell's mind. His despatches are addressed to "Dear Lord Granville," and again to "Dear Lord Granville." Dear Lord Granville responds with a curt "Sir," after which Mr. Lowell takes refuge in the frigidly polite "My Lord." There is much correspondence on the case of Michael P. Boyton, one of the traversers in the Dublin state trials, who was lodged in Kilmainham jail under the provisions of the Coercion Act. It was beyond question that Mr. Boyton, who by his letters seems to have been a man of superior intelligence, was a citizen of this country. He came here a minor. His father was a naturalized citizen. Previous to his arrest he applied to Mr. Lowell, through Mr. Barrows, the American consul at Dublin, for a new passport, having in his possession only one that was given him by Secretary Seward in 1866. He fought in the war, serving several years in the navy, and was honorably discharged in 1865. He had often exercised the right of suffrage in New York, and his father had been a voter before him. Of these and other main facts in his career there could be no possible question, as his statements were corroborated by the State Department here at home. But there were certain verbal discrepancies in his statement, of which, when pointed out to him, he gave a very clear explanation. Over these Mr. Lowell higgled and haggled, declining to accept Mr. Seward's passport as evidence of Boyton's American citizenship, and absolutely refusing to take action in his behalf. Finally the Senate took up the matter and quickened both Mr. Blaine and Mr. Lowell. Other arrests of American citizens followed thick and fast. American public opinion begins to arouse itself in the matter and Mr. Blaine begins to alter his tone. Mr. Lowell hastens to Lord Granville, and his representations are received with something remarkably like cool insolence. "He replied," writes Mr. Lowell to Mr. Blaine, "that as it was not easy for him to understand on what grounds of international law my government would base its claim that American citizens should be treated better than British subjects, when both had exposed themselves

to the operation of an act of Parliament, he should prefer not to give me any more definite answer until I was more fully instructed from home." With which lucid statement Mr. Lowell seems to have been perfectly content, adding naïvely that "Lord Granville was to leave town at half-past four, and as there were barely ten minutes left for him to reach the station there was no time for longer discussion." Meanwhile our imprisoned citizens might whistle for their liberty. Lord Granville had to catch a train.

In all instances of this kind Mr. Lowell simply waits attendance upon Lord Granville, who always takes his time to answer, and whom Mr. Lowell never ventures to quicken. On June 8 he writes to inquire into the case of Mr. Walsh, who was imprisoned under similar circumstances to Mr. Boyton. On June 29 he receives Lord Granville's reply, enclosing a copy of the warrant for Walsh's arrest. On July 1 Mr. Lowell again writes for details of the charges against Mr. Walsh. On July 9 "I received a reply from his lordship, declining to give any further information on this subject beyond that contained in the warrant itself." And there he lets the case rest, going so far as to argue even on Lord Granville's side. Finally Walsh was discharged by the British authorities, owing to ill-health, but for all our minister did to effect his release he might be in Kilmainham today. "So long," writes Mr. Lowell, "as Lord Granville expressly declines to make any distinction between British subjects and American citizens in the application of this [Coercion] law—a position which I presume may be justified by precedents in our own diplomatic history—I submit to your better judgment whether the only arguments I can use in favor of Walsh must not be founded on some exceptional injustice in the way in which he has been treated." The "exceptional injustice" was the very fact of his imprisonment at all on the mere suspicion of hostility to a government to which, as Mr. Evarts put it, he "owed no allegiance." And this was the case of all. In no instance of American citizens imprisoned under the Coercion Act was a specific charge laïd at their door. Suspicion covered everything, and our minister is content to take that as sufficient justification for their imprisonment. If a minister can do no more for his countrymen than this when most they need his aid and protection, we really see no use in keeping him at his post. Whether or not Mr. Lowell acted as this government should expect its representatives to act under such circumstances may be left to the judgment of his countrymen. All the writer can say is, "Save us from the tender offices of Mr. Lowell!"

DAYLIGHT AT LAST.

I.

"YOU won't cross me in my marriage, mother, will you?"

"No, asthore; I'll not cross you, though I thought to have my girleen do better. Perhaps this will come out right in the long run." But a heavy sigh betrayed how faint was the speaker's conviction of such a happy termination to her fears.

She was an old woman who had spoken last—a pleasant, kindly-faced old woman, dressed in the garb of the better class of Irish peasantry, and bearing about her, both in her manner and the surroundings of her little home, evidences of more comfort than most of her neighbors enjoyed. The daughter, her only child, to whose question she had replied, stood in the doorway looking on the fair Irish scene without—the soft green meadows, whose velvety surfaces stretched far away into the misty distance; the clover-topped and daisy-capped fields, waving in a barely perceptible way in the mild evening wind; and the bay far beyond, whose glistening waters nevertheless could be discerned from the doorway of the little home.

Young Aileen McCarthy saw all, and she seemed to drink in their beauty as she had never done before; perhaps it was due to the influence of her own peculiarly happy feelings that she saw such unwonted loveliness in the scene, for on the ensuing night she was to wed a young man who was regarded as the best and finest-looking young fellow in the county.

The attachment of the youthful couple had been long and mutual, and from its commencement not unknown to the well-to-do Widow McCarthy, who regarded it with secret mistrust and dislike—secret, because she saw how the happiness, and it might be the very health, of her darling child had become twined about handsome, hearty William Alman. He was not so well off in this world's goods as *her* child would be when, on the widow's death, Aileen would inherit the well-stocked farm, and hence the watchful mother feared his affection might be only simulated for the purpose of gaining the McCarthy farm. And Aileen had other and better offers—at least so her mother considered them: rich farmers' sons had come wooing, and rich farmers themselves had come to negotiate match-making matters with Mrs. Mc-

Carthy ; but pretty Aileen, in her wilful, passionate way, refused to receive either the suitors or their match-making fathers, and she clung the closer to, and loved all the better, the handsome young fellow who had won her heart.

The mother gave her consent to the marriage, but in such a manner that Aileen could not but perceive the reluctance with which it was accompanied, and, pained and surprised, the affectionate girl entreated to know what objection existed. Mrs. McCarthy could only plead his poverty, at which the young girl tossed her head and gave one of her inimitably scornful looks, before which the abashed widow's glances fell and she tried to compel herself to like young William Alman. Thus the matter rested until this bright, balmy spring afternoon, when Aileen, brimful of the happiness which springs from a light, innocent heart, spoke of her approaching marriage. She saw at once by the expression of her mother's face that the latter's old dislike to the nuptials was not entirely conquered, and, with sudden fear, she had asked if her mother would cross her in her marriage. The answer reassuring her, she had walked to the door and looked out on the landscape with her heart full of happy feelings.

She was so young, so pretty, so winning in her graceful manner, that it was hardly a wonder the fond, proud mother thought her good and charming enough to be raised to the rank of a princess ; and now, as she looked at the lithe, willowy form gracefully poising against the side of the door, she could not restrain her tears as she thought how quickly and easily another had usurped *her* place in her child's heart. She concealed her emotion from Aileen, assumed a cheerfulness which she was far from feeling, and entered into the preparations for the wedding with so hearty a spirit that her daughter was fain to believe every vestige of dislike to the marriage had been wholly conquered.

II.

Aileen McCarthy became Mrs. Alman, and the wedding was a happy affair. The young people from miles about were present, and numerous and sincere were the good wishes expressed for the handsome young couple.

Before the honeymoon was over young William Alman had identified himself with those who were secretly preparing to rise against their tyrant rulers, the English ; and the fiery spirit which he manifested when the subject of his country's wrongs was broached, and the force and earnestness with which he

threw himself into every scheme planned for his country's freedom, alarmed his wife and mother-in-law. Both loved poor Ireland, and neither would have hesitated to sacrifice herself for her country's good; but both trembled at the thought of danger to William—the young wife because her very being was so enwrapped with his that any injury to him would give her heart a stab from which it could never recover; and the mother because of the two lives which she knew were so wound about each other.

The loyal-hearted, impulsive young fellow laughed at their fears, and went bravely as ever to the secret meetings, held sometimes in romantic spots where the dancing waters of the Shannon meandered, and at others in lonely places where sombre ruins seemed to frown on their midnight assemblies. Aileen *would* accompany him—he could not free himself from the clinging grasp of her little hands; and he could not withstand the appeal of her tearful eyes. She would endure any fatigue. Cold and rain, and long, hard roads that blistered her tender feet, extorted from her no complaint, nor left any visible sign of decay in her health; love bore her triumphantly through all. Only the lone watcher at home—the devoted mother, maintaining her vigil through the long hours of sleepless nights, when the very wailing of the wind made her start, fearing to hear bloody tidings of the absent loved ones—bore a double share of suffering, her daughter's and her own. On many a wild night she had prayed Aileen to remain, but the answer was always:

"You didn't cross me in my marriage, mother, and don't cross me in this." And the broken-hearted mother would urge no more.

Aileen from childhood had been famed the country round for her beautiful voice; it was so strong, clear, and exquisitely sweet; indeed, many people had been accustomed to visit her mother's house for the sole purpose of listening to it. At the secret meetings, when they were held in places too remote for government interference, the stalwart fellows used to gather about her while she sang; sometimes sitting on a grave, at others under an arch of a ruin, with the moonlight making grotesque shadows about the group, her magnificent voice told in ballad the history of her country, or *keened* a lament for patriot dead, or sang of vengeance to be dealt to the Saxon foe. And her strains seemed to nerve the men, to send the hot blood coursing madly through their veins till it leaped into their cheeks with a fierce glow, and to make their eyes sparkle and their lips

to frame fierce words of death and destruction. The very fearlessness of the devoted fellows led them into the danger they sought to avert; the myrmidons of the law were at last on their track, and one by one they were captured. Young Alman was the very last to fall into their merciless clutches. For long, wretched days and dismal nights he hid, starving, among the wild mountains, while his broken-hearted wife watched for opportunities to bring him food; and when at intervals she saw him it did not seem to be *her* husband who stood before her—the gaunt, miserable being with matted hair and wild eyes who eagerly held out long, lean hands for the potatoes she brought. But all her devotion availed not; he was captured, as the rest had been, and then Aileen's broken heart showed itself in her countenance, in the deadly pallor of lips and cheeks, in her wild eyes, in her dishevelled hair. The wavy tresses swept in a luxuriant mass to her waist, and when urged by some kind-hearted neighbor to curl it as she was wont to do, she answered, in a plaintive way that brought tears from her listener:

"I can't, for *he's* not here that would praise it." She was refused admission to the jail, and for three days, from early morn till night, she sat beside its gate, *keening* softly to herself one of the laments she had been accustomed to sing at the secret meetings. Her mother, unable to induce her to go home, remained with her; the sympathizing neighbors brought them food, which was scarcely tasted, and the passers-by shook their heads and wiped their eyes as they looked at the broken-hearted pair.

On the fourth day Aileen was unable to take her place at the jail, and in the midst of her sorrow, while her husband in his dismal prison was endeavoring to prepare himself for the inevitable sentence of death which he felt would be passed, her child was born—a little, delicate girl with something of the wild look of its mother's face in its own infantile countenance. The first tears which the young mother had shed for days rolled down her cheeks when her mother put the wee thing close to her breast and she felt the soft, velvet cheek resting on her own.

Her old place by the jail gate was resumed as soon as she could leave the house, and her little one bore her company through the long hours; she would talk softly to the unconscious infant, telling all about her young husband, and repeating carefully each detail of his appearance as it was in their happy days—his speech, lingering over the tender epithets he had been wont to address to herself; his noble qualities (to her he had not

a fault)—as if the child were the most intelligent and interested of listeners.

The trial took place, and on the day of the sentence even those in the court-room who had loudly denounced the prisoner were so influenced by the interest awakened by the young wife's devotion that they anxiously awaited the verdict. The young wife, with her babe in her arms, was present, and by her side her faithful guardian, her mother.

Her cloak had slipped its fastening, but she made no effort to restore it; her mother occasionally attempted to wind it about her, but Aileen impatiently repelled her, and so it was suffered to hang in a manner which scarcely concealed her slight form. Her eyes were riveted on her husband; he was almost as gaunt and miserable-looking as when he was hiding among the mountains. She was thrust back into the crowd, but her gaze had been long enough to read in his face evidence of as broken a heart as that which beat within her own bosom. There were more eyes upon her than upon the prisoner. The people seemed more anxious to see how she would bear the sentence, should it be death, than how her husband would receive it. The sentence was passed, and it *was* death.

Those who were present in the court-room on that memorable morning, in after-years used to tell of the maniacal frenzy with which the young wife pushed her way through the crowd to the judge's bench.

Mrs. McCarthy had sought to detain her, but only the loosened cloak remained in her grasp, and the poor woman could but wildly gaze after the flying figure, as those about her were doing.

She reached the judge before an official thought of interposing, and, kneeling, laid her baby on his robe; then, raising such an agonized face as even his eyes, well inured to heart-breaking sights, had never looked upon before, begged for her husband's life.

"It's not him that's to blame," she said, "it's me; I roused the boys with my songs, and I sent them over the country hot with the thoughts *I* gave them. Oh! if you must have any of us die, let it be me, or kill us all together."

There were no tears with her words, no quiver in her voice, but there was a peculiar something about the speech which made even hardened hearts thrill for a moment. And perchance the stern judge was not entirely unmoved by her unusual beauty, for his look of surprise was mingled with one of admiration as he

gazed at her kneeling figure. But the pent-up emotion of hours left her little strength after the utterance of her plea, and she sank, though still holding closely her child, until her white lips and closed eyes told the story of her unconsciousness.

There was immediate bustle among the officials—unnecessary bustle—as if to atone for their previous inertness, and Aileen and her child were borne out, followed by her weeping mother.

The judge had remarked the unequivocal signs of interest in Aileen Alman betrayed by even those who were averse to the prisoner, and he deemed it better policy to pretend that he also had been moved by her broken-hearted plea. In the course of a lengthy speech designed to impress his excellence as a magistrate upon the simple people, he promised to use his intercession with the lord-lieutenant in behalf of the prisoner. He kept his word, and succeeded in having the sentence commuted to that of penal servitude for life. But the change was tempered with little mercy for the poor prisoner, for he was not permitted even a parting interview with those he loved best in the world; he was hurried away in a convict-ship while his wife lay raving in the delirium of brain-fever. They told her when she recovered —the tender neighbors who *would* relieve Mrs. McCarthy's watch by her bedside—told her in their peculiar, sympathetic way: a faltering word from one, with a bolder addition from a second, and a still bolder explanation from a third; but it was to her mother she turned, as if she could not comprehend the well-meant intentions of the weeping neighbors.

And Mrs. McCarthy gathered the bright head to her breast and bent low to the unnaturally bright, inquiring eyes while she answered:

"Yes, mavourneen, 'tis as they say; an' bless God in your heart, Aileen asthore, that it's transportation an' not death." But Aileen made no response; she only lay quietly, kissing her baby when they placed it by her side, taking what sustenance they gave her, and, when sufficiently recovered to leave her bed, trying her strength in walking across the floor, making such desperate efforts to reach the door, and even venture into the lane beyond, that her mother sorrowfully asked:

"Why be overtaxin' your strength that way, avourneen?"

Aileen turned, strong for the instant—strong enough to stand upright without support.

"I'm trying to see how soon I'll be able to go to him, mother; for I can't live without him."

Mrs. McCarthy saw how vain it would be to oppose her

determination; so she said nothing, only sighed and prayed Heaven for strength to bear her many sorrows.

On the return of health and strength to the young wife she employed all her time in seeking some means by which she might join her transported husband; every influence she could command was brought to bear upon this one desire of her heart, but nothing availed. And at last, when there seemed no way by which she could reach him, she did in a desperate moment that which snapped the last cord in her mother's crushed heart—she committed a theft, that they might be compelled to send her after her husband. They attempted to deprive her of her child, but her frantic love for the infant deterred the most stern heart from such cruelty.

III.

She arrived in Australia only to find that the scene of her servitude was far removed from him for whose sake she had cast the first stain upon the name of her family.

Love, which had borne her so far, did not desert her. She still clung to the hope of seeing him some time, since she was in the same country with him, and many a night she looked up to some particular star, fancying that his eyes also might at that moment be looking thence.

A long, faithful service won the confidence of her master. He ceased to exact the surveillance over her actions that he did over the others of his convict servants, and Aileen was not slow to avail herself of the privilege. She stole away with her child, tramping through the country in a wild way that recked little of the discomforts of the journey.

She found his place at last; entered the very grounds which he tended, one afternoon, faint, and weary, and footsore. A gentleman met her, and, after a displeased survey, inquired her business on the grounds.

Aileen stated her errand, and for proof of her story drew from her breast the certificate of her marriage.

The gentleman's face grew dark; but he bade her follow him to a shady place near the house.

"This man that you call your husband," he said, "is married to my sister. He is an overseer here, and a free man."

Aileen gasped for breath.

"I'm sorry for you," said the man, with a touch of kindness in his voice, "but nothing can be done about it now."

"Nothing!" she repeated. "I am his wife—his lawful wife; he cannot be husband to another."

"Well, be quiet, my poor creature. We'll see what can be done," said the man soothingly.

"To be quiet, is it, when the sorrow that's in my heart is breaking it entirely? Oh! it's the hard thing you ask. But show me how I can see him; let me hear himself say that he's married—that he doesn't mind the time when I gave the light of my eye and the pulse of my heart to be his for ever. Let me hear it from his own lips, I say, and perhaps then I'll be quiet."

"Well, well, my good creature, remain here and I shall send him to you."

Aileen had a long wait, and but for the presence of her little girl, who tried with many entertaining wiles to secure her mother's constant attention, she could not have endured the suspense. When the approach of evening filled the place with shadows he came—the husband. She started at the first sound of his step; her faithful heart had borne even *that* recollection of him through the long, weary years. He was older and stouter grown, with a bronzed face, and a thick, black beard that extended to his breast, but no change could have prevented his recognition by his devoted wife. She started up, flung her arms about him, and sobbed upon his breast. He sought to disengage himself from her, gently at first, but with a stronger effort at last, saying, in a voice the altered tones of which instantly dried up her tears:

"Don't cry so loud, Aileen; you'll alarm the hands, and they'll be coming here to see what's the matter."

Her hands dropped to her side, and she fell back silent and white, as if she had been turned to marble.

"I didn't mean to hurt you," he continued in a softer tone, "but your coming was so sudden; and, besides, I thought you were dead."

She found sufficient voice to repeat in a dreary way: "Dead!"

"Yes," he answered; "I heard it from some one who came in another batch of the transported. I was told that you had tried to join me, but, when you couldn't succeed, that you had taken your child and gone no one knew where, and, as you were sick at the time, every one believed you had died. I wrote twice, but there was no answer."

"I didn't get the letters," said Aileen in the same dreary way.

"So you see it is not my fault," he resumed, in something like the old tones which Aileen so loved, and they possessed the old charm for her now. She roused herself, approached him, and put her arms about him again.

"No, dear, it is not your fault; but tell me that what the strange gentleman said is not true—sure you're not married; you are not the husband of any one but me, your lawful wife."

He suffered her to cling to him while he answered:

"It is true, Aileen: I *am* married to that gentleman's sister. I am overseer here, and a free man. I married her, God knows, believing you were dead."

Again she dropped her hold of him and staggered back—back to where the little, wondering, silent child stood, and, sinking on her knees, she caught it to her in a frantic way, saying, in the same thrilling tones with which she had begged for her husband's life seven years before:

"He's the husband of another, Mary darling—him that we came so far to find—him that I made myself a thief for, Mary asthore—him that our hearts craved through all the long years—he's married to another, alanna, and we were forgotten."

The husband bent over her, and there was a quiver in his voice as he said:

"Don't go on that way, Aileen; perhaps I can fix it. Is this my child—the child that I saw but once, when you laid her on the judge's robe while you begged for my life?"

He took her from her mother's arms and brought her where the last beams of the fading daylight enabled him to see her features more plainly.

"She is like me," he murmured, and then he strained her to his breast and kissed her twice passionately. The child extended her arms to her mother, and the father returned her to Aileen's frantic grasp.

"Don't take on so," he said again; "perhaps I can fix it. Let me see the marriage lines."

He bent to her, putting his arm about her, and strained her to him as he used to do in the old, happy times. Alas for poor Aileen! that tender action of his banished the remembrance of every fault and made him the same that he had ever been to her—brave, true, and unselfish. She took the certificate unhesitatingly from her breast—the certificate which she had guarded so carefully through hardship and danger—and placed it in his hand. In a moment he was standing erect with only shreds of

paper between his fingers; he had torn the precious document and was saying coolly:

"I couldn't have you making trouble now, Aileen, when I'm so comfortably settled. I'll do anything else I can for you; I'll have food sent to you, and I'll get you a lodging for the night."

His broken-hearted wife paid little attention to his words; the tearing of the certificate engrossed all her startled faculties, and soon as she recovered her voice she said distractedly:

"Great God! he's torn it."

Her lips strove to frame a curse, but her child's little hand, wound caressingly about her neck, came in contact with her mouth; the touch of the soft fingers seemed to have a strange effect, for she said brokenly:

"You're right, Mary darling; we won't curse him, though he's wronged us sore. Sure it can't be himself that's in it; oh! no, not himself at all."

He went from her while she raved, without a word, or even another glance at his child, and Aileen, realizing at last that he had gone and that he meant the cruel words he had said, took her child by the hand and dragged herself away. She did not wait for the food he had promised; her only thought was to get away from his home to some lone spot where she could die, for she felt so wretched that she imagined her end must be near. But the crying of her child roused her to a new effort for life, and for its sake she sought food and rest at one of the houses which she had passed in the afternoon.

How she succeeded in returning to the place whence she had started she could scarcely tell, and she was but dimly conscious that her return was owing to the kindness of the strangers whom she met on her way. She was not aware that the woe depicted in her face made a stronger appeal to hearts than any petition she could have uttered.

She had prepared herself for harshness from her master, and she told her story to him in a quiet, tearless way, expecting to be visited with the most severe punishment for her crime of running away; but her broken-hearted manner and pathetic tale touched his heart, and Aileen was reinstated in her place as household servant. She had supposed a speedy death to be inevitable because she was so utterly wretched; but she lived on, not well, not strong, but not ill, while her child grew to be a marvel of beauty and intelligence.

Her term of service expired, and her master offered many inducements to make her remain with him, but she declined.

"I'm going back to my mother," she said—"the mother I've been an ungrateful child to—to ask her forgiveness before I die, and to leave my darling with her."

IV.

Aileen arrived home only to find the grass green on her mother's grave. The poor widow had died broken-hearted when informed of the theft which her daughter had committed, though she knew well the motive of the crime. The well-stocked farm had been given in trust to a relative—in trust for the daughter, should she ever return—but the relative, deeming Aileen's return very uncertain, did not hesitate to use the trust for his own benefit; his plan for enriching himself failed, however, and he also died, leaving but a pittance for the prodigal should she ever come back.

Aileen, on learning her husband's perfidy, had deemed herself impervious to any future blow; but when she knelt on her mother's grave it seemed as if her heart was receiving its most cruel wrench.

She received all that remained of her mother's little property, but with the most strict economy it would not suffice for the support of herself and her child for more than a few months. She looked at her lovely girl, now in her twelfth year, and thought of her own failing strength: though not exactly ill, she was too weak to perform any kind of manual labor, and she was no adept at needlework. What could be done to eke out their support? She thought of her child's voice, one which promised to be as magnificent as her own had been—as it was still, save a weakness in very high notes—and to sing for money would not be begging. So mother and child went into the city and in the evenings sang in the streets; sometimes in front of handsome residences, and sometimes near the quay where many walked for the sea-breeze. People listened spellbound, the voices harmonized so well; but at times the stronger voice sank and the child's exquisite notes floated out alone. Crowds gathered about them—respectful, sympathizing crowds, for the sad history of the singers was well known.

One night a carriage drew up almost on the verge of the crowd gathered about the singers, and its single occupant put out her head to listen to the exquisite strains. On the conclusion of the ballad a footman in livery was sent to bring the singers to the carriage window. Aileen and her daughter ap-

proached in some trepidation, but the owner of the aristocratic face looking from the window said:

"Do not be alarmed, my good people; I only wished to ask you to call at my residence to-morrow. Perhaps I can aid you in some manner."

And then the address was given, and, Aileen promising to call, the carriage drove off.

The noon of the next day saw the singers in the elegant mansion of a wealthy maiden lady who was somewhat noted for her eccentricities. She wished to adopt little Mary Alman, giving to the latter all the advantages which her own immense wealth afforded, and she would make comfortable provision for Aileen; but there was one hard condition annexed—mother and daughter must see each other no more.

"I couldn't, my lady; I couldn't do that."

And poor Aileen turned away as if she considered the interview ended; but her eyes fell on her beautiful child, and then on the splendor about them, while her rapid thoughts brought the future before her—the future when *she* should be no more and her darling would be all alone in the world. She turned back hastily:

"Give me a little time, my lady, and I'll tell you then."

"Until to-morrow," was the brief answer, and mother and child went forth again.

It was hard for poor Aileen to sing that evening; her voice broke so many times that at length she was obliged to let little Mary sing entirely alone. That night, when her darling slept the deep slumber of childhood, she walked, and wept, and wrung her hands, at one time murmuring:

"Sure I couldn't do it—I couldn't do it at all," and again repeating:

"She'll be well provided for—she'll be a lady; and what'll become of her when I'm taken from her? And I can be near her and no one know it. I can see her sometimes, perhaps, when none but the great God and myself will know it."

The next day found little Mary Alman transferred from the humble abode of her mother to the magnificent home of Miss Evanson. The poor child did not understand, when she kissed her mother in the great state drawing-room and felt the passionate clasp of her mother's arms, that was to be the last time she would be permitted to see her idolized parent; the elegant lady who calmly looked on had told her that her mother would return in a short time, and Aileen herself had brokenly uttered:

"Stay here and see the pretty things, my darling, for a little while, and then I shall come to you."

The child did not murmur for an hour after her mother's departure; but after that it required all her adopted mother's efforts to calm her even for a moment. And when a day and night passed in such turbulent grief as seemed likely to make the child ill, the anxious Miss Evanson hastily took her little protégée to England.

Aileen Alman came covertly about the place. She had received an instalment of the ample provision which had been made for her, and with it had secured a home as near as possible to the grand residence of her darling. But for three days she had refrained from going to the latter place, even to look at its exterior, lest her child might see her or she herself should be tempted to break the condition imposed upon her. When at last she did go, prowling about as a thief might do, and saw no sign of occupancy further than that evinced by the servants, her bursting heart compelled her to make inquiries of the gatekeeper's wife. She received as reply, that Miss Evanson and her little adopted girl had gone to England, to be absent for an indefinite period.

Poor Aileen! her cup was full; and yet Heaven did not vouchsafe her death. She came every day to the place, and when the gate-keeper and his wife learned the story they freely admitted her to the grounds.

Four years passed—to the lonely, broken-hearted woman four wretched years, the misery of which was relieved by one hope alone, that of some time seeing her child. And every day she had asked the same question of the kind-hearted couple at the lodge: "When will Miss Evanson return?" And she had received the same reply: "She has not written to say."

The four years passed well with Miss Evanson and her little protégée. The latter had been made to believe that her mother was dead, and time at last had abated her grief. She was beautiful as she had promised to be, and unusually intelligent. Miss Evanson thought it quite safe to return to Ireland now, and she wrote to her housekeeper apprising her of the time of her return. The housekeeper immediately communicated the news to the servants, the gate-keeper included, and he told it to Mrs. Alman. She timidly requested to be allowed to sit in the lodge, where, without being herself seen, she might obtain a glimpse of her daughter.

The favor was cheerfully granted, and when the carriage

passed through the avenue which wound directly from the gate-house the owner of the fresh, lovely face that looked forth from it so delightedly did not dream that the mother whom she mourned as dead was broken-heartedly gazing at her.

"She looks happy," poor Aileen murmured, "and I'll strive not to go near her."

By nightfall there was something in her heart crying out for her child, and which would not be quieted. She put on her cloak and hurried to the grand house. It was brilliantly illuminated, and she could see the flitting of richly dressed forms through the open windows.

Urged by a desperate impulse, she went directly beneath one of the windows, and in a moment was pouring forth a flood of song exquisite in its quivering pathos; it was an old ditty with a sad refrain which, from the meaning that the singer gave it, found an echo in every listener's heart. There seemed to be a simultaneous cessation in the movements of the gay party in the elegant room above the singer, and in a few moments some one opened the front door, rushed down the steps, and cried in a voice full of agony:

"Mother! mother! where are you?"

In her silken robe, with her brilliant beauty flashing out in the light from the windows, Mary Alman was clasped in her mother's arms.

"I thought you'd remember it, darling; we sang it so often together," poor Aileen Alman said.

Miss Evanson did then what every one said she ought to do. She took mother and daughter into her home, and endeavored, by showing all the kindness in her power to the former, to atone for her falsehood to Mary.

Aileen was grateful for the tender care, and in very gratitude she strove to seem better than she was. Her daughter would not for one moment absent herself from her side, but all her loving devotion could not now prolong her mother's life. On the afternoon of a cloudless day, when the soft, balmy air coming in through the open window seemed to woo the patient invalid to renewed vigor, she turned lovingly to her two tender watchers—her daughter and Miss Evanson—and, smiling upon them, she said gently:

"It has been dark so long, but it is the daylight at last."

They were her last words, and while the smile still rested on her features an eternal daylight broke upon her.

Two years after, and the Irish papers contained notices

asking for information of Mary Alman. Property in Australia had been left to her—left by the father whom she never knew, and of whom, because of her mother's sufferings, she could scarcely bear to think. Heaven itself seemed to have punished him—he was killed by one of his own hands—and among some of his private papers which were forwarded to Mary there was ample evidence of his remorse for his treatment of Aileen. In one paper, evidently an unfinished letter to his injured wife, there was written the following:

"O Aileen! I have been lashed by ten thousand scorpions since I saw you last. I married because I had heard you were dead, and when I saw you I thought not to have my present happiness and future prospects destroyed by your claim upon me, so I tore the proof which you held of our marriage, and I thought to be happy after. I might as well have cast myself upon the waves with the expectation of being borne to a distant port in safety. There is no happiness for me. I see your face with its look of agony. I see my child's face.

"She whom I have married has borne me no children, and I have tried again and again to leave her. But she is sick with some lingering disease, and, having heard of you from her brother, she constantly begs me not to go away. Her brother watches me day and night lest I shall escape. He declares if I make the attempt I shall be a dead man, and so I remain until her death shall set me free." The letter ended there, but Mary learned that his wife had died, and her brother also, shortly after, and that Alman had instituted inquiries through all the penal settlements for his first wife, failing in which, and with a sort of presentiment of his own death, he had made his will in favor of Aileen, or, should the latter not be alive, in favor of his child.

Mary Alman lived to become a happy wife and mother, a truly good woman, whose pure, benevolent life shed its sweet influence on all about her, while Miss Evanson, her dearest friend, had a green old age beautified and made happy by charitable deeds.

SIR THOMAS MORE AND HIS TIMES.*

I.

It is a pleasing task to trace the early history of such a man as Thomas More. At ten years of age the precocious boy became a page to Cardinal Morton, in whose palace he received his early education. He is described at this period as a "very graceful, witty, and intelligent boy." While amongst the cardinal's household he was often engaged in dramatic performances, and read Latin fluently at ten years of age. His quickness and readiness of reply, and the originality of his genius, made him an object of general admiration. "Whoever lives to see it," observed Cardinal Morton, "will find this most intelligent boy a very rare man." The "little page" was much attached to the amiable cardinal, who spoke to him on every subject of interest to a young pupil.

The future chancellor was the only son of Sir John More, Lord Chief-Justice of England, by his first wife, Mary Hancombe. He was born some time in the year 1480 at his father's town-house in Milk Street, in the olden part of London. He was for some time a pupil of Nicholas Holt at St. Anthony's School, in Threadneedle Street, which bore the highest reputation of any academy then in London, and produced several celebrated men, amongst whom was that most excellent prelate, Nicholas Heath, subsequently Archbishop of York and lord-chancellor of England.† The notable Dean Collett also commenced his studies at Holt's school. Roger Ascham has related some pleasant anecdotes of the pupils who figured at Holt's establishment.

* This paper from Mr. Burke, who has been at work for many years in his researches at the State Paper Office in London, is timely. Sir Thomas More, along with Cardinal Fisher, is among the three hundred and fifty who died for the faith in England from 1535 to 1681. Of these 82 were laymen; 171 secular priests; 38 Jesuits; 18 Carthusian monks; 14 Benedictine monks; 14 Franciscan friars; 1 Augustinian friar; 1 Bridgettine; 3 Knights of St. John of Jerusalem (or Hospitallers), besides Cardinal Fisher and Archbishop Oliver Plunket and five women. The Holy Father, in order to hasten the process for these martyrs, has appointed Cardinals Bartolini, Bilio, Oreglia, Serafini, and Parocchi, of the Congregation of Rites, a committee to examine the case.—[The Ed. of The Catholic World.

† Nicholas Heath was the last Catholic lord high chancellor of England, and performed the legal duties of announcing to the Houses of Peers and Commons the accession of Queen Elizabeth, who made him a prisoner for the remainder of his life. His character, both as a churchman and as a politician, was without spot or stain. I refer the reader to vol. iii. of the *Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty* for a memoir of Dr. Heath.

At eighteen years of age More entered Oxford University, where he studied for some years. At this university, it is stated, he won the esteem of "young and old." He studied with the greatest amount of industry, and "his piety," says a contemporary, "made the lukewarm believers ashamed." He wished very much to become a Franciscan friar, but his father desired that he should be a lawyer. With reluctance he obeyed his father's command. He quitted his Greek and Latin studies at Oxford, and the company of his learned tutor, Groceyn, and became a law-student at Lincoln's Inn. When a law-student he frequently went to hear the eloquent sermons of his old confessor, Dean Collett; he likewise visited the Carthusian Fathers once a week. As a lawyer he sprang forward at once in his profession. The general opinion of the public was to the "effect that Maister More would never betray his clients." Lawyers and attorneys in those times were considered as "very doubtful in regard to honor and honesty." While employed in the study and practice of the law More had not deserted the literary path in which he had first delighted. He improved himself in all the learning then attainable; he associated with the most eminent and intellectual men of his time; he kept up a constant correspondence with Erasmus. He even found leisure for literary composition. The *History of Richard III.* is published among his works, but some eminent Cambridge scholars have raised doubts as to whether he was really the author of this work, which is attributed to Cardinal Morton; that it was written in Latin, and translated into English by More. It is certain that the cardinal employed young More in translating Latin manuscripts; and it is equally true that More would not put forward as a work of his own that which was only a translation. *Utopia*, upon which More's fame as an author principally rests, is the history of an imaginary commonwealth, in which he puts forward and advocates some doctrines in philosophy and religion greatly in advance of the age, with so much force and liberality that it seems surprising that the work escaped the censures of Henry's despotic Council. It was written in Latin and published about 1516.*

As I have already remarked, both his father and Collett were opposed to More's taking religious vows; still he frequented the society of the Carthusians. Time, however, brought about a change. So More made up his mind for the married state. His son-in-law, Roper, thus simply relates his course of love:

* See Foss' *Judges of England*, vol. iii.

"Maister More resorted to the house of a gentleman named Colte, who resided in Essex. The host had three comely daughters, who were possessed of learning and wit; and their father had often invited young More to his hospitable home, but the 'bashful young man' did not come often; but after a time his visits became frequent. His mind was inclined to the second sister, because she seemed so fair and otherwise agreeable to him. However, when he thought over the whole affair, his delicate mind and critical judgment came to the conclusion that it would be a shame and cause grief unseen for the younger sister to be preferred to her elder one, who was comely and good. So he altered his secret intention, and framed his love most delicately for the eldest of the family. To the father of the family, and the eldest sister, More soon after made known his intentions, which were warmly and joyously received by all the family."

The marriage of More and his wife took place in 1505. The young wife died in the sunny May-day of her domestic happiness, surrounded by her dear, loving little children, her devoted husband, and most faithful friends.* Three daughters and one son were the fruit of this truly happy marriage.

Some twelve months after the death of his first wife Maister More contracted a second marriage with Alice Middleton, a widow, who was immensely inferior to More's first wife. As over his first choice, so over this, a little romance is thrown, although the commonplace Alice Middleton was not capable of eliciting any romantic passion from it. Perhaps she had some property, and the widower with a young family was attracted by her purse. It is said that almost her first interview with More was to urge upon her the suit of a friend, and that Dame Alice replied, "Well, good Maister More, if you pleaded *before me for yourself* I assure *you* that you would have far more success." More informed his friend of what occurred, and the gentleman, not being "over in love" with the widow or her purse, retired from the scene, and in a few weeks later Alice Middleton, the "mere housewife," became the wife of one of the greatest, the most amiable, and the most excellent men that England had produced in that age of imperfection and dishonesty.

Maister More first appeared as a popular speaker in the Commons of 1504 when Henry VII. demanded a subsidy for the marriage portion of the Princess Margaret, then about to marry the King of Scots (James IV.) More objected to the sum demanded; the House adopted his amendment, and the king had the mortification to find himself defeated. Maister Taylor, one of the king's Privy Chamber, went immediately

* MS. Diary of Bertha Clitheroe, the school-fellow and early companion of Mistress More when at the convent of Godstowe. Bertha Clitheroe is unknown to posterity, yet she was one of the most true-hearted maids that appeared upon the scene in those troubled times.

from the House and told his sovereign lord "that a beardless boy had disappointed him of all his expectations." * "Whereupon," observes Roper, "the king conceived great indignation against More, and could not feel satisfied until he had in some way revenged it." More retired from public life after this event, for he received a warning from the bishop of Winchester to the effect that he "had highly insulted the king and the royal family." He was only twenty-four years of age at this period. He went to the Continent for a time; then returned and gave himself up to classical study down to the death of Henry VII., when he resumed his labors as a lawyer.†

In 1509 Maister More was introduced to the king by Wolsey "as a very rising lawyer." His professional income at this time was about four hundred and fifty pounds a year, equal to a very large sum at the present day. The king wished him to give up the law for politics and take office under the crown, but he could not see his way to such a policy. He was about this time engaged in a suit in which the pope was the plaintiff and the King of England the defendant. The merits of the case were these: A ship belonging to the pontiff having been seized at Southampton as forfeited to the crown for a breach of the law of nations, the pope's nuncio at the court of London instituted proceedings to obtain restitution, and retained More as an advocate, "at which time there could none of our law be found so meet to be of counsel." The hearing was in the Star Chamber before the chancellor and other judges. To plead against the crown in the Star Chamber, and before such judges, was a delicate matter; and some persons of legal knowledge looked upon More's pleading as hopeless, if not dangerous. Maister More displayed much firmness, and his arguments were considered by the court conclusive; the lord-chancellor pronounced judgment in favor of More's client. This case brought More prominently before the public. The king was present at the trial, and, instead of indulging in anger against Maister More, he joined the general acclaim by offering his praise to the pope's counsel for the ability with which he argued the case. Shortly after More visited the king at Greenwich, which was the commencement of his intimacy—and, I may add, his future troubles. More was made Master of the Bequests, knighted, and sworn a Privy Councillor. ‡ About this time (1514) Sir Thomas

* Roper's *Life of Sir Thomas More.*

† Lord Campbell's *English Chancellors*, vol. i.

‡ Roper's *Life of Sir Thomas More;* Lord Campbell's *English Chancellors*, vol. i.

More took up his residence at Chelsea, where he was visited by the learned and the witty of England and the Continent. The next step in promotion was the chair of the House of Commons.* The Commons felt delight and honor in nominating him, and the king assured them that they had made a choice of which he highly approved. Whilst Speaker he upheld the dignity of the House and its privileges—a very difficult task in those days.

According to Erasmus, Wolsey "rather feared than loved More." The cardinal wished him to fill the office of a foreign minister; he did not wish him to be much about court. But More had a desire to reside in the vicinity of London, where many of his dearest friends were located. Wolsey had no friendly feeling for him—far from it. Thorndale states that "the grand cardinal detested More."

When the Great Seal was delivered to More by the king he was inducted into his seat in the Court of Chancery "after a noble exhortation by the Duke of Norfolk, as well to the chancellor as to the people, and an answer of the chancellor." No previous example of any introductory address on such an occasion occurs; and the object of the Duke of Norfolk's speech seems to have been to justify the king's selection of a layman instead of an ecclesiastic by enlarging on the wisdom, integrity, and genius of Sir Thomas More and the extraordinary abilities he had shown as a lawyer. More's answer was modest and becoming, with a graceful and feeling allusion to the fall of his illustrious predecessor.†

Sir Thomas More was the most remarkable man who appeared in the Parliament of 1529. In that year the first blow—although somewhat concealed—was struck at the papacy in England.‡ Many of those ecclesiastical marble piles of magnificent architecture stood in their bewildering vastness, containing chapels, cells, and shrines beneath a common roof. They stood often in defenceless solitudes, guarded by a feeble garrison of inmates and frequenters, a prey ready to the hand of the spoiler whenever he should come up against them. Not otherwise

* From the days of Sir Thomas More till the period of the revolution of 1688 the Speakership of the Commons was held, with two exceptions, by lawyers. If those lawyers had been honest men the country might have been gainers from the constant presence of an educated gentleman presiding over their deliberations. But honesty was the very thing they cared little about. The Speaker "received presents" after the fashion of the king's treasurer. The Speaker's salary was a miserable trifle, but he had fees which were kept a secret.

† *English Chancellors*, by Lord Campbell, vol. i.; Foss' *Judges of England*, vol. v.

‡ The Parliament of 1529 was called "the Black Parliament," owing to the first attack being made on the papal power in England. The Parliament of Henry IV., with its "Lollard battalions," failed in its attack upon the church.

stood England herself as she had been raised by the counsels of former ages—a vast system of corporations, of guilds and fraternities, both lay and clerical; of societies which had outgrown the population and were now to fall in the prodigious redistribution of land and property which was about to ensue. The religious houses might be empty, but they would have contained and educated the multitudes yet unborn. The corporate bodies were a vast provision for a numerous posterity, but a provision which posterity was never to enjoy. The Parliament laid the axe to the tree; yet many years passed over, amidst "the hacking and hewing," before the Olden Creed was dashed to the ground—dashed to the ground by the basest and vilest conspiracy that ever the perverted machinations of man had conspired to create. The fury of a great revolution fell first upon the church and the religious orders.

The Rev. Canon Dixon, a distinguished Anglican cleric, takes a different view of the "causes and effects" of the English Reformation from that put forward by other Protestant writers:

"As to what are commonly termed the causes of the Reformation, there seem to have been none which have not been exaggerated. Everybody knows what is said of the breaking-up of the frost of ages, the corruptions of the old system, the influence of German Protestantism, and the explosive force of new ideas generated by the revival of learning. And everybody has grown accustomed to set the old against the new, as if they were totally repugnant forces which simply strove to destroy one another. . . . As to German Protestantism, it undoubtedly had a factitious influence in England, but it had made no deep impression upon the nation when the Reformation came on. There was an extraordinary combination of dangerous circumstances. The ancient nobility had perished in the civil wars, and their ranks were filled up by a number of political adventurers, many of whom were amongst the very worst men in the realm. The new peers, with few exceptions, were ranged on the side of the party of innovation. At the head of all was a monarch who was more completely the man of the times than any other person in the whole kingdom—a man of force without grandeur; of great ability, but not of lofty intellect; punctilious, and yet unscrupulous; *centred in himself;* greedy and profuse; cunning rather than sagacious; of fearful passions and intolerable pride, but destitute of ambition in the nobler sense of the word; *a character of degraded magnificence.* Such a king was no safe guardian of the rights of the realm. . . . *That such a king was on the throne was the circumstance above all others which brought on the Reformation.*" *

King Henry was now resolved to have no more clerical chancellors. When he selected Sir Thomas More he thought his

* *History of the Church of England from the Abolition of the Roman Jurisdiction*, by R. W. Dixon, M.A., vol. i.

selection had fallen upon a man very different from Wolsey. More was decidedly superior to the cardinal in legal knowledge, in political integrity, and was unbending in his religious devotion to the see of Rome. He did not disguise his opinions on the divorce question when he stated in a very delicate manner to one of the king's confessors that this "indecent affair" should never have been paraded before the world.

"The wittiest of moralists and the most moral of wits," writes Canon Dixon, "was little fit to take part in the miserable intrigues of which the king's policy consisted. The frankest of advisers could ill please the ear of such a despotic prince as Henry Tudor. But the author of *Utopia* was known for tolerant and liberal principles. He was a Humorist and a Reformer. He was the writer of the first great original book that appeared in the Revival of Learning; the most renowned of Englishmen then living; almost the most renowned of living men. The countenance of such a man may have appeared desirable in the changes now beginning to be meditated."

The Parliament of 1529 was decidedly a packed assembly; and such is admitted by Gilbert Burnet. The debates in the Commons appear to have manifested the bitterest feeling against the clergy in general. The two arguments against the church were—the clergy received *too much money and performed no adequate amount of labor;* they were further charged with neglecting the poor. The latter imputation was proved to be utterly unfounded. The accusations against the Ecclesiastical Courts were sadly true. The fees exacted in the Spiritual Courts were denounced as excessive. And the pluralities became a standing scandal to which every honest Catholic objected.

Sir Thomas More took office at an unfortunate period, surrounded by the results of former maladministration and a new school of politicians who were as daring as they proved to be unscrupulous and dishonest. With such a combination of circumstances the overthrow of the ancient church became only a matter of time. The *new Reformers* of religion were merely a gang of cunning thieves, whose real objects were to plunder "the heritage of the poor," whose substance had been fenced round by the church for centuries.

Sir Thomas More's elevation to the justice-seat was not only very popular in England, but was received with general satisfaction by the learned men of foreign universities. It is only necessary for me to quote one or two sentences from the letter of Erasmus to the pious and learned John Zobius, Archbishop of Vienna, to show the feeling with which the appointment of

More was hailed on the Continent. Erasmus writes: "Concerning the new increase of honor experienced by Sir Thomas More I should easily make you believe, were I to show you the letters of the many famous men who are now rejoicing at the appointment, and congratulating the English king and the inhabitants of his realm on having Sir Thomas More seated on the highest justice-seat. Kings and judges are rejoicing at this intelligence."

It has been stated, upon the authoritiy of John Foxe, that Sir Thomas More was "a cruel persecutor of the Reformers, and caused even little boys to be flogged because they adopted *Protestant principles*." Speed, Burnet, and Hume have all "improved" Foxe's relation. More's house at Chelsea has been represented as an "inquisition jail," and the amiable chancellor "acting the part of a grand inquisitor"; that there was "a large tree in his garden where the Reformers and other *valiant soldiers of Christ* underwent cruel whipping, and that, too, under the especial superintendence of Sir Thomas More *himself*."

Some of the leading Reformers, however, describe Sir Thomas More as a man of unquestionable truth, kindness, and honor.

Here is More's own version of the narrative originally furnished by John Foxe:

"Divers of them," says More, "have said that of such as were in my house when I was chancellor I used to examine them with torments, causing them to be bound to a tree in my garden and there savagely beaten. Except their safekeeping, I never else did cause any such thing to be done unto any of the heretics in all my life, except only twain; one was a child and a servant of mine in my own house, whom his father, before he came to me, had mixed up in such matters, and set his boy to attend upon George Jay.

"This Jay did teach the child his own grievous heresy against the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, which heresy the child, in my house, began to teach another child. And upon that point I caused a servant of mine to stripe him like a child before my household, for amendment of himself and example to others. Another was one who, after he had fallen into these frantic heresies, soon fell into plain open frenzy, albeit that he had been in Bedlam, and afterwards, by beating and correcting, gathered his remembrance. Being, therefore, let at liberty, his old perversions fell again into his head. When informed of his relapse I caused him to be taken by the constables and bounden to a tree in the streets before the whole town, and then striped him till he waxed weary. Verily, God be thanked, I hear no harm of him now. And of all who ever came into my hand for heresy, so help me God, else had never any of them a stripe or stroke given them, so much as a fillip in the forehead." *

* Roper's *Life of Sir Thomas More.*

Alarmed at the progress of the Reformation, and shocked by the conduct of many of its most zealous apostles in Germany, More became determined to discourage what was then styled the "new learning" by every legitimate means. He "never strained or rigorously enforced the law against the Reformers." "It is," observes Erasmus, "a sufficient proof of his clemency that while he was lord-chancellor of England no man was put to death for these pestilent dogmas, while so many at the same period suffered for them in France, Germany, and the Netherlands." * He was present many times at the examination of persons charged with heresy, and concurred with the Council in sending them to prison; but he could adopt no other course, unless he violated the existing law on the subject, which was one of the king's favorite statutes. It was not till he had resigned the Great Seal, and was succeeded by the pliant Audley, that heresy was made high treason and the scaffold reeked with innocent blood.† Yet Audley was afterwards the earnest supporter of the Reformation wherever or whenever it suited his interests. As the colleague of Crumwell and Cranmer, Audley carried out the schemes devised by a capricious king against the lives and the property of the English people.

From his own great rectitude, honesty, and piety Sir Thomas More entertained a horror for every kind of vice. He sometimes punished depraved criminals severely; but where he could perceive any feeling of repentance he acted in an opposite spirit; never approving of the sanguinary criminal code then in existence, he was consequently on the side of clemency. "He was," writes Lord Campbell, "three centuries in advance of his age." A passage in his *Utopia* is illustrative of his real opinions on the cruelty and injustice to which the people were subjected by the existing statutes of England. He represents his observant traveller, who had visited Utopia and describes its institutions, as saying:

"There happened to be at table an English lawyer, who took occasion to run out in high commendation of the severe execution of thieves in his country, where might be seen twenty at a time dangling from one gibbet. Nevertheless, he observed, it puzzled him to understand, since so few escaped, there were yet so many thieves left who were still found robbing in all places. Upon this I said with boldness: 'There was no reason to won-

* The German Anabaptists, who became such a scourge in England, were first known in London about the year 1525, after the decisive defeat which they sustained at the battle of Frankenhausen.

† Lord Campbell's *Lives of the English Chancellors*, vol. i. p. 548; Foss' *Judges of England*, vol. v.

der at the matter, since this way of punishing thieves was neither just in itself nor for the public good; for as the severity was too great, so the remedy was not effectual; simple theft was not so great a crime that it ought to cost a man his life, and no punishment would restrain men from robbing who could find no other way of livelihood.'"

More was of opinion that concessions never satisfy an unprincipled faction, and history gives many similar evidences down to the present time. As the policy of the party who were pushing forward the revolution in religion and property gradually became known, the conscientious and upright judge felt bound to retire from the justice-seat that was now about to be desecrated, and law and equity threatened with extinction if they did not become the footstools of an arbitrary and an unjust monarch. To the evident disappointment of the king, the chancellor suddenly resigned the Great Seal. The church party felt that some mighty changes were now at hand.

After consulting Archbishop Cranmer the king sent for Cranmer's friend, Sir Thomas Audley, then Speaker of the House of Commons. Audley, Thomas Crumwell, and Cranmer were the private advisers of the crown at this critical moment. Audley was sworn into office as lord high chancellor of England. The Royal Supremacy was the first question raised in order to overturn the connection with Rome. The question was delicately touched upon by Sir Thomas Audley in his interviews with More, but the latter cautiously evaded the expression of a legal opinion until the king demanded his judgment on such a matter. Although possessed of but a limited patrimony, he had no hesitation in surrendering his large emoluments and splendid position when his conscience and honor were at stake.

As soon as the king's Council had arranged their plans the oath of supremacy was offered to all the public men known to be conscientiously attached to the papacy. Sir Thomas More had no equivocation upon the matter. His opinions were placed upon record at once. He was soon after arrested and charged with high treason. His arrest caused a profound sensation at home and abroad.

King Henry was well acquainted with Sir Thomas More's fixed opinions upon the question of the Royal Supremacy in spiritual matters. So the command to take the new oath was nothing more or less than an order for the headsman to prepare his weapon. Sir Thomas More was enjoying the society of a few friends at Chelsea when a king's messenger suddenly entered and informed him that his presence was required im-

mediately at Lambeth Palace. More obeyed the order of the Council. At Lambeth Archbishop Cranmer and the other commissioners tendered to him the oath of supremacy; but, as they expected, it was respectfully and firmly declined. They desired him to walk awhile in the garden, that he might reconsider his reply. He was called before the Council again, but only repeated his refusal. He was next committed to the Tower with Bishop Fisher.

When More was committed to the Tower the constable apologized to him for the "poor cheer the place furnished for prisoners"; to which he replied, "Good maister, assure yourself I do not mistake the cheer; but whenever I do, then spare not to thrust me out of your doors." For one month More was not permitted to see his wife or daughter, on whom he impressed the solemn obligation of not repining for him, declaring that he had violated no law and could never acknowledge the king as "Christ's vicar on earth."

The Duke of Norfolk, Crumwell, and other members of the council were sent to remonstrate with More; and next Cranmer, who proposed to argue the merits of the supremacy statute. The archbishop, however, failed to convince, and only demonstrated by his manner that he was a personal enemy. Almost every day commissioners or spies visited Sir Thomas More; but, being an astute lawyer, he did not commit himself by any unguarded expressions. On one occasion, when his noble daughter, Margaret Roper, came to visit him, the Carthusian abbot of Sion and three of his brethren of the Charter-house were marched by his window on their way to execution for not accepting the supremacy oath, when More suddenly exclaimed: "Lo! dost thou not see, Meg, that these blessed fathers be now so cheerfully going to their death as bridegrooms to their marriage?" He then hinted to her that a like destiny awaited himself. His daughter wished him to "yield to the king in some way." He wrote to her a letter of rebuke, and concluded with an assurance that "none of the troubles that might happen unto him touched him so near, or bore so grievously on him, as that his dearly beloved child, whose judgment he so much valued, should labor to persuade him to do what would be contrary to his conscience." The good daughter's reply was worthy of her parent. She submits reverently to his "faithful and delectable letter as the truthful messenger of his virtuous soul, and rejoiced at the philosophic grandeur of his mind under such trials." She concluded in these words: "Your own most loving, obedient

daughter and bedes-woman, Margaret Roper, who desireth above all earthly things to bear John Wood's stede, to do you some service." * When his spouse visited him she "scolded him severely for his foolery in being there at all." The poor lady was sadly distressed at this time. In mental powers she was vastly inferior to her illustrious husband. She was a "plain housewife," destitute of ambition, and devoid of all heroic qualities. A woman of the world on a small scale, her family was her universe. She cared nothing for the respective claims of the injured lady of Arragon or her fascinating rival; she had heard of the greatness of Wolsey and other prelates and statesmen, yet she knew not in what their greatness consisted; she looked upon Cranmer as a "schoolmaster" who had winning ways; she thought Fisher was too honest for the times, and Gardyner and Bonner were sensible men because they pleased the king. She had enjoyed a cheerful and a happy home, a gentle husband and loving step-children. No wonder that her mind became embittered, and that she appeared rude and ungracious in manner.

Here is the scene at the Tower between the "rude housewife," as she has been described, and her learned and witty husband:

"'Ah, Maister More, I marvel that you, who have hitherto always been taken for a wise man, will now so play the fool as to lie here in this close, filthy prison, and be content to be shut up thus with *mice and rats* as your companions, when you might be abroad at your liberty, with the favor both of the king and his Council. . . . I muse what in God's name you mean here thus fondly to tarry?'

"Having heard his wife's discourse to an end, Sir Thomas More, in his usual good-humor, said: 'I pray thee, good Mistress Alyce, tell me one thing."

"'What is it?' said she.

"'Is not this house as near to heaven as my own?'"

The "housewife" still maintained her views, and the husband was unable to convince her that it was better to remain in the Tower than to dishonor himself by accepting liberty at the sacrifice of what he considered the highest and holiest principles. But when the dark hour came "Mistress Alyce" proved herself to be a true woman and a noble wife. She was compelled by necessity to sell her wearing apparel to provide food for her husband, so recently the chancellor of a great kingdom, then wasting away his life in a damp dungeon in the Tower "*amidst*

* John Wood was an old and faithful servant whom Crumwell permitted to accompany his master to the Tower.

mice and rats." "Mrs. Alyce" was, however, cheered in her labor of love by her amiable children; and they all now looked on their poverty, under such circumstances, as a necessary offering at the shrine of truth and virtue.*

Crushing down every opponent who had the courage to speak, the king became furious to find that a late member of his Council had the conscience to declare against the monarch's assumption of spiritual power. The battle of spiritual freedom—the battle of the Protestants against Mary Tudor, of the Catholics against the despotism of Elizabeth, of the unprincipled and hypocritical Puritans against Charles I., of the Independents against the Presbyterians—began at the moment when Sir Thomas More refused to bend or to deny his honest convictions at the command of a cruel and merciless tyrant who styled the multitude as brutes only fit for the "rope," and sent the cultivated genius of the realm to the reeking scaffold to pay the penalty awarded to honesty.

The most disgraceful of the many schemes used to adduce evidence against Sir Thomas More was that of sending Maister Rich to visit him in the Tower. Rich was appointed solicitor-general from the fact that at the English bar—low as it was in morality and honor at that period—there was, perhaps, not another man who would stoop to the same infamy to promote the policy of the king and his Council. Fortified by an order of the Council, Maister Rich, accompanied by Sir Richard Southwell and Mr. Palmer, went to the Tower for the ostensible purpose of depriving More of the few books with which he had hitherto been permitted to soothe his hours of solitude. While they were packing up the books Rich, under the pretence of "old friendship," fell into conversation with More, and in a familiar and confidential tone, after a compliment to his wisdom and learning, put a case to him.

"Admit," said Rich, "that there were an act of Parliament made that all the realm should take me for king, would not you, Sir Thomas, take me for king?" "Yes, sir," said More, "that I would." Rich became much elated, and put the case further: "Suppose that there was an act of Parliament that all the realm should take me for pope, would you not then take me for pope?" "For answer," said Sir Thomas, "to your first case, the Parliament may well meddle with the state of temporal princes; but, to make answer to your other case, suppose the Parliament should make a law that God should not be God,

* Roper's *Life of Sir Thomas More*; Lord Campbell's *English Chancellors*, vol. i.

would you then, Maister Rich, say so?" "No, sir," said Rich, "that I would not; for no Parliament could make such a law." Sir Thomas More, now suspecting that some dark plot was at the bottom of this discourse, made no further observation on the questions raised. On his departure Rich took leave of his "old friend," as he styled him, in an apparently kind manner, "assuring him of the regard he entertained for him and hoping that all would end well." *

On the 7th of May, 1534, Sir Thomas More was arraigned in the Court of King's Bench, but the trial was postponed till the 1st of July "to enable the crown to procure further evidence." When the trial was finally arranged Sir Thomas More was compelled to walk from the Tower to Westminster, clothed as a malefactor, before the gaze of a multitude of people. His hair had become gray since he last appeared in public; his face, which, though still cheerful, was pale and emaciated, his bent posture and feeble steps, which he was obliged to support with a staff, showed the rigor of his confinement, and excited the sympathy of the people, instead of impressing them, as was intended, with a dread of the king's vengeance. His presence in the King's Bench as a prisoner for high treason awoke the bright memories of his past career, when in that court, arrayed in the robes of the lord high chancellor of England, he had knelt at the feet of his venerable father, then the chief-justice of England, to ask his blessing before he entered his own court to adjudicate as chancellor. Very many of the spectators at the trial had witnessed those scenes between the father and the son, and a bitter feeling of sorrow and of indignation was perceptible in every face. The king's Council being well aware that they were engaged in an unpopular prosecution and that public opinion was against them, Crumwell made preparations to crush any movement of the populace. "I know," said he, "how to make the swinish multitude become tame." His ill-favored and fearless presence struck terror in the people's hearts.† "After the lapse of three centuries," says Lord Campbell, "during which statesmen, prelates and kings have been unjustly brought to trial in this same court, considering the splendor of More's talents, the greatness of his acquirements, and the innocence of his life, we must still regard his murder as the blackest crime that has ever been per-

* Lord Campbell's *English Chancellors*, vol. i.; Rossin's *Life of Sir Thomas More.*

† "Hang them up! hang them up!" so frequently uttered in a ferocious tone by Henry, was first suggested by Crumwell as a means of striking terror into the populace. Perhaps it was Crumwell who originated the term for the people, which has been so often misused.

petrated in England under the forms of law."* Sir Christopher Hale, as attorney-general, conducted the trial, aided by Maister Rich, the solicitor-general. When the frivolous indictment was read Chancellor Audley, addressing the prisoner, said: "You see, prisoner, how grievously you have offended the king's highness, yet he is so good and so merciful that if you will lay aside your obstinacy and change your opinions we hope you may obtain pardon."

Sir Thomas More replied:

"Most noble lords, I have great cause to thank you for this your courtesy; but I beseech the Almighty God that I may continue in the mind I am in until my death." The charges against him were substantially reduced to one—namely, "attempting to deprive the king of his title and dignity." This accusation was unsupported by evidence. His alleged treasonable letters to Bishop Fisher were not proved, on the ground that they had been destroyed. Judging from the legal position of the case at this juncture, it was Sir Thomas Audley's duty to direct the jury to return a verdict of not guilty. He, however, called upon the prisoner for his defence. A deep silence now prevailed; all present held their breath; every eye was fixed upon the victim. Sir Thomas More was beginning by expressing his apprehension "lest, his memory and wit being damaged with his health of body through long confinement, he should not be able properly to meet all the matters alleged against him."

When he found that he was unable to support himself by his staff his judges evinced a touch of humanity by ordering him a chair. When he was seated, after a few preliminary observations he considered the charges against him in their order. "As to the king's marriage," he said, "I confess that I always told his highness my opinion thereon as my conscience pointed out to me, which I neither would nor ought to have concealed. I do not consider it to be high treason to give my opinion on the subject where the king sought that opinion from me as his councillor. I should have basely flattered him if I had not uttered the whole truth unto his highness. As to the letters to Bishop Fisher, the king himself stated the contents of them, and showed that they were free from blame." †

On the charge that he had declined to declare his opinion when interrogated respecting the supremacy, he answered "that he could not transgress any law, or incur any crime of treason, by holding his peace; God alone being judge of our secret thoughts."

The attorney-general interposed, with much rudeness of manner saying: "Maister More, although we had not one word

* *English Chancellors*, vol. i.

† Roper's *Life of Sir Thomas More*.

or deed to assert against you, yet have we not your silence when asked whether you acknowledge the king to be the supreme head of Christ's church on earth, which is an evident sign of a malicious mind in you?" *

Sir Thomas More, however, reminded the crown lawyers of the maxim among canonists and citizens, "*Qui tacet consentire videtur.*" As to the last charge, Sir Thomas More argued that the only proof was his saying that "the Statute of Supremacy was a two-edged sword," which was interpreted as his reason for declining to answer, and could not be construed into a positive denial of the king's supremacy. He concluded his defence by solemnly declaring that he had "never spoken a word against the Supremacy Act to any living man." † The jury were of opinion that there was no evidence before them to convict the prisoner of high treason. They hesitated, and seemed for a few minutes to disregard the unmistakable looks and gestures of the judges and the attorney-general. But the suspense was soon removed by the appearance of a new witness in the person of the solicitor-general.

Maister Rich, "having been duly sworn," made a statement as to the "*confidential conversation*" which he had had with the prisoner in the Tower on the removal of the books, when Rich raised a question, as the reader is aware, touching the supremacy law, and asking More's opinion of the statute.

Every honorable man in court—apart from the judges and prosecutors—felt horrified at the conduct of the solicitor-general and the chief commissioners who permitted it. The suppressed murmur, however, subsided when Sir Thomas More rose, throwing aside his staff, and, with renewed vigor of mind and body, commenced his reply to the allegations of Rich: "My lords, if I were a man that did not regard an oath I would not at this time stand here in the way I do before you. If the oath which you have taken, Maister Rich, be true, then I pray I never see God in the face; which I would not say, were it otherwise, to gain the whole world." Having related the conversation with Rich, he continued: "In good faith, Maister Rich, I am more sad for your perjury than for my own peril. Know you that neither I, nor any man else to my knowledge, ever took you to be a man of such credit as either I or any other would

* Bribery and fraud in the administration of justice became notorious in those times. Sir Christopher Hales, the attorney-general, who prosecuted Sir Thomas More on the part of the crown, received a grant of a portion of the lands of the Priory of St. Gregory for his unblushing perversion of law and equity upon the trial of Sir Thomas More.

† Lord Campbell's *English Chancellors*, vol. ii.

vouchsafe to communicate with you on any matter of importance. As you well know, I have been acquainted with your manner of life and conversation for a long time, even from your youth upwards; for we dwelt in the same parish many years, and you were always considered very light in your tongue, a great dicer, a gamester, and not of any commendable or virtuous name in the Temple or elsewhere." *

Then, addressing Audley and the judges, More said: "Can it, therefore, seem likely to your lordships that in a case of such magnitude I should so unadvisedly overshoot myself as to trust Maister Rich—a man always reputed to be possessed of little truth or honesty?" Sir Thomas More continued his address for some time, and argued his case with all his wonted ability and with the energy of conscious rectitude. He made a deep impression on the spectators, and even Crumwell's carefully selected jury were again bewildered at the turn the trial took. At this juncture Rich felt alarmed and produced Southwell and Palmer, who accompanied him to the Tower, in order that they might corroborate his statements; but these gentlemen declined giving any evidence, declaring that they did not listen to the "confidential conversation" which passed between Rich and More. If Maister Rich presented a bold and shameless front at this moment, the chancellor was his superior in the strength of unblushing audacity—at once regardless of the honor of the ermine and the truth and equity that should characterize the office of a judge. Sir Thomas Audley, as the lord-chancellor of England, charged the jury. After complimenting the crown lawyers on the "ability and impartiality" with which they had conducted the case, he proceeded to dwell on the enormity of the offences charged against the prisoner, the danger to the king's highness and the tranquillity of the kingdom by the course followed by the prisoner. He defended the conduct of Maister Rich, stating that he gave his evidence with delicacy and reluctance, and from the most loyal and the most pure motives; that his testimony stood uncontradicted, if not corroborated, as the denial of the prisoner could not, of course, be taken into account; that as the words related by Maister Rich undoubtedly expressed the real sentiments of the prisoner, and were only abiding a necessary inference, there was every probability that they had been spoken. If the

* Sir Richard Rich was descended from a wealthy mercer of London, who built and endowed several almshouses for the poor and gave liberally to Peter's Pence. This worthy man lived about 1440. I refer the reader to vol. ii. p. 373 of the *Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty* for an account of Rich's career down to the moment of his sudden death, when he cried out, "*Bring me a confessor*," and the next moment expired.

jury, therefore, believed what Maister Rich related to them, then the case for the king's highness was established against the prisoner.

The jury retired, and returned into court in twenty minutes, declaring "Sir Thomas More guilty of high treason against his highness the king."

Sir Thomas Audley could not repress his too apparent pleasure at the verdict so recorded, and immediately proceeded to pronounce sentence of death, but was interrupted by Sir Thomas More. "My lords," said he, "when I was a judge it was the custom to ask the prisoner before sentence whether he could give any reason why judgment should not proceed against him."

Sir Thomas Audley became excited and admitted he had made a mistake.

The question was then put. Sir Thomas More, in his reply, denied the power of Parliament to pass the statute transferring the headship of the church from the Pope of Rome to the King of England. He took exception to the framing of the indictment and the manner in which the trial was conducted. But the judges were unanimous in their approval of the verdict, and Chancellor Audley pronounced sentence of death, "ordering that, after the head was cut off, the body should be made four quarters of and set over four gates of the city, and the head to be placed upon London Bridge."

Sir Thomas More again addressed the court, and now more freely expressed his opinions on the Supremacy Act. He said that, after having "studied the question for seven years, he could not discover by what possible means, or argument, or law a layman could become the head of the church. It appeared to him quite impossible."

Sir Thomas Audley asked him if he was wiser than all the learned men of Europe.

More replied "that, with very few exceptions, the learned men of Christendom were just of his way of thinking on this great question."

Sir John Fitz-James inquired if the prisoner had any more to add.

After a pause Sir Thomas More proceeded:

"As the blessed apostle St. Paul was present and consenting to the death of the proto-martyr, St. Stephen, keeping their clothes that stoned him to death, and yet they be now twain holy saints in heaven, and there shall continue friends for ever; so I verily trust, and shall therefore heartily

pray, that, though your lordships have been on earth my judges to condemnation, yet that we may hereafter meet in heaven merrily together to our everlasting salvation. And now, my lords, I heartily say, 'May God preserve you all, especially my sovereign lord the king, and grant him faithful councillors!'".

When Sir Thomas More resumed his seat a profound silence ensued, and after a few minutes he rose again, and, looking earnestly round the court, bowed to the judges, commissioners, and bar. He then took his departure for the Tower, with the headsman walking before him. Near the gates of the old fortress a painful incident occurred. His beloved daughter, Margaret Roper, rushed through the crowd, and, pushing aside the halberd-men, threw herself upon her father's neck and kissed him repeatedly, not able to speak, not able to cry. "And," writes a spectator, "this scene made the hearts of the very halberd-men full of grief; anon she did speak, and the tears rolled down her face when she said, 'O my father! O my father! are you going to leave us? Are they so wicked as to take your life?' The father replied that his daughter should submit to the will of God and pray for his enemies. She again clasped him in her arms, exclaiming, 'Dear loved father, your blessing again!'" "After this farewell he felt that the bitterness of death was over, and he awaited the execution of his sentence with cheerfulness." *

A few words as to Sir Thomas Audley. He held the Great Seal for a period of twelve years, during which, to please the humors of his royal master, he sanctioned, as lord-chancellor, the divorces of that royal master's three wives—the execution of two of them; the judicial murders of Fisher and More, and many others who, animated by their example, preferred death to a violation of conscience and dishonor; the spoliation of the church, and a large division of the plunder amongst those lawyers and needy squires who aided in carrying out the sacrilegious robbery; the recognition of the king as Christ's vicar on earth; the condemnation to the stake of those who denied transubstantiation, and to the scaffold of "all manner of persons" who had the honesty or the courage to reject the royal supremacy. On the passing of the Six Articles Sir Thomas Audley was vehement against the Reformers and entered into all the king's mystical scruples; he denounced the claims of the pope one day, and those of the Reformers next. His conduct to the aged Countess

* Condensed from Lord Campbell's *English Chancellors*, vol. i.; also Foss' *English Judges*, vol. v.; Thorndale's *Memorials;* State Papers of Henry's reign.

of Salisbury is the most heartless on record. To mention Sir Thomas More even in contrast with such a man as Audley seems unnecessary, and the name of More's less estimable predecessor, Cardinal Wolsey, acquires an added brightness when the moderation of Wolsey's ministry during the earlier years of Henry's reign is compared with the persecuting spirit which prevailed while Sir Thomas Audley presided as chancellor. A close review of Audley's disposition and actions at once condemns him. He was false, treacherous, mean, cowardly, and thoroughly devoid of any honorable principle. He professed friendship for many, and may have sworn such amities; but friendship in him had no real existence. King Henry was not slow in discovering that he had at last, according to *his* ideas of equity, put "the right man in the right place." It may truthfully be said of Audley that in every infamous action of King Henry he found a seconder in his lord-chancellor.

Whilst speaking of Audley I cannot resist relating a remark made by that high authority, Sir Henry Spelman, concerning the noted chancellor. Spelman states that Audley was one of those persons "punished for *sacrilege* by leaving no male heirs." Audley left an only daughter, who married the Duke of Norfolk whom Queen Elizabeth put to death for his endeavor to free the royal captive of Tutbury Castle—Mary Stuart. Had Audley lived till the reign of the "gentle Queen Bess" he would have realized a retribution more strange than the fanciful stigma of Sir Henry. Spelman, as he would have seen the daughter of *that* queen (Anna Boleyn) upon whose trial he had sat in judgment, and to whose judicial murder he had lent the aid of his talents, sign the death-warrant of his *own beloved daughter's husband.** Many cases resembling terrible retributive justice occurred in the reign of Elizabeth. The learned and blameless daughters of the Duke of Somerset, *the* man who struck down Catholicity in the reign of Edward VI., died almost in poverty. The descendants of the leading Puritans of a later period met with an immense reverse of fortune. And one of the last of Oliver Cromwell's family has been described by a writer of the last century as "an old cobbler, eighty years of age at the period of his death in one of the miserable back slums of London." The Crumwell family "all came to grief" and were pursued by strange misfortunes.

* Audley was raised to the peerage on the occasion of the king's marriage with Jane Seymour. He also received a large portion of the monastic confiscations. The principal service he rendered to the crown was that of arranging the trial and carrying to a successful issue the judicial murder of Anna Boleyn.

To return to the martyr in the Tower. The court party used every effort to induce Sir Thomas More to make a recantation of his opinions on the supremacy law; but, in the words of Audley, he "continued obstinate." The warrant was then issued for his execution. Having been informed that the "king was pleased to remit the severe parts of the sentence, and that he be *merely beheaded*," he expressed a hope that none of his friends might experience the like mercy from his highness the king.

The day before his execution he wrote with a piece of coal (pen and ink being prohibited) a parting letter to his daughter, Margaret Roper, containing farewell blessings to all his children, and even to his domestics. Adverting to their last interview, he says: "I never liked your manner towards me better than when you kissed me last, for I am most pleased when your daughterly love and dear charity have no leisure to look to worldly courtesy."

At an early hour on the morning of Tuesday, July 6, 1535, the illustrious prisoner received intelligence from Sir Thomas Pope that it was the "king's command that he should die before nine o'clock that morning." He was further requested to "make no speech to the people."

Sir Thomas More expressed his thanks for the "good tidings" and said he should obey the king's command. He begged one favor—namely, that his daughter Margaret might be present at his funeral; to which Pope replied: "The king is willing that your wife, children, and near friends may be present at your funeral." *

In two hours after this interview with Sir Thomas Pope the procession to the scaffold was formed. In his hand Sir Thomas More carried a red cross, and his looks were raised towards heaven. As he passed along the wife of a wine-merchant pressed through the crowd and offered him a goblet of wine. He gently refused, saying: "Christ at the time of his Passion drank no wine, but vinegar and gall." He was next addressed by Mrs. Rachel Chylde, who rudely demanded some law-papers she had given him to examine into her case when he was chancellor. He replied: "Good Mistress Rachel, in an hour hence his highness the king will rid me of the care I have had of thy papers."

Another woman charged him with having given an unjust judgment against her.

"I mind you well," he answered with much firmness, "and

* Roper's *Life of Sir Thomas More.*

were I again to give sentence in your cause I would not alter a word."

A mob was retained by the Boleyn party to deride and insult Sir Thomas More as he passed along to the scaffold. The conduct of the lower classes on this occasion was, according to Griffin and Thorndale, "brutal and disgraceful"; yet there were many edifying exceptions—"wives, children, and maidens stood forth upon the highway waving the cross and other emblems of religion." A citizen of Winchester threw himself at his feet and asked his prayers. "Go," said Sir Thomas, "and pray for me awhile, and when that while is gone I hope to be able to pray for you in heaven."

Having reached the scaffold, a murmur issued from the vast crowd, who were of the better class near the Tower, awaiting the "last farewell." The sight of the late lord-chancellor in such a position struck almost all present with horror, for there was an earnest popular opinion of his exalted virtues, his rectitude and amiability. Having knelt in prayer for a short time, Sir Thomas More rose, and, addressing the chief headsman in an air of pleasantry, handed him an angel in gold and said: "Pluck up thy spirit, man, and be not afraid to do thy office; my neck is very short; take heed, therefore, that thou strike not awry for saving thy honesty."

Sir Thomas More then briefly addressed the populace, stating that he died a true member of the Church of Rome, and for whose principles he was always willing to offer up his life. He was a loyal and true subject to King Henry and his family. From his heart he forgave his enemies, and died in peace with the world.

When the martyr had laid his head on the block he desired the executioner "to wait till he had removed his beard, for *that* had never offended his highness the king."

A signal was given, and at one blow the head was severed from the body and held up to the gaze of the horror-stricken people. In the course of the day the head was spiked on a pole and placed on London Bridge. The noble daughter subsequently received it, and preserved it as a precious relic during her life, and in her dying hour ordered it to be laid with her in the same grave.

Canon Dixon thus refers to the judicial murder of Sir Thomas More: "So died the noblest layman that *the Church of England has ever had.*"

In what sense is the reader to understand the above words?

Does Canon Dixon believe that More was a Protestant—a Protestant at a time when Protestantism could obtain no footing in the land? Of all the public men of the time—lay or clerical—More was the undoubted champion of everything in connection with the papacy. In some further observations upon the execution of More Mr. Dixon says: "*His head was hailed* and then fixed on London Bridge, when the head of Bishop Fisher had been flung into the river."* I suppose this command came from Lord Crumwell.

When the news of Sir Thomas More's execution reached the king he was playing at "tables" with Queen Anna; he was apparently startled, and, turning his eyes upon her, he is reported to have said, "Thou art the cause of this great and good man's death," and immediately retired to his private room and permitted no one to approach him.† The next day Henry was in a different mood. If he felt any real sorrow or remorse at the recollection of the times when he put his arm round Sir Thomas More's neck in the garden at Chelsea, or was instructed by him on the motion of the heavenly bodies from the house-top, or was amused by his jests and innocent stories at the dinner-table or supper, the feeling was transitory indeed; for he not only placed the head of his "beloved friend" where it must have been conspicuous to his own eye as he passed almost daily from Greenwich to old Whitehall, but gave further evidence of his unforgiving vengeance by expelling the widow and orphans from their residence at Chelsea. The king "did not leave Dame More," writes a contemporary, "a seat to sit upon nor a blanket to cover her, and the family were reduced to actual destitution; and the king's vengeance threatened any one who might aid the More family with either food or money." Popular feeling was thoroughly debased. The rabble applauded every action of the king which might hand over another victim to the headsman. The middle and upper classes only studied their own interests and personal safety. The clerical party, who in former reigns were ranged on the side of the oppressed, were now silent spectators of the direst and most heartless tyranny. The bishops were also silent. The invincible courage of Fisher was not to be found in their ranks.

The correspondence of Erasmus diffused a feeling of execration throughout Europe against Henry and his Council, and

* *History of the Church of England from the Abolition of the Roman Jurisdiction*, by the Rev. Canon Dixon, M.A., vol. i. p. 295.

† Lord Herbert's *Life of Henry VIII.*; Campbell's *English Chancellors*, vol. i.

English ambassadors abroad were "looked upon as the agents of an inhuman monster." Amongst Lutherans, as well as "papal and anti-papal Catholics," there was an unanimous denunciation of the murder of the "great, learned, and most worthy Englishman." * Charles V. sent for Sir Thomas Smythe, the English ambassador at his court, and addressed him as follows: "Sir Thomas Smythe, we understand that your royal master, the King of England, has put to death his wise and most trustworthy councillor, Sir Thomas More." Sir Thomas Smythe looked abashed and pretended ignorance of what occurred. "Well," continued the emperor, "it is true; and this we will say, that if he had been ours we should sooner have lost the best city in our dominions than so worthy a councillor." †

It seems to have been the delight of Erasmus to introduce men of learning and wit to More. Amongst the learned and witty who visited the happy home at Chelsea were Stephen Gardyner, Edward Fox, and other notable churchmen. Cresacre, the great-grandson of More, has chronicled anecdotes of his rich humor. He never laughed at his own witticisms, which flowed from him naturally and without an effort, but "he spoke them so gravely few could say whether he were in jest or earnest; yet, though he never left his mirth, his heart was ever humble and mortified, and all the while he exercised acts of self-denial which worldly men would have wondered at." Although More had corresponded with Erasmus, he had not yet seen the great scholar, who, with the desire to give a surprise customary at the time, called upon the chancellor without announcing himself. Sir Thomas More was so delighted with the conversation and learning of his visitor that he exclaimed: "You are either Erasmus or some being of the other world."

Collett informed Erasmus that in More's youth he was the greatest genius he knew of in England. Another contemporary states that he had many personal peculiarities. "He had a habit of walking with his right shoulder higher than his left, from no known motive but a desire to be singular." Cranmer's opinion of him was hostile. He thought Sir Thomas More "somewhat too conceited and desirous of esteem; that he would never vary from what he had once expressed, whether wrong or right, because he thought a change of opinion would lessen his reputation." Lord Crumwell had a great admiration

* *Reports from the English Ambassadors abroad as to Public Opinion concerning Maister More's Execution.*

† *Memoirs of Charles V.*; Despatches of Sir Thomas Smythe.

of More. When More refused to take the supremacy oath it was reported that Crumwell "wished his only son had lost his head rather than that Sir Thomas More should have refused the oath."* One of More's most endearing qualities was his warm friendship to those whom he selected for his intimacy; he was formed by nature for social attachments. Reginald Pole declared in after-life that he was prouder of the friendship of More and Fisher than that of all the great princes of Europe together. Cranvild states that he "would not exchange the acquaintance and sweet conversation and friendship of More for the wealth of Crœsus." On another occasion the witty chancellor told Cranvild that his "love and courtesy shook away sorrow from him." "And," he added, "I know no other remedy for the shortness of my friend's letters but to read them again and again." "I know," says Erasmus, "my dear Sir Thomas, that your delight is to be rich in faithful friends, and that in this you reckon to consist your greatest earthly happiness. For the delight which other men take in dice, chess, cards, music, and hunting is less than what you find in intercourse with a learned and congenial companion. And so, though I know you are well stored with this kind of riches, yet because I know a covetous man can never have enough, and that this manner of dealing of mine has before now changed luckily both to you and to me, I deliver to your keeping one friend more, whom I would have you accept with your whole heart. As soon as you know him I look to be thanked by you both, as I was by Cranvild, who now so possesses your love that I am well-nigh envious of him."

In writing to Peter Giles, of Antwerp, More describes his various occupations:

"Whilst in pleading, in hearing or deciding causes, or composing disputes as an arbitrator, in waiting on some men about business and on others out of respect, the greater part of the day is spent on other men's affairs, the remainder of it must be given to my family at home, so that I can reserve no part of it to myself—that is, to study. I must gossip with my wife, and chat with my children, and find something to say to my servants; for all these things I reckon a part of my business, unless I were to become a stranger in my own house; for with whomsoever either nature or choice has engaged a man in any relation of life, he must endeavor to make himself as acceptable as he can. In such occupations days, months, and years slip along; and what time, think you, is left for writing?—without saying anything of what is wasted in sleep and meals, which consume nearly half our lives."

Many accounts have been handed down of the domestic life

* Froude's *History of England*, vol. ii.

of Sir Thomas More, but the incidents, as retold by Erasmus, are delightful. In the happy household at Chelsea the duties of religion were never omitted; every hour was employed in useful study or intellectual intercourse; gentleness was the spirit that guided, and love the bond that united, Sir Thomas More, his loving daughters, and his faithful and admiring friends. Erasmus says:

"With what gentleness does my friend regulate his household, where misunderstandings and quarrels are altogether unknown! Indeed, the host is looked up to as a general healer of all differences, and was never known to part from any on terms of unkindness. His house seems to enjoy the peculiar happiness that all who dwell under its roof go forth into the world bettered in their morals as well as improved in their own condition; and no spot was ever known to fall on the reputation of any of its fortunate inhabitants. Here you might imagine yourself in the Academy of Plato. But, indeed, I should do injustice to his house by comparing it with the school of that philosopher, where nothing but abstract questions and occasionally moral virtues were the subjects of discussion; it would be truer to call it a school of religion and an arena for the exercise of all the Christian virtues. All its inmates apply themselves to liberal studies, though piety is their first care. No wrangling or angry word is ever heard within the walls. No one is idle; every one does his duty with alacrity, and regularity and good order are prescribed by the mere force of courtesy and kindness. Every one performs his allotted task, and yet all are as cheerful as if mirth were their only employment. Surely such a household deserves to be called a school of the Christian religion."

The Furnival Inn was the scene of Sir Thomas More's interesting readings and public lectures. The king and his courtiers and many foreigners of distinction attended those readings. On one occasion six bishops and four judges were present, and the king is represented as making a short speech congratulating More on the delightful topics he brought forward. The lectures were continued for four years. Thorndale relates that "King Henry attended very often, and was the most unassuming, pleasant gentleman amongst the assemblage, and seemed highly pleased at the witticisms, jokes, and anecdotes elicited at those rare gatherings of English gentlemen with their king seated in the midst of them." "Those were happy times," remarks Dr. Frances, "when a king sat down and freely discoursed with his subjects upon the commonplace incidents of life, and then to books, music, painting, and architecture. Who could contemplate the dark and terrible future?"

Sir Thomas More was not fond of money. He felt a pleasure in giving rather than in receiving. Nothing pleased him so much as the power to do a good office for those who were in

need. When at Chelsea he "rambled about the lanes and by-ways alone, giving alms to the poor villagers whom he sought out in this way, with a liberality whose extent was known to God alone." The south chancel of Chelsea church was rebuilt by his munificence and furnished with a service of altar plate; the gift was accompanied with one of those observations almost prophetic. "Good men," he remarked, "give these things, and bad people take them away." Of a selfish husbanding of his means he appeared incapable. There is scarcely an instance on record, perhaps, except the following, of his taking any pains to recover money which he had lent, and then he made it the occasion of a joke. Having lent fifty crowns to an attorney, who showed no disposition to repay it, he ventured to give a hint on the subject; but the borrower commenced to moralize on the contempt of riches and the sinfulness of hoarding up money. He told More that, whether lawyers or citizens, we should not set our heart on money; that our time in this world was brief, and that it behooved us to remember the maxim, "Memento morieris." "There you have it exactly," answered More; "follow up your maxim, my friend: Memento Mori æris" ("Remember More's money!")

This illustrious man had an aversion to the profession of the law. He admitted no lawyers into his "Utopia," and gives them but a questionable character: "I consider them," he says, "as a people whose business it is to disguise matters and to wrest the law at their pleasure."

So intimate and offhand was the king with Sir Thomas More that whilst the latter resided at Chelsea his sovereign sauntered along the road, unaccompanied by a single attendant, till he reached the happy home of his chief minister, and then, "dropping in at dinner-hour," told his host that he "came in a friendly manner to partake of his belly-cheer, have a walk in the fields and a stoup of liquor in the library, and, as a matter of course, a gossip about books and a game of chess." The "happy home" was seldom without a few visitors—"congenial spirits," as Thorndale describes them. Amongst the "more homely guests," as Dr. Logario puts it, "were Archbishop Warham; Leland, the antiquary; Father Haughton, the subsequent martyr of the Carthusian convent; and Dean Collett, Sir Thomas More's confessor." What a gathering of the great and good!

Upon the burning of his outhouses and barns, which were filled with corn, More wrote a very consoling letter to "Mistress Alyce," as he styles the antiquated dame who became his second

wife.* He begs of her "to be reconciled to the will of God in all things." This document gives some idea of the manners and customs of private life in a remote age. Its great charm is to be found in the unaffected piety, in the faith of heart, and in the kindliness of disposition which it evinces.†

I here introduce one of the chancellor's judgments, that has been preserved amongst his legal notes:

"It happened on a time that a beggar-woman's little dog, which she had lost, was presented for a jewel to Lady More, and she had kept it some se'nnight very carefully; but at last the beggar had notice where the dog could be found, and presently she came to complain to Sir Thomas More, as he was sitting in the Justice Hall, that his lady withheld her dog from her. Presently Lady More had to appear in court, accompanied by the little dog. Sir Thomas, taking in his hands the dog, caused his wife, because she was the worthier person, to stand at the upper end of the hall, and the beggar at the lower end, and, saying that he sat there to do every one justice, he bade each of them call the dog; which when they did, the dog went presently to the beggar, forsaking my lady. When the chancellor saw this movement on the part of the dog he bade the lady be contented, for the sensible dog did not belong to her. The lady repined at the sentence, and in the presence of the chancellor made a regular purchase of the dog from the beggar for one golden angel. All parties seemed agreed; and the beggar retired comparatively independent." Upon this incident the noble author of the *English Chancellors* remarks: "It must be acknowledged that Solomon himself could not have heard and determined the case more wisely or more equitably."

I cannot omit the eloquent and earnest prayer said to have been written by Sir Thomas More in his Latin diary, which may be regarded as a reflex of his inner life—of his ever-present devotion to the omnipotent Creator of heaven and earth:

"Illumine, Good Lord, my heart; Glorious God, give me from henceforth Thy grace so to set and fix firmly mine heart upon Thee that I may say with St. Paul, The world is crucified to me, and I unto the world: take from me all vain-glorious minds, and all appetites of mine own praise. Give me, good Lord, an humble, lowly, quiet, peaceable, patient, charitable, kind, tender, and pitiful mind, and, in all my works, and words, and thoughts, to have a taste of Thy Holy Spirit. Give me a full Faith, a firm Hope, a Fervent Charity, and a love to Thee incomparably above the love to myself. May I love nothing to Thy displeasure, but everything in order to Thee. Give me a longing to be with Thee; not for avoiding the calamities of this wicked world, nor so much the pains of Purgatory nor of Hell, nor

* Two years after the judicial murder of Sir Thomas More the king granted twenty pounds to his widow, who was then in distress—a miserable instalment from the plunder of the great chancellor's property.

† The letter in question is printed in Lord Campbell's *English Chancellors*, vol. i. I regret that "space," always so valuable in a magazine like THE CATHOLIC WORLD, makes it impossible for me to produce it.

so much for the attaining of the choice of Heaven in respect of mine own commodity, as even for a very love of Thee."

Many anecdotes are related of More as chancellor which, while they show his integrity, raise a suspicion that corruption in the judgment-seat had not been previously uncommon. The poorest suitor obtained ready access to him and speedy trial, while the wealthy offered presents in vain and the claims of kindred found no favor. Even his son-in-law, refusing, in his reliance on the chancellor's family affection, to fall into a reasonable arbitrament, was obliged to submit to "a flat decree against him." The custom of presenting New Year's gifts often afforded a cover to suitors in his court for tendering bribes, which, when attempted, he would with sly humor evade. The other judges took the presents, or bribes, in open court with unblushing audacity. On one particular occasion a rich widow named Rose Croker, who had obtained a decree against Lord Arundel, presented Sir Thomas More, one New Year's day, "with a pair of gloves and forty pounds in golden angels in the said gloves. Emptying the golden pieces into the lady's lap, he told her that, as it was against good manners to forsake a gentlewoman's New Year's gift, he would take her gloves, but refuse the lining."

A portrait of Sir Thomas More, by Holbein, was to be seen in 1867 in the Louvre, at Paris, which was supposed to be the one of which Baldinucci relates an anecdote. "The King of England," he says, "had a portrait of his chancellor (More), which he placed in a large room with the pictures of other learned men. On the day of the chancellor's death on the scaffold the king was angry with his queen and told her she was the cause of his death. Queen Anna went to the apartment where the picture was, and, looking at it, she was suddenly seized with remorse and horror; she fancied that its gaze was fixed on her reproachfully; she flung the picture out of the window, exclaiming: 'O mercy! the man seems to be still alive; he is looking at me, he is looking at me!'" It is further alleged that the picture fell into the hands of some one passing at the moment, who sent it to the pope. Another tradition connected with this picture states that it was amongst the rare collections carried by Bonaparte to the Louvre, and that at the period when the works of art were restored to the Vatican Prince Talleyrand contrived to have this picture retained.

The hair-shirt which More wore in "penitential seasons" was left by Margaret Roper, at her death, to her cousin, Margaret

Clements, a nun in the Augustinian convent at Louvain. At the time of the French Revolution this community removed to Spetisbury, in Dorsetshire, where the interesting relic is still preserved entire, with the exception of one of the sleeves, which had been presented by the Augustinian nuns to the convent of St. Dominic at Stone, in Staffordshire. The shirt is made of hogs' bristles twisted into a kind of net.

Margaret Roper was buried in St. Dunstan's Church, Canterbury. For one hundred years subsequent to her death the leaden box containing her father's head was to be seen resting on her coffin. In 1835 the Roper vault was examined, and a small niche closed with an iron grating was found in the wall above, into which the box containing the head of Sir Thomas More was removed; and I understand it still remains in the same spot.

One of More's early biographers observes: "With alacrity and spiritual joy he received the fatal axe, which no sooner had severed the head from the body but his soul was carried by angels into everlasting glory, where a crown of martyrdom was placed upon him which can never fade or decay."

"The innocent mirth," says Addison, "which had been so conspicuous in his life did not forsake him to the last. His death was of a piece with his life; there was nothing in it new, forced, or affected. He did not look upon the severing of his head from his body as a circumstance which ought to produce any change in the disposition of his mind, and, as he died in a fixed and settled hope of immortality, he thought any unusual degree of sorrow and concern improper."

The author of the *English Chancellors* remarks that "More's character, both in public and private life, comes as near to perfection as our nature will permit." The noble author continues: "*With all my Protestant zeal,* I must feel a higher reverence for Sir Thomas More than for *Lord Crumwell or Archbishop Cranmer.* I am, indeed, reluctant to take leave of More, not only from his agreeable qualities and extraordinary merit, but from my abhorrence of the mean, sordid, and unprincipled chancellors who succeeded and made the latter half of Henry's reign the most disgraceful period in our annals." *

Although Mr. Froude holds a prominent place amongst the hero-worshippers of Henry VIII., nevertheless he affirms that "the execution of the philosophic chancellor of England was

* Ellis' *Royal Letters*, first series, vol. i.; Lord Campbell's *English Chancellors*, vol. i. p. 588; Foss' *English Judges*, vol. v.; and in *Baga de Secretis* are to be seen several interesting matters in relation to the last days of More.

sounded out into the far-off corners of the earth, and was the world's wonder, as well for the circumstances under which it was perpetrated as for the preternatural composure with which it was borne. . . . Something of his calmness may have been due to his natural temperament, something to an unaffected weariness of a world which, in his eyes, was plunging into the ruin of the latter days. But those fair hues of sunny cheerfulness caught their colors from the simplicity of his faith; and never was there a grander Christian victory over death than in that last scene lighted with its lambent humor."

The Lutheran princes and their followers in Germany expressed their horror at the immolation of the illustrious chancellor of England. The universities of Europe, through their great scholars and philosophers, deplored the loss which the rising literature of the age had sustained by the sacrifice of Thomas More. Erasmus in forcible language denounced the judicial murder of the great genius—Virtue's model of perfection. Which of the crimes of Nero was comparable with the murder of Seneca? What weighed so heavily on the memory of Marc Antony as the death of Cicero, on the mind of Augustus as his resentment against Ovid? "No such culprit as Thomas More," exclaims a student of history, "has stood at the bar of justice in Europe for one thousand years." No wonder, then, that such a universal shout of execration was raised against Henry Tudor. The condemnation of Socrates is the only parallel in history; nor could Socrates claim a moral superiority over Thomas More. Quite impossible. There is, however, little to lament in the glorious end of such Christian martyrs as John Fisher and Thomas More, who cheerfully laid down their lives in the cause of the unity and truth of the Catholic Church, and the liberties of England which were so long associated with that holy and time-honored institution.

THE ANTI-CATHOLIC SPIRIT OF CERTAIN WRITERS.

One of the characteristics of the present age is the spirit towards the Catholic Church which is systematically manifested in every department of literature. Take up a magazine, a review, or a newspaper, and every subject will be found to be treated not only from a *non*-Catholic but from an *anti*-Catholic point of view. It is assumed as a matter of course that all readers are inimical to Catholicity and are pleased to see it abused and ridiculed. There was no excuse for this even when the number of Catholic readers in English-speaking countries was inconsiderable. There was no excuse for Sir Walter Scott, in the most beautiful of his novels, *Ivanhoe*, to have described the monks and priests as "fat," "jolly," and "lazy," and to have made the worst character in the book a Knight of the Holy Temple. Scott knew that it was the Catholic priests and bishops of England who joined with the barons in wresting Magna Charta from King John.

But if there was no excuse for this intolerant spirit sixty years ago, when English Catholic readers were few and English Catholic writers were unknown, it is absolutely unpardonable now, when some of the brightest intellects, the profoundest thinkers and most gifted men, are members of the Catholic Church. A religion which numbers, or has recently numbered, a Wiseman, a Newman, a Manning, a Faber, a Brownson, a Kenrick, a Hughes, a Montalembert, an Ozanam, a De Vere, a Lacordaire, a Görres, a Balmes, a Cantù, a Manzoni, and many others more or less distinguished in literature, should command at least the respect of all intelligent writers. Yet, notwithstanding this glorious array of Catholic *literati*, the editors of some of our "popular" magazines and many writers have no hesitation about raising their voices against the religion of nine millions of their fellow-countrymen and two hundred and twenty-five millions of their fellow human beings. Even the brilliant but bigoted Macaulay said there is not and never was on this earth a work so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church. In this country especially Catholics should be appreciated and their religion respected: it was the Catholic Carroll who risked more than any other of the signers of the Declaration of Inde-

pendence; it was the Catholic Barry who first raised the American flag on a man-of-war; it was a Catholic priest, the Reverend John Carroll, afterwards the first Archbishop of Baltimore, who was selected by Congress to accompany Franklin on his mission to Canada; it was the Catholics Lafayette, Pulaski, and Kosciusko who, with the brave Catholic soldiers of France, contributed so much to gaining American independence. Evangeline, the most charming character in American poetical literature, was a Catholic.

Let us answer the anti-Catholic spirit of the age in the eloquent language of Montalembert in the French Chamber of Peers: "Do what you will and can against us, the church will answer you by the mouth of Tertullian and the gentle Fénelon: 'You have nothing to fear from us; but we do not fear you.' And I add, in the name of Catholic laymen like myself in this nineteenth century: We will not be Helots in the midst of free people. We are the successors of the martyrs, and we do not tremble before the successors of Julian the Apostate. We are the sons of the Crusaders, and we will not draw back before the sons of Voltaire."

This anti-Catholic spirit is so general in modern literature that even the gentle and gifted Hawthorne yielded to it. In the *Marble Faun*, the last and best of his romances, he indulges in supercilious flings at what he calls "the iniquities of the papal system"; he speaks of "that mass of unspeakable corruption, the Roman Church"; he sneers at "scarlet superstitions," etc. He denounces the Roman priesthood as "pampered, sensual, with red, bloated cheeks," etc. He resurrects the stale and defunct calumnies against the Jesuits which were first invented three hundred years ago when the religious revolutionists of Germany were driven back from the fairest portions of Europe by the intrepid sons of St. Ignatius. He charges that the "mighty machinery of the Catholic Church was forged and put together, not on the middle of the earth, but either above or below. If there were angels to work it before, there is a very different class of engineers who now manage its cranks and safety-valves." He makes one of his characters say of the most glorious temple ever raised by human hands: "The best thing I know of St. Peter's is its equable temperature. It has no cure, I suspect, in all its length and breadth, for sick souls, but would make an admirable hospital for sick bodies." He says "the exquisite ingenuity of the [Roman] system stamps it as the contrivance of man or some worse author." He makes the gentle Hilda, after unbosoming

herself of a terrible secret in the confessional, Puritan and Protestant though she was, say to the good old priest who had consoled her in her trouble: "God forbid that I should ask absolution from mortal man! Our heavenly Father alone can forgive sins" —just as if any Catholic supposed that man *could* forgive sin, except by the power of God vested in him by the plain, unmistakable words of Jesus Christ: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven." We have no intention to underrate Hawthorne's remarkable talents, although we cannot agree with his admirers who have compared him with Shakspere; but as one of the most illustrious of American writers we regret the spirit of bigotry that pervades his work. He seeks not to describe beauty but crime, otherwise he might have found beauty united with truth behind the veil which conceals the Bride of Christ from profane or unbelieving eyes.

In *Villette* Charlotte Brontë introduces a scene similar to the confession of Hilda, and, though the daughter of an English clergyman and reared in the atmosphere of prejudice, she shows in this instance less bigotry than our American Hawthorne. But even she does not allow the occasion to pass without a bigoted fling: "She would as soon have thought of walking into the Babylonian furnace as venture again within that worthy priest's reach." Such has been, such is, the literary spirit of Protestants in the nineteenth century. If in this one instance Charlotte Brontë was moderate (as the times go), she made up for it in other places. She repeats the old charges of "superstition," "priestcraft," etc., until we throw down her books with disgust. It is strange that Protestant ingenuity has not invented in all these years some new slander against the church of God. Charlotte Brontë charges the church with "doing little for man's good and less for God's glory"; that the sole object of all the church did was "that the priesthood might march straight on and straight upward to the all-dominating eminence whence they might at last stretch the sceptre of their Moloch church." Her bigotry and ignorance come out fully in the following paragraph: "People talk of the danger which Protestants expose themselves to in going to reside in Catholic countries, and thereby running the chance of changing their faith. My advice to all Protestants who are so besotted as to turn Catholic is to walk over the sea on to the Continent; to attend Mass sedulously for a time; to note well the mummeries thereof, also the idiotic, mercenary aspect of all the priests; and *then*, if they are still disposed to consider papistry in any other light

than a most feeble, childish piece of humbug, let them turn papist at once, that's all. I consider Methodism, Quakerism, and the extremes of High and Low Churchism foolish, but Roman Catholicism beats them all. At the same time allow me to tell you that there are some Catholics who are as good as any Christians can be to whom the Bible is a sealed book, and much better than many Protestants." Such amazing ignorance might have been expected from an itinerant preacher addressing a crowd of Yorkshire rustics in a barn, but coming from an educated Englishwoman who had lived in Catholic Belgium it only shows the spirit of the age in regard to Catholicity.

Suppose a Catholic should write a novel—a religious or non-religious novel—and speak of Protestantism as Protestant writers speak of Catholicity, what a cry would be raised by the universal press, secular and sectarian! The ignorance of even educated Protestants upon all Catholic matters is really astonishing. Men who would be ashamed not to know the ceremonies of a pagan system which perished nearly two thousand years ago are not ashamed to be ignorant of the ceremonies of the church which has existed with undiminished vigor for nearly two thousand years.

The sublimest egotist of the nineteenth century, Carlyle, who spent the greater part of his long life in querulous repining at whatever was, without offering a practical remedy for the evils complained of, thus attempts to throw ridicule upon the head of that church whose literary, artistic, and scientific glory should have commanded his respect, if its manifest divinity did not convince his reason: "The pope is the supreme priest, who believes God to be—what in the name of God does he believe God to be? —and discerns that all worship of God is a scenic phantasmagoria of wax candles, organ-blasts, Gregorian chants, Mass-pratings, purple monsignori, flowers, etc., all artistically spread out—to save the ignorant from worse." This philosophical dreamer, who complaisantly sat smoking his pipe while his wife scrubbed the kitchen-floor before his eyes, might have learned from the teachings and example of the Catholic Church the spirit of meekness, humility, and charity which were sadly wanting in the self-worshipping sage of Chelsea. Length of life is a great maker of reputations; had Disraeli died at forty-six instead of seventy-six the world would never have known of the fame of the Earl of Beaconsfield, and his reputation as a public man would not have been more enduring than the reputation of that epitome of British prejudice and intolerance, Lord John Russell. Had

Carlyle died at forty-five instead of eighty-five his life would not have been deemed worthy of being written; he would have been spared the affliction of having Mr. Froude as his editor and biographer, and the world would have been spared the painful details of a domestic life unparalleled in literary history. Carlyle's wife was a lady, gently reared and exquisitely gifted, but the cold egotist made her a domestic drudge. She married him for ambition, but was forced to confess that, although his career far surpassed all her expectations, she was miserable. We frankly confess that we cannot join in the enthusiasm for Carlyle in which some, especially young men, indulge. We cannot help thinking that language should be written plainly enough to be understood. Carlyle thought, or affected to think, otherwise. His Germanized jargon is so obscure that the meaning is often lost in a cloud of words. In 1850 Macaulay wrote a sentence which seemed to point at Carlyle: "How little the all-important art of making meaning pellucid is studied now! Hardly any popular writer, except myself, thinks of it. Many seem to aim at being obscure. Indeed, they may be right enough in one sense; for many readers give credit for profundity to whatever is obscure, and call all that is perspicuous shallow." In the happy language of Shakspere, we might say that Carlyle "speaks an infinite deal of nothing. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them, they are not worth the search."

Macaulay's *History of England* is unsurpassed for brilliancy of style and bitterness of prejudice. Written in the middle of this century, when the Catholic Church in England had been restored to its long-denied rights and privileges, he displays a spirit of bigotry worthy of the worst days of Puritan intolerance. "Popish priests," "Romish superstition," "Popish idolatry," and other insulting expressions are found on every page of his work. He was the Whig historian of a Whig revolution. He can see no good in the Catholic James II. and no evil in the Protestant William III. The one he paints as a fool and a tyrant, the other as a hero and a patriot. He brings out all the worst points in the character of James and suppresses all the worst points in the character of William. He seems to hate the house of Stuart with a personal hatred and to love the house of Orange with a personal love. Some of the most striking pages in Macaulay's *History of England* are devoted to a rapid sketch of the Jesuits. No writer, Catholic or Protestant, has given in so short a space

so graphic an account of this celebrated order. He speaks of their learning, their eloquence, their scientific researches, their self-denying devotion and apostolic zeal, their courage and fortitude in the midst of dangers and tortures, but he attempts to take away all the admiration justly merited by the Society of Jesus by repeating the charges of "time-serving," "the end justifies the means," and other baseless fabrications which malice and ignorance have used with unscrupulous pertinacity for more than three centuries. All readers are familiar with the magnificent tribute to the Church of Rome in Macaulay's review of Ranke's *History of the Popes.* He says the church was great and powerful before the Franks had crossed the Rhine, before the Saxons had invaded Britain, when Grecian eloquence was still heard at Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca, and he adds that famous prophecy, "that the church may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's," but, in harmony with the spirit of the age, he attributes all the marvellous vigor of the "ever-ancient and ever-new" church to human agencies. He sees not the Spirit of God inspiring and directing the church.

Macaulay was the best-read man of his day; the ancient classics were as familiar to him as modern literature; he spoke truthfully when he said,

> "Mine all the past, and all the future mine."

It is strange that a man of such immense information should be so prejudiced, that a man so enlightened on all subjects should be buried in a Bœotian ignorance as to the divinity of the church which he himself says "links together the two great ages of human civilization." He visits Rome and goes straight from the hotel to St. Peter's: "In I went, and I was for a moment fairly stunned by the magnificence and harmony of the interior. I never in my life saw, and never, I suppose, shall again see, anything so astonishingly beautiful. I really could have cried with pleasure." He appreciates St. Peter's because it stands in majestic beauty before his eyes, but the tombs of the early martyrs he does not believe in, though he has no doubt that Virgil's tomb is authentic.

We regret that so clever and graceful a writer as Mr. Howells should sink to this anti-Catholic prejudice and pronounce the august ceremonies of St. Peter's "tedious and

empty," and speak of what he is pleased to call "the revolting character of modern Romanism." We confess we did not expect to find in so "enlightened" and "liberal" a writer such coarse misrepresentation and childish drivel as the following passage from his *Venetian Life:*

"To see this superstition in all its proper grossness and deformity you must go into some of the Renaissance churches, fit tabernacles for that droning and mumming spirit which has deprived all young and generous men in Italy of religion, which makes the priests a bitter jest and byword, which has rendered the population ignorant, vicious, and hopeless, which gives its friendship to tyranny and its hatred to freedom, which destroys the life of the church that it may sustain the power of the pope."

Mr. Howells spent a few years in Italy, but, judging from the above specimen, we cannot say that travel has liberalized his mind.

We shall make only a passing allusion to the polished pages of Prescott, which swarm with Puritan prejudice against all things Catholic, or to the narrow-minded bigotry against Catholicity which filled the heart, the mind, and the soul of Charles Dickens.

In pleasing contrast with all these, and the peer of the best of them, stands the broad-minded, whole-souled Thackeray. He never sneered at or disparaged the church of Christian antiquity. Driving through an American city, he passed a Catholic cathedral, and said, "After all, that is the only thing that can be called a church." The reader of *Henry Esmond* will find how dear to Thackeray was the Catholic doctrine of the intercession of saints, "the departed soul still loving and praying for us"; whenever he introduces a "papist" it is not to sneer at him. The priest, with downcast eyes, reading his breviary in the cars, while the fierce and fanatical John Bull glares at him over his *Times;* Father Holt is Henry Esmond's early friend; the worldly-minded Lady Steyne weeping when Becky Sharp plays some of the familiar music of her early convent days; and that pious Catholic lady, Mme. de Florac, beautiful in her old age, remembering in her prayers the soul of her dying lover, a ruined but yet noble Christian gentleman—these show the feeling which actuated Thackeray wherever Catholicity is concerned.

The poets have generally been free from the spirit of intolerance towards the church which too often disgraces prose-writers. Some of Longfellow's most beautiful poems are Catholic in subject and treatment. Shakspere is so Catholic in many of his sentiments that it is still a mooted question whether he was not a Ca-

tholic. Even Byron, sceptic as he was, saw and appreciated the beauty of that religion of which Dante was an humble believer. Dryden and Pope were both Catholics, and, although they did not always live up to the teachings of the church, they died fortified by its holy sacraments. One of Poe's most beautiful poems is addressed to the Blessed Virgin, and had he lived longer his love of the true and the beautiful might have led him to the bosom of that church which Goethe was too proud to embrace.

The so-called modern scientists affect to sneer at Catholic conservatism, forgetting or ignorant of the fact that Christendom owes to Catholics all the leading scientific discoveries and inventions in the past—parchment and paper, printing and engraving, improved glass and steel, gunpowder, clocks, telescopes, the mariner's compass, the reformed calendar, chemistry, etc. Yet, in the face of these irresistible facts, the so-called "advanced thinkers" of the day have the effrontery to denounce the church as an enemy of modern progress—she is indeed an enemy of that "progress" which leads to infidelity, and of which Tyndall and Huxley are the living representatives. These latter-day evangelists of materialism wander in a maze of absurdity in their vain endeavor to place nature above the God of nature, a man above his Creator. Their teachings are vague, uncertain, undetermined; like an undirected letter, they reach nowhere. They appear before the world with morality on their lips, but the experience of six thousand years teaches us that virtue without religion is dead, that morality without God is unknown. George Eliot, after a doubtful connection with the man of her heart, proclaimed as her creed that she desired no future that would break the ties of the past. The language of these modern scientists is full of sound, but really signifies nothing. What does Huxley mean when he teaches that the "highest content is to be attained by continually striving towards those high peaks where, resting in eternal calm, reason discerns the undefined but bright ideal of the highest good"? This is simply words, words, words, a delusion and a snare; and this is what men of science offer in exchange for God and heaven. In short, we, the "heirs of all the ages," are coolly asked to give up our supernatural birthright, our heavenly home, a future happiness which it hath not entered into the mind of man to conceive, for such stuff as dreams are made of. What is this "highest happiness" of which these shallow men speak so constantly? Has Professor Huxley ever enjoyed it? If so, when and where?

Professor Huxley would use a cloud of words in attempting

to explain these things, but will his explanation satisfy any man of sense—a man not already degraded to the condition of the positive thinker? The professor dogmatically denies that a man has any right to supernatural faith, but declares positively that he will not "for one moment admit that morality is not strong enough to hold its own." These so-called philosophers, while talking about "moral beauty," in fact open the way to the most degrading depravity that the world has ever seen by leaving man to his natural instincts—witness the orgies at the suppers of the Regent Orleans and the beastly licentiousness of Tiberius at Capri. Leslie Stephen contemptuously declares that "the impertinent young curate who tells me that I shall be burned everlastingly for not sharing his superstition is just as ignorant as I am myself, and I know as much about it as my dog." This reminds us of the young "philosopher" mentioned in the *Spectator*, who, after a season in London, returned to his country home a complete infidel, and told his father that he did not believe he had a soul any more than a dog. "Then," said the irascible old gentleman, "if you think you will die like a dog you shall live like a dog," and kicked him out of the house. Mr. Leslie Stephen and his fellow-philosophers may glory in the belief that they are like dogs, but we prefer to rest our hopes upon the divine promises believed in for six thousand years, not upon the vain delusions of to-day. How any sane man can look up to the starry heavens, and say chance placed the myriads of worlds there and holds them in limitless space, is beyond our comprehension. Show these "leaders of modern thought" a house, a steam-engine, and ask them whether these things came into existence by chance; they will tell you that they had a maker, a creator. If such material things had a creator, how much more the stars of the firmament and the great globe which we inhabit!

In the magnificent language of Antigone:

> "The unwritten and the enduring laws of God,
> Which are not of to-day nor yesterday,
> But live from everlasting, and none breathes
> Who knows them whence begotten."

These "advanced thinkers" talk much about an earthly paradise. Where is it? In what does it consist? Who inhabit it? Where has it been these six thousand years? The philosophic teaching of these men is an idle dream unworthy the deliberate consideration of intelligent minds. Has their gospel of irreligion brought peace and good-will to the world? Has it improved humanity?

Has it elevated the minds of men to better and nobler things? Can these false philosophers hope that their teachings will incite to virtues to which heaven could not incite, or lure men from vices from which hell-fire could not scare them? They argue with some ingenuity against faith, but what do they offer us in exchange for it? What do they believe? If they believe nothing they are not qualified to teach others what to believe or disbelieve. Matthew Arnold puts the case very clearly when he says: "There is truth of science and truth of religion; truth of science does not become truth of religion until it is made religious. Let us have science from the men of science, and religion from the men of religion."

The heart of man is naturally religious, and even in the midst of the irreligious spirit of the age there are many hearts aching for the religion they have been taught to despise. Cardinal Newman says there is no medium in true philosophy between atheism and Catholicity, and a perfectly sustained mind must embrace either the one or the other, and adds: "I am a Catholic by virtue of my belief in a God, and if I am asked why I believe in a God I answer that it is because I believe in myself, that I find it impossible to believe in my own existence without also believing in the existence of God." The human soul demands an object worthy of its faith, and finds such an object in God alone, to worship whom elevates the worshipper. In the language of the American Catholic poet, George H. Miles, in his beautiful dramatic poem "Mohammed":

> "I would rather be a beggar with a God
> To worship, than an emperor without one."

For more than eighteen hundred years the Catholic Church has sustained unmoved the attacks of heresy, schism, and infidelity, and is now more powerful and numerous than ever before. If the church did not stand before the world as "the pillar and ground of truth," ever battling against the spirit of infidelity, the chaotic condition foretold by Pope in the conclusion of the "Dunciad" would come to pass:

> "Philosophy, that lean'd on heaven before,
> Shrinks to her second cause and is no more.
> Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
> And unawares Morality expires. . . .
> Lo, thy dread empire, Chaos! is restored;
> Light dies before thy uncreating word.
> Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall,
> And universal darkness buries all."

OUT OF THE WEST.

III.

And now "hard times," that had been to them a rumor connected with distant cities and the larger towns, began to make themselves felt up at Gruenwald. The most prosperous of the settlers began to retrench even their comparatively small expenses, and that told directly upon the poorer still who depended on these, and already with such it was "living from hand to mouth." Edmond prudently forbore a contemplated dairy extension, and would have sold his only cow had it involved any luxury of butter; but it counted too largely in the living of the hungry little flock, in its substitution for meat, to be spared. But he went without the winter coat that he had counted on. "Thank God," he would sometimes say, "with our abundant wood warmth cannot fail us indoors, and we must move the livelier outside."

But Margaret was equally self-denying, and it hurt him to see her making the slow journey in the ox-cart on Sundays—there being no longer a horse to ride—and covering little Waldemar and herself in the well-worn outer garment that was now poor protection for one. But they were well, and the children were hardy, and both, cheerful in temperament, determined to encourage each other, rarely let escape a word that betrayed fear or depression. Only one day when Franz and little Elisa were playing "I've found a gold-mine"—"What did you buy first with it?" Edmond joined in their *enfantillage* and cried too: "I've found a gold-mine, and I bought first the 'motherly' [*mutterlich*], a splendid cloak, fur-lined with ermine like a queen's." This was his only hint of what he had seen; but his voice betrayed his pain, so Margaret exclaimed with courage: "Did you buy with it the big, happy heart that beats under the old shawl? For without that you may keep it for sad queens."

At the Christmas which made little Waldemar eighteen months old the household present was a baby-girl, and there was no other except wood-carven toys from Edmond's hand, animals for the boys, and a doll for Elisa dressed by her mother. Margaret would have called the new-comer for her mother, Emma; but Edmond was persistent this time, and the baby Mar-

garet was called Margot (Margo) in common speech for distinction.

A good farming year made "the times" a little less severe here, although the rumors from beyond were worse than those of any preceding year in every commercial centre, and sooner or later must be felt in the remoter dependencies. But the winter wore away, and Margaret gave double diligence to the simple instructions of which the elder children were now capable, while contriving with every possible invention the extension of the little wardrobes at least possible cost.

From the outset Margaret and Edmond, singing about the house and farm, had been examples that the children were quick to imitate, and as early as possible Edmond had trained the little voices to harmonious action. To hear the evening hymn in which at night all joined was indeed a pleasure, and the unison of clear, sweet tones was admirable.

For two years there was no material change at Gruenwald, but to keep as they were Edmond had been obliged to sacrifice more timber, and Margaret to draw upon her own deposit for the most necessary articles of the children's clothing. And a rather gloomy spirit was settling over the community, that was increased by coming together on Sundays in clothing that told its own story in nearly every household.

And there was difficulty in avoiding the painful theme of the mutual want that was evident, and private conversation became mutual confessions of individual privation. The festive gatherings were discontinued without comment, the trivial expenses being too great to hint at as possible. Some of the men who had cut down the most of their trees were soberly thinking of selling the land at heavy loss, and one or two with small families or none had already done so and gone to Chicago to work in the service of others or in manufactories. The sad report that came from them of the city pinch and grind alone deterred some of the rest from following their example.

The summer was beautiful this year, and the fields promising ample harvests, when Edmond was taken sick with typhoid fever. There had been a few other cases, chiefly, like his own, from overwork and underfeeding. He had tried to do with as little hired labor as possible—a grievous economy, as it proved, opening the way to disease when it appeared.

And now Margaret's courage began to be tested; now began a battle that was to show of what she was made. For four weeks it was steady contest, and during the last one face to face

with death. Then came a crisis, watched without an hour's absence by faithful Dr. Klein, and one pale gray morning, just before the sun rose, the happy verdict, "He will live," and with its coming rays sweet recognition, and Margaret was banished for a little rest.

How she lived and nursed him unaided, and fed and cared for the five children, was one of the problems that other mothers have had to solve in action, though it cannot be done in words; but that she did it in her own beautiful way—"her unparalleled way," said the doctor again and again—is the wonder after all. That she was able, with all the elements of noise and confusion, to secure quiet for the sick man, that no child cried with hunger or fell asleep undressed at night, were mysteries indeed.

But added problems lay in the future, when, during the slow convalescence and inability to think, Margaret found means to hire the harvesting, and send away such as he habitually consigned to dealers, and nurse the coming appetite, and soothe the sick caprices, and wear through all her beautiful smile. It told heavily on her little savings, and the future frowned.

There were moments of deepest perplexity and dreadful anxiety, when lines of anguish replaced the smiles and the relief of tears was none too great; but these were moments on her knees, when Margaret laid her too great burden at the foot of the cross, and, placing her sorely anxious heart within the Sacred Heart of Jesus, offered her pain and received the sacred gift of strength that carried her through all.

And now came sterner poverty than they had ever known. Edmond's recovery had only reached the point of slowly moving about the house and barn, doing the most necessary work in the feeblest manner, when the little flock were attacked by scarlet fever, and in cases of two of the children followed by diphtheria. Edmond's low spirits were brought to something like dismay at this crisis, so that Margaret, who had always shared with him every condition of mind into which their children entered, had now a sense of isolation in feigning hopes she dared not fairly feel, and cheer him in her passage from one bed to another. To nourish her little ones fairly during the last year she had drafted largely on her savings, and the harvesting left now but twenty-five dollars.

The usual payment from the dealers to whom Edmond sold his wheat was often deferred in these times until Christmas, and last year they had waited until the middle of January. What

this year might bring from delay or failure Margaret dared not think, the need of *that* money was so imperative, and failure had just been reported of one such dealer, who owed half a year's living to two of the farmers of Gruenwald.

This Margaret shut away from thought as she set herself to repatch the little garments, now so mended and remended that hardly a piece of the original cloth could be seen. And when the doctor declared that "flannel next the skin was imperative" for little Edmond and the baby, the diphtheritic ones, and Margaret's scissors attacked the old shawl, "too thin" when Waldemar was a baby, it was first with a sigh at its inadequacy, then with one little gush of gratitude that there was even so much to lie between the little flesh and death.

One sharply cold week, the last in November, Edmond came into the house blue and trembling with the cold that his ill-protected, under-nourished frame could scarcely resist. He said that "if this continued he should have to borrow from the bedding." Some of the men at Gruenwald had been obliged to do this, and last of all Dr. Klein also; for he was now as poor as any, with patients some years in arrears, none able to furnish him with money, or with available food often, and he was now obliged to wrap himself in a bed-comfortable in order to accomplish his visits at all. This week the five wan faces coming up as from the grave presented such an aspect that he spoke the word until now repressed: "It is nourishment or death."

It was on the last night of November that, looking around on her sleeping brood and thinking of another little one soon to be added to it, the picture of her own helplessness at that moment, with so many leaning on her, struck true terror to her soul. Margaret involuntarily groaned, praying:

"At last, God, I have put my whole trust in thee. While these hands could toil and this heart could pray I have not despaired; nor will I, for I *love* thee." With Margaret, to love God *was* to trust him fully, fearlessly, though it seemed to her that she must presently lie still and see some of them die.

With the morning came a letter brought up by the doctor on his return from the station. It was from her brother, after more than three years' silence, asking in the friendliest way, as if only as many weeks had passed, of their welfare, and asking, as he was likely to come to Chicago before Christmas, if he could send some one thing more acceptable than another for the children, as he might perhaps "run up," if he had time. In a postscript he added his mother's request for the names and ages of

"the two children," that she might write them in the family Bible. Poor Margaret!

To write the response, that must be immediate to be of service, she sacrificed the fly-leaves of her much-prized Shakspere, and wrote by firelight that night, her first leisure. Without a word that could intimate censure at their silence, she excused her own, saying that "she feared a report of their steadily failing condition for the last few years would have been construed as an appeal."

"As long as we could live in health in the humblest way," she went on, "I was undaunted, and it has not been until poverty and sickness united have threatened to deprive me of my dear ones that courage has failed. To give you a brief sketch of what has been I will go back to my last letters, telling you chiefly of our prosperity, and happiness in the possession of our little elder son, named Franz for Edmond's father, and with pleasure on my part that it was so nearly brother Francis' name. Also there was a girl-baby, as you will see in the list enclosed with dates of birth for mother, and a young infant that you have forgotten. That was our junior Edmond, whose life, the doctor says to-day, hovers between life and death, like that of his younger sister, for the decision of a generous diet—'nourishment or death' were his words. With a year of prosperity that renewed all our hope came our little Waldemar, and after him our 'hard-times' baby, Margaret, whom I would have named Emma, if I could have chosen; but the name waits the possibility that the coming winter presents. God willing, another little child will be ours, and, in spite of the hardships to which she must inevitably be born, if the rest are but spared and we have the barest means of living it will be welcome, and has been until now a pleasing hope." Then, with half-apology for the details that must follow, she wrote:

"You ask, 'What would be acceptable?' and I say, anything, from mother's rag-bag to the last shred of such clothing as I know you habitually give away. Could you see the children you would think the contents of the first had already been showered over them in the many-colored patches that compose every garment. I wish that I could say that there were two pairs of stockings to each child, but the truth is that, to wash a portion of their clothing, I have to do as other neighbors do and send them to bed.

"And the beds themselves are being despoiled, since the men here have now to wear the comfortables as overcoats. There are six or seven who have come to this besides Edmond and our dear Doctor Klein, and there are others who would if they had them. If I had but one thing to ask, after food and medicines for my delicate children, it would be drugs for the doctor to use, quinine now being so dear that he can no longer buy it, no one paying him money; and if there was an old coat large enough for him to wear! He is quite as large as Uncle Gil, as we used to call him—your good partner—and taller still, and this year his hair has grown gray with looking on at suffering he was powerless to relieve. With all our sickness" (she had told it earlier in the letter) "we have paid him nothing, nor given him

aught but the mouthful of food he has shared at table as our brother and our friend.

"When I think of my children and the luxuries of my own childhood I will say, for the interest it may afford yours, that they have not known the taste of candy or sweets half a dozen times in their lives—that is, the elder ones; the three younger never. What would they say to a piece of mother's cake! It almost makes a baby of me at this moment to think of it myself.

"If I have one thought more selfish than another for my own wants it divides itself between my worn-out milk-pans, long since scoured to the iron, and reading; if ever there is time again I could feast on old newspapers from home and your magazines piled under the eaves."

In another place the doctor had induced her to ask specifically for cod-liver oil and wine, and a tonic prescription for Edmond senior that he had written out and could dilute for the children.

"And now," she said in conclusion, "I feel that I am causing you trouble and expense that I would as far as possible avoid. Let it be met, where it can, by the clothes you would give to others and the accumulations I have so often known to lie in garret or cellar awaiting such distribution. Above all, send me assurances of your continued affection."

Francis Chester, a now successful wholesale merchant in iron and steel, received his sister's letter in his spacious, well-warmed counting-room, and, after reading, handed it with sober face to his partner, the bachelor, "Uncle Gil." "How soon can you start, Francis?" said the elder gentleman, with rather shaky tones of voice.

"I had thought of leaving on the 10th, as we arranged yesterday," said Chester, "but I think I will defer matters a day or two longer, and take something besides the hand-valise and children's presents that my fancy had suggested. Meanwhile I will make a list of articles that I had better order as I walk home from the office, and hasten the letter up to the house, that the ladies may be busy, too."

"Leave the doctor to me, will you?" said Uncle Gil briefly. To say that Francis Chester's house was buzzing for several days after would feebly indicate the stir in the domestic hive. Really charitable people they were in a commonplace way, ready to contribute to the casual calls of their neighborhood and church; and now that so deep a need lay close at home, it stirred the pent-up fountains of the family heart and set all their pulses working to a prompt and practical tune.

Mother and sister, wife and children, all joined Francis Chester in a famous box that he determined to carry or send, the

only perplexity being to decide whether to hasten his departure with little or wait until the most desirable articles on hand should be augmented by those scarcely less so and forthcoming. On the 10th of December Mr. Chester came at an early hour from his office, accompanied by Uncle Gil, and in the presence of his family began to pack.

It was a picture to be long remembered: old Mrs. Chester, tearful and busy, striving to aid with the energy of a woman once active, and adding more messages to her contributions than any one man's mind could possibly remember; her invalid daughter, and Mrs. Chester, also an infirm person, and the group of boys and girls clustering around Uncle Gil or stumbling over piles of things lying on tables, chairs, the floor—everywhere. It would be a shame to exclude the reader!

First of all in the bottom of a huge box were laid some yards of rubber cloth, coming up at the sides, with surplus flaps for the final protection of the contents. Then came a layer of underclothing, most of it outgrown or shrunken, but not outworn—space in this precious box being too valuable for worn-out material. A few old friends of the family in easy circumstances had been taken into confidence and materially increased this layer and a contribution of boys' clothes. Next came new flannel in the piece, both blue and red. "Now," said Francis Chester, "for the dummies." Turning to the extension-table, he placed there six pairs of rubber boots, from a large man's size to those for a child of five. In these, carefully padded in the feet with cotton wool, he placed six bottles of cod-liver oil and as many more of Madeira and Sherry wines, and around the bottles poured rice in the grain until each was kept firmly in place, then tied over the top soft caps and hoods of knit wool. As they stood in the dim light they were not unlike a row of black dolls. These were kept in place in the box with most closely packed boys' clothes skilfully wedged by some dozens of pairs of stockings, hand-knit by Grandma Chester for this family, but speedily transferred to the little Western cousins.

Out of the suits, that for little city boys must be alike, there were many unworn but unmatched garments, in such numbers that it did not seem as if Margaret's boys could wear them out in two years.

Around the sides of the box Mr. Chester cunningly bestowed such tools as an axe, a hatchet, etc., etc., which, lying flat between the side and the rubber cloth, occupied a merely nominal space. Then came a puzzle—a grand plum-cake made by Grand-

ma Chester's own hands and liberally fruited. It filled the largest-sized milk-pan of a dozen of varied size. How could these be packed without waste room?

Before attempting to place these—and, we may as well say, at every other stage of the packing that offered crevices—Mr. Chester had sifted in grains of unparched coffee from a supply that stood waiting to be so used; and only those who have packed where hair's-breadth space is counted can understand the incredible quantity that can be thus worked in.

When he began to pack the pans it was on a solid new floor over the tops of the rubber boots. Standing one within another, the dozen were placed next in threes, the box holding exactly four in a square, the cake in one, delicacies in two of the others: choice tea—untasted at Gruenwald for four years—gelatine, a choice selection of candies and dainties for the children, to whom peppermints were as fairy-tales told of by their mother, but "true" and now about to be realized. Only a stern discretion prevented these from swelling to a magnitude that would have forbidden more valuable articles.

The fourth of the great pans held a choice selection of quinine and the most valuable drugs, chosen by Uncle Gil's own physician for Dr. Klein's use. The sloping under-sides of the pan were filled and wedged by Irish moss in a quantity that promised abundance of blanc-mange.

The next layer was valuable again: waterproof cloaks for Margaret and Elisa, and a large, old-fashioned long shawl for the former—unfashionable but nearly unworn. Then came Uncle Gil's own great-coat, bought new for himself that winter, a great knotted beaver, relinquished to Dr. Klein with a pleasure that only the dear, large-hearted old gentleman knew. It was the second he had parted from already, early in the season as it was, and he wrapped himself in an old one pronounced "shabby" by his friends, folding in such comfort as he could never have felt in keeping the new one. The children cried, "Why, Uncle Gil!" and even Mr. Chester asked, "Isn't this going *too* far, Gilbert?" But a vision of a Western home and pallid faces round a sad hearthstone, with a spectral guest awaiting his awful bidding, had been evoked by Margaret's pen-and-ink picture and deafened his ears to remonstrances.

Now followed clothing for the younger children in various stages of wear, but worthy their space, and some underwear and two dresses, made over from old ones, for Elisa's size, as well as could be guessed. Then Mr. Chester brought out a new suit

for Edmond—guessed at, too—and an overcoat not new, but supplemented by the best India-rubber one that he could buy, with a smaller one for Franz. Most of these goods in rubber were purchased from, others the gift of, a friend of the family and deeply interested in Margaret's children. The fine filling of all the upper layers was—beans!

"What if the beans and coffee mix, papa?" asked a practical little Chester. "Then the little Brenners will have the pleasure of assorting them and keeping their little fingers out of mischief," said Papa Chester.

Slight as was the drollery of this trivial speech, it set the little Chesters off in peals of laughter, and, the infection spreading to their elders, they began to laugh too, because light-hearted people laugh so readily, and they were light-hearted from being engaged in a good action. "What a grand cure for the 'blues'!" said Uncle Gil, taking breath.

Here the Chester boys begged room for some marbles, tops, and fish-hooks gathered up from the play-room, having, of course, "no money left," like other school-boys, the pockets of whose wear are very melting-pots; and then they fell teasing that some prize poultry might go: "Real Plymouth Rocks"; "They can't have any out there like 'em"; "Second prize." And then a din of "points" and "strains" outside all ordinary comprehension.

With some blankets and other bedding long lying for some imaginary need, as such things lie in well-to-do homes, the useless storage was now brought out by Mrs. Chester and the box was pronounced full. But what was to become of the remaining pile? There was a new unmade dress for Margaret, and a made-up gray flannel wrapper and underwear suited to her needs, and a box of Christmas presents, especially the gift of Mrs. Francis Chester, who had a private income of her own of late years. It contained a knife for Franz, and a little music-box for Edmond—"that poor little boy that had always to lie down or sit up on pillows," as the little Chester girls pityingly said—and some soldiers for Waldemar, and gay blocks for the baby, and a doll for Elisa—a "beauty of a doll," to which sick Aunt Sarah had given four days' labor, that "every stitch of its wardrobe could come off and on" at the demand of the critical Chester girls.

And with it was another box into which no one was supposed to be initiated, but all the elders knew was to restore hope in Margaret's heart in its provision for the little next one. It was the gift, too, of her sister-in-law, but grandma had laid therein with great solemnity her old string of gold beads, ancient and

heavy—"if it *should* be a girl and named Emma," otherwise "for Elisa, with grandma's love."

So a trunk had to be brought down from the garret, and a large one, for there was still a new suit of clothes for Franz—made a little too large in view of the old ones in the box, but seeming to Uncle Francis the most desirable gift that he could make his namesake—and it seemed as if there would really be no room for Margaret's reading; but there was, and for a Cardigan vest that came in just before the trunk was shut, and some choice garden-seeds were stuffed in for the next planting, and a store of sewing materials, and some packages of nails and small hardware, with a final sifting-in of shelled pop-corn.

But room could not possibly be made for the corn-popper, and so it was that the Chester boys at last carried the day on the fowl question. A neat prize-cage was made to be sightly enough for Mr. Chester's handling, and the corn-popper hung in the top with forage for the trio; and room failing for this, the imitative youths rattled an extra supply into papa's valise among the clean shirts, to his entire disgust, but was told in excuse, "Just as you did, papa, to fill all the spaces."

And when the exposure to cold on the journey was considered, especially the woods transit at Gruenwald, grandma reopened her heart and her closets and brought out another bed-cover, shut away only from the box's inability to hold it.

Another box but little smaller than the trunk stood packed in the lower hall, full of oranges, dates, figs, and similar delicacies, and when the expressman came on the morning of the 12th, and the great box and hens and valise were added, he used strong expressions about the "emigration of families in winter," and would not have touched the great box had not Mr. Chester, foreseeing its weight, had it mounted on low iron wheels, which he was sure would be of use in such a family.

A telegram had been despatched to Margaret as soon as the date of departure had been definitely fixed for the 12th, asking for means of transportation to meet him where railways ended.

The evening that witnessed the completion of the box-packing saw Uncle Gil and Francis Chester in long consultation on the business matters for which the latter was going to Chicago.

In spite of the pressure now heavily felt, and at its very worst in the outlying districts, there was a little rallying in some branches of trade in the cities, and the directors of a projected railway were now making efforts in many directions to secure material at the lowest possible bids before a rise in prices should be

the result of still stronger reaction. Believing that the occasion, with certain facilities that they controlled, would warrant the journey Westward, the active junior partner decided to risk it and secure the contract, if possible.

There had also been in discussion between them a question involving, perhaps, the fate of Edmond Brenner's long-projected, now hopeless, scheme of constructing a saw-mill, in which Uncle Gil finally left everything at the discretion of the younger man. In fact, Chester was always the cautious, and Gilbert the impulsive, man in transactions appealing to feeling, while a principle of liberality in one was met by natural generosity in the other, which harmonized actions like these.

Poor Mr. Chester's care of live-stock on his journey would make a story of its own; but by dint of great watchfulness on his part and timely gifts of cigars to freight-agents the feathered trio were kept warm and well fed to the end.

As for the business in Chicago, on the morning of his arrival he found one of the most important members of the "board" absent from the city, and, laying the case briefly before the other directors, made an appointment several days later, and, rejoiced at the opportunity of hastening on, took the noon express to Gruenwald—not without having increased his freight, however; for having an idle hour and a half, and saying, "In for a penny, in for a pound," he had gathered up from the markets a barrelful of fresh provision, especially meats, knowing that he could depend upon the weather for their preservation.

At one o'clock he was again speeding Westward. At about two he was accosted by a tall, handsome man of most pleasing address, gentlemanly in spite of his brakeman's suit, who, touching his hat in a most un-American manner, asked "if he were not Mr. Chester?" Surprised to find a friend so soon, he was no less so when that friend proved to be his brother-in-law Brenner.

Going with him into the freight-car, that they might converse more freely and with less interruption to Edmond's duties, the latter related what had been happening since Margaret's letter.

"The day that it was mailed to you," said Edmond, "I had taken little Franz and the oxen down to Gruenwald, hoping to find some work at the station, as a few of us have done by odd chances through the winter, and, if possible, pick up enough to buy a bit of meat for soup for the children. Franz was just well enough to venture out on pleasant days, being one of the least ill. We had waited all day without result, and in awaiting the last train I had turned the oxen and cart toward home, setting

all right for a start, as it happily proved; but my heart was heavy with the thought of returning empty-handed to poor, tired Margaret, who had worn through the day without my aid. When, pflick! stops the train short and they put down a sick man, a brakeman. Out comes the conductor. It was a long train, with many cars left over from the last week's accumulation. They were behind time, and minutes were valuable, the weather bitter, and no one to take the brakeman's place could be easily spared from the other employees. 'Five dollars to the first able-bodied volunteer,' says the conductor, 'and the brakeman's pay while he is disabled.'

"I looked around; other men, waiting like myself, had gone home discouraged or I should not have had the chance to think at all. The four men besides myself were less capable, two totally unfit for the work, though my strength is not to boast of. You see that I am very thin still. But it was bread, perhaps life, for our children. 'I will go,' said I.

"Writing a hasty word to Margaret that was hardly explanation, I said: 'Little Franz, will you take the oxen home and be a man and take care of mamma while I am gone?' And fastening the paper and money well within his clothes, I was on the train and away. It did not occupy six minutes. The brakeman continues ill of fever, and, finding that Margaret is glad, yes, grateful, for this bit of good luck, I have agreed to keep the place until his recovery. But pray God it may be speedy and I can again rejoin my family, for so dreary a fortnight I have never known since my early hermit days in the woods."

"And how did you recognize me?" asked Chester. "The freight-agent first called my attention to my name on the boxes," said Edmond; "then, walking through the cars, I saw my Margaret's eyes in your head." And the tears could hardly be kept back from his own as the warm-hearted man named her.

Francis Chester learned a lesson that afternoon that lasted his life-long, as in the disjointed bits of conversation between himself and his newly-found brother-in-law he detected some of the results that the last ten years of Edmond's life had been producing. He saw a man as faithful in duty and as humble in obedience as a soldier, as gentle and firm in direction as an officer; for there were several cases of command that fell to him in surplus freight transportations. He saw a man meanly clad, in thin, much-mended raiment, pretend to manliness and maintain it; and that he won smiles and a good word from all with whom he dealt on equal terms was no surprise. Edmond had in charge in the

second-class car an emigrant family, with whom he divided the brief opportunities otherwise given to his brother-in-law; and not sweet Margaret Chester herself could have rivalled the thoughtful care that her husband bestowed, so tender to the little children of these wanderers, with thoughts of those who needed it at home. Pain is so expansive!

"And what will Margaret herself be like?" asked Chester of himself. "For this man bears marks of a woman's moulding. A silent, undeveloped girl, into what has she bloomed? I always doubted if I knew her well."

It was quite dark when the train slowed at Gruenwald, and, already behind time, greeting and parting were hurried, the conductor impatient at the delay made by the big box; so that Edmond's most emphatic hug of little Franz and introduction of him to his uncle were of the briefest. There they stood, great man and small, with their formidable freight, while the train whistled off into space. But the little man had the heart of a hero, and, after one long, asking glance upturned to his uncle, promptly called to his aid the friendly neighbors, whose assistance with a second pair of oxen were required.

Fortunately a sufficient snowfall on the frozen ground permitted the use of sleds and comparatively quick progress, or it would have been a matter of delay and more aid still. As it was, Francis Chester felt the experience a bitter one, and it quickened his thoughts. More lessons! He saw men walking in such articles of apparel that he could not call them clothing —veritable Joseph's coats in color and variety. Some of them wore the covers that served the beds at night, as Margaret had written. To hide the poverty of their feet and save them from frost-bite most of them had withed them in straw—happy they whose boots were whole beneath it—and poor little Franz, running as long as he was able beside the last sled, was only fit to move his straw-cased legs for short distances, and sit down, spent and weary, behind the load. This carried the trunk and smaller boxes, barrel, and coop; the forward sled, under an older driver, bearing all that it could sustain in the heavy box on wheels.

Once or twice Mr. Chester would have tried to walk to keep warm; but the road was positively impassable to his low-rubbered feet and clothes of fine fabric, that would have been quite spoiled. Passing his hand once beneath the jacket of little Franz, he shuddered at the thought of one of his own boys so slightly protected, and this one but so lately an invalid. An impulse to wrap him in his own great-coat sprang into being,

but at the instant his attention was diverted by an addition to the party.

A large man, looking in the dimness and to his quickened senses half gigantic, came upon them at a cross-road, or path—for it seemed a mere opening among the trees—and on the saddle before him sat a little girl. It was Dr. Klein bringing little Elisa from the house of a neighbor sick in bed, to whom she had been lent for such small services as her busy little hands and willing heart had been taught to render, while the husband and father of three mere infants was absent on a distant piece of work that brought food to his most needy household.

The doctor, dismounting, begged Mr. Chester to change places with him and shorten the last half-mile, and Chester, really exhausted and chilled, did not scruple to do so. The horse, most familiar with his road, needed no urging or guidance to what had often proved his resting-place for the night, and, springing forward at a home-pace, soon brought the weary man and Elisa to the house on the knoll.

Had he met Margaret elsewhere he would have failed to recognize in the large woman that he saw the rather slender girl of his memory. But there were gestures that he recalled directly, and her old smile with a dimple on one side that remained, and a dry, quiet manner of speech, that provoked smiles while she pretended gravity, that seemed familiar. But in the German-speaking mother of many children she seemed again lost to him wholly.

His attention was quickly drawn to a pale child stretched on a kind of sofa by the fireside, whose wasted face and sad expression brought a pang as he thought, "For that one I have come too late," and to two other little sleeping faces, thin and pale, though less haggard than the boy Edmond's. Mr. Chester believed that through fatigue he was incapable of farther emotion, but when the girl who had been his companion, removing her outer wear, came into light, he thought that it shone on the most perfect child-beauty that he had ever seen. Neither Franz nor Elisa had been nearly as ill as the three younger children, and the glow that the cold had laid upon her cheek was like the flush of health. But all were wofully thin.

His well-cared-for stomach could with difficulty accept the food awaiting him, and his "Thank you; only a bit of toast buttered and a cup of tea, please," brought blushes to Margaret's cheek at her inability to provide two of the simple articles requested. Fortunately there had been a mine of food discov-

ered in the early fall in the mushrooms springing up this year abundantly in the old horse-pasture, the oldest grassy clearing, and Dr. Klein had taught them to distinguish them from their poison kith of the woods. These, dried, had stood between them and hunger many winter days already, and from these Mr. Chester was able to make an imperfect meal.

In the night that followed this man had time to accuse himself of great negligence toward one so closely allied to himself, but, after some restless hours of conscience-smiting, he slept heavily and until a late hour next morning. Waking some hours after the rest of the household, he started as if conscience-smitten anew with the picture of the wan-faced boy by the fireside, and thinking, "I have delayed his chance for restoration by so many more hours," hastened his dressing. Needless to say that the bay bed-room had been devoted to his use, and coming out of it into the great room, now encumbered with the boxes, his first greetings were from the beautiful little girl. Very modestly coming forward, she met him with a little speech meant to be English, but strongly accented throughout: "Hast thou well slept, mine uncle?"

To hear his sister speaking in a strange tongue with these infants removed her again from his memory; yet he found something very winning about this woman, even as a new character, in whose genial presence he recalled little of the rather reserved girl at home. No one could feel long a stranger with Margaret, and had they never before met Francis would soon have been at his ease.

Now, as soon as his simple breakfast was despatched, he, rightly interpreting the glances of the young eyes, proceeded to the opening of the boxes. First the Plymouth Rocks were released in the barn until separate provision in the old hen-coops could be arranged for the private occupation of these choice foreigners. Cries of admiration in every note of the scale, and every German expletive, greeted these fine specimens of poultry, until Uncle Francis felt almost repaid for the trouble they had cost him; and when from warm wrappings of wool a dozen eggs were produced, in hope of some unseasonable setting-hen contingency, Margaret's cheerful prophecies of an improved race at Gruenwald showed appreciation. Ultimately five of these proved unchilled enough to hatch, and, with the caged trio, were the progenitors of a breed called "Brenner Fowl" and "Eastern Giants" indifferently, Plymouth Rock being meaningless here.

The provision-barrel next craved attention, and before Mr.

Chester would go farther Margaret must sever and speedily broil portions of a fowl for the children. The smell of the savory morsels so affected little Edmond that great tears gathered in his large, sunken eyes and rolled down his white cheeks, but not a word did he speak. "His silence hurts me," said his mother; "he was the quickest of speech of any of my children."

When the first morsel was given him "his seizure of it," said Mr. Chester, "though a feeble motion from weakness, reminded me of nothing so much as the way in which I saw a hungry tiger at a menagerie clutch a piece of meat that had been tossed him, and I could only beg Margaret to cook and distribute the fowl as rapidly as possible to all."

With appeased hunger on one side, and a lighter heart on the other, they now turned to the opening of the other two boxes, the trunk being an especial reserve for Christmas and to be kept from the children at present.

And now it was Margaret's turn to feel her woman's weakness as the collection of treasures was drawn forth—clothing, bedding, food, delicacies—much more rapidly than they had been packed. The bright new milk-pans shone so that the children mistook them for silver, and the cries that had been smothered before now broke into such as had saluted the fowls in the barn. The fun that accompanied the first choking and strangling from the peppermints—sweet, slight misery—for the moment was so great as to put a stop to the unpacking.

The cake, which Mr. Chester had expected to be a crowning delight, attracted them curiously; but there was nothing like recognition in their little eyes, and a pang went through his heart as he said, half-aloud: "They don't know cake by sight, and it is I who have defrauded them of this pleasure of childhood, as well as of their welfare in graver measure." And then he could no longer restrain the accumulated feeling so long pent up, and, turning to Margaret, said in a quavering voice, "I have been a very poor brother—" and could get no farther.

Margaret, deeply moved herself, was able to speak only after a moment's pause, but hastened then, as he asked, "What have you thought of me?" to say, "How could you have suspected our misery? And how can we ever think of you except as our benefactor in the most trying hour of life, perhaps by God's guidance the saviour of some of these little lives? Make no more self-reproaches, dear brother, but enter into the joy that you have created."

What more she might have said was interrupted by the com-

ing-in of Dr. Klein, and the warmly clasped hands of brother and sister separated. And now, with a heart truly joyous, Mr. Chester begged the doctor to take off his overcoat—so naming the comfortable—which he assisted him in removing, with a repressed smile as he thought: "He will not put *that* on again."

Cunningly hiding Uncle Gil's garment, he allowed the doctor to examine everything else, reserving the pan of drugs until the last. The effect of this treasure upon the doctor was electrical. Hugging his collection in both arms, he poured out such expressions to his mixed audience, in German and English, that a stranger like Mr. Chester might well have suspected him of a vice of which no man than he was more innocent. But to see before him the tools of his trade, so to speak, without which he had been a crippled giant, his mind, as large as his body, unable heretofore to carry its results into action, and this in no mere ordinary profession, but one in which the issues are life and death—this made him as a man out of his senses. Like the others, he had suffered bravely *so* long.

Without delay he administered the desired tonic to the younger children, and with the wine prepared doses for the elder children and their father. With his life-giving material in hand he would have hastened forth on his work of mercy had not Margaret pleaded for a brief delay, that she might supplement his bounty.

"She will have to be restrained, Chester," said the doctor, "or she will give away all that you have brought"; and in a low tone delicately whispered: "She used to be the Lady Bountiful of this region."

But Margaret was too terribly schooled now to yield to merely generous impulses. With speed taking the children aside whose ages most nearly corresponded to those three of the household where Elisa had been playing nurse, she clad them in some of the newly-supplied garments, and, after careful consideration and explanation to Elisa, made a parcel of those removed for her to carry to this destitute family. For a part of the doctor's errand was to convey Elisa again to the same house on his good horse.

The clapping of her little hands and the light of her dancing eyes demanded translation of her words to her admiring uncle, whose enthusiasm grew with each glance at her beautiful little face.

"She is glad that little Johnny Schultze will not have to lie in

bed again to-day, as he did yesterday, for cold, but can play with his brother and sister."

Then came Elisa's own turn to be warmly dressed; and when her little garments were tossed out to mother from behind the curtain, and Uncle Francis would have kept one, a perfect kaleidoscope, to enforce the story he had to tell at home, he found that it was still too valuable to be spared. "The orphan, the orphan!" came from all at once, and he learned of the existence of an unfortunate child, a pauper now, supported each week in a different family by charity, and the coming Sunday would commence her week at the Brenners'. She was just Elisa's size, though older, and was a protégée of this child, who had done much to make life brighter to this waif, and was exultant with this new opportunity.

Then a little, a prudent little, of the precious tea was taken, and Elisa taught how to make it for the sick woman; and if ever Margaret Chester rejoiced in the perishable nature of a blessing, it was in the already evident truth that oranges will not keep. Here she could conscientiously divide without defrauding her own, so an addition the more was made to Elisa's bundle.

For one more only could the doctor be delayed—Edmond. With his brother-in-law he had despatched one of the little notes that he was ever on the alert to send Margaret, too lover-like still, too like those written before marriage, for us to betray. This sacrament is, or should be, a seal to outside confidence. But after this old sweetheart—a sweetheart still—had unburdened his affectionate reserves he owned to the suffering occasioned by cold and prayed for the speedy despatch of any possible garment that the boxes might hold. This had been so fully before Margaret's eyes in the unpacking that the parcel stood already arranged—warm underwear, the Cardigan jacket and overcoat, and some of Grandma Chester's knitted socks, and in one pocket the tonic and some words written late in the evening lest the crowded day-moments should fail to allow of them.

Taking a final survey with care, Dr. Klein touched one of the bottles of cod-liver oil, saying: "There is more in the other five than can possibly be needed here, as after a certain progress I should substitute something else, and if you will spare one it will be the turning-point in H—— B——'s case"—naming a patient, well known to Margaret, threatened with consumption from inanition after fever.

And now, rising to go, little Elisa radiant in tying on a new hood and wearing real mittens in place of yesterday's hay-bag,

the doctor would fain have "folded the drapery of his couch about him" again, when Mr. Chester drew out the great knotted beaver. "Try this first," said he.

Had it been a coat of ordinary dimensions it would not have been so surprising; but this great garment, looking as if made for him—he rubbed his eyes as if waking, slipped into it, and, if any tailor could have criticised some trivial fold or misfit, our good friends looking on saw nothing of the kind. Franz, the keen-eyed, starting up, cried, completely puzzled, "But how did they know the Herr Doctor's measure?"

And the Herr Doctor himself, hushed with a sense of a great Goodness merciful and protecting, replied, in subdued and reverent tones, "God knew my measure, child."*

So the missionary pair went forth, and Margaret had all that she could do to divide her preparations for dinner with the putting away of the contents of the box, while Mr. Chester, a charming father, made friends with the children. His attention was especially given to little Edmond, who, after a long sleep, would from time to time open his little jacket to look in and touch the red flannel beneath; and in the late afternoon, after a really good dinner and more refreshing sleep, his feeble voice was heard trying to pipe a shaky little tune, at which his mother stopped to listen and send a smile of hope and gratitude to Mr. Chester.

At sunset came the doctor and Elisa with fresh material for home delight. Poor Frau Schultze had cried so over the tea that the herr had said "she was salting instead of sugaring it," and "Johnny Schultze in our Eddie's old clothes was a happy dandy," and "every one in the house had tasted that orange except the week-old baby."

And the doctor's graver discussion of patients relieved or in a way to be so, of grateful people who had invoked blessings on him, on Mr. Chester and all his family, brought tears more than once. And Franz, who had contrived to be at the station, told that the train only slowed without stopping, and how the doctor's well-directed toss of his great bundle "nearly toppled papa over," and he shook his fists at him, pretending wrath, "and threw kisses at me," said the breathless boy.

"Warm and happy he is to-night," said Margaret, with a meaning glance to her brother that added for her, "thanks to you."

The children's supper over, they clustered around her for evening talk or story, and soon came the evening hymn, which

*A true incident.

surprised Mr. Chester in its execution; then, because of his presence, the little ones retreated behind the curtain to say the prayers in which he could not join, missing mamma, of course.

On the following day Elisa stayed at home, Mrs. Schultze being now self-sustaining since the clothed children were less care, and Margaret, arranging matters for an hour's absence, went out with her brother to show him the farm. After an exploration of the premises near the house, Margaret, fortified with her new rubber boots, essayed the cliff path, so fraught with momentous decision to herself and Edmond.

The cold had abated with a fresh snowfall, and the world was so full of beauty that they were tempted on to the point of view that commanded the three ravines. These were most beautiful in the distance, with their evergreens half hid, half revealed in snow, and the near woods were outlined in white, the whole picture sparkling under a blue sky. Looking down upon all this beauty in almost Alpine stillness, and happy in the result of his recent good action, Mr. Chester's pulses stirred anew, and again a question of import to Margaret was being weighed in the balances.

The sound from the stream below, too deep and swift to be ice-bound, came faintly up and brought out the old story of the aspirations for a saw-mill. "It used to be so tempting," said Margaret, "and at one time we thought that the way was clear to found our probable comfort for life. Even of late the Meyers have sent their circulars to Edmond, full of brilliant and enticing statements of people who have become rich with water privileges greatly inferior to ours. The Meyers are the firm who establish the mills as soon as a certain fraction can be paid down. They hold the mill and its site by mortgage, and take the receipts and control until interest and instalments are paid."

A droll expression marked Mr. Chester's face as he spoke: "And now and then, I suppose, when the debtor becomes embarrassed they sweep off mill, land, and all into their own possession, having secured interest and instalments as they went along. They must be rich and well able to renew the operation, if they have continued it through many years and transactions." Margaret only smiled at the picture and dismissed it as she would any unpleasant consideration not likely to affect her.

"It would have been an added misfortune," said her brother "had you in the present crisis seen so fine a portion of your property involved, for they doubtless would have involved an ample piece in the mill-site." Margaret pointed out the limits that

they had fixed, and Chester laughed outright. "Robbers!" said he, "since it is with the weak they deal."

Then, looking along the line of the stream, a new thought struck him. "It would be fortunate for Edmond," said he, "if any railway extension should cross this. See, his land lies in a belt on each side the stream, the only level in a long distance among all these hills, as you point it out." "Yes," said Margaret, smiling, "our fifty acres—or mine, as I believe they still are—follow the stream between the hills. Behold a possible future millionairess," she said jestingly, "who would barter her landright for the mess of pottage that insures a very moderate support for her children and the instruction due to ordinary intelligence." But Mr. Chester was thinking too deeply to reply to her jest, and soon they descended to the farm.

The next day was Sunday, and Mr. Chester did not fail to observe that in addition to the usual preparation there was a fresh instalment of parcels. The remainder of the much-mended clothing was carefully divided and laid out upon the table, and to it were added such gifts of his bounty, especially in the more perishable food, as their joint prudence advised, he being taken into council.

In the end there were seven packages, and with each a simple tale of want that Mr. Chester felt was engraved on his memory and he would imprint on those of his children. If the packing of the articles so touched him, picture their distribution, when at the Sunday gathering he was made to appear as their benefactor to the recipients and encountered the personal gratitude of all. Not all: two elderly people and a sick boy, ministered to in their homes, sent their prayers and blessings after him many days after he was on the homeward flight, and he knew it well. To those present he seemed but little less the messenger of good than he had to the little Brenners.

On Monday he saw some of the country in the doctor's companionship and learned something of pioneer poverty; then came a storm that imprisoned him with nephews and nieces until his farewell. That was brightened by a very manifest improvement in the condition of the children, especially of little Edmond, who had come back to his most original little self, and would now and then launch forth droll speeches with his gathering strength. "That's the brightest of the lot," said Chester once to Margaret, adding to himself: "What a life to have lost!"

If ever a man was bound to domestic enjoyment and longed

for his own hearthstone, that man was Edmond Brenner; and no one word expressive of ordinary longing or homesickness can fairly describe the state of mind which was a part of his experience during six weeks. Before Chester's arrival and the relief it afforded there was the knowledge of the immediate necessities that he was supplying; but in the light of speedily subsequent events his bondage became intolerable, and in result the effect of this exile was life-long, he showing ever after an almost childish reluctance to absent himself from home for any long interval.

But that is anticipating. What we have now to enjoy is Christmas—a Christmas for which the opening of the trunk had been reserved, and for which a final surprise was in reserve for Margaret as well as the others.

She had aided Edmond too many years in the placing of the Christmas-tree to be unskilful now, and the beautiful branches of the small one that Franz and his mother were able to secure and set filled the children with new joy without a gift thereon. But what language can describe the scene when the tree shone out to their amazed eyes laden with richer gifts than they had yet known?

The finer articles of clothing, the knife for Franz—a famous four-blader—the music-box for Edmond the smaller, who, now on his legs, was able to execute a feeble dance with the others around the tree; the tools for papa and the toys for the baby pair; for Margaret herself the secret box sent by Mrs. Chester, her sister-in-law, brought smiles and tears in quick alternation. A little wardrobe that seemed very simple to the one woman far exceeded in luxury the daintiest preparation that the other had ever dared make, and now in their extremest poverty, when the barest needs were with difficulty foreseen, this gift spoke volumes of delicate sympathy. It was the heart of one mother speaking to another, and it said:

"You in whom hope was ever triumphant, failing only in direst need, hope again. You to whom the promise was dimmed only by the sufferings entailed on your others, take heart. For this little one, too, there is room and provision, and it shall bring sunshine, too, to you, Heart of Gold [Edmond's name for her], whose courage and faith are unfaltering." Who like a woman can wound her kind, who like a woman fathom the intricacies and delicacies of woman's being? No well-filled purse could have said to Margaret Brenner what the little white pile of muslin and linen and flannel said and sang that Christmas eve.

Elisa's doll had been pronounced "really lovely" (though

inexpensive) at home by the little Chester girls, critics as they were of many shop-windows, and it shone out in the wilderness like a fairy creature. "Ah! beautiful one," said the child, "what a world you must have come from." And she looked as if expecting to find wings on the creature.

And some weeks later, when Margaret found that the gold beads were not to be Elisa's, she had no fear of arousing jealousy on the part of the elder child in telling her that she might have possessed them; for, besides the love for the last new-comer, the child, whose affectionate nature exceeded all love of adornment, turned to the doll, saying: "Have I not mine own little beautiful one? How could I want the beads?"

More than ever did Margaret long for the holy celebration of the day, more than ever feel the poverty of Gruenwald in its absence. On two Christmas days only since their marriage had a priest been able to reach the settlement.

One great pleasure they gave and received, though of brief duration. On the chance of the merest glance at the dear husband and father Margaret assembled such of the little group as were fit, and not without difficulty, at the station, thinking: "He shall see what he can of their improved condition in health and clothing."

As may be imagined, the train was not full or hurried, no one travelling on Christmas day who could avoid it, and there were a few freights for Gruenwald. For nearly ten blissful minutes Edmond was reunited to wife and four of his children, and in those ten minutes how much was exchanged!

But the great news, the surprise, was after all from the good brother who had lately visited them. Mr. Chester had ascertained from Edmond on the return trip a pretty exact account of the land, its value and resources, and what he would be able to pay from crops in way of interest on any mill investment. So, having concluded his own business in Chicago to his entire satisfaction in securing a large contract, he had made it his pleasure to investigate the subject of saw-mills.

The Meyers were, as he suspected, a firm who had made a great deal of money out of too eager settlers, too anxious to grow rich and too poor to sustain their enterprises, and who either continued the mills they had started with profit only to the Meyers, or, if in undesirable locations, saw the machinery transferred to some other mill and the land swept away. Of late the old machinery was often an evil in itself, carried, as it was, from one place to another.

The railway company, anxious to stand well with Mr. Chester, put him in better hands. An honorable and well-known firm, learning the particulars from him, offered terms far more business-like, and which were practicable on the advance of a slightly larger proportional sum than that demanded by the Meyers. If Mr. Chester would pay the expenses of their prospecting agent, and the situation proved what he had described, most reasonable terms might be made, and Mr. Chester had written to say that "the surveyor's visit might be expected before New Year's, and that on his favorable report Uncle Gil and himself were prepared to act." "So go home and make ready for company, dear," said Edmond, and then it was leave-taking and away.

Another important measure had been effected in Chicago by the collection of the payment due for the wheat crops sold not only by Edmond but also by one of the Gruenwald men, which, by bringing this amount into circulation at the settlement, was the first movement of relief in several households—in fact, the first break in the long-felt "hard times" there. Edmond's own family were now beyond danger of any such crisis as they had just passed through.

The weeks of separation seemed like years instead. Twice Edmond sought and obtained favors from the conductor, having made himself a favorite, as he was wont to do in his youth everywhere. Once he took Franz over the road, which he did experimentally, and once Margaret herself, who was able to absent herself from home for the requisite twenty-four hours by the admirable management of Elisa.

But Edmond's own home-coming was the festival of the year, and a feast indeed they made of it. Nothing less would serve the children than having out the Christmas-tree and redecorating it. "It was so lonely a Christmas without the Vaterlie," said they. And so the branches were clothed anew, and special prominence assigned his shining tools and his clothing, while Elisa's doll was made to hold a little banner of "Welcome" for the occasion. And the great cake made by grandmamma's own hands had been left to be cut at this time, and proved to be a fruit-cake fit to "keep" for months. And Dr. Klein, who had loaned Edmond his horse at the station that he might hurry home, came up with the slow oxen, bringing more treasure. For Edmond, finding himself in prosperity on the payment of certain wages, could not resist sending a trifle for Mrs. Barbour's investment for Margaret and the children. And the

something proved to be for Margaret the handsomest great bureau with brass trimmings of unusual elegance. Mrs. Barbour had long "had her eye on it," as she said, but her own hard times forbade the indulgence. Turned into the auction-room with its surface bruised and ornaments in verdigris, it had finally fallen to Mrs. Barbour at a low price. With her usual energy she had planned its restoration, and partly hiring, partly polishing with her own hands, there was developed a massive and costly piece of furniture. A piece of carving, whose loss had helped its utter sacrifice, had been matched and replaced by Edmond, who had worked out dreary evenings on it.

In its drawers were some small matters for the children—pictures, a toy or two, a little box of small cost fitted as a work-box for Elisa, and a few tools (real tools, not playthings) for Franz, treasures from the same old mine, the auction-room. That there was joy in the household need not be stated; the violin took its part and spoke for all. That there was thanksgiving need scarcely be added; these glad and happy hearts knew whence all these good gifts and great blessings proceeded, and whichever heart had most cruelly suffered, been most severely tried, had the fullest share of gratitude to offer.

"He prayeth best who loveth best."

And now with the turn of the tide came that flood of prosperity that seems, in the telling as in the truth, to belong to some page of Arabian recital as fairly as to the American West, where alone such extremes are lived out in a generation.

In the later January days, a week after the home-coming of her father, another little girl was counted in the household, to whom grandma's name and gift were but expressions of all the welcome extended to her. For the day before the final negotiations had been completed between Edmond and Mr. Chester and Uncle Gil, and the Chicago firm, and farther delay was now only occasioned by the season and weather. Want had fled from this hearthstone.

The mill was a success from first to last, threatening, indeed, to sweep away the farming interests altogether in the business that it created. But Edmond was no longer a man to be carried by the fever of speculation in any form. Agreeing absolutely with Margaret in feeling that the mill should be their own, bought and paid for before the money it brought should be reinvested for increase of business, the trade that would have ensued was

delayed for a year or two, but even that found Edmond growing a rich man with a rapidity that would have proved a temptation to a less well-balanced mind.

In their prosperity they were as unselfish as they had been in their poverty, and, bringing into their employment one after another of the Gruenwald men and boys at mill or farm, there was hardly a family who at the end of a few years had not in some degree shared the prosperity growing up with "Brenner's mill."

Now Edmond reaped to the full the benefit of his uncut woods, every tree more than trebling its former value, and the rich new land, brought under such cultivation as he could now afford, smiled in its harvests. The drawbacks to their perfect enjoyment in these days was the absence of Franz and Elisa, whose education they felt thus obliged to secure, and, placing them first with good Mrs. Barbour, and later in the quieter home of Mrs. Neale, they saw them only during school vacations. This was a matter in which Edmond showed less fortitude than Margaret, and it seemed as if the suffering that he had experienced in his own absence of years before would imprison him and his children unreasonably. But the bright, strong woman at his side prevailed, and while she stayed there was abundant consolation. Poor Margaret dared not imagine a visit to the East, far less suggest it.

"One of these days, Heart of Gold," said he, calling her by the old, fond name, "we'll have schools of our own at Gruenwald, and the little ones shall not leave us, as Franz and Elisa have done, for great changes are coming to Gruenwald." And so it proved. While their healthy, happy children were divided between city streets and now thinning woods, the busy brains and swollen purses of financiers were seeking outlet in a grand new scheme.

A railway director, working over land and upon real surfaces while other directors sat in their offices and studied the illusive surfaces of maps, discovered that a route unnoticed, unthought of by any other person would make a connection between two most important existing railways weaving several States together. It seemed at first so circuitous that, as he expected, derision greeted its proposal to the "board." But as this patient gentleman, unfolding a map of his own, showed tract after tract of level plain, or prairie, unbroken by rock and only by smallest rivers, and showed by clear, accurate calculation the small cost in proportion to the distance accomplished, the faces

changed expression, the proposition was listened to, adopted. We pass the wire-pulling, negotiation, enmity, and delay that seem the birth-pangs of every such scheme.

To render it a success at the Gruenwald station—now a junction—twenty-five of Margaret's acres were needed. Five years ago it could have been bought at a very moderate price, if we receive Margaret's statement made to her brother, but to-day the position of things had greatly changed. The very projection of this railway gave Gruenwald a place in the world and on the maps, and the directors, coming up to the place to look matters up, had no thought of approaching the richest man in the town with offers such as they would have made the brakeman or the brakeman's wife. The proposal that they actually made Margaret quietly telegraphed to her brother's business friends in Chicago, who, being "posted," responded, "Double the amount and accept." This little manœuvre was one of Edmond's surprises in life, he thinking the first sum ample, and to this day likes to praise Margaret's thought and coolness when she answered the directors. The money was paid, and twenty-five of Margaret's acres were left to feel the benefit of the new road, and the town that sprang into existence quickly upon it.

Now came wealth; heretofore we have spoken only of prosperity. Margaret's first use of her moderate finances from the sale of her land had been to devote the most sightly and commodious spot of the remainder to the construction of a chapel, the timber and sawing to be Edmond's share, the rest to be paid for from the money of the sale. "There is plenty left," she said, "to spoil them all," when some one hinted at wronging the children.

This gift she would have liked to offer completed to the bishop of the diocese; but, free from conceit as she was, she sought his counsel first. The bishop, a man of large experience, informing himself well about the position of things at Gruenwald, accepted the gift of land, blessed the donor and her family, and begged them to wait two years more for the construction of the chapel, while the offering of money secured by its interest the hire of a plain building and defrayed the expenses of a priest for weekly Mass.

At the end of the appointed two years the bishop came in person to Gruenwald with an architect and two gentlemen, members of firms with whom he would probably contract. By the fortune that follows certain railway combinations the wealth of three outlying districts was pouring into and through Gruen-

wald as a centre, and one of the phases of growth seen only at the West was taking place here.

Gruenwald, a settlement, then a town, had bloomed into an incorporated city. The advance of civilization had stretched out in every direction, bearing its influences to the very cliffs that sheltered the Brenner household. A fine road replaced the rude approach that Margaret and Mrs. Barbour first traversed, Edmond's neat carriage and bay span trundling the bishop and his companions smoothly over the really elegant bridge, and without the least jolt at the spot where Mrs. Barbour had once felt obliged to get down and walk.

The house which Edmond and Margaret could never bear to abandon had been so enlarged and added to from time to time as to present quite a massive building, but in strict harmony with its first design, and so maintained a most rural appearance on the edge of the rapidly approaching city. Ample expenditure had made the interior one of taste as well as comfort, and certain people who liked to visit there would excuse the exterior to other friends in a patronizing way as "such a dear, quaint place." Needless to say they were not intimates; such never felt that place or people wanted excusing or idealizing. No increase of wealth could convert the Brenners into pretentious people.

Welcomed by an attractive and intelligent family, the bishop unfolded his plans for a much larger and more imposing church than any one would have dreamed of two years before, but which did not now seem impossible; nor did any one doubt his grace when he pointed out the opportunities for future enlargement, saying that "they would be needed." Then, addressing himself directly to Margaret, he told her of his knowledge of her work during all these years, as reported again and again by visiting clergy, in terms that woke the happiest sentiments of her being, and then bestowed his blessing on this household.

To portray the continued growth and prosperity of Gruenwald it will be as easy an illustration as any to state that, large as was the bishop's scale of building, the additions had to be made, transepts and galleries, in less than four years for the full accommodation of the people, two Protestant churches being required for such members of the community, but smaller and in larger debt by the variation of some members who leaned to a third denomination and wished to worship after the manner of "Six-Principled Baptists," as they described themselves. Baptists at the West are a flora of many species.

And now we approach a leave-taking that fills us with pain. We should have liked, step by step, to follow the fortunes of this family and a score of others, their companions from their early days, during the subsequent ten years, to illustrate more fully truths of a great prophecy which is opening its scroll to an onlooking world in this swift, gigantic spread of civilization at the West.

But we are permitted only to follow the fortunes of our first friends, and look in upon them at their last reunion at the woodland home, now an elegant "place" whose only hint of the forest lies in its chalet-like construction, resembling much the larger Swiss houses in Berne, and in the groups of trees of such growth as only long years in primeval woods develop.

The busy engineer, Franz Brenner, has come from his California home to introduce his wife and infant daughter to the Margaret for whom she is named. His career has so far been one of marked prosperity, the result of industry, natural ability, and long study of European work, which he seems to have fathomed and applied in a manner of his own in America. His townsmen say that he has "a genius" for such work, and dub him, in their patois, "a rising man."

Hardly less prominent, as the editor of a Chicago newspaper, is Edmond, Jr., whose dry, intelligent observations by the fireside were the earliest indications of a talent that reaches and influences hundreds of homes. His readers in general believe that here is a man who, though warm in interests, religious, political, social, is both impartial and incorruptible. "But he has not lived his life out yet," said Mrs. Barbour one day, "and that speech is safer to make after a man is dead."

Waldemar, first associate with, has finally succeeded, his godfather, Dr. Klein, and is looking for a partner to divide his overlarge practice in Gruenwald, though there are other doctors to share it without invitation. Edmond complains that there is not a child left to share his own work, which has been the care of his property since the city swallowed up the saw-mill, unless he find such aid in Johann or Berl, younger boys born since Emma.

Margot is a graceful young lady in the household, more nearly resembling her mother in person and manner than any of the children, and Emma, the last baby in which we interested ourselves, a school-girl still, full of promise. She brings a prize from her last examination to show the home-returning brothers and the most eagerly expected sister.

For of all this talented family, whose qualities would seem to

justify the theory of *a superiority in mingled races*, Elisa Brenner is the most beautiful and gifted. Educated for a time at the East and under her uncle's proud protection, the voice that rose so sweetly in the evening hymn proved to be the voice of a great singer. In the schools and conservatories of Europe it grew to a fame that, preceding her return to her native land, prepared the laurels that have already fallen at her feet, while the tribute of the press has been undivided in approval of this young singer. For four years she has been a star in the musical world, and because she has in her direct, singularly simple nature scorned any other than her American-German name with no Italian turn or prelude, we have been obliged to veil it and that of her family.

She is a woman of great beauty and her soul reflects her personal loveliness. Nothing pleases her better than to be asked to sing by some poor child or old woman in the institutions of charity that she is ever visiting in great cities. Then it is that her soul finds expression, if ever, and happy the ear that listens then. One day, when she had been singing to some blind children, a bird, perched on the branch of a tree, poured in a response through an open window, as if greeting something akin to himself, and she took up the characteristic turn of his notes and warbled an improvisation of her own from it that was strongly suggestive of Edmond's old manner on the violin.

And now she is going home to the woods with keener anticipations of singing to mamma and papa and the boys than she has often felt before critical audiences. Her song is a gladness, not a pride, and she is carrying it home with an inner self as unspoiled by praise as she bore it away.

With a bound she has cleared the carriage-step, dismissing it at a distance from the door, that the too-curious driver may not mar the greeting. Papa Edmond stands at the door, thinking that he heard wheels just now; and seeing his noble daughter, whose name is destined more than any other to shed lustre on and perpetuate his own in fame, he calls eagerly to her mother, who is near, in the old loving words, "Heart of Gold!"

Dr. Klein has been an inmate of the house since his wife's death, which left him less alone than before, and is a second father to them all. His own report of himself is this, written in his last letter to Mr. Chester:.

"My valued friend, my dear friend, do you not feel life intensify? I do. Minutes now contain more to me than hours used to in depth of feeling and condensation of perception and experience. Will this go on?

What, then, will it be at eighty? How will it be in eternity? I continually picture myself looking back from there to this dear world with its mysteries unravelled, its sorrows dimmed or forgotten, its joys—ah! its joys brighter than ever. It seems as if in a happy future it would be such a dear little world to remember."

"I believe," said Uncle Gil, listening to the reading of this letter, "that it is with such feelings that healthy, happy people approach old age and death."

And to the doctor there was peculiar joy in Elisa's visit, for she was the very embodiment and illustration of his theories. It was words falling from their lips in conversation that stirred this chronicle:

"Into the great alembic of nations, the West, the races are pouring their elements. Swede and Norwegian, Irish, French, German, Italian, and Russian, they come—high and low, rich and poor, ignorant and cultivated, the impoverished noble and the tramp, every element of being and in every stage. And what will the fusion produce? The highest and finest will survive, the worst and weakest being most perishable."

So far the doctor spoke and paused, then Elisa:

"It lies in the question of Christianity and its speedy, wide-spread introduction whether the enormous development in this expansive West, the Coming Man, be a gigantic barbarian, or whether, in this great soul-chemistry, the infusion of the highest element will result in something grander and stronger, mightier yet gentler, than has before existed—something that, lower than the angels, ranks higher than man has yet stood."

Here Mr. Chester, who had arrived unannounced, entering heard Elisa's words, and, looking back on a crisis in his life and hers, says:

"Not to the West alone belongs the responsibility. Let the Eastern Christian asking, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' reflect on what, in the final demand, shall cause the recording angel to write against his name, 'Fidelis fuit!'"

A LONDON LITERARY PILGRIMAGE.

> "Yet to the relics of thy splendor past
> Shall pilgrims, pensive but unwearied, throng."
> —*Childe Harold.*

"Cut deeper," said the French soldier to the surgeon; "you will find Napoleon in my heart." Pity the idol were not a nobler one; but be that as it may, it illustrates the fact that taste rather than style, as Buffon says, is the man. We all have our idols, and with most of us the difference is more of kind than of degree. Speaking the same mother-tongue, England's literature is ours by right of inheritance, and, quarrel as we may with our English stock,

> "Yet still, from either beach,
> The voice of blood shall reach—
> We are one."

Next to the literature which belongs to a nation's history there is nothing of greater interest than the haunts of its scholars and men of genius. Every spot connected with authors grows in importance as time pronounces its verdict upon the value of their productions. Old churches and buildings, often in themselves of little moment, are visited by the traveller because within their walls or their churchyards rests the mortal part of those who have enriched our language and its literature. St. Giles' Church, Cripplegate, suggests the image of Milton, who is buried there, and of rare Ben Jonson, who was married at its altar. Hampstead recalls Keats and his walks over the daisy-covered fields. Highgate reminds us of Coleridge, the inspired charity-boy, and his good friends the Gilmans, who never deserted him in his darkest days. St. John's Wood is always associated with the genial Elia and the unfortunate sister to whom he was so devoted, and with his delightful friend and brother humorist, Tom Hood. What visions of the best days of English letters do the Temple, Temple Church, and Temple Gardens revive! Within the walls of the old church John Selden lies buried, and in the Gardens one looks with sorrow on the neglected grave of Goldsmith, while the Inner and Middle Temple are for ever linked with the greatest names which adorn English annals—with Shakspere, Johnson, and Burke, with Cowper, Clarendon, Field-

ing, and Rowe. Congeniality of taste and pursuit draws men together in every age, and the so-called artificial distinctions of society have their essential origin in the very constitution of affairs. The club and the salon occupy a large space in the history of literature. Mme. Mohl, in her *Life of Mme. Récamier*, remarks that "the clubs in England and the salons in France have long been places where, like the porticoes of Athens, public affairs have been discussed and public men criticised." The residence of Aspasia drew Pericles and Socrates within its enchanted walls; with Vittoria Colonna's one always thinks of Michael Angelo and Raphael, with Elenora d'Este's of Ariosto and Tasso, with Mme. du Deffand's and Mme. Récamier's of Voltaire and Chateaubriand, and with the Hôtel Rambouillet of Racine and Bossuet. In the closing chapter of the *Final Memorials of Charles Lamb* Talfourd has sketched in relief the two celebrated resorts of London literary society of fifty years ago. The suppers of Lamb at his unpretentious home in Inner Temple Lane, the dinners of Lord Holland at Holland House, and the remarkable men and women who frequented these different circles, call up almost every name of note in England since the beginning of the century. No one who has ever read Macaulay's noble tribute to the late Lord Holland can have forgotten the graphic picture he has given of Holland House, its surroundings and its habitués. "They will remember," says he, "how the last debate was discussed in one corner and the last comedy of Scribe in another, while Wilkie gazed in modest admiration on Reynolds' 'Baretti'; while Mackintosh turned over Thomas Aquinas to verify a quotation; while Talleyrand related conversations with Barras at the Luxembourg, or his ride with Lannes over the field of Austerlitz. They will remember, above all, the grace—and the kindness, far more admirable than grace—with which the princely hospitality of that ancient mansion was dispensed. They will remember the venerable and benignant countenance and the cordial voice of him who bade them welcome. They will remember that temper which years of pain, of sickness, of lameness, of confinement seemed only to make sweeter and sweeter; and that frank politeness which at once relieved all the embarrassment of the youngest and most timid writer or artist who found himself for the first time among ambassadors and earls. They will remember that constant flow of conversation, so natural, so animated, so various, so rich with observation and anecdote; that wit which never gave a wound; that exquisite mimicry which ennobled instead of degrading; that goodness of heart which appeared in

every look and accent, and gave additional value to every talent and acquirement."* The history of Holland House calls up a long and illustrious roll of men distinguished in every department of thought. In its library, stored "with the varied learning of many lands and many ages," what a *tableau vivant* does Macaulay's outline present! In statesmanship there are Charles James Fox, Grenville, Sheridan, Brougham, Palmerston, Lyndhurst, Melbourne, Grey, Eldon, and Grattan; in literature, science, and art, Sydney Smith, Jeffrey, Horner, Washington Irving, George Ticknor, Guizot, Byron, Moore, Rogers, Mme. de Staël, the two Humboldts, Landseer, Lawrence, Leslie, Canova, and Chantrey. Did ever the private residence of one man gather together such a brilliant coterie? It is no matter of surprise that the cultivated traveller should seek out, among his earliest pilgrimages in London, the mansion so intimately connected with the genius and wit of both the Old and the New World. Literature and science and art, in truth, know no nationality. The world of mind is the universe of man:

"Respublica literarum est totius mundi."

Leaving Hyde Park on a charming August morning, a drive of two miles brought us in front of Holland House. We were disappointed in the appearance of the edifice, having associated in our mind an exterior as well as an interior grandeur. It is a substantial old pile of red brick somewhat after the earlier Renaissance style. Its architecture is of the mongrel Gothic of the age of James I., and in spite of the cumbersome façade there is about it a certain picturesqueness which always accompanies age when well cared for. This venerable domain, embowered amid trees and shrubbery, still retains an air of dignified seclusion, suggesting that idea of privacy which is so marked a characteristic of the English mind. The demands of trade are so unceasing that suburban retreats of historic renown must yield in course of time to its insatiable behests. Macaulay has predicted that even the last survivors of our generation will search in vain, amid new squares and new streets, for the site of this once far-famed dwelling. That Holland House will become but a memory we have no doubt, but that its associations and traditions, so closely interwoven with the best literature of England for a century, will pass away with the dismantling of its turrets is an impossibility. The annalist and the engraver will preserve

* *Essays*, vol. iv. p. 72.

all the essential features which have made it the most notable mansion of modern London. Although its spacious rooms are now almost silent and deserted, yet, with no great stretch of imagination, we could retouch the stately edifice and well-kept grounds with all the splendor that once shone there. Like Alessandro Verri, in his *Notti Romane*, we could repeople it with the illustrious dead who had once enjoyed its magnificent hospitality, and bid them renew the scenes which literary history and biography have made so familiar. Every spot within and without has its own associations, embalmed with some delightful memory of poet, philosopher, statesman, artist, or wit. At no period in its history do the reminiscences glow with such matchless coloring as when Sheridan, Erskine, Burke, and Windham together shared

"The feast of reason and the flow of soul."*

What splendid sallies of wit and wisdom were evoked by men of such high gifts—the drollery of Sheridan, the eloquence of Erskine, the criticism of Burke, and the courteous attention and polished bearing of Windham, who was considered "the finest gentleman of his age"—or a few years later when Mackintosh, the cold, self-contained Scotchman, encountered the magnetic enthusiasm and argumentative skill of Mme. de Staël; when the gay poet of Erin, with spirit light as air, charmed every one with his Irish ballads, sung with pathos so exquisite that all hearts were touched; and when Byron, just coming into fame, proud and self-conscious, looked coldly on, a silent spectator, unmoved either by mirthful sally or pathetic song. But the history of Holland House has its dark chapter. The clique of George Selwyn, entertaining but dissolute, gained a fatal hold upon young Charles James Fox and enticed him to reckless habits which wasted his substance and embittered his life. Upon themes like this we do not wish to dwell, and gladly turn aside to less painful reminiscences.

A frequent visitor at Holland House was Lord Brougham, who in the midst of his immense labors managed to secure time for the social demands upon him by rising at daybreak and settling himself in the breakfast-room for hours before the family were astir. It was here that his host found him quietly at work upon his Education Bill on the morning of the day upon which he was to make his magnificent defence of Queen

* Pope, Satire i. book ii.

Caroline—an effort which became a leading sensation of the time. The wrongs of the ill-fated woman appealed deeply to his generous heart, and he threw his whole strength into her cause. Unhappy as was her lot, its greatest misfortune was the being united in any way to the heartless, brainless libertine whom Thackeray so well characterizes as "nothing but a coat and a wig, and a mask smiling below it—nothing but a great simulacrum."* It was in the Gilt Room, first fitted up by Rich, Earl of Holland, for a sumptuous entertainment in honor of Charles I. and his royal bride, the Princess Henrietta Maria, that at a later period Henry Fox, the first Baron Holland, gathered at a memorable ball the beauty and fashion of the English metropolis. It was then that the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, so unmercifully satirized in the *Letters of Junius*, "cut in at whist" with Rigby and Lady Townshend—Smollett's Lady of Quality—while Horace Walpole and Calcraft "only looked on"; and George Selwyn, the Beau Brummel of his day, enjoyed the light fantastic toe with Miss Kitty Compton. It was in what is now the dining-hall that Addison, who had married the Lady Warwick, sent for his ward, the young Earl of Warwick, whom he had tried to reclaim from what Macaulay facetiously calls the fashionable amusement of beating watchmen, breaking windows, and rolling women in hogsheads down Holborn Hill—that he might see how a Christian could die. Addison's was a strange preparation for death, for in this same room, towards the close of life, he would pace up and down with a bottle of port at one end and a bottle of sherry at the other. Before his health began to fail, to escape the arrogance of the then mistress of Holland House he frequented the taverns and clubs, where he could enjoy in peace the companionship of old friends. At no period in the history of English letters were public morals so degenerate; but it must be remembered that it was the day of Swift and Sterne, who held ecclesiastical livings within the gift of the Anglican Establishment. The convivial excesses of Addison were perhaps more the result of these post-prandial visits than of the timidity of his disposition, whose spell was broken, as Macaulay says, by the free use of wine. Matrimonial infelicities certainly increased the temptations to which he easily yielded. Addison's writing-table still stands in the library of Holland House. It is a curious little table, covered with a green cloth, now faded into a yellowish color and here and there bespattered with ink. It was formerly in the possession of Rogers, the poet, and occupied a corner in

* *The Four Georges*, p. 184.

his beautiful residence in St. James' Place. When Rogers died his elegant home was broken up and his art collection, so rare and so valuable, scattered. The last Lord Holland purchased Addison's table at the sale of Rogers' furniture.

The library passage is quite a unique feature of Holland House. Although narrow and low, its walls are lined with objects of great interest. From two queer little windows the light falls on some of the rarest treasures of art in which that mansion abounds. An odd story is told of a portrait which hangs near the last autograph of Addison. Until lately it was believed to be a portrait of the author of the *Spectator*, taken from life. Macaulay speaks of it as genuine, and as such it was formerly pointed out to literary visitors who had access to Holland House. Time and again it was engraved as an original of Addison, but it was ultimately discovered to be a portrait of his friend, Sir Andrew Fountaine, of Narford Hall in Norfolk, vice-chamberlain to Queen Caroline and the successor of Sir Isaac Newton as warden of the Mint. On the same walls is a miniature portrait of Robespierre, on the back of which Charles Fox has inscribed the words "Un scélérat, un lâche, un fou." One is struck with the contrast between two Italian faces, those of Machiavelli and Galileo. In the former the brows are knit, the mouth is firmly closed, and there is a furtive glance in the eyes, as though suspicion lurked in the heart. The outlines are severe and the features harsh and unrelenting. Taken altogether, one is puzzled to determine whether the face is more satirical than misanthropic. The countenance clearly shows the consummate adept in the art *perfide*, and is not unworthy of the man who advocated the base principles contained in his *Prince*. The portrait of Galileo is a copy from Titian made by an English artist during a visit to Florence in 1794. The face seems to wear a settled melancholy, appealing but not repulsive. The brow is high and noble, and every feature is clearly cut. The contour is rather of the Shaksperian cast. There is a deep pathos in the penetrating eyes, which seem to be looking far away into the future for the realization of that fame that is to crown the aged astronomer of Arcetri as the *sidereus nuncius* of the century. Among the other remarkable portraits in the library passage is one of Franklin, painted in Paris, and another of Locke, the father of English materialism. The ring and snuff-box of the First Napoleon, which were brought from St. Helena by Count Montholon as precious relics of the idol of the Fox family, are of special interest to all who are fascinated by the

military career and romantic history of that extraordinary man, who deluged Europe in blood and left a name whose talismanic influence is undying with the French people. These mementoes awakened poetical rhapsodies from more than one habitué of Holland House. Moore, who knew so well how to turn a graceful compliment, offered his tribute to Lady Holland:

"Gift of the hero, on his dying day,
To her whose pity watched for ever nigh.
Oh! could he see the proud, the happy ray
This relic lights up in her generous eye,
Sighing, he'd feel how easy 'tis to pay
A friendship all his kingdom could not buy."

Another apartment, called the Sir Joshua Room, contains a number of fine portraits by Reynolds, the most beautiful of which is that of Lady Sarah Lennox. Thackeray calls it "a magnificent masterpiece, a canvas worthy of Titian." Wonderful indeed must have been the beauty of Lady Holland's fair niece when even George III. yielded to its spell, and, as is believed, laid his royal crown at her feet.* In the painting she is represented with two other figures, Lady Sarah Strangways, daughter of the first Lord Ilchester, and Charles James Fox at the age of fourteen. The boy stands holding a copy of verses, which by his ardent expression he may be supposed to be addressing to his dark-eyed cousin, who leans from a window of Holland House to listen to them while at the same time caressing a bird perched upon her finger. "The royal bird," as Thackeray says, "flew away from lovely Sarah," and "she had to figure as bridesmaid at her little Mecklenburg rival's wedding, and died in our own time, a quiet old lady, who had become the mother of the heroic Napiers."† Another picture, the most valuable of the whole collection, is Murillo's "Vision of St. Anthony of Padua." China vases and bronze monsters, Venetian mirrors and gorgeous tapestries, the adornments of the modern drawing-room, however rich and elaborate in themselves, only seem to bring out by sharp contrast the higher lines of beauty and the truer art of color which are the product of such a master-hand as that of Murillo. The "Vision of St. Anthony" is a marvel of delicate coloring, the blending of which almost equals the lovely hues of the skies of southern Italy. It glows with those warm tints which are chief features in what is known as his

* The story of the attachment of George III. to Lady Sarah Lennox was related by Mr. Pitt to Mr. Grenville, who has given an interesting account of the royal episode (*Grenville Papers*, vol. iv. pp. 209, 210).

† *The Four Georges*, p. 146.

calido style. In the management of light and shade Murillo reached the perfection of art.

When Henry Fox purchased Holland House the room afterwards fitted up for the library had fallen to decay. It was unfloored and full of windows down to the days of Addison, and presented the appearance of a conservatory. Lord Holland blocked up many of the windows, and reduced the remainder to two large bay-windows; but for all that it was still said that Holland House had a window for every day in the year. The formation of its splendid library was begun in 1796, and numbered fifteen thousand volumes during the lifetime of the last Lord Holland. While the eccentric John Allen, satirically called Lady Holland's atheist,* was librarian it increased to such an extent that it drove the family portraits from the walls of the long gallery and two adjoining rooms. A general survey of its contents shows that the value of the books does not consist in their rarity, but in their completeness as to individual subjects. As a private library it is especially rich in French and English memoirs and in Spanish and Italian literature. Among the unique treasures, which we examined with something of that appreciation with which Charles Lamb kissed a folio of old Chapman's translation, is a small copy of Homer, once the property of Sir Isaac Newton, with a distich in his writing on the fly-leaf. It was a great favorite with Charles James Fox, who had often conned its pages.

Washington Irving, in speaking of the taste with which the English gentry have developed the unrivalled combinations of nature, says that "those charms which in other countries she has lavished in wild solitudes are here assembled round the haunts of domestic life." † Nothing in rural scenery can surpass the sequestered grounds of Holland House. Embellished by all the art that the hand of man could lend to beautify the landscape, there is neither nook nor corner but has received his skilful nurturing. Remote from the din and traffic of old London, and situated on a height which is said to be on a level with the stone gallery of the dome of St. Paul's, the tranquillity of the scene, so secure from intrusion and so teeming with historical reminiscences, invites to meditation and repose. There is hardly a great landed estate of modern England but awakens melancholy reflections in the mind of the Catholic, and recalls those earlier days when faith had penetrated every outlying hamlet of this fair realm. Kensington was anciently known as

* Crabb Robinson's *Diary*, vol. i. p. 178.

† The *Sketch-Book*, p. 78.

Kenesitune, and was the royal gift of William the Conqueror to Geoffrey, Bishop of Constance. Somewhere on its old manor once stood the venerable abbey of Kensington, whose lands became vested in the crown under the Act of Spoliation—the preconceived object of Lee and Layton, those infamous Commissioners of Visitation: *

> "Threats come which no submission may assuage,
> No sacrifice avert, no power dispute;
> The tapers shall be quenched, the belfries mute,
> And 'mid their choirs unroofed by selfish rage
> The warbling wren shall find a leafy cage,
> The gadding bramble hang her purple fruit,
> And the green lizard and the gilded newt
> Lead unmolested lives and die of age." †

For a considerable time the abbey lands of Kensington were leased to various persons, and finally conveyed to Sir Walter Cope, the father-in-law of Henry Rich, first Earl of Holland, to whom we have already referred. The family of Rich was a new creation, and its escutcheon from the beginning was stained with the best blood of England—with the blood of men

> "Like saintly Fisher and unbending More." ‡

A writer of our own day has well said that "it is not easy for a reflecting man who has studied its origin to feel any vehement enthusiasm for Anglicanism; Henry VIII. and his Parliaments have taken care of that."§ Execrable indeed is the memory of those who during the English revolt were ennobled for treachery and perjury, and enriched by grants of the dissolved abbeys. Among the officers of the crown no name is more blackened with infamy of every kind than Richard Rich, lord-chancellor, and founder of the family to whom the princely domain of Holland House once belonged. Father of the first Earl of Holland and friend in early youth of Sir Thomas More, he won his way to the woolsack in 1547 through crimes which grow darker, if that were possible, when brought into contrast with the clean hands and pure hearts of those against whom he plotted for the sake of royal favor. When the aged Bishop of Rochester was

* "Henry VIII., rich with the abbey money, himself built or repaired no less than ten palaces: Beaulieu in Essex, Hunsdon in Herts, Ampthill in Bedfordshire, Nonsuch in Surrey, York Place at Whitehall; besides Bridewell and Blackfriars, St. James', Westminster, Kimbolton, Huntingdonshire, Sheriff-Hutton in Yorkshire, and King's Langley, Herts" (Thornbury's *Shakspere's England*, vol. i. p. 72).

† Wordsworth's *Eccl. Sonnets*, xxi. ‡ Id. xxvi.

§ Matthew Arnold's *Essays in Criticism*, p. 500.

lying a prisoner of state in the Tower of London, Richard Rich, then solicitor-general, approached him with a secret message from the king touching the royal supremacy—a question which Rich represented as troubling the conscience of his majesty. When reminded by the prelate of the danger to his case of expressing an opinion, in view of the new act of Parliament, the solicitor responded that the king commanded him to assure the bishop, upon the honor of a king, that, whatever he should say, he would be at no peril, be his words for or against the statute, as his declaration was secretly for the conscience of the king alone. Rich gave his solemn promise, as an officer and messenger of the crown, that the words uttered should never be mentioned save to the king alone. At the mock trial which soon followed no witness against the venerable prisoner appeared but the solicitor-general, Richard Rich. On his testimony, suborned by treachery, Bishop Fisher was convicted of treason, sentenced by Lord Audley, then chancellor, and executed. At the trial of Sir Thomas More, ex-lord-chancellor of the realm, which took place a few days later, the conduct of Rich increased in baseness. But he had the most diabolical of games to play, upon the success of which all future preferments depended; for he "had been made solicitor-general," says the late Lord Campbell, "on an understanding that he was effectually to put in force the recent acts against all recusants, and most especially against the refractory ex-chancellor." * His first step against the noble object of his machinations was quite in keeping with the rest of his delectable history. Having obtained an order from the Privy Council that Sir Thomas More be deprived of the books with which his imprisonment had hitherto been comforted, Rich himself accompanied the men appointed to remove them, and, while the work went on, cunningly drew the ex-chancellor into conversation. Complimenting him in highest terms of friendship, he put ingeniously-worded questions by way of entrapping Sir Thomas into some reply which should hereafter be used against him; and although he utterly failed in his purpose, through the caution and skill of the answers given, yet at the trial those answers were so tortured from their real shape as to bear out the monstrous designs of the wretch who sought his ruin. The prosecution was conducted by Sir Christopher Hale, and Rich was his assistant. When, from shame, the jury were on the verge of dismissing the case through absolute lack of evidence, Mr. Solicitor Rich, leaving his official place, offered himself as a witness against the

* *Lives of the Chancellors of England*, vol. ii. p. 58.

prisoner. Perjuring himself with calm effrontery, he declared Sir Thomas More to have asserted in direct words to himself that denial of the king's supremacy which was all that was needed to constitute the crime of treason in a case so thoroughly prejudged. This point passed, the end was hurried on, and the sacrifice of that unspotted life gives added blackness to the atrocious record of Richard Rich, unequalled in the statecraft of nations: *

> "From this pregnant spot of ground such thoughts
> Rise to the notice of a serious mind
> By natural exhalation. . . .
> . . . Earth is sick,
> And Heaven is weary, of the hollow words
> Which states and kingdoms utter when they talk
> Of truth and justice." †

The grounds which surround Holland House were laid out in 1769 by Mr. Charles Hamilton, a friend of Lord Holland, and the general appearance is still proof of his discriminating taste and fertile resources in landscape-gardening. Under the shade of lordly oaks and cedars one sees at a distance the southern Pentlands and the Surrey hills. Here a fountain sends forth its silvery spray, and there stands a granite column bearing an inscription from Homer and surmounted by a bust of Napoleon, the work of Canova. On yonder elevated spot, a few hundred yards from the southern front, Scott repeated to Moore, during a moonlight ramble, his own verses as they surveyed Holland House:

> "If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
> Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
> For the gay beams of lightsome day
> Gild but to flout the ruins gray."

A secluded retreat, lying on the north side and shaded by majestic trees, is the alley Louis Philippe, called in honor of the exiled king of France. He came to Holland House immediately after his abdication, stung by the memories of those last hours in the Tuileries. During the revolution of 1848 Émile de Girardin pressed upon the king the necessity of abdication, which he

* "After the lapse of three centuries, during which statesmen, prelates, and kings have been unjustly brought to trial under the same roof [*i.e.*, Westminster Hall], considering the splendor of his talents, the greatness of his acquirements, and the innocence of his life, we must still regard his murder as the blackest crime that ever had been perpetrated in England under the forms of law" (*Lives of the Chancellors of England*, vol. ii. p. 59).

† Wordsworth's *Excursion*, book v.

opposed with all the arguments which he could command. The Duke de Montpensier, who was present at the interview, showed so much irritation at the declension of his father that, forgetful of his filial duty at such a crisis, he uttered language unworthy of the youngest son of the king. Smarting under the insult, the face of Louis Philippe by turns became flushed and pale. Almost blinded by tears, he took a quill from his desk and wrote in a large hand the deed of abdication. Having signed it, he again dipped his pen into the inkstand and thrust it, full of ink, into the face of the duke, exclaiming, with voice quivering with anger and sorrow: "Es-tu content maintenant?"

But if one should recall even a tithe of the names, distinguished in rank, learning, or brilliant deeds, which cluster around the memories of Holland House a volume would be required rather than a single paper. We cannot leave our subject, however, without some recollections of the last Lord Holland, whose genial temper and remarkable social gifts so eminently fitted him for his rôle of host in this most hospitable of English homes. His great modesty and rather retiring manner were apt to mislead the casual observer as to his really unusual mental strength, but always and everywhere he seems to have been held the ideal of a true and noble manhood.* Our own accomplished countryman, the late George Ticknor, says of him: "Lord Holland is an open-hearted gentleman, kind, simple, and hospitable, a scholar with few prejudices, and making no pretensions either on the score of his rank, his fortune, his family, his culture, or anything else." † Meeting him again at a later date, Mr. Ticknor writes: "I cannot help agreeing with Scott that he is the most agreeable man I have ever known." ‡ Lord Holland's powers as a *raconteur* were such as to render him almost the equal of his frequent guest, the witty canon of St. Paul's. In his repertoire was one anecdote which he used to tell with a quiet humor which was quite irresistible. The gay and dissolute but amiable George Selwyn, an habitué of the house under the former Lord Holland, had a sort of ghoulish fancy for witnessing executions and viewing the dead bodies of criminals. On one occasion, calling at Holland House, he was denied access to its master on the ground of serious illness. Upon learning of his visit Lord

* The following verses were found on Lord Holland's dressing-table after his death:

"Nephew of Fox and friend of Gray,
Be this my meed of fame,
If those who deign to observe me say
I injured neither name."

† *Life of George Ticknor*, vol. i. p. 264. ‡ Id. vol. ii. p. 176.

Holland said to his valet: "On his next be sure you let him in, whether I am alive or a corpse; for if I am alive I shall have great pleasure in seeing him, and if I am a corpse *he* will have great pleasure in seeing *me*." In sketching the wife of this great-hearted Englishman one finds a subject far less attractive. Look where we may, in the lives, journals, or table-talk of the men who frequented her house, there is no really hearty word in praise of Lady Holland. She could do a generous act at times, as is proved by her kindness to the poet Campbell, to whose relief she more than once contributed munificently; and by her treatment of Francis Horner, offering him rooms in her own house and every attention needful for his invalid condition. But her general demeanor was certainly most singular, and some instances are related of *brusquerie*, and even downright rudeness, which would seem like a leaf taken from the days of the royal vixen, Queen Bess. One day, when Sydney Smith was dining at her table with a brilliant company, she inquired, in a tone to be heard by every one, "if it was true that he was about to marry his daughter to an apothecary," alluding to the distinguished physician and scholar, Sir Henry Holland. Another outrage was her having dared to ask Sir Philip Francis if he were the author of the *Letters of Junius*. "Madame, do you mean to insult me?" was his only reply. Leigh Hunt could never be induced to go to Holland House, and Lord Dudley, whom she especially desired to have as her guest, was equally intractable. Upon being asked by a friend what was his reason for always refusing he said "that he did not choose to be tyrannized over while he was eating his dinner." There is a certain malicious satisfaction in knowing that her imperious ladyship was frequently overmatched in her own special line, and on one occasion it happened that Mr. Ticknor completely mastered her. She had the insolence to inform him that the New England States were settled by convicts from the mother-country. With unmoved urbanity he replied: "Ah! I was not aware of it, but now I remember some of the Vassall family *had* settled at an early date in Massachusetts. Indeed, a house built by one of them is still standing at Cambridge, and there is a monument to some member of the family to be seen in King's Chapel, Boston." Taken completely by surprise, Lady Holland said not a word; then, recovering herself, she asked various questions about the monument and requested of him a drawing of it when he should return to America. Another anecdote illustrates a still more unenviable side of her character. Having lost

a pet kid while abroad in Spain, she had the English burial office performed over its remains, having represented to the Anglican clergyman that it was the body of the daughter of her former husband. The young girl grew up bearing the sobriquet of The Kid. Fanny Kemble,* who always avoided an introduction to Lady Holland, says that upon her death the only lamentations she heard were for the loss of the pleasant house, and not at all for its mistress. Upon the demise of Lord Holland she had removed to the family mansion in South Street, London, and there gathered around her many of the former habitués of Holland House. It must be added, in justice to Lady Holland, that she was a loyal and steadfast friend, and that she never lost an opportunity of showing kindness to any whom her generous husband had in his lifetime been in the habit of aiding.

The beautiful old mansion, with its wealth of art treasures, its princely library and unnumbered relics of great men of a past generation, is now held by strangers, and it is become only one of the "homes of England" to which the careless traveller may devote a casual hour of sight-seeing. But to the man who realizes that England and America, whatever the differences between them, are one—one in ancestry, one in literature, and one in the future of the Anglo-Saxon race—there is a deeper interest in visiting a spot around which hover so many recollections of men and women who have made the world richer and better by their lives and by their deeds. And so long as such memories are held in common by the two nations there will be between us a link which cannot be broken. Quarrel as we may through pride, avarice, or ambition, yet through all and above all we feel that we are brothers.

* *Record of a Girlhood*, p. 177.

THE SCHOOL GRIEVANCE AND ITS REMEDY.

The school question is a question of conscience. All of the Catholic body and a respectable portion of the Protestant have conscientious objections against sending their children to schools in which religious teaching is, from the nature of the case, excluded. These eight or ten millions of citizens are firmly persuaded that such schools favor unreligion and tend to form men's lives according to the maxims of the world rather than those of the Gospel. It appears, indeed, as if the majority of the people are willing that their children shall become, as far as their education is concerned, regular wards of the state. But an important minority are unable to make any such surrender of parental right and duty; and the reason why is that their consciences will not let them do it. They are therefore forced to look upon the present public-school system, as far as their children are concerned, as a delusion and a snare.

If the state has heretofore gone on the assumption that the common schools are of equal use to all the people, it cannot do so any longer: a large portion of the people cannot use the public schools, except in cases of actual necessity, without violating their consciences.

Does anybody doubt the existence of this conviction in such a large body of citizens? Some seem at least anxious to ignore it, declaring it to be confined among Catholics to an ambitious clergy, and among Protestants to a few eccentric and fault-finding individuals. But the actual fact is that this plea of conscience is plainly uttered in every way that human conviction can gain expression: public journals by the score, and these by no means all of one religion; numerous conventions of public bodies; solemn decrees of church authorities; the expenditure of millions of money to substitute religious schools for the public ones; the protest of an always increasing number of men of station and culture.

Now, when all these millions of American citizens solemnly declare, by every organ of utterance public and private, that the public schools as at present conducted are perilous to the souls of their children, how should they be met by their fellow-citizens?

The first thing to do is to actually recognize that there is a

case of conscience involved; that the law is actually forcing multitudes of men to pay for a system of schooling which they are firmly persuaded is unchristian and highly detrimental to their children's eternal welfare. It is, indeed, hard to believe that laws are actually enforced in this country which oppress consciences. But such is the fact. The first thing, therefore, is to wake up to that fact. Let the American people fully realize that they are face to face with a grievance of conscience suffered by a portion of their countrymen who for numbers, respectability, and patriotism are among the foremost in the land. A plea of conscience is always worthy of respectful hearing, though it concern the veriest paupers, or even convicts, in our public institutions. When it concerns several millions of men and women living in every part of the country, engaged in every vocation, and embracing multitudes gifted with every quality that can adorn the patriot, then, if religious liberty have aught to do with our form of government, a problem touching it awaits public solution. When the word conscience is spoken in this country it calls up another word like an echo—freedom. To the American mind freedom of conscience is a watchword. Every true American will say that in matters of conscience no one portion of a free community ought to override another. The question to be met and settled is, in plain words, just this: Can we honestly tax our neighbors to maintain schools to which they dare not in conscience send their children?

Discussion will not settle the matter. Discussion has had its day and done its work. It has but brought out more clearly than ever before the following great truths:

That the present school system is a departure from the fundamental principles of our republic and the primitive practice of its founders, and is an odious abridgment of personal freedom.

That in a free state a man should never feel so free as when deciding how his children shall be trained.

That when the law begins to put its foot over the circle of parental authority it is time to ask whether we are not being governed too much.

That it is idle to say that where all religions are excluded there is no room for complaint: to an earnest man the difference between particular denominations is not half so great as that between his religion and none at all. Wrong belief is better than none.

That the public school should not antagonize the Christian family.

That when the state undertakes the part of educator it must do so in subordination to those who are educators by divine right—that is to say, parents.

That if the right of the state over a child be subordinate to that of the parent, then to assist the parent, and not to set him aside in the education of the children, is the state's province.

That there is no reason why a good schooling may not be best promoted by the state without hurt to religious sensibilities.

That a school is more apt to be efficient if the attendance of children depends, at least in some measure, upon the approval of parents than upon mere public authority.

That a system of schooling which substitutes mere authority for the stimulus of competition is an unwise system and un-American.

That in many of the States we are fast coming to this miserable condition: no teacher need apply who has not been trained in a State normal college, drilled in one certain method, and been made a member of a certain caste. The most sacred office (next to the parental) which one human being can exercise over another—that of teacher—is thus fixed and limited by State legislatures and bestowed as a favor by local politicians.

In bringing out plainly such results as the above, discussion has done its work, and this, too, in spite of much unfairness on the part of some of the partisans of state domination over family right. The side of patriotism and religion and personal freedom combined has been shamelessly bullied and threatened. Hard names have been called, and many words uttered against us ringing with the harsh tones of hate. Appeals have been repeatedly made to sectarian fanaticism. Race-prejudice has been enlisted against us. In spite of all this the cause of denominational schools has gained much by discussion; and although the religious sentiment has grown perceptibly weaker among the people generally, yet the number of prominent advocates of religious schools has steadily increased. We now find them among the Protestant clergy in great numbers; the columns of the Protestant religious press are often occupied with able articles in their favor. Even the secular daily press shows plain signs of having admitted the grievance to the list of public controversies. The result of discussion could not be different. Men may cast religion out of their own lives, and even look with apathy on the religious condition of their children. But it is hard to find a man who will fail to respect a neighbor who is determined

to throw the influence of his child's schooling on the side of his eternal destiny.

The present unreligious school system has thus been proved false by argument. That is one test, and it is a good one. But it is not the best. Experiment is the best test of any human system. And the present school system has been weighed in the balance of actual use and been found wanting.

It should train all the children, and especially those of the poor. It has failed to do it. In every large city many thousands of the children of the poorer classes are in schools erected and supported by themselves, and thousands more run the streets for want of room in any kind of a school.

It should be economical. It is lavish and prodigal in its expenditure of money, and is ever crying for more.

It should give a good, solid training. In many places its failure to do so has been demonstrated, and even admitted; and this especially in not imparting a practical knowledge of the elementary branches to the children of the poor.

It was designed to help harmonize religious differences. It has itself become the sharpest and most poisonous thorn in the side of religious harmony.

It should train up industrious, law-abiding citizens. And by excluding religious and moral teaching it has lowered the moral tone of the whole population. It has increased the number of those who wish to enjoy life without labor. It has quickened a perverted taste for dangerous reading, leading to the present vast increase of crime, pauperism, and insanity. It, more than anything else, is to blame for the wide-spread dishonesty, love of idleness, and impurity with which the community is infected.

Actual trial has thus demonstrated that a system of education which fails to teach moral beings how to keep the Commandments of God cannot be relied on to train up good citizens.

What, then, shall be done about it? It is not difficult to tell what the advocates of religious schools will do. Alway and everywhere, publicly and privately, they will be men and women true to their consciences, and will advocate religious schools by every peaceful form of agitation till justice shall be done and equal rights obtained.

At this point of time, when it appears that an effort is being made by the interested partisans of the public-school system to obtain immense sums of money from Congress, from State legislatures, and from municipalities for the support and extension of their pet schemes, would it not be wise and prudent for those

who are held responsible for the right and proper use of the public moneys seriously to consider and deliberate whether the end proposed, the education of all the children of this country, might not be in some other way more efficaciously promoted, and more in accordance with the spirit of American liberty, than by bestowing millions of the public treasury upon a system of education which from its nature excludes so large a body of American citizens from participating in its results? Illiteracy is bad, but the sacrifice of parental rights and liberty is worse. Education can never advance as it should, in a free country like ours, if these be ignored. Parental rights and liberty secured, education will progress with giant strides, for there is no portion of the American people who do not sincerely desire education. Then, and not before then, shall we see an education worthy of our country secured to all the children of the land.

As to a practical settlement, we ask only to be met in a fair spirit of accommodation. On our part we are willing to be taxed for unreligious schools for the children of unreligious parents, if such parents are willing on their part to be taxed for religious schools for our children.

We are in favor of a good common-school system for all the children of the land. To secure this we are in favor of even trying a fair compulsory law, if it only put the children into schools which are as well the choice of the parents as approved by the state. With the present system coercive schooling is out of the question.

We are heartily in favor of a cordial feeling of amity between the members of different religious denominations.

If some citizens wish to maintain schools exclusively secular let the state help them. If other citizens wish to have denominational schools let the state help them also; and let the state aid in every case be in proportion to the numbers benefited and the success obtained in such instruction as the state judges necessary to form good citizens. Let us have fair play and payment for results.

As to just how the public funds shall be applied, we are willing to stand any test which does not invade the sanctuary either of home or of religion. In the application of public money for schools for the people we are in favor of a broad interpretation of the rights of the state.

In a word, if the present unreligious schools were part of a system which embraced religious schools as well, we should be in favor of the system.

Some such adjustment of the claims of citizens will go far towards uniting the whole nation in a determined war as well against vice as ignorance. It will vastly augment the number of children enjoying a good schooling in secular branches. It will enhance the efficiency of the teachers by introducing the leaven of competition. It will greatly lessen the expense. It will put an end to a hateful government monopoly. It will set at rest the consciences of millions of the best citizens of the country, of all races and creeds, concerning the education of their children, without in any degree lessening the state supervision over their secular training.

It will thus be seen that we are open to any fair proposals of accommodation, insisting upon nothing except that compromise shall end where conscience begins. We wish to divide neither the public funds nor the public authority. We only ask of the state to promote common and universal schooling for the whole people.

Does any one say that this is impossible? Then how have they succeeded in doing it in Great Britain, in Austria, in the Dominion of Canada, and also in other countries?

The reconciliation of public order with equal private rights is the first task of statesmanship; who is willing to admit that the statesmen of our country are unequal to the task of devising a system of public schools which shall satisfy the consciences of religious parents without detriment to good secular training? It is just such questions that offer the fairest field for the statesman's skill.

It is never the part of wisdom to postpone the inevitable, and it is idiotic to resist it. Now, if there is one thing more certain to happen in this country than any other, it is that sooner or later no one class of citizens shall be taxed to support a public-school system which they themselves are prohibited from using by the dictates of an enlightened religious conscience.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HERBERT SPENCER ON THE AMERICANS, AND THE AMERICANS ON HERBERT SPENCER. Being a full report of his interview, and of the proceedings of the farewell banquet of November 11, 1882. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1882.

The grub-worm has its work to do in the divine economy, but it is by keeping underground that it does it. The positivist is the intellectual grub-worm, and the agnostic is one of the species of the grub-worm genus. Let him work in his place, and he too may serve a good purpose. But no man can ignore the light of Christianity and be considered, at this stage of Christian civilization, a philosopher. A philosopher, in the light of Christianity, is one who looks forward and upward, and not backward and downward. Since the Word has been made flesh it requires no little audacity to write and to publish in a Christian community, in the year of our Lord 1882, that God is the "Unknowable"! And in a Christian society to feast this man, and to assemble men of note, many of whom profess to be Christians—to do this thing, this is the sublimity of audacity. Cicero, though suckled in a pagan creed, had he been present at this banquet might have rebuked these professing Christians, as he did not fear to rebuke his contemporary agnostics when he said: "Alas! that this God whom we know by our reason, and of whom each one bears traces in his breast, by the labors of these philosophers is wholly obliterated from the minds of men."

There is one feature of this farewell banquet which makes the gorge rise, and that is the fulsomeness of the praise bestowed upon their guest, particularly the contents of the letter of the president of Columbia College. Had these opinions been expressed in an after-dinner speech there would have been some room for an excuse; but such a letter to have been deliberately written, in sober moments, and by a president of a deservedly eminent college—this is indeed strange! Science! Let us have science plentifully, but let it be science unadulterated with infidelity. Let our young men drink freely from the untainted sources of science! Is it asking too much from so-called scientists to leave the wells of science unpoisoned? The letter of President Barnard, of Columbia College, displays a condition of mind that prompts us to exclaim: "Something is rotten in the state of Denmark!"

Thank Heaven there is not a name of even a nominal Catholic appended to this graceless banquet, where professed Christians were misled, by a badly understood courtesy to their guest, to the shameless betrayal of Christianity!

A CATHOLIC PRIEST AND SCIENTISTS. By Rev. J. W. Vahey, pastor of St. Lawrence's Church, Elkhorn, Wis. Benzigers.

The "scientists" of Milwaukee who threw down the glove to Father Vahey are no great things, except in boastfulness. Father Vahey, having

consented to hold a public discussion with them, afterwards declined, by advice of the late Archbishop Henni, to do so, "from a conviction," he says, "that with men who rejected the authority of divine revelation it would be folly to argue"—a conviction, in our opinion, not well founded. The "scientists" could not let pass such a fine opportunity to boast that Father Vahey "feared to meet them in open debate, owing to the inherent truth of their systems, which would clearly establish the eternal being of matter, disprove the existence of a First Cause, the Blessed Trinity, and Christianity, which were purely mythical." This taunt stirred up Father Vahey to consent once more to the discussion, "on condition that two reporters would be admitted; but this they declined on the plea that, until some future time, *they did not wish to give their arguments publicity.*" Their wish to keep dark was more prudent than valorous. With such antagonists, having nothing but the crudest materialism, and a mass of equally crude objections against the truth of revelation, to put forward as "science," victory was easily won. The book which Father Vahey has published is a good and sensible exposition of a certain number of important truths with a refutation of the opposite errors. It is a good book to circulate among those who from their imperfect education are puzzled or in danger of being disturbed in their faith by the shallow and sophistical arguments of the vulgar infidelity which is spread abroad in so many ways and is so unspeakably noxious.

SOLID VIRTUE: A Triduum; and SPIRITUAL CONFERENCES. By Rev. Father Bellecius, S.J.

NEW-YEAR GREETINGS. By St. Francis of Sales.

MAXIMS OF ST. FRANCIS OF SALES. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benzigers. 1882.

Father Bellecius' treatise on *Solid Virtue* is well known as having itself the most solid virtue. The Retreat for Three Days is an abridgment of this work, arranged in the form of meditations and conferences by the author's own hand. The translation has been made by a Father of the Society of Jesus.

The two little books which are translations from the writings of St. Francis de Sales, one by Miss M. A. Colton, the other by Miss E. McMahon, are neat miniature volumes, each containing something precious from the treasures of that delightful teacher of holy wisdom. The *Maxims* are specially adapted for the guidance of persons endeavoring to live devoutly, and for their consolation and encouragement amid the difficulties and sufferings which they may have to encounter on their journey through this world.

STEPHANIE: The Story of a Christian Maiden's Love. By Louis Veuillot. Translated from the French. Baltimore: John B. Piet & Co. 1882.

A very delightful little romance by the most famous of French Catholic journalists. The moral is, of course, edifying, the plot is ingenious, the characters true to life, the scenes and conversations full of interest. The translation is well done.

THE

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THE ESCHATOLOGY OF ORIGEN.

PART II.

THE Apocatastasis, or Restitution of all things, is not an invention of Origen, but a doctrine of Holy Scripture.

The Lord had scarcely ascended when his vicegerent Peter, in his great sermon in Solomon's Porch, announced that—

"Times of refreshment shall come from the presence of the Lord, and he shall send him who hath been preached unto you, Jesus Christ, whom heaven indeed must receive until the times of the *Restitution of all things*" (*Acts* iii. 20, 21).

"Until the day of judgment, when God will restore man lapsed into sin, suffering, and death to glory and a happy immortality, and will thus restore the ruin wrought among the angels. He will then likewise restore, together with man, heaven, the elements, and the whole world to primeval integrity, incorruption, and splendor. For there shall be then a renovation and, as it were, a regeneration of the whole world, as the apostle teaches—*Rom.* viii. 21, and *St. Peter* 2 *Ep.* iii. 13" (*Corn. à Lap. Comm. in loc.*)

St. Paul declares the same truth fully and repeatedly:

"God hath also exalted him, and hath given him a name above every name; that in the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of those that are in heaven, on earth, and in hell; and that every tongue should confess that the Lord Jesus Christ is in the glory of God the Father" (*Philipp.* ii. 8–11).

"For the expectation of the creature waiteth for the revelation of the sons of God. For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him that made it subject in hope: because the creature

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also itself shall be delivered from the servitude of corruption into the liberty of the glory of the children of God. For we know that every creature groaneth, and is in labor even until now" (*Rom.* viii. 19–23).

"As in Adam all die, so also in Christ all shall be made alive. . . . For he must reign [*i.e.*, rule over the church militant] until he hath put all enemies under his feet. And the enemy death shall be destroyed last. . . . And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then the Son also shall be subject to him who subdued all things unto him [*i.e.*, cease to rule over the order which has passed away], that God may be All in all" (1 *Cor.* xv. 22–28).

It is this doctrine of the Scripture which St. Gregory undertakes to explain in all that he writes concerning the universal apocatastasis, however much or little he may do so by the aid of Neo-Platonic philosophy.

His doctrine may be summed up in this brief statement: That all *κακία*, that is, vitiosity, is removed from nature, which undergoes an *ἀποκατάστασις*, restitution, *παλιγγενέσια*, regeneration, into the *καλόν*, the state of good, and *μακαριότην*, beatitude.

This last term, Beatitude, to our modern Christian conception, and according to our usage of speaking, is the one which is strongest and most expressive. It is, therefore, the best one we can select for explanation, as presenting most distinctly the difficulty of understanding St. Gregory's doctrine in another sense from that of universal salvation. We commonly understand by Beatitude perfect and everlasting happiness in the possession of the Sovereign Good, that is, in the Vision of God. Undoubtedly the Restitution, the Regeneration, the perfect order of Good, Beatitude, find their culmination in the holy and blessed angels and men who will reign in glory and felicity, with Christ, for ever, in his eternal kingdom. If the banishment of all *κακία* and *ἁμαρτία*, evil and sin, from the whole universe, was equivalent in St. Gregory's mind to the removal of every impediment to this perfect beatitude in all rational creatures, and restitution to this state of perfect beatitude was taught by him as, without exception, universal, his doctrine was diametrically contrary to the Catholic faith. But this is not the true interpretation. There is a key to the difficulty which unlocks it without violent wrenching or breakage, a perfect solution of the enigma; which Huet, Petau, and Stöckl failed to discover, because they used a wrong combination, applying modern terminology to an ancient theology which had its own peculiar language.

The key is found in a correct definition of the term *μακαριότης*, translated into Latin by the word *beatitudo*, in English

beatitude, which terms have come in both languages to denote a state of perfect felicity, and specifically that of the blessed saints in heaven. This is not the primary signification of the Greek term in classical authors, or in the usage of the earliest Greek Fathers. Eustathius says that a person is called *μάκαρα παρὰ τὸ μὴ ὑποκεῖσθαι κῆρι*, with alpha privative, *i.e.*, *qui non subjicitur fato*, namely, who is immortal. In this sense the term was applied to the gods of Greek mythology. Etymologically it denotes *expers fato*, exempt from mortality. In the ancient Christian writers its generic sense is the same, signifying a state of incorruptibility and immortality; and it is in this sense that Origen and Nyssen use it when they speak of the universal resurrection and apocatastasis of all men without distinction. When it is used to denote the everlasting felicity of the saints it is used in a more specific and comprehensive sense, not embracing in its extension all men but only the elect.

Moreover, it does not directly denote subjective freedom from pain with pleasure in the enjoyment of good, but rather the participation in a certain objective good of a high order, the possession of great natural or supernatural dignity. The beatitude of holy angels and saints consists in their possession of the endowments of their respective natures in full perfection, together with the superadded endowments of the state to which they have been elevated by grace. It is their dignity as intellectual or rational beings in the condition of full development, in which they resemble God; but in a higher sense, as beings made capable by the light of glory of the immediate, intuitive vision of the Divine Essence, and thus, after the manner possible in a creature, deified.

The fallen angels, although they have irrevocably forfeited grace and the light of glory, have not lost their intellectual nature and dignity, or any of their essential endowments. Mankind has suffered, through the fall, the loss of the integrity and incorruptibility of its mixed and composite nature, as a species, and become physically degenerate. This is a consequence of the loss of supernatural endowments which the human species incurred by the sin of Adam. It is not repaired in this life, even in those who are regenerate and sanctified by grace. A second effect of redemption is necessary, in order that they who have been sanctified in the spirit may be fully restored and made perfect in their complete nature; and this effect is not fully accomplished until the regeneration, the apocatastasis, that is, the resurrection of the human race, is accomplished. This resur-

rection is universal. By it corruptibility and liability to death, together with all natural degeneracy and defect, are removed from the human race, as such, and in all the individuals of the species. The state to which all men are alike brought by the apocatastasis is what St. Gregory calls beatitude in the generic sense. In a specific and more comprehensive sense, the beatitude which the saints completely attain in the resurrection includes glorification and all the rewards of their personal merits. But from this beatitude a multitude of those who rise from the dead are for ever excluded, and suffer, moreover, the penalties due to their personal demerits.

In the sense of St. Gregory the *κακία*, evil, which is banished from the universe, is not the alienation from God, the destitution of grace, the exile from heaven, the penal consequences of the transgression of law, to which some angels and men have become subject by voluntary abuse of their liberty during the period of probation. It is the defect and disorder of physical nature. The restitution of all things to *καλόν*, the state of good, is not the conversion to God, and the restoration to fellowship with him and to participation in the inheritance of the saints in light, of all rational beings who have been turned away by sin from the sovereign good. It is the reduction of all species and individuals in the creation to due order, each after its kind and degree, under the absolute government of God.

This is the apocatastasis to which St. Peter and St. Paul are continually referring as the grand *finale* of God's creative and redemptive work. It is that which, as Vincenzi shows, was taught, in agreement with the doctrine of St. Gregory, by Tatian, Tertullian, St. John Chrysostom, St. Epiphanius, St. Proclus, St. Augustine, and other ancient writers, and by the Angelic Doctor, St. Thomas.

St. Thomas says:

"It pertains to the perfect goodness of God, that he should not leave *anything inordinate in existing things*" (*Con. Gent.* iii. 146).

And in respect to the resurrection of men he says:

"By the merit of Christ defects of nature are removed in the resurrection from all in common, both the evil and the good. . . . Now, the souls of the evil have a nature which is good, as a creature of God. . . . Therefore their bodies, in respect to that which belongs to their nature, will be integrally repaired, because, namely, they will rise in a perfect age, without any diminution of members, and without any defect and corruption, which an error of nature or infirmity has introduced" (*ibid.* iv. 85, 89).

Vincenzi sums up the doctrine of St. Gregory as follows:

"When God restores man by the resurrection to his pristine state, strength will succeed to weakness, glory to ignominy, beauty to baseness, incorruption to corruption, immortality to mortality, and, in one word, *beatitude will succeed to vitiosity*. Or (as Nyssen himself has defined that kind of beatitude, distinguishing from *the beatitude which is according to nature* that which is *supercelestial*), there will succeed in the nature of every man, whether he be just or unjust, not the very supernal beatitude itself, but the type and image of the same, which shows merely the representations of the beatific characters, according to the words of Genesis, *He made him to the image of God*. Which characters, designated by the terms already cited, by St. Gregory, are also called by St. Augustine (*Nat. et Grat. con. Pelag.* c. iii.) the natural goods; with which Adam was endowed by God the faultless artificer, in his form, life, senses, and mind, at his creation; and with which, since he has lost them by sin, he will be re-endowed in the resurrection" (vol. i. p. 63).

We will now quote the exact words of Nyssen, in which he distinguishes the supernal and supercelestial beatitude which God alone possesses by his essence and nature in infinite plenitude, from that beatitude in a generic sense which is an image of the former, and is reflected in every rational nature in proportion to the similitude of God which it expresses:

"*Beatitude*, in my opinion, is a certain comprehension of all those things which are understood to come under the name of *good*, from which nothing is absent of all things which are the proper object of desire as being good. . . . That nature which truly possesses this beatitude is the divine nature itself. . . . But since he who made man made him after the image of God, that nature must be regarded as beatified in a secondary sense, which is so designated on account of a participation or communication of that which in very deed is beatitude.

"Beatitude, in the primary sense, is that incorrupt life, that unspeakable and incomprehensible good, that indescribable beauty, essential grace and wisdom and strength, the true light, the fountain of all goodness, exceeding all things in excellence, the only lovable power, the perpetual exultation remaining always the same, the sempiternal joy, concerning which how much soever any one may be able to speak, he will say nothing adequate to its worthiness. . . . But since he who made man made him after the image of God, in a secondary sense that nature is to be considered as having beatitude (μακαριότόν, beatum) which, on account of the participation of that which is the true blessedness, comes under the figure of that name. For as in an excellent bodily form its prototypal beauty is in a real and living subsistence which is visible, and an image which represents this by imitation is a different thing entirely; so also human nature, which is an image of the supernal beatitude, is itself also marked by a character of beautiful dignity, because it shows forth in itself representations of the beatifying characters" (*Orat.* i. *de Beatitudinibus*).

Vincenzi observes that "we must understand according to this second signification the beatitude with which human nature,

having long ago lost it by sin, will be a second time endowed in the resurrection. The frequent use of this word in the writings of Nyssen in the same sense as *the image of God, incorruption and immortality*, takes away all obscurity from his language" (p. 45).

The time of the universal apocatastasis, according to St. Gregory, is the Day of Resurrection. The preceding period is, for men, a time of probation while they are living, of remedial and purgative punishment, so far as they need it, after death. After the Judgment comes eternity with its endless retributions. The purgative and temporary punishments of sinners between the period of death and that of the resurrection, in the Nyssenian eschatology, are distinct both from the purgatory of the just and the eternal punishment of sin. The purgatory of the just completes the purification of baptism and penance. The purgatory of sinners removes the vitiosity of nature and restores it to incorruptibility. All nature being restored and reduced to perfect and permanent order at the time of the universal restitution, there is no room any more for purgative discipline, and there is no further probation for any rational beings. Then begins the eternal retribution awarded to the demerits of those who have voluntarily and freely transgressed the law of God and have not been forgiven. The reason given by St. Gregory and by all the orthodox writers on this subject, why there must be a restitution of all nature, but not a restitution of all rational beings to grace and supercelestial beatitude, is that God must make his own work perfect, but is not bound by his justice or goodness to make any individual being more perfect than the exigency of its nature demands. Irrational nature has received from the Creator an exigency for perpetuity in existence and perfection in its own order. So, also, has intellectual nature, and the rational nature which is composed of soul and body. This exigency will be satisfied by the Creator through the exercise of his divine, creative power, directed by his own sovereign will. Every creature possessing intelligence and free-will, who has been elevated by grace and placed in a condition to merit perfect beatitude, if he does merit it, has in himself an exigency for receiving completion in the supernatural order from the Creator. But if he is found at the end of his term of grace without that decisive determination of his will in the rectitude of supernatural justice, and without that merit, which are requisite, there is in him no exigency of nature demanding the restoration of the goods which he has forfeited. In a word, God will not invade the domain which he has given to the exclusive dominion of free-

will, which is within itself, the seat of merit and demerit. Outside of this realm he will repair all the disorders and defects which sin has introduced into the world which he made all good, and remove the imperfections belonging to an inchoate state. And this is what St. Gregory teaches that God will operate in human nature, without respect to the holy or unholy character of single persons, so that in the resurrection all shall be endowed with incorruption and immortality.

"Evil is something which comes out of a deliberate determination, and, considered according to its proper essence, has no existence in the nature of things; for every creature of God is good: *and all things which God made were very good*" (*De Virgin.*)

"What is the scope of the discourse which the divine apostle delivers in this passage: *Then the Son also himself shall be subject to him who subdued all things unto him?* That, namely, at some time the nature of evil shall pass away to nothing, being entirely effaced from that which is, or from the essence of things: *and they will be very good;* and that goodness which is divine and every way imperishable shall contain every rational nature, no one of those who were made by God being excluded from the kingdom of God, when, all vitiosity which had been mingled with things being consumed as foreign matter by the fusion of the purgatorial fire, it shall become entirely the same as it was from the beginning, when it had not yet been contaminated. . . . Sin having been first taken away and then death destroyed, nothing except good will be left in nature" (*Sermo* in verba Pauli *Tunc et ipse Filius*).

This vitiosity or sin St. Gregory frequently and fully describes as a base element in human nature which must be purged out of it by fire, that it may become pure and refined gold. When it becomes incorruptible and immortal it will have no more capacity or desire for gross, sensual pleasures, but only its natural appetite, implanted in it by the Creator, for that good which is either the uncreated good in God or the created good which is from God and an object of rational desire. Evil in the physical universe, having no substantial nature and being merely disorder and privation of the beauty which is due to it by the law of congruity, will disappear when all existing things are reduced to perfect order. God will be All in all: *Deus erit omnia in omnibus.*

"In this place," says Nyssen, "the Scripture seems to me to teach the perfect and absolute destruction of all vitiosity and evil. For if God will be in all things, there will be no vitiosity and evil in the nature of these things. For if any one supposes there will be any vitiosity and evil, how can the proposition stand that God is in all? For an exception of that kind makes every comprehension imperfect and incomplete" (*De Anim. et Resurrec.*)

It is plain that St. Gregory must include the fallen angels in this perfect and complete comprehension. Yet there are but two passages in which Huet and Petau think they find the opinion advanced that they will be ultimately restored to grace.

In one of these Nyssen says that the "deceiver," the "enemy," by whom man has been seduced will himself experience the benefit of the remedy by which human nature is restored; in the other, that "the demons will also with one accord confess the sovereignty of Christ." Vincenzi does not consider either of these passages as referring to the fallen angels. He understands by the "enemy" the inordinate concupiscence of the flesh, and by the "demons" human souls in Hades (pp. 20–35). His very ingenious reasoning in support of this explanation, whether it be or be not correct, does not seem to be necessary for the vindication of St. Gregory's orthodoxy. For the same reasons which prove that the restitution of human nature does not imply restoration to grace are equally applicable to the case of the demons, regard being had to the difference of their nature. They must be included in the universality of the proposition that no evil or receptacle of evil is left anywhere in existing things, and that "beatitude," in the sense already explained—viz., as the type and figure of the beatitude which God alone possesses by nature and which he imparts only to the saints—is the lot of the whole creation after the apocatastasis.

"It is requisite that evil should at some time be thoroughly and altogether removed from that which is, and, as has been said above, which in reality is not, nor in any way to be. But since evil has no nature, so that it can be, outside of deliberate volition, when every deliberate volition or will shall be in God, by its absolute abolition vitiosity will have no place, so that not even any receptacle of it will be left" (*De Anim.*, etc.)

In the First Homily on the Canticles, among other things which relate in general to all creatures, and particularly to men who rise again at the Resurrection incorruptible, Nyssen says:

"Vitiosity being removed, the soul will not be impeded from the contemplation of good; in the resurrection there will be a consent of all in good; at that time we all shall celebrate a feast with one accord in the confession of him who is truly God."

The most obscure and difficult sentences, in our view, among all those which are contained in St. Gregory's writings are those in which he speaks of every volition, choice, or will being in God, and of the consent of all in good; and it would have been well if Vincenzi had given more precise explanation

of these particular passages. This explanation is necessary in order to show what St. Gregory means by the abolition of *sin*, and that this does not imply the conversion to God of the angels who sinned or of all sinful men from the state of alienation into which they fell by sin, the cessation of all penalty, and the restoration of all to the lost Paradise. We must, therefore, undertake to give it briefly.

Ignorance and error are completely removed from all intellectual beings by that manifestation of truth which is made at the Last Judgment. This manifestation compels assent so absolutely that henceforth, the divine reason being made the intrinsic law of every mind, all intellectual revolt against God is impossible. Every intelligent being is compelled by his nature to desire and choose good, and can only choose evil, not as such, but under the aspect of good, which presupposes an error of judgment. When such an error becomes impossible there can be no object which presents itself to the intellect as the term of an act of volition except that which is truly the uncreated good or the created good. The creation being reduced to a perfect order which cannot be disturbed, there is nothing in it to elicit any inordinate appetite. Thus the law of God being identified with the intrinsic appetite of the will, it is subject to that law by its own nature and of necessity.

This is what St. Gregory means by the universal concert of harmonious praise in which all creatures join around the throne of God. God is glorified in all his works. Christ has triumphed over all rebellion and opposition. He has subjected all things to God. The Son himself is subject to him in his humanity, as the head of all creatures. The blessed in heaven are in a filial subjection, glorifying God in their glory. Other rational creatures are subject to him as servants, glorifying him by the manifestation of his perfections in their nature, and in the testimony which is rendered to the sovereignty, goodness, truth, justice, and sanctity of God by their perpetual existence in the state where God has placed them. Irrational creatures glorify God by their physical excellence and perfect order, under their own laws. The final result of God's works and ways in the creation, and the ultimate, unchangeable condition of all existing things in the order which he has brought to perfection, is all good, without defect or flaw. He regards it with complacency, and every intelligent being must necessarily approve it, and see in it the glory of God, and bow down before him in homage. The Son has accomplished this subjection of all things to God through

his humanity and by means of his Mediatorial reign. Therefore every intelligent creature in the universe must be subdued, not by a merely extrinsic coercion, but by the intrinsic, irresistible power of truth and reason, to bend the intellectual knee of the mind, and confess by the intellectual tongue, which manifests to all his interior judgment, that Jesus Christ is in the glory of God the Father. His rule is established and acknowledged in heaven, on earth, and in hell, which all appertain to his kingdom. All opposing principalities and powers are abolished, all conflicts are ended, the last enemy is subdued, the peace of eternal order succeeds, and God is All in all, reigning with a sovereignty which is neither resisted nor contested.

St. Gregory, as we have seen, calls this state "beatitude" and "the kingdom of God." We have already explained the sense in which he uses these words. By giving them a sense foreign to his intention the foregoing description might be understood to imply that all fallen angels and sinful men will at last be made partakers of the "supercelestial beatitude" and of the kingdom of the saints, in which they live and reign with Christ in glory. But it is absolutely certain that he never held or thought of even suggesting as a conjecture such an unscriptural, anti-traditional, and heretical opinion. The apocatastasis, St. Gregory distinctly affirms, is completed at the Resurrection. All the beatitude given to rational creatures is accomplished when that event takes place. There is therefore no opportunity for any further restitution during the succeeding eternity. But the Judgment, St. Gregory teaches, in accordance with the Catholic faith, takes place after the Resurrection, and in that Judgment Christ pronounces the sentence which divides for ever mankind into two classes with separate destinies: *Venite, benedicti; Ite, maledicti.* In more than fifteen different places in his works he expressly teaches that the exile and punishment of those who receive their doom from the Judge at the Last Day are eternal. It is impossible to explain away its eternal duration as signifying only "age-long."

"That St. Gregory's meaning and his agreement in this matter with the Catholic Church may be more fully manifested, we must observe the terms *αἰώνιον ἀΐδιον, æternum, sempiternum,* which are everywhere and always used as a token of Christian faith to express the perpetuity, *i.e.*, the endlessness, of beatitude and condemnation. In these locutions, which are equal to each other in import, the holy doctor expressed a sense from which the notion of an age which has an end is excluded, and which comprehends in itself a boundless duration. Wherefore, speaking against the

heretic Eunomius in his Tenth Oration on the Eternity of the Word, he says: 'If, therefore, eternal life is not found in the Son, he is convicted of having spoken falsely when he said, *I am the Life*; there is, indeed, a life which is not eternal, ἀλλὰ τὸ μὴ αἰώνιον πρόσκαιρον πάντως, but what is not eternal is altogether in time. But such a kind of life is common to beasts.' And in the First Oration he writes: 'That which is not capable of death and destruction is without end; in the same way that which is not said to be for a time is eternal. Therefore that which is neither eternal nor endless is perceived to be exclusively in a corruptible and temporal nature.' How can it be possible, then, that St. Gregory, his testimonies on the topic in hand being compared together, used the same words, *eternal*, viz., and *sempiternal*, sometimes to denote infinite, and at other times finite duration?" (p. 18).

We will now cite some of the passages, of which there are more than fifteen to be found in his writings, in which St. Gregory distinctly teaches that the doom of punishment pronounced against sinners at the Last Judgment is eternal.

"Do not change the boundaries which our fathers have placed; nor despise that simple form of preaching which is adapted to the minds of the ignorant; nor any longer pay regard to various traditions, but walk by the rule of the ancient faith" (*Ep. ad Ambrosiam et Eustathiam*).

St. Gregory undoubtedly followed himself the rule which he laid down to others. The teaching of Christ, the apostles, and their successors, on the eternity of the retribution awarded to merit and demerit at the Last Judgment, is absolutely certain; and was distinctly recognized in the church in the age of St. Gregory, just as much as in later ages. It is impossible that he should have held and taught the contrary doctrine, or that he should have proposed in connection with it private interpretations of Scripture or philosophical opinions which were diametrically opposite to and subversive of the faith. In point of fact, whenever the occasion required him to do so, he spoke clearly and perspicuously in the same sense with the other Fathers.

Explaining the sentences of Christ, the Final Judge, *Venite, benedicti; Ite, maledicti*, he writes:

"Thus the just judgment of God is also assimilated to the moral qualities by which we are affected; giving to us from his own, retributions of the same quality with the actions which have been done by ourselves. *Come*, he says, *ye who are judged worthy of benediction* (Venite, benedicti); and, *Go, ye who are judged worthy of malediction* (Ite, maledicti). Is it, perchance, an external necessity which assigns a joyful sentence to those who are placed on the right hand and a bitter one to those who are standing on the left? Or, rather, have not the former obtained mercy on account of the things which they have done; the latter, on the contrary, have they

not rendered the divine judgment severe and unmerciful to themselves because they have been merciless and inhuman to their fellows and to the common people? That Dives who was spending his life in delights and luxury did not have compassion on the abject, miserable beggar in his vestibule; therefore he cut off mercy from himself, when he implored mercy he was not heard: not that one drop from the great fountain of paradise would be missed, but because the drop of mercy cannot be mingled with and communicated to inhumanity. *For what communion is there of light with darkness? Whatsoever things a man shall have sown, the same also shall he reap*" (*Orat.* v. *de Bened.*)

Of those who deferred their baptism and were at last cut off by death, unbaptized, he says that their fate is the same with that of Dives:

"Weeping and repenting in vain, not otherwise than the rich man who was clothed in purple and fine linen, and whose chosen and delicate food of every sort nourished the matter of inextinguishable fire, *ὑλὴν του ἀσβέστου πυρός*" (cited on p. 15.)

In his *Oration on Beneficence*, picturing the Day of Judgment, he says:

"I hear those who are on the right hand called sheep, and those on the left goats. For they receive this appellation on account of a moral similitude. I hear the judge questioning them and giving reasons. I hear what they answer to the king. Finally, I perceive each one indued according to his deservings. To those who shall have been good and benignant, and who have lived in an excellent manner, supreme and perpetual repose is assigned in the heavenly kingdom; but to the inhuman and those destitute of virtue the punishment of fire, and that of an endless duration, *τιμωρία πυρὸς καὶ αὐτῇ διαιωνιζούσα.*"

The idea that there can be any transition from hell to heaven is completely shut out by St. Gregory's explanation of the abyss or chaos which Abraham, in the parable of Dives and Lazarus, tells Dives, lies between the separate abodes of the saved and the lost—namely, that it is not a physical barrier, but a separation of destiny which has been caused by difference of conduct during life, and which divides the just from those who have lived in sin and have not repented before death.

"For the one who has once chosen in this life whatever is sweet and pleasant, and does not, led thereto by penitence, correct and amend his foolish and rash counsel, makes for himself in the hereafter the place of the good inaccessible and unapproachable, since he has dug out opposite to himself this impassable necessity, which is like a kind of vast and pathless abyss" (*De Anim. et Resur.*)

Finally, the holy doctor furnishes himself an explicit and clear explanation of his genuine sense in the passages we have quoted above, in which he describes the universal harmony and

consent of all rational creatures in confessing the sovereignty and glory of God and Christ.

"For when, as the apostle says, *the figure of this world shall have passed away*, when, moreover, the King and God, Christ, shall have appeared to all, *every unbelieving soul having been brought to full faith and certain knowledge, and every evil-speaking tongue restrained;* and the vanity of the Greeks and the error of the Jews, and the diseased, untamed tongue of heretics, shall have come to a standstill: then, indeed, all nations, and the peoples who have been from the beginning, falling down, will offer a concordant adoration, and there will be a kind of wonderful concert of glorification; the saints, indeed, intoning their hymns with a willing mind, *but the impious supplicating from necessity.* And then, in very deed, the song of victory will be unanimously chanted by all, *as well by the conquered* as by the conquerors. Then also that flagitious servant, the author of perturbation, who had arrogated to himself the dignity of his own Lord, will be observed by all while he is being dragged by angels to punishment; and all the ministers and co-operators of his iniquity will be subjected to due torments and punishments. Then will be shown that there is One King and Judge, whom all will confess as their common Lord" (*Serm.* iii. *de S. Pasch. Fest.*)

"There will be an *entire dissipation of all vitiosity* when all men have been recalled to life by the resurrection; and those of them who are just being translated into the celestial repose, they who are obnoxious to sins *will be delivered over to the gehenna of fire*" (*Serm. in Chr. Natal.*)

"It is absurd that those who have a care of the soul not to anticipate the uncertain day of death and the heat of that excruciating fire which burns *through eternity* and never admits any solace" (*De Pœnit.*)

"The goods which are set before those who have lived rightly, in the promises, are not of such a kind that they can be described in words; for how can they be, since they are such things as eye hath not seen nor ear heard, nor have entered into the heart of man? Nor is the miserable and painful life of those who have sinned similar to anything here which torments the sense. For whatsoever in those torments is called by the name of anything which is known here is nevertheless very different. When you hear of fire, you perceive that you must understand something different from the fire which exists here, because something is added to the name expressing this difference. It is, viz., inextinguishable, whereas there are many ways of extinguishing the fire which we are familiar with. Now, there is a great difference between a fire which is extinguished and one which admits of no extinction. Therefore it is some other kind of fire, and not the fire of this world" (*Orat. Catech.* i. 40).

Considering in a fair and reasonable manner all the intrinsic and extrinsic evidences of what was the genuine scope and purport of the theological and philosophical argumentation of St. Gregory of Nyssa concerning the last things, we conclude that it has been misunderstood by Father Petau and others who agree with him. In the first place, the beatitude of which he speaks in a universal sense is wholly within the natural order.

In the second place, it does not directly denote exemption from pain and enjoyment of complete happiness, but only a certain incorruptible and immortal state of being which is in harmony with a perfect order established in the universe by Almighty God. St. Gregory was not in any way controverting or calling in question the common and Catholic doctrine of eternal punishment. His arguments were wholly directed against pagan philosophers and heretics, with a view of refuting such notions as the eternal and substantial nature of evil, the essentially evil nature of bodies, the impossibility of the resurrection, and a host of similar anti-Christian errors.

It was his great aim to vindicate the doctrine of the creation of all things by the One God, the essential goodness of all created things, the benevolence and omnipotence of Divine Providence—in a word, the dogma of faith, which is also a certain conclusion of reason, that God is the First and Final Cause. In the development of this argument it was necessary for him to show that sin and evil are merely privative and accidental predicates of existing things, not taking rise from the volition of the Creator but from the deficient and inordinate volitions of creatures; and, moreover, that it is both congruous to the goodness of the Creator, and within his power, not to leave finally anything inordinate in existing things. All Catholic theologians and philosophers are in perfect accordance with St. Gregory in these principles, most notably and explicitly the Angel of the Schools, St. Thomas. The reason why St. Gregory's doctrine of the restitution of all things has been supposed to be contradictory of the doctrine of eternal punishment has been that the two ideas of the privative and negative nature of evil, and of the essential difference between the natural and supernatural order, have been lost sight of. The statements that all evil and deordination are banished from the universe, and that a multitude of rational beings remain for ever alienated from God as the penalty of transgression, seem to be incompatible, viewed in a certain aspect. But they are not. The state of the lost is one which is only privative and negative in so far as it is deficient from good. St. Gregory, it is true, affirms that this evil of privation and disorder will cease when God restores all things. But this is true only of nature and physical existence. The supernatural and supercelestial beatitude is not due to nature. It is a free gift to those who have by the grace of God merited the promised rewards of his kingdom. Those who are deprived of it do not suffer privation of that which is due to them as they actually are, but only

of what would have been due to them in a possible condition. They remain where they ought to be, and suffer what they ought to suffer, in the order of justice. If they were endowed with the beatitude of the saints, the amount of physical good in the universe would be augmented, but the good of the moral order would be diminished. In fact, that moral order which God has established in his infinite wisdom and sovereign power would be subverted. It is the sovereign will of God to bestow the supernatural good only in proportion to the merit gained by the exercise of free-will, and as the result of the con-creative exercise of this power in created natures, acting with and under his own power as First Cause. This sovereign will is fully accomplished, and the retribution awarded to demerit is necessary to its full accomplishment. St. Gregory fully recognizes this truth. While he teaches that God will make perfect everything which depends exclusively from his own creative omnipotence, he affirms also that whatever depends in part from the exercise of created free-will will remain for ever, as this exercise of free-will has given it its perpetual determination. Therefore, in the same exposition of the final state of things in which he affirms that all vitiosity will be banished from the realm of existing things, he declares also that in the state of final and perfect order retribution will be awarded to angels and men according to their respective merits and demerits.

This great doctor has no need of an apology for his orthodoxy at the expense of his intellectual insight and his consistency. His character is vindicated as one of the greatest and most profound of the ancient theologians and philosophers of the Eastern Church. He is one of the brightest stars in that Pleiad of Saints to which he belongs.

We have taken up a great deal of time before coming to the direct treatment of the main topic in hand—the Eschatology of Origen. Really, however, we have gained the great point which is necessary for the vindication of the illustrious Alexandrian. His doctrine is substantially the same with that of St. Gregory. It is only necessary to show this similarity, and his cause is gained. Having opened the way now to vindicate his orthodoxy to the best advantage, we hope to continue our pleasing task in the next part of this article.*

* For a fuller exposition of the most important topics treated of in this part of our article see an article entitled "The Destiny of Man in a Future Life," in The Catholic World of May, 1878, and another, "The Principle of Beatitude in Human Nature," in the number for July of the same year.

TWILIGHT STARS.

POISED in yon blue is a home,
  Reached by a stairway of stars,
Whither the footstep of thought,
  Silently mounting, repairs.

High o'er the mustering clouds,
  A shadow profanes not its air;
Needless a sheltering roof:
  The snow nor the tempest is there.

Lit by the sun nor the moon,
  A lustre illumes that abode,
Shed as from dewdrops or gems—
  'Tis the effulgence of God!

Verdure and bloom without blight,
  Home without death or a care,
Friendships and shining pursuits—
  Who would not sigh to be there?

Loves that bring not a chagrin,
  And pleasures that end not in rue,
Lives that compel not a prayer,
  Entwine in that home of the true!

Ah! could we follow our thought,
  Be where it lures us alway,
Then the blest Future were *now*,
  Then the sweet Morrow to-day!

AT TRACADIE, NEW BRUNSWICK.

There is no chapter of Canadian history more tinged with romance and with sadness than that which relates to the once light-hearted dwellers in "Acadia the happy." With relentless accuracy we are shown how the poor Basque and Breton peasants were tossed about from France to England, and from England to France, now forced to swear allegiance to one monarch, now to the other, and finally how they were surprised, surrounded by an armed force, and placed on board of attendant vessels that conveyed them from their country to be scattered throughout the English colonies in America. Acadie then comprised what are now the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. History tells us that the northern part of Nova Scotia was in 1632 purchased by the King of France from Sir David Kirk, one of those marauders who played so disgraceful a part in the capture of Quebec. This "northern part of Nova Scotia" is now believed to have been the old county of Northumberland in the province of New Brunswick.

The poor exiles of the notorious 10th of September, 1755, fared badly, as was intended. Some were landed in Massachusetts, friendless and starving; many died; over one thousand became a public charge. Others were taken further south and were reduced to such misery that they were sold as slaves. Others took refuge in Cape Breton and in St. John's (now Prince Edward) Island. After peace was proclaimed and the footing of the English colony firmly established the embargo was taken off Acadian settlers. Some of these poor people who were longing for their "dear Acadie," and who were near enough to carry out their wishes, returned, but returned to find their homes occupied by the invader. Their clearings and houses thus being lost to them, they settled along the shores, and, as time wore on, became quite a thriving population, gaining their living from the treasures of the sea, and establishing fisheries now a source of vast wealth to the Dominion.

Between the counties of Northumberland and Gloucester, in the province of New Brunswick, is a broad and beautiful bay, that, narrowing, forms a river navigable for large vessels thirty miles from its mouth, and that, spreading into many branches, irrigates a large section of the province. This bay and river,

together with the well-wooded district through which it flows, are all called "Miramichi," signifying in the Mic-Mac language "Happy Retreat." Through many vicissitudes has this district passed: the scourge of war visited it, the devastating breath of fire laid it low; but phœnix-like it rose from the ashes and lies smiling in peace and plenty, one of the fairest spots in the picturesque province of New Brunswick. The name of New Brunswick supplanting Acadie will suggest the fact that the Hanoverian religion succeeded the old faith, and, as a matter of course, among the many new erections that sprang up for the sects to worship in there was little or no room for the "chapel" of the Catholic. This period of church history in the once faithful Acadie was full of hardship; but the trials were all overcome, and to-day we see the northern part of New Brunswick forming the diocese of Chatham, under a bishop so universally popular that Catholics and non-Catholics vie with each other in telling his praises. The town of Chatham, in Northumberland County, is one of the seats of the lumber trade of the province—a pretty little town of about five thousand population. On the brow of an eminence overlooking the city stands St. Michael's College, in which is the episcopal residence. Beside it is the Hôtel Dieu, containing a hospital ministered to by sisters from the Hôtel Dieu of Montreal, and a large school under government control taught by the same ladies. On the opposite side of the Miramichi River is the thriving little town of Newcastle, while Bathurst, another important seat of the lumber trade, lies forty miles to the north. Away to the northeast stretches a magnificent expanse of country richly wooded and watered by noble rivers. Along the coast are fishing-stations and large settlements of Acadians, a God-fearing and simple-hearted people. On one of these peaceful villages God has laid a terrible scourge that, while it has brought sorrow and wailing in its train, has given to a few devoted women an opportunity of exercising self-sacrifice and devotion almost unparalleled.

To visit the Lazaretto of Tracadie, now in charge of the Sisters of the Hôtel Dieu, had long been a cherished project of the writer, who in the autumn of last year was enabled to carry out the design.

Crossing from Chatham in a small ferry-boat, we strike a broad and level road that intersects the principal settlements in the vicinity. The first place of note on the road is Oak Point, the residence of a Highland gentleman, Mr. MacDougall, whose beautiful property and genial hospitality are renowned through-

out the province. A few miles further on we come to the district known as Burnt Church. This name is a relic of the old wars. The frigate charged with conveying the remains of General Wolfe to England was, owing to adverse weather, driven into Miramichi. This accidental anchorage was favorable for securing a fresh supply of water. Six of the crew were accordingly told off for that duty. They landed at a place called Henderson's Point, and, after loading their boat with water, strayed off for a ramble in the forest. Here they were surprised by a large force of Indians and barbarously murdered with all the fiendish tortures of which savage ingenuity is capable.* The captain, taking for granted that his natural enemies, the French soldiers (of whom there were some stationed at a fort hard by), were accessory to this dark deed, determined on a terrible revenge. He proceeded up the river, fired a broadside into French Fort, and, coming to the settlement at Canadian Point, laid it low, killing almost all the inhabitants. He then put out to sea, but on his way again wreaked his vengeance on a church near Neguaak, burning it to the ground. Hence the settlement is still known by the name of Burnt Church.

In this vicinity there are many Indians of the Mic-Mac tribe. They have lost the vigor of their warlike ancestors, and live by fishing and shooting, occasionally finding work among the lumbermen. They are a simple race, very tractable, most respectful to their spiritual pastors and masters. Their idea of what is a fitting reception for their bishop is more demonstrative than agreeable. They form in line along the sides of the road, and as the episcopal carriage comes in sight begin firing off their rifles one after another, somewhat after the manner of small boys playing at "soldier." His lordship's horses take this lively expression of welcome in anything but good part, and prance and start until the scene becomes most exciting. A stranger not knowing of this custom would be apt to make a grave mistake concerning

* Some two or three years ago the owner of a farm at the mouth of the Tabucintac noticed what he thought to be a piece of green ore protruding from a bank overhanging the river. Seizing a spade, he proceeded to investigate the mystery, and discovered three large copper kettles placed in a row, mouth downwards. Under them he found the skeleton of a man, a few ends of rope, a piece of cedar-wood, the remains of a pair of moccasins, and a cap of South Sea seal, the latter matted up with a quantity of fine, dark-brown hair. Over this grave was a tree of not less than a hundred years' growth. The kettles were of fine copper and wrought by hand, the marks of the hammer used in beating them out being clearly discernible. These curiosities are now the property of a gentleman in Chatham, who is most obliging in showing them to visitors. Who the unknown was or how he came there is, of course, a mystery. That he was a European is certain. The kettles suggest the water-carriers of the English frigate, but public opinion in Chatham relegates him to the Spanish peninsula, while the once hopeful discoverer savagely laments the too patent fact that he is *not* Captain Kidd.

the spirit of a party of Indians who entered a shop in Chatham some weeks ago and demanded powder. "What do you want so much powder for?" asked the clerk. "This is not the shooting season."

Gravely made answer the red man: "No shootem goose: shootem bishop!"

After passing Burnt Church we stop at Neguaak. Some miles further on is Tabucintac, on the river of that name. The road now lies in the heart of a pine forest; here and there a cleared spot gives a view of the sea. On we go, on still northward until we reach a broad, open country, and, crossing a bridge over a beautiful river, find ourselves in Tracadie. There is nothing in the aspect of the place to suggest its being the seat of so much misery. The houses and barns look neat and clean; there are some fine dwellings and three general stores. On the summit of a slight eminence stands a large and handsome stone church, as yet only partially completed. Down by the sea is the old wooden edifice that has for the past seventy years been consecrated by the prayers of the faithful. It is quaint and old, and much too small to contain the parishioners, who come from within a circuit of sixty miles. Over the altar is an oil-painting of the baptism of our Lord by St. John, and near it is a picture of another distant coast by which a saint liès dying, his hands clasping his crucifix, his eyes upturned to heaven—St. Francis Xavier, who kissed the sores of the lepers of old, is here to give encouragement to the apostles of Tracadie.

From the church to the Lazaretto—or, as it is now called, the Hôtel Dieu—is only a few hundred yards. An irregular path over the beach, terminating in a rustic bridge, leads to the enclosure that is the leper's world. The hospital can scarcely be called a triumph of architecture, nor has it any of the stately solidity that one expects to see in a government institution. The building forms a quadrangle and is but two stories in height. It is built of wood, and has been patched and added to until it presents rather a piebald aspect. The sisters have purchased land adjacent to the sixteen acres allowed by the government to the lepers, and last year they erected at their own expense an addition sufficiently large to contain their dwelling apartments as well as a general reception-parlor.

Viewed from the entrance-gate, the Lazaretto has the appearance of a slightly built wooden barrack erected in haste for temporary use, and one wonders how it has stood so many winter gales blowing over the frozen surface of Tracadie Bay.

In answer to a pull of the bell-rope a little wicket is opened and the smiling face of a sister "tourière" is seen. She, apparently satisfied that we are not wolves in sheep's clothing, opens the door and ushers us into a charming little parlor, wherein a bright wood fire is crackling cheerily. One side of this parlor is formed by a light wooden grating, behind which we see the sweet face of the mother-superior, who, accompanied by her sisters, bids us a graceful and gracious welcome. From her, and from the curé, Rev. Mr. Babineau, we learn the pitiful history of the rise and progress of leprosy in Tracadie.

One sultry August afternoon in the year 1828 the Rev. Mr. de Bellefeuille, a missionary priest visiting Tracadie, was called upon to bury a woman named Ursule Landry, who had died of a mysterious and loathsome disease to which none could give a name. Her flesh had become hard and scaly; hideous swellings distorted her face and form; spots of a brownish tint appeared upon her limbs; her eyes were covered with a yellow film; her eyebrows had dropped off, so had her nails. Her hands and feet stiffened and sores broke out, discharging matter of an offensive odor. What the malady was none knew; in all the countryside there had never been seen the like. Rumor came from Newcastle that the wife of a Scotch resident in that town, named Gardiner, was similarly affected, and a young physician of those parts had gone to Europe to study up the case. Meanwhile Ursule Landry had died, and her simple coffin was borne to its last resting-place in the graveyard by the sea, on the shoulders of four of her countrymen. The weather was very warm, and one of these poor fishermen, François Saulniers, was in his shirt-sleeves. The coffin weighed heavily upon his shoulder and cut through the thin woollen garment into the bare flesh. Undertakers were not skilled craftsmen in these parts, and from the edge of the coffin flowed a poisonous discharge that inoculated the newly-made wound of the pall-bearer. He died a leper. The sister of Ursule Landry also became a victim. Symptoms of it appeared in the children of both these women, and so the disease spread.

Sometimes it assumed a different form: instead of swelling and becoming discolored the sufferers grew daily paler and more emaciated; the hands shrivelled up; a sepulchral cough set in, attended with all the symptoms of consumption, and death came for his prey.

The young Miramichi physician travelled through Europe, prosecuting his studies with regard to this mysterious disease.

On the shores of a Norwegian feiord he found its victims; they were kept apart from other men, shunned in life and isolated in death—the disease was leprosy.

On his return he, with influential men of the district, laid the matter before the provincial government, and a Board of Health for the counties of Gloucester and Northumberland was constituted.

On Sheldrake Island, in the Miramichi River, was a small and gloomy building. To it the eyes of the Board of Health turned. It was purchased and became the first New Brunswick lazaretto. A search was made for the poor victims of the disease, who, on the 19th of July, 1844, were taken in boats to this wretched spot. A man and his wife were hired to take charge, wash, cook, etc., and a supply of provisions was doled out to be administered by them. Squalor and misery prevailed. The poor unfortunates confined by force in this worse than prison constantly planned and effected their escape; there is on record an instance of a moonlight flitting of a party of four, one of them a woman with an infant a few weeks old, who put off in boats and made their way to Tracadie, only to be recaptured and brought back to their hated "hospital."

On the 16th of October, 1845, the Lazaretto was burned down. It was rebuilt, however, but, on account of troubles ensuing from the erection of a quarantine hospital on the island, it was determined to remove the lepers to another part of the province. Accordingly, on the 25th of July, 1849, these poor sufferers, thirty-one in number, were put into boats and conveyed to Tracadie, where, on a lonely spot by the sea-shore, stood a new and comfortless building, henceforth their living tomb.

The curé, Rev. Mr. Gauvreau, who was possessed of a considerable knowledge of medicine, did all in his power to relieve their sufferings. The Board met and paid bills and passed measures, but did not, indeed could not, see to these measures being carried out. Wardens and washerwomen played fast and loose with the provisions and clothing allotted to the patients. The "rich man" may have derived some profit from the concern, but Lazarus died at his gates without even a dog to lick his sores. A physician now and then paid a little visit and received a large recompense, but here, as elsewhere, "doctors differed and patients died." At one time the star of hope rose. A young French doctor practising on the opposite side of the Baie des Chaleurs had pronounced the disease curable, and offered to come to Tracadie as resident physician and prove the truth of his assertions.

He was a stranger; the government guaranteed him nothing, but the friends of the lepers went security for the payment of his salary, and he came. Mr. Gauvreau, whose dearest wish it was to see his poor people cured, gave Dr. La Bellois the warmest encouragement, but after several trials the foreign doctor retired in confusion, and Death in his most loathsome form stalked triumphant in Tracadie. On Saturday, 4th of October, 1852, the Lazaretto was burned to the ground, one of the patients, named Tuigley, having played the part of incendiary. As the season was too far advanced for the erection of new buildings, the lepers, thirty-six in number, passed the winter in what had been used as a prison for the turbulent—a building thirty-two feet by thirty, divided into two apartments. Here their sufferings were intolerable. Afflicted with a disease that at best, even with ventilation, bathing, and attention to diet, is more or less offensive, these poor beings were huddled together unwashed and uncared for. The office of washerwoman to the institution must have been rather a sinecure, as tradition tells that clean clothing was distributed but twice a year, and the clean shirts were put on over the dirty ones! There was no nurse to tend them; they were not unfrequently found dead in their beds. Mr. Gauvreau said that on one occasion, when summoned to administer the last sacraments to a dying person, he literally had to step over a dead body lying in the ward in the midst of the sleeping lepers.

An old patient of that time, still living, relates how once the good father found a dying girl in such a state of filth that with his own hands he took a sponge and washed and dressed her sores before giving her the last consolations of the church.

In the spring of 1853 the Lazaretto was rebuilt, but the internal economy was not improved. Iron bars guarded the windows; high walls closed in the narrow limits of the lepers' yard; men and women were huddled together like sheep; a guard paced before the door. Those suspected of being afflicted with the disease were hunted down and brought to the hated prison by main force. No amusement or recreation was provided for them. The murmuring of a little brook before their door was their only music; the sky above them, the distant fields they no more might tread, the sea they loved so well, their only books. What wonder they became reckless and cared not for the laws of God or of man? Sometimes a ray of hope would come to their place of exile. Once, in the year 1860, a visitor brought them tidings of a mineral spring near the Hillsborough River, in Prince Edward Island, where, could they visit it, they would

obtain a cure. The Board of Health permitted the experiment; some of them went, but, alas! in vain, and came back to die.

In the year 1866 a petition was sent to the legislature at Fredericton, begging that a change might be effected in the management of the Lazaretto, and that "Sisters of Mercy" might be invited to come and act as nurses to the afflicted patients. After a considerable discussion of *pros* and *cons* this petition was conceded and the idea was carried out. Mgr. Rogers, Bishop of Chatham, asked the community of the Hospitalières of St. Joseph of the Hôtel Dieu of Montreal to give some sisters for this mission; his request was granted, and on the 29th of September, 1868, a devoted band of six sisters arrived in the parish of Tracadie. The poor peasants received them as angels from heaven. The whole parish turned out to do them honor and greeted them with every sign of respect and reverence. They knelt to them as to saints. One little leper boy had a rather startling habit of genuflecting every time he met a sister, even if he were running at full speed. The present superior tells with much amusement how on one occasion, when she was opening the door for an aged clergyman from Montreal, an old man appeared at the grating. He paid not the slightest attention to the priest, but fell on his knees before the nun, saying: "C'est la confiance qui m'amène à votre Sainteté."* Her embarrassment may be imagined.

The building provided for the sisters was forty feet long by twenty-five wide and thirteen feet in height. They took possession of this miserable lodging and at once set about improving the condition of the patients. In some respects the administration was as before: the supplies passed through the hands of the Board of Health; they provided the cook. But, owing to a communication from the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, neither entrance nor residence in the Lazaretto was to be compulsory by law; persuasion was henceforth to be the means employed. The sisters had the bars removed from the windows and the prison walls pulled down. Air and light, soap and water, wholesome food and good nursing, worked wonders. The sexes were separated; needles and thread were provided for the use of the women. A garden was laid off, in which the men worked with good-will. A chapel was fitted up, wherein the Holy Sacrifice was offered daily. The whole aspect of things was changed. The gloom of discontent no longer clouded the leper's brow; he accepted his cross and learned to look beyond it.

*I come to *your Holiness* with perfect trust.

Still there were drawbacks to the perfect working of the institution. The sisters, watching by the beds of their patients, could not obtain at times the smallest quantity of food for them without a *written* order being sent to the cook. Now, as the cook could not read, but had to employ the services of an interpreter, and as the sisters were not always provided with portable ink-bottles, there was generally a considerable amount of ceremony and no small delay before a cup of broth could be extorted wherewith to revive a fainting patient. Then the aforesaid cook, being of a convivial and hospitable turn of mind, would entertain his friends most liberally, while the lepers often ate dry bread and grudgingly saw their viands served up at impromptu parties in the cook-house. For some years after the arrival of the sisters at Tracadie nothing was changed in the mode of administering the Lazaretto through a Board of Health, the sisters being simply nurses and having more or less responsibility without control. The wisdom and prudence of this Board of Health were often questioned, and their indiscreet administration was the occasion of much displeasure and criticism. There was so much red-tapeism, so much farming-out of contracts, the government funds filtered through so many hands, that the poor unfortunate sufferers did not derive as much benefit as they should have had from their annual allowance.

In the year 1880, on the 25th of November, the Lazaretto was transferred to the Dominion government and became subject to the department of the Minister of Agriculture, who placed in the hands of the sisters the entire charge and administration of the money voted for the maintenance of the hospital. Since then all has gone smoothly; the patients are much better fed and clothed, and means have been provided for their occupation. They no longer spend long days and weeks in idleness. A loom, quilting-frame, carding-combs, and spinning-wheel have been provided for the women; the men have tools, and, as some of them are good workmen, they make many useful articles. There is a boat in which they may go fishing, and they have violins, on which some of them play fairly well. In the winter evenings they have many a merry dance, and in healthful work and innocent recreation forget for the moment the heavy cross which God, in his mysterious providence, has laid upon them. They never attempt to go beyond the limits which government has allotted to them, nor is there the same difficulty in inducing them to enter the Lazaretto. The curé, Rev. Mr. Babineau, investigates the "suspected cases," and, if he finds them to be dis-

eased, reasons with them until he brings them to a sense of their duty. His work is often very arduous, but he succeeds in convincing them that they will be happier and better cared for in the hospital. The great difficulty with which he has to contend is their absolute refusal to believe that they have the leprosy. Others may have it, but not they; it is some other disease, or the result of some accident, or some trifling indisposition, which will soon pass. Sometimes when the ominous yellow spots first appear the poor creatures hide them and run away. Some years ago two young girls named Brideau suddenly disappeared from Tracadie; they went to Shediac and engaged as domestic servants. Father Babineau wrote to Shediac, telling the rumor afloat in Tracadie concerning them. They were dismissed and went to the States. Father Babineau lost sight of them until one day he received a letter from a lady in Providence, R. I., making inquiries concerning them, stating that one had died in a hospital in that city, and that the other had become unfit for the performance of her duties as nurse-maid and was showing symptoms of some extraordinary and unknown disease. The good father immediately wrote in answer. The alarm of the poor lady may be imagined. It is not surprising that one fine morning very soon after this correspondence Miss Caroline Brideau arrived in Tracadie, escorted by a detective. She entered the Lazaretto, and shortly after died there.

In visiting the wards one is struck by the insufficiency of accommodation they afford. There are two down-stairs, each thirty feet long by twenty-five wide, for the use of the men; one of these contains eight beds, the other contains three beds, a large stove, a table, and some chairs and benches. This apartment, though serving as a dormitory for some of the patients, is also dining-room, sitting-room, smoking-room, work-room, etc.; and as it is the life-long home of eleven men and is seven feet seven inches in height, the state of the atmosphere is not very healthful for either patients or nurses. The wards for the women are above; there are three—two are dormitories, one a room for day occupation. The ceilings of these are lower, and there are eight beds in each dormitory. At night, when the windows and doors are closed and the patients all asleep, the smell arising from so many diseased breaths and running sores is something intolerable. Since the hospital has been under the Dominion government many improvements have been effected, one being the erection of a small mortuary chapel. Up to last year the dead lay among the living for thirty hours, after which

time they were carried to their lonely corner in the little graveyard.

The yearly grant for the Lazaretto is $3,000; $800 of this is a provision for the support of the nuns, $100 for the chaplain. One cannot help contrasting the salaries of those who minister to the soul with those who minister to the body; for among the government papers in Fredericton is one wherein is set down the amount of $640 as the sum yearly paid to a physician for his visits to the Lazaretto. When the sisters came the number of patients was but fifteen and the allowance was ample; now there are twenty-seven, and it is not easy to give them the comforts they require. Still, the curé and the sisters coincide in speaking most warmly of the vast improvement felt in every way since the institution passed under the more generous administration of the Dominion government.

It is not easy to give an idea of the impression produced by the first sight of the lepers. Strong men have fainted and turned sick at the sight of such affliction. The ward first visited is that of the men. Here there are exemplified various stages of the disease. To an inexperienced eye some of these men look well and strong; but, alas! they will tell you that the deadly symptoms are there, either in discoloration of the skin, swellings, contracted joints, or some other fatal sign. One of the surest indications seems to be the contraction of the muscles between the thumb and index-finger; this is said to be a peculiarity of the disease. The flesh sometimes becomes destitute of all feeling, is insensible to burns or cuts; in these cases there is great internal suffering.

There is now in the hospital a man whose aim in life seems to have been higher than that of his companions in misfortune, and whose habits are such that the offensive nature of the disease causes him intense mental agony. He is in appearance strong and active, and his manner most prepossessing. He takes pleasure in gardening and reading, and plays the violin fairly well. In his case the fatal malady has broken out after lying dormant for three generations. The most pitiful object in the house is a young man who presents an aspect scarcely human; he is swathed in flannel and seated in a chair near the stove; his face and hands are covered with white scales; his face, from which the nose has disappeared, is most fearfully distorted, and every now and then he gives a sort of whistling cough that seems to come from lungs in the last stage of decay. The sisters say that his whole body is a mass of these dry white scales, that keep

constantly falling off; in the morning his bed is covered with them. His voice, like his cough, though faint, is most thrilling, and haunts one for many days. Some little boys, too young to realize the blight that has fallen on their lives, are gay and happy, having a very keen appreciation of the culinary comforts of the hospital. Among the occupants of the men's ward there is a look of listless sadness that one is glad to find absent from the faces of the women, who, with that facility for accommodating themselves to circumstances peculiar to the sex, have managed to give their apartments somewhat of a homelike aspect. Here they sew, knit, weave, and spin, and, when their strength permits, assist in the washing and nursing, for which work they are always paid.

Among all the patients, male and female, there reigns a wonderful spirit of resignation; their devoted pastor and their no less devoted nurses have instilled a spirit of meekness and fortitude very foreign to their natures. They bow to God's will, and carry their cross, if not cheerfully, at least bravely. The fixed idea of each that his or her disease is not leprosy and is not incurable is a merciful hallucination; for, with their comrades dying before them in all the agonies of strangulation or suffocation, the prospect of the same ending to their own sufferings would be almost too much for human endurance calmly to contemplate. It is not etiquette, when in the wards, to speak of leprosy—the word is considered insulting; it is "la maladie." The revulsion of feeling since the favorable change in the management of the hospital and of the patients would be fraught with one dangerous result, unless checked by prudent surveillance. The friends and relations who from time to time come to visit their sick are not sufficiently afraid of the possibility of contagion, and would not sufficiently guard against it, if they were not *checked* by the rules of the institution. An eminent Ottawa physician has given as his opinion that the disease may be inoculated, may be imparted through the close intercourse of domestic life; that some firesides where it has long been harbored would be dangerous resting-places, and that members of families predisposed to the disease are those who are in the greatest danger of contracting it.

There is now in the hospital a young married woman of gentle and melancholy mien. She left a little baby five months old, and entered here at twenty-eight to end her days in exile. Her sister, a dwarf of about thirty years of age, has all the appearance of a woman of seventy. Disfigured face, swollen and distorted

ulcerated mouth and tongue; ghastly, rolling, sightless eyes; fingers and toes from which the flesh has fallen; skin hard and glazed, and many ulcers, all call for compassion and sympathy. She lies on her little bed, suffering most intense and unceasing agony, choking for breath, smarting from internal sores, quivering with pain, weak in body, but brave and strong in soul.

We asked her did she wish to die. She faintly answered, "No, not if it were the will of le bon Dieu that she should suffer longer."

Day and night her prayers ascend—prayers for her good nurses, for the priest who has smoothed her weary path to the grave, for her fellow-sufferers, and for the holy souls. She never murmurs nor complains. To look at so frail a body, so covered with a loathsome outgrowth of decay, and to hear her earnestly, almost joyously, telling the praises of God, is indeed impressive. The sister in charge was reading the prayers for the sick at her bedside, and as we looked she held up her little hands and smiled, as though to greet the angels; overcome, we turned away.

One end of the men's sleeping apartment has a large window opening toward the chapel. In this room the patients hear Mass. The chapel is small but exquisitely dainty. Its most noticeable ornament is a large and beautiful picture of Our Lady holding in her arms the Divine Infant—a copy from the celebrated painting by Father Vasseur, S.J.

Many theories have been held out as to the possible or probable cause of the origin of leprosy in Tracadie. The people have a legend that early in the century a ship from Europe put into Caraquette harbor, and that Ursule and Isabelle Landry, natives of that place, washed for the sailors and became inoculated with the disease many years before they moved to Tracadie. Whatever value may be attached to this theory, it appears beyond a doubt that the disease originated in this locality in these two Landry girls, and it is difficult to account for this fact unless the theory of inoculation be accepted. It is possible that some escaped (or unknown) leper from a lazaretto in Norway or in Trinidad may have passed through northeast New Brunswick, scattering the seeds of desolation and death in his pathway.

Writers who assign the cause to be the poverty of the place are simply talking nonsense. Tracadie is not a lone sand-bank, nor do the dwellers therein subsist on half-decayed codfish. The district has not one family who are not comfortably housed

and clothed. The land has not been much cultivated, but it is not by any means poor, as the crops of those who have experimented in agriculture testify. The lumber district produces a fine growth of wood wherein is found game in abundance; the rivers abound in fish; over the sea and in the marshes large flocks of birds are constantly flying, so that there is a choice of food to be had at very small cost. Were the country opened up by a railroad tapping the Intercolonial, and the place accessible to summer tourists, a different impression concerning it would soon gain ground.

As it is, Tracadie is very quiet in its lovely beauty. Across the entrance to the bay stretches a high, red ridge of sand called the Dune; on this is a cluster of large white buildings that seem to rise abruptly from the waves. A little steamer plies busily from the harbor bar to a saw-mill on the shore. Here and there a sail-boat glides over the blue water. Great flocks of wild fowl fly screaming out to sea, and across the shining sand come the voices of children at play.

Hark! there is the muffled toll of the convent-bell. From the hospital door, across the green lawn, and out to the gate moves a procession of men; they are lepers, and they carry a coffin. At the gate they stop: they may go no further. Hired hands then seize the coffin and bear it over the little bridge and along the stony beach. In one corner of the cemetery is an open grave; around it are many mounds, each marked by a simple wooden cross. The coffin of this last victim is lowered, the earth thrown in, the men turn away, and the blue waves plashing against the grass-grown bank sing the last requiem of the little sufferer. We might place above her head the epitaph of one of her fellow-countrymen—an exile from Grand-Pré—who sleeps in Caraquette churchyard: "Miseremini mei, saltem vos amici mei."

MOUNTAIN LEGENDS OF AUVERGNE.

No part of France is so singularly beautiful as the mountainous region of Auvergne, which is crowned by a hundred extinct volcanoes so strange in outline, so wonderful in color, and encircled by such wealth of vegetation, that the eye of the traveller is constantly experiencing fresh delight. The bristling peaks and cones are often bordered with high cliffs and columns of basalt, whose dark, rich hues are especially beautiful in the sunlight, and down their sides dash frequent torrents in successive cascades with extremely picturesque effect, that cut their way through the valley with a speed and roar that add to the wildness of the scene. You see scoriæ and masses of black lava, and from the fissures of the earth gush forth hot springs and gases, and sometimes smoke, it is said, that bespeak the volcanic nature of the soil. Strange perpendicular rocks spring suddenly up along your path as if shot up by some powerful nether agency. These tall, isolated Rochers, as they are called, are pierced with caverns and deep clefts well fitted for a place of refuge, and there are countless ravines, and dells, and bowls, and tiny cups, that seem expressly hollowed out among the mountains for a hermit, and many of them in fact are still redolent of the saintly anchorites of a bygone age who rivalled the Fathers of the Desert in the strange austerity of their lives. In one of these secluded dells on the confines of Auvergne lived to an advanced age St. Patrocle, who consecrated his life to prayer and the study of the Holy Scriptures, subsisting on coarse bread seasoned with salt, and drinking only water from a spring mingled with wild honey. And on the top of a lofty cliff that rises almost perpendicularly up from a narrow valley shut in by high mountains not far from Miallet, St. Caluppa more than a thousand years ago took refuge from the world. It seems only fit for the nest of an eagle. Even at this day it can only be scaled by means of a ladder. Caluppa, weaving together the vines and bushes that grew in the crevices, succeeded in reaching a hollow of the rock where he felt sure not a human being could come to disturb his meditations. Like another Stylite, he never descended from his column. He lived on the herbs and mosses that grew on the rocks, and while praying for water, that he might not be obliged to descend, drop by drop began to issue from the side of the

cliff, and, digging a little, a never-failing spring gushed forth, to his joy. Like Menalcas, in the writings of Theocritus, he could say: "I dwell in a beautiful cave in the hollow rock." Only a deep chasm separated him from the mountain wall that enclosed the valley, so he was on a level with the tree-tops that fanned the air, where he could see the changes of foliage and varied insect life, which must have afforded no small amount of interest. The awful stillness was only broken by the winds, and the babbling brook beneath that in spring often broke into a roar, and the singing of the birds as they flew in circles around the cliff or fearlessly built their nests in his very cave. But that nature herself might not interrupt a higher converse, he hewed out an oratory where angels often came to unite their voices with his. At least the hermit's hymns, freighted with mystic piety, floating up and down the narrow valley, echoed and re-echoed by the wall on either hand, the echoes strangely blending with his own voice, must have had the effect of something supernatural as heard from the depths of the shadowy ravine below. Perhaps it was the melody of some such angelic song that attracted the attention of a hunter or wandering herdsman one day at the matin hour, and, looking up, he discovered St. Caluppa at the entrance of his cave with his arms extended to heaven. This being noised abroad, St. Avit, bishop of Clermont, came to see him, accompanied by St. Gregory of Tours, and at the foot of the cliff requested an account of his life, which the hermit obediently gave as he bent over the edge of the precipice.

In the upper part of Auvergne among the oak forests at the north of Pontgibaud—the *silvæ Ponticiacenses*—to this day a wild, hilly district full of sylvan beauty, stood the hermitage of St. Æmilian in a glade of the forest, where he lived on the indigenous products in such harmony with creation that the wild beasts, disarmed of their ferocity, loved and served him, and the birds sang with joy at his approach. A wild boar pursued by hunters taking refuge one day within his enclosure, the hounds paused at the door, as if not daring to enter. A huntsman soon came up, and, to his astonishment, found the boar lying quietly on the threshold, as if secure of protection. This was Bracchio, a young Thuringian in the service of Sigiswald, or Giwald, the Powerful, a prince of the Merovingian race, who built the feudal castle of Pontgibaud* (Gibaud being the Gallic form of Giwald) on a bed of lava that had streamed down from the conical Puy

* This interesting castle, which was partly rebuilt in the fourteenth century, belonged at one time to the Lafayette family.

de Côme. St. Æmilian, who was of noble birth, came forth and courteously invited this young bear of the German forests (the word Bracchio signifies a cub), to enter his hermitage, offered him some wild fruit, and spoke to him so sweetly of a life of solitude with God that Bracchio, greatly impressed, returned hither after the death of Sigiswald, and spent three years under the hermit's spiritual direction, learning the Psalter by heart and acquiring a knowledge of the religious life. St. Æmilian, dying at the age of ninety, bequeathed his hermitage to St. Bracchio, who, obtaining a grant of land from Ramichilde, daughter of Sigiswald, built a monastery on the spot where he had been converted. He afterwards became abbot of Menat, one of the oldest religious houses in Auvergne, the remains of which may still be seen on the banks of the Sioule—a house which Louis le Débonnaire took under his special protection, and where St. Benedict of Aniane spent considerable time.

Further to the east, near Thiers, is another high cliff, to which, at a still more remote period, fled St. Sirenat in a time of violent persecution. It was then in the heart of a dense forest. Near the top of this cliff is an almost inaccessible cave where the saint took up his abode, the secret of which was only confided to his followers, who came to the foot for spiritual counsel and to supply his limited wants. Hither came St. Genès (the first of that name, there being three saints of Auvergne called Genès, one of whom was bishop of Clermont), a young Greek of illustrious descent, who had been baptized at Arles by St. Trophime, and was now brought by his mother to St. Sirenat at the command of an angel. When they arrived at the foot of the cliff St. Genès climbed up to the cave without any difficulty, the rock softening like wax under his feet, which left their imprint to mark the way of his ascent, as may be seen to this day. St. Genès, being martyred for the faith at the age of eighteen, was buried by St. Sirenat in the forest. St. Avit afterwards erected a church over his grave with a monastery adjoining, and there is still a curious old church at Thiers that bears his name.

Not far from Thiers is Montboissier, whose ancient castle on the summit gave its name to an old baronial family from which sprang Peter the Venerable, abbot of Cluny. It bore for its device the defiant words, *Nunquam impune*. The oldest lord of Montboissier whose name is known was Hugues Maurice I., surnamed the Décousu, who lived in the middle of the tenth century. Returning from a pilgrimage to Rome in the year 960

with his wife Isengarde, he founded, by way of expiation for his sins, the noted Benedictine abbey of San Michele della Chiusa, one of the most remarkable religious monuments in Piedmont, and the most striking feature of the landscape as you approach Turin, crowning as it does the lofty Monte Pirchiriano with its massive towers and battlements. And coming to his domains in Auvergne, he built a priory at Cunlhat in commemoration of his journey. His great-grandson, Peter Maurice, who bore the title of Prince of Montboissier, was a man of uncommon piety, and after his death his wife, Reingarde de Sémur, became a nun in the celebrated monastery of Marcigny, founded by her kinsman, St. Hugues de Sémur, abbot of Cluny. There is a touching account of her going by night to weep for the last time at her husband's tomb, and the next day, after giving alms to all the poor of the neighborhood, setting off for the convent, attended by a train of gallant knights and lords, who endeavored by their prayers and tears to change her resolution. But she only replied as she reached the gate: "Do you return to the world. As for me, I go to God." She died in the odor of sanctity, June 24, 1135. Her son, Peter the Venerable, has recorded her beautiful dying prayer: "O Lord Jesus Christ, I well know where this my mortal frame will be lodged. It will find an abode in the earth. But what place of refuge wilt thou this night afford my soul? Who will receive or comfort it? No one can do it but thyself, O my Saviour. Into thy hands I commend thy creature. I am a most ungrateful sinner, but I now beg of thee that mercy which I have always implored, and to thee I commend both soul and body." Of St. Reingarde's eight children Peter de Montboissier, to whom posterity has confirmed the title of Venerable, became abbot of Cluny; Ponce, abbot of Vézelay; Jourdain, abbot of La Chaise Dieu; and Armand, abbot of Manglieu. It is pleasant to know that the high and puissant family of Montboissier, that has given to the church bishops, archbishops, canons, abbots, and abbesses, and to the kingdom of France generals, admirals, ambassadors, and governors of provinces, is not yet extinct. There are several branches, like that of Canillac, which are still among the leading families in this part of France.

At a considerable distance south of Thiers, on the upper side of Lake Chambon, is the gloomy gorge of Chaudefour, bristling with sharp rocks, like spires, which leads to a rough, picturesque region, in the midst of which is Mt. Cornadore, with the village of St. Nectaire le Haut on one side. Here is an interesting

Romanesque church of the twelfth century, one of the most prominent objects in the beautiful landscape, in which once stood the tombs of St. Nectaire and his fellow-laborers, St. Auditeur and St. Baudème. Near by are the ruins of the old baronial castle of St. Nectaire, which has many historical and romantic associations. Several bishops and marshals of France sprang from this house, among whom was Antoine de St. Nectaire, bishop of Puy, who took so active a part in quelling the disturbances of the sixteenth century.

St. Nectaire, from whom the castle and village derive their name, was the first Christian missionary to this region. In his day the country around was covered with a virgin forest sacred to the Druids, in the midst of which stood the sacred oak, the mysterious symbol of their divinity, like the *Chêne Irminsul* that Charlemagne had cut down in the country of the Saxons. The finest woods in Auvergne still grow in the vicinity of Murol, which is not far off, and on Mt. Cornadore, where the saint boldly established himself, are still to be seen granite dolmens and other druidical remains. The country in general was then in possession of the Romans, but the Druids had taken refuge in the most inaccessible mountains and forests, where they carried on their rites and excited the people, the mass of whom clung to them with persistency, to continued resistance. It was among the mountains of Auvergne, it will be remembered, that the mighty Cæsar met with his greatest defeat in Gaul, and it was here that the early Christian missionaries also encountered the greatest opposition.

A little to the east of St. Nectaire, near the junction of the Couse with the Allier, is Issoire, where St. Austremoine was martyred, one of the seven bishops sent to Gaul in apostolic times, believed to have been one of the seventy-two disciples—him to whom Jesus said: "Let the dead bury their dead; but go thou and preach the kingdom of God." He was from Emmaus, and the father he wished to bury bore the name of Judah. His mother's name was Anna. He witnessed the life, death, and ascension of Christ, and was afterwards sent into Gaul by St. Peter. With him came St. Nectaire, whom the Prince of the Apostles had raised from the dead; St. Mamet, who has given his name to a village of Upper Auvergne where he labored; St. Sirenat, who carried the Gospel to Thiers; St. Antoinet, or Antonin, who built the first church at Compains near Besse; and St. Mary, or Marius, the great apostle of the mountains. St. Austremoine was the first bishop of Clermont, but in his old age

he retired to a religious house he had established at Issoire, afterwards destroyed by the Saracens.

There is no doubt but semi-monastic institutions were founded in Auvergne at the very introduction of Christianity. The first Christians, surrounded by enemies, naturally combined together for mutual support, and they sanctified their pursuits by daily exercises of piety. Especially those destined for the sacred office of the priesthood were withdrawn from the dangerous influences of paganism and trained in retirement. The first missionaries found such associations already established among the Druids, who had colleges in the forests remote from the world, and they no doubt saw the advantage of similar institutions. It was some such organization that St. Austremoine founded in a fertile valley on the banks of the Couse. It was here, when he suffered martyrdom, that he first found a grave, but his remains were afterwards removed to Volvic by St. Avit, and at a still later day were taken to the abbey of Mozat, borne on the shoulder of Pepin II., King of Aquitaine, who was clothed in royal robes, but with head and feet made bare out of respect to the sacred relics, notwithstanding the severity of the winter.

South of Issoire is the valley of St. Florine, so named from a holy maiden who, to escape from an enemy, sprang across the Couse (not the same stream on which St. Austremoine built his monastery, but another branch of the Allier*) from one tall cliff to another, leaving the impress of her feet on both rocks. On one of them are still to be seen the remains of an old church surrounded by graves, where her relics, after they were removed to Mazoire, used to be borne in procession every year on her festival, which is sacredly observed by the neighboring villages on the first of May.

Still further to the south, on the other side of the Allier, lived St. Bonnite, a simple peasant girl who watched over the geese belonging to the villagers of Alvier. She had great devotion to St. Julian of Brioude, and on her way one day to pray at his tomb, where she often went, leaving her geese in the pasture, she found the Allier so swollen that no boat was willing to venture across. Whereupon she knelt down upon the shore and, in the pious simplicity of her heart, prayed with many tears that she might be enabled to cross, and an angel descended from heaven and led her through the deep, strong current, which parted before them. This poor gooseherd at her death was

* *Couse* is the general name of a mountain stream in Auvergne, as that of *Gave* is in the Pyrenees, but there are three small rivers that seem, *par excellence*, to bear this name.

borne to Brioude with as much reverence as if she had been of noble birth, and buried in the same church where she had so often prayed at the tomb of St. Julian.

Going up another branch of the Allier, you come to a beautiful valley beyond Massiac watered by the Alagnon and surrounded by basaltic cliffs. In this region are two pretty villages, one called St. Mary le Plain because it stands in the valley, and the other St. Mary le Creux because it is in a hollow of the mountains. It was here among the forests of Mt. Journal that St. Mary, or Marius, one of the companions of St. Austremoine, came to exercise the duties of his ministry. The valley where he first settled was exposed to cold winds and in winter covered with snow, but the place to which he withdrew for greater safety was still more severe. This was a cliff further back in the forest, where he had found a cave. Here he ended his days. St. Austremoine, hearing that his end was approaching, took St. Mamet with him and set out for the forest of Mt. Journal, but on the way he saw St. Mary's soul borne to heaven in great triumph by a multitude of angels. The saint, in fact, was dead when they arrived, and they placed his body in a sepulchre at St. Mary le Creux, over which a church was afterwards built. Near by is a sacred spring to which the people still resort, and beside it is a great rock, called the "Chaise de St. Mary," from which the saint used to preach like another Baptist in the wilderness. His remains were afterwards taken to Mauriac, where there is a beautiful church dedicated to his memory, though more generally known by the name of Notre Dame des Miracles from its wondrous Madonna, one of the greatest places of pilgrimage in the province. St. Mary is in great repute everywhere in Auvergne, and there are numerous churches of his name, one of which is at Besseyre, where the mountaineers go in crowds to commend their herds to his protection. Not far from Mauriac is a high mountain called Puy Mary, in which eight streams take rise that water as many beautiful valleys. The herdsmen never fail to tell the traveller that eight curés of the parishes around can sit back to back on the top of this mountain, each in his own parish.

Out of the valley of Royat, not far from Clermont, springs the Rocher de St. Mart, a picturesque cliff commanding a fine view of the Puy du Châtel with its successive belts of cherry-trees, vines, and chestnut woods; and the pretty stream of Tiretaine winding beneath, with old paper-mills on its banks established here in the thirteenth century. It was to this place that St. Martius, a noble Gallo-Roman, came in the sixth century and hewed

out a cell in the cliff with seats and a couch of rock on which to repose. It was then an utter wilderness, but is now noted for its thermal springs, and the charm of the place is fast disappearing before the march of modern improvements. A hotel already stands on the sacred cliff of St. Mart, and the clamor of tongues is to be heard where once rose the peaceful hermit's evening hymn. But there is still a fragment of the monastery he founded in the valley for the benefit of those who followed him hither. St. Gregory of Tours relates that a man who had come to the neighborhood like a bird of prey, taking advantage of St. Mart's excessive mildness, was in the habit of stealing the vegetables of the convent garden. The saint caught sight of him one night just as he had filled his sack with the choicest produce, and, summoning the gardener, told him an animal was ravaging his beds. The gardener found the thief entangled among some brambles, and, filled with the spirit of the holy abbot, said: "Be not afraid, my friend. The master has sent me to your aid." He then released him, placed his sack of fruit and vegetables on his shoulders, and, opening the gate, continued: "Go in peace, and return here no more."

The mountains of Auvergne are subject to the Cers, or Ecirs —the Circius of Diodorus Siculus, whose description of these winds is so accurate. They are especially violent in winter, and may be compared in their effects to the fierce winds of Norway and the hurricanes of the tropics. They last several days at a time, and those who have the misfortune to be overtaken by them at a distance from any habitation are exposed to the greatest peril. Pedestrians and horsemen are often swept away by their violence, and carriages and loaded wains overthrown. Clouds of driving snow blind man and beast, so they lose their way and are often carried over precipices or buried in the drifts. From the foggy evenings of autumn till the clear nights of spring-time the bells of the mountain churches are rung to guide the wanderer—a pious custom handed down from the monks of the olden time, whose establishments were for the most part on high mountains or in wild regions where they had constant opportunities of exercising their charity to travellers, especially by night, when a horrid darkness encompassed the paths through the forests and narrow gorges. Then the young and vigorous brethren, like the monks of St. Bernard in our day, used to go forth to succor those who were benighted or overtaken by storms, while the bell in the highest tower of the monastery announced far and wide a port of safety. The monks, too, con-

structed roads along the mountain-sides overlooking perilous ravines, and built bridges over rivers and torrents, as over the Sioule at Menat and Ebreuil, over the Allier at St. Ilpise and Lavoûte, over the Dordogne at Bort, over the Senoire at Bajasse, etc., some of which still exist and excite wonder on account of their solidity. They were, in fact, at the head of all public labors of the kind, and often, when the lord of the manor was too poor for the necessary constructions, the monks of some neighboring priory would set forth with their *escarcelles* on a quest for the means, and even labored with their own hands. Piety in those days came to the aid of civilization. Works of public utility had a sacred character, and, like all works of charity, were considered beneficial to the soul. Sums of money were often left by will to complete a road or bridge, the testator taking care to add that it was done for the *remède de son âme*, as when in 1286 Bertrand de la Tour d'Auvergne bequeathed thirty *livres Tournois* to repair roads and bridges in the province, and in 1340 the dauphin of Auvergne left fifty *sous Tournois* to aid in the construction of the bridge at Vieille Brioude, and as many more for the Pont St. Esprit over the Rhone. And when the bridge was completed the abbot, or prior, or the chaplain of the castle came forth to solemnly bless it and pray for its preservation from the source of all evil. Sometimes a cross was set up at one end, where the pilgrim stopped to rest and say, perhaps, a prayer to St. Julian, the patron of travellers, or the mendicant awaited some charitable passer-by. Such crosses became places of asylum by a decree of the Council of Clermont in 1095, and the oppressed serf often sought refuge and safety from the anger of his lord at the foot of one of these blessed symbols of mercy.

It was, in fact, to the monks of these mountains that the people of Auvergne were indebted for their rescue from complete barbarism after the country was overrun by the Goths and Huns, and the Saracens, and the Normans, and nearly every trace of Latin civilization effaced. And how fully the people realized the advantage of living under monastic protection is shown by their eagerness to settle around the religious houses, both of men and women. The greater part of the towns and villages in Auvergne owe their origin to some abbey or priory, such as Brioude, Bellaigne, Cournon, Chaumont, Mauriac, Menat, Mozat, Manglieu, Ménétrol, Montsalvy, Lavoûte, Les Chases, La Chaise Dieu, Orcival, St. Gilbert, St. Nectaire, St. Pourçain, etc., etc. The monks, as far as they could, protected their vassals from pillage, captivity, and famine, and frequently obtained their exemption from

oppressive taxes and contributions to the wars, as was the case with the abbot of Aurillac in the wars on the Spanish frontier. So in the time of the English freebooters the abbot of St. Allyre built a strong wall around the village of Nebouzat, capable of resisting the engines of war, the cyclopean remains of which are still to be seen. And as late as the reign of Louis XIV. the abbess of St. Elache induced the king to sanction the custom of his predecessors to exempt the villages in her neighborhood from taxes and the burden of having soldiers quartered on them.

The monks, too, were foremost in agricultural improvements. The introduction of nutritious vegetables, better fruit, and choice seeds of all kinds, as well as tools to make labor easier, was in those rude times an inestimable benefit. It is to the abbey of Mozat that Lower Auvergne owes the propagation of the walnut-tree, now the source of so much profit. The monks used to extract oil from the nuts, not only for their own use but to send in large quantities to Cluny. The Benedictines of Lavoûte brought vines from Burgundy, and planted vineyards along the banks of the Allier, now purple with the grape. The monks of Pébrac not only set out vines but introduced new fruit-trees from other countries. And those of Aurillac, La Chaise Dieu, and Mauriac improved the native breed of cattle by importation and exchange. The abbey of La Chaise Dieu especially encouraged the cultivation of grain and vegetables of all kinds. In short, the benefit of the monks to the people and the country at large was incalculable. They gave alms at the gate, distributed medicines, opened schools, administered consolation to the soul, and enforced the obligations of morality and religion. The office of almoner was always one of the most sacred in the convent, and that of hosteller, whose duty it was to receive guests, was equally respected.

Nor were the inhabitants in those days ungrateful. They aided with pious enthusiasm in building churches over the tombs of the confessors of the faith as well as the ancient martyrs, giving not only the help of their own hands but the use of their beasts of burden, and supplying the laborers with milk from their cows and clothing from their sheep. The very women and children considered it a privilege to aid in building a house for God and his saints, and the masons and carpenters were popularly called the *logeurs du bon Dieu.*

And the people consecrated the benefits of monastic charity by innumerable pious legends. They maintained, for instance, that after Abbot Jehan de Montmajour gave all his wheat to the

poor in a time of famine the granaries of his convent of St. Allyre were always full, however unfruitful the year. When Abbot Jehan died the arms of his family were, according to custom, graven on his tomb, but the monks soon discovered that the heraldic emblems had been effaced and three loaves carved in their stead. They could not for some time find out who had done this. The story got abroad, and a poor old man who had often been fed by Abbot Jehan when in need declared he had seen in a vision of the night a luminous hand carving the new armorial ensigns on the tomb. At which the monks ceased their researches and left the symbolic loaves on the family shield.

Strange legends are the natural inflorescence of this singular region, and they have a double charm and significance when heard in the places where they had their origin—places that harmonize with the extraordinary and supernatural. Some of these we have alluded to, but they are numberless and spring up, like wild flowers, at every step in these mountains. There is the fountain of St. Marcel, for instance, in which the saint of that name washed his own head when cut off by the pagans, and then carried it to the church where he wished to be buried. And it is told of St. Procule, of an illustrious family in these mountains, that, having had her head cut off by an enraged suitor from whom she had escaped to the wilderness, she took up her head, and, singing a song of triumph in honor of the Heavenly Bridegroom, carried it to the church where she had been accustomed to go for her devotions.

But the most extraordinary of these legends, perhaps, is that of the priory church of St. Marie des Chases, which appeared one day to the delighted gaze of the people without its being built by human hands. The legend says that when the Angelic Church of Notre Dame du Puy was completed St. Ann descended from heaven to see the palace of her daughter. Pleased with its aspect, she seized the hammer of the master-mason, and, taking her flight, landed on the summit of the Durande. Then turning towards Auvergne, where she thought there was no church worthy of the Queen of Heaven, she hurled the hammer of the mason, saying:

"Au lieu où ce marteau chéera,
Une église s'élèvera." *

The hammer fell a league distant, in a wild valley on the right

* Where this shall land
A church shall stand.

bank of the Allier, and instantly there sprang from the earth, beautiful as a flower, a Romanesque church that is still entire and well worth visiting on account of its curious sculptures, though they are considerably defaced. You see demons, with a horrid grin of joy, dragging souls to hell by means of an enormous rope. And one, with flames issuing from his hands, is carrying a mother and child on his shoulders. Above kneels Mary with folded hands at the pierced feet of Christ, to whom a beautiful angel is directing the way to a multitude of souls rising from the dark grave at the sound of a great trump. Adjoining this church was built a priory, now in ruins, that was under the jurisdiction of the abbey of St. Pierre des Chases, which stood on the other side of the river. This abbey was one of the oldest religious houses for women in Auvergne. It was founded in the Carlovingian age, some say by the wife of Claude, lord of Chanteuge. It was here hung the miraculous Christ so long honored in this province. And here stood the tomb of St. Petronius, bishop of Mende, who had ordered in his will that his body should be buried in the church the bells of which would be found ringing of themselves. Accordingly, he was borne from one parish to another, finding all the bells dumb, till he reached a height overlooking the beautiful Vallon des Chases, where the convent bells were heard in full peal, though the nuns were at dinner. The abbess sent to the church to know what so unusual a summons meant, and before the altar stood a vested priest ready to say Mass, and the bells were ringing most mysteriously of themselves. At this report all the nuns hastened to the choir, but they found only the sacerdotal garments before the altar. There was no priest there. The funeral cortége soon arrived, and from the mutual explanations it became evident this was the place where the holy bishop wished to be buried. Accordingly, they placed his sacred remains in the Chapel of the Rosary.

The abbey of Les Chases stood on the banks of the Allier in a beautiful, romantic valley shut in between the impetuous torrent on the one hand and two enormous basaltic cliffs on the other, a place admirably adapted for the solitude of monastic life. Like all monasteries bearing the name of St. Peter, at least in Auvergne, it was immediately dependent on the Holy See. From the beginning the constitution was aristocratic, it being destined for ladies of quality, who were obliged to prove six generations of nobility both on the paternal and maternal side. Like the Carthusians, they lived in separate abodes grouped

around the cloister and church, whence the name of Chases (*casæ*), or habitations. There was a second grade of sisters, called *sœurs blanches* from the veil of white linen which they wore over a habit of black serge. They were employed in domestic affairs, and took no part in the elections or government of the house. The abbey was distinguished for its riches and prerogatives. Under its jurisdiction were eight priories, which were annually visited by the abbess, and the prioress of each house went to the abbey every year to attend a general chapter of the nuns, and likewise at the death of the abbess in order to elect her successor. In the sixteenth century, however, most of these priories were suppressed on account of their isolation and exposure to pillage during the wars. Their revenues were then added to those of the mother-house. Even when abbatial privileges were curtailed in the houses of monks the abbey of Les Chases succeeded in obtaining favors from the crown. Louis XII. acknowledged it to be a royal foundation made by his ancestor Charlemagne, and took it under his own protection. Thirty-seven abbesses of noble blood reigned like queens over this house and its eight priories. Among them were two ladies of the Lafayette family. Gabrielle de Lafayette was abbess in 1531, and Isabella de Lafayette in 1563. The nuns could inherit and transmit, contrary to the ancient custom of regarding those as dead in a civil sense who had buried themselves for ever from the world. A curious old register, kept in the language of the province, contained a list of the bequests and foundations. Among these were rations of food and other supplies, such as oil, candles, wine, etc., which were distributed, by a claustral dignitary called the *annualière*, on certain days that were indicated in the register. M. Armand de Langeac, knight, for instance, who was buried at the abbey, by a foundation in his will gave each nun two pounds of fresh meat every year on St. Augustine's day. And one of the nuns themselves left a foundation for a *lioura* of oil to each member of the house on the festival of St. Benedict. Besides which four *liouras* of oil were given them either in Advent or Lent. And during the Christmas holidays they were allowed a pint of milk each, with fifteen *oublies*, or cakes. On the festival of St. Elizabeth of Hungary they were entitled to unusual cheer in the shape of a portion of veal and fresh pork, two links of sausage, half of a chicken, and some mustard, with a *pichey* of wine at dinner and a *paucha* at supper. We read, too, that a *pichey* of white wine was given once a week to the *sœurs blanches*.

The abbey of Les Chases is now a desolate spot. Bushes and brambles grow in the courts where once paced the high-born daughters of Auvergne, and the walls are falling, stone by stone, into the river that sweeps around the base. The very air is full of melancholy that weighs on the soul.

MODERN GERMAN RELIGIOUS POETS.

It is a curious and interesting history, that of the German mind. He makes a great mistake who believes the German to be in general bold in his opinions and aggressive in maintaining them. On the contrary, he is simple, modest, distrustful, tender-hearted, and, for these reasons, subject to be led. His lack of confidence in himself, his dissatisfaction with himself, have led him into imitations not only unlike himself but far below what he could have wrought if he had followed only such guidance as was afforded by God and the genii of his native land. Those who are acquainted with the Minnesong have seen what the German mind could do under these benign influences. Their song arose not less sweet and more pure than that of Lesbos in the times of Alcæus and Sappho. Like these ancient songsters, the Minnesingers, ignorant of letters, were educated only in the love of religion and patriotism. Their music was ineffably sweet, and it ceased only when, first under Luxemburg and afterwards under Hapsburg rule, the human was placed before the eternal and the worship of man substituted for the worship of God. Blind as was the guidance of Luther, it was that of one powerful, bold, and blatant. It has led hither and thither, everywhere except to felicity and truth. Its precedent has given authorization to other guidances of many sorts, and the struggles that have engaged that German mind during three hundred years have reminded of the tremendous but vain wars of the Titans. Pelion has been piled upon Ossa, yet the heights of Olympus have still towered far above in security, serene even in the midst of solemn commiseration.

Not that the German is not brave. He is the impersonation of bravery. Under a leader in whom he trusts he will fight until his shield is battered and his sword broken, and then, with his face covered with sweat and with smiles, he will die. The

difficulty with the German has been that, knowing not his native strength, he feels that he must have a leader, and that in his choice of leaderships he has made mistakes wherein his heroic vigor, his most manful endeavors, have failed of happy result. On the other hand, the Irishman, brave as he, simple-hearted as he, has never voluntarily subjected his native independence except to a guidance known to be competent and authoritative. For three hundred years and more he has been the out-and-out freeman in the Old World—a freeman, we mean, who, not counting above their worth material possessions, acknowledges only one King over *all* his being: the King who dwells in heaven and who has one, and but one, vicegerent upon earth. In the exercise of this independence he has not grown rich in worldly goods, nor held sinecure offices in courts, nor stood among the favorites around great thrones; but, along with his countrymen of both sexes, he has been the most cheerful-hearted of all mankind, the bravest, faithfulest apostle of true liberty—that only liberty worth having by a dweller upon this earth.

But it is of the German that we are now to speak, and of the various guides to whom, in his distrustfulness of himself, he has consecutively submitted. In a former article we spoke of Opitz, of Silesia, who sought to engraft upon German stock slips from the tastes and sentiments of the French; and we saw how, under Bodmer and the Swiss school, a portion of the German mind went back to ancient Greece for its models. We saw how in the struggle between these rivals the French at last, led by Rousseau, and especially by Voltaire, prevailed, and Germany, if it could, seemed as if gladly it would become a mere colony of France. It is wonderful how long postponed has been the nationalism of the Germans. It is even yet far behind that of other peoples. A Protestant historian of German literature, himself a German,* thus laments the proclivity of his countrymen for foreign imitations:

"We always take an interest in that particular foreign thing which harmonizes most, at the moment, with the degree of our culture and with our own state of mind. When our understanding began to free itself from the narrow bonds of faith the wise and enlightened ancients were our models. When feeling, which had been entirely neglected or ill-managed, rose in rebellion against the tyranny of a superficial rationality, the middle ages in their turn were compelled to serve for models. When the German attained to a consciousness of his clumsiness he surrendered himself to the nimble-footed Frenchman. When, in his sluggish political slumbers, he dreamed dreams, the images of England or America, or of the ancient re-

* Menzel.

publics, thronged around him. When at length he felt the inconvenience and unnaturalness of his old Frankish habits, his instincts must lead him back again to Grecian airiness—nay, even to nudity. When, by destiny and disaster, he had sunk in poverty, the material prosperity of the Britons must needs be his model!"

The allusion in the last sentence is mainly intended for Klopstock—the name of a great and a good man, a patriot, a would-be Christian, searching throughout a long life to find how best to honor God and his native land. Like Lessing and like Schiller, Klopstock, a native of Saxony, had been reared in the tenets of the Lutheran faith and had been intended for their preacher. But he had a heart too sensitive, an imagination too vivid, to become a leader in the propagation of the fierce dogmas of the founder of the faith then prevailing especially in the north of Germany. Pious indeed he was even when a young student in college, but whilst there he was meditating the giving expression to his religious emotions in song rather than from the pulpit. Early had he grown to prefer the Swiss to the Silesian schools, the Greeks to the French. But by this time yet another foreign influence had been felt in Germany, and Klopstock was destined to become its most distinguished recipient. A people nearer home, kindred, similar in religious faith, but hitherto not well known to the Germans, came forward to take in the German heart the place once held by the French. The death without issue of Queen Anne of England, and the profession by the heir-apparent of James II. of a faith that had been proscribed by Parliament, brought, in the person of George I., a German prince to the English throne. This event served to lead the two peoples into closer acquaintance and friendship. England had been through the tutelage of French manners and ideas, and was slowly returning to those of her simpler and better foretime. Milton's *Paradise Lost*, unappreciated on its first appearance, was beginning to rise to its proper place among the great epics of the world. Sombre as was the tone of its piety, it was now falling gratefully upon religious minds because it was the only great religious song that had been sung during the ages of frivolity and ribaldry. We have seen how religious by nature is the German mind. When the cheerful, joyous lays of the Minnesinger were hushed the yearnings of that mind must find utterance in another form, and the hymn, solemn, sometimes almost despairing, took their places. For song—song to be accompanied by the lyre, the oldest, most poetic form of poesy—was ever the favorite, most facile and abundant form of expression to the

German imagination; and when it could not break forth blithe and gladsome like the lays of the gentle, devout Lovers of the Hohenstauffen age, it must pour forth in the lawless amorousness of the Lesbian and the thoughtless gayety of the French, or in wailings for the loss of a confident faith in the purposes of Heaven, in a life everlasting beyond the tomb, and the infallible way that leads to its inheritance.

Klopstock had grown up in habitual study and admiration of the Greeks. Like all his countrymen, who had not yet believed in the necessity or the possibility of developing national peculiarity and identity, he sought to make the forms of Grecian poesy (perfect in their kind and for their purposes) available for the exaltation of the Christian religion as he understood it, and the liberty and independence of his country. These are the themes of his *Messias* and his odes. The *Paradise Lost* captivated his devout mind, and he conceived the idea of producing a work in his native tongue that would rival it as well as *Paradise Regained* in rendering worship to God and praise to the Saviour of mankind. The *Messias*, the first eminently great work in German literature, must of course fall below its great model; but it imparted a mighty impulse towards the deliverance of the intellect of his country from Gallic control. Discarding the Alexandrines of the French, substituting in his epic the Greek hexameter and in his lyrical pieces the Sapphic and Alcaic rhythms, he succeeded in throwing off the foreign yoke that pressed most heavily and abjectly, and invoked the genius of the pure ages of living Greece. This was a bold step and amounted to a great advance in the purposes which this true patriot had in his mind. It was as far as any except a consummate genius could proceed in the times of universal subservience. As he deserved, Klopstock, even in early youth, became the delight and the pride of his countrymen. For he came in advance of those more illustrious names, Goethe, Schiller, and Lessing. The German people, at heart patriotic and religious, shed tears like good boys and girls over tender children's stories, as they read verses upon verses on the two great themes of the love and contemplation of those who fear God and love their country. It was well for them that they overestimated his genius. For this estimate served to develop the self-respect that had long been in abeyance, and, if not more effectively than Lessing's terrible sarcasm, as much so at least, it tended to the conviction not only that a German could not become a Frenchman, but that by so trying he made himself only ridiculous, not to say contemptible. Imi-

tators, mere imitators, fall, as they should always, below their models. When Klopstock came to be known—and this was very early in his career—the German somehow grew less ashamed of his native clumsiness and tender-heartedness. He had already found that he could not bow, and dance, and *pirouette* like the supple enthusiast of the south; but what to do with his ponderosity and his "country-raised" ways he had not found. Turning his back upon city-life, wherein he had been laughed at, he might have relapsed into the barbaric manners of his ancestors who, both sexes together, disported innocently, though half-naked, on the hillsides and in the streams that flowed amid their valleys.

But for Klopstock! Not a great poet like Milton, yet he was a German of the Germans. Not ashamed of his origin, thankful if not proud, he imparted his gratitude to his countrymen and led them to feel that their best destiny was to cultivate what they found at home instead of importing exotic plants such as the German soil, unused to them, knew not how to grow. The reader of Klopstock, profuse as he is through very many years of assiduous work, may sometimes tire in the midst of the multitude of his pious and patriotic ejaculations; but when his studies of him are over he will look back upon him with fondness, and feel that respect that mankind always feel for one who has first broken the shackles of his countrymen and bidden them look to themselves, next to God, for that independent development without which no nation is worthy of separate and distinguished mention among mankind. It is touching even now to read of the honors that were paid to him both while he was living and after he was dead. For ages that people, so slow to understand their strength and their destiny, had been yearning for they knew not what. When one had arisen and sung in praise of fatherland in the true spirit of an ardent, faithful lover of fatherland, old and young, both sexes, all conditions, hailed him as a deliverer and gave him such a support as no literary man, excepting Sir Walter Scott, ever received from his contemporaries. He lived to near fourscore years, from youth to age loyal to Heaven and country. A Catholic may well wish that instead of the marsh-lands of northern Saxony he had been born in the sweet south that has ever remained faithful to the church; but he cannot withhold admiration for a career that, though expended in the far, unbelieving north, in spite of surroundings adverse to those benign purposes, did so much for the honor of God and the ascertainment of national independence.

When Klopstock died it was one of the most beautiful, the most respectful, the most loving funerals that ever have followed a human being to the grave. Amid the chime of the Hamburg bells foreign ambassadors, citizens, senators, merchants, the clergy, literati, artists, and artisans marched in solemn procession. Over his bier were read words of his own, and his own music from his "Resurrection Song" was recited as his body, "covered with the blossoming firstlings of the spring and with branches of laurel, was borne to its last home beneath the lime-trees."

Of the German poets Klopstock is almost the only Protestant whose name is worthy to be mentioned among those who were fervently devout. For religious devotion, earnest, humble, yet trustful and happy, was the last and least esteemed of the virtues taught by Luther and his followers. "O my God!" as St. Francis de Sales was wont to say on occasions less solemn, "how Protestantism has led away from study and despising of self, from honor of the cross and suffering, to self-laudation, self-exaltation, and the seeking of worldly gifts and goods!" Therefore a Catholic wishes the more that Klopstock had been born in the south, and that his loving heart had been prompted in its aspirations by the faith which had actuated the Minnesinger, and to which the south of Germany has in the main continued steadfast. But North Germany, like England with its universities, has endeavored for three hundred years to suppress the development of Catholic genius by withholding from it, or allowing reluctantly to it, facilities that are freely afforded to those who defy the government that Christ had set up for the church which he founded. Before Klopstock, Thomasius, himself a Lutheran, had been driven from Leipsic, his native town, because, tired and sick of hearing continually the announcement of the new doctrine that everything which comes from the king must be acknowledged as coming from God, and *ergo* all kings ought to be Lutheran, he made bold to say in native German: "I am of opinion that it is an unbecoming thing to recommend one's religion to mighty potentates for temporal interests. It is one thing to charge true religion with being opposed to the common weal, and another thing to affirm that it promotes the temporal advantages of great princes in and for themselves. The former is clearly false, as even the fathers of the primitive church of the Christian religion have often spoken to this point. But the second does not follow from this. True religion aims only at everlasting well-being."

In Germany, as in England, the advantage since the Reformation has ever been with the Protestants. Catholics, in order to become scholars and poets, have had to become so in secret and in poverty, as the Irish had long to learn their catechisms under hedges and to adore the Blessed Sacrament in private houses and mud cottages offered by holy fathers in the disguise of men of the world. Yet, even in the midst of the times of most stringent, relentless persecution, some Catholics, a few, renewed the song as it had been left by the Minnesinger. Notably Angelus Silesius has been lauded by Protestant historians for what he was inspired to do in times when even what liberties had been left untouched by the sword had been voluntarily surrendered to foreigners of various nationalities. What greater praise would one desire to receive from an enemy to his faith than that which the Protestant Menzel bestowed upon Silesius in these words: "He drew his poetry from heaven, since his unhappy country furnished it no more"?

After Silesius a long time was to elapse before another Catholic was to become prominent in Germany. All the world knows those illustrious names—Lessing and Schiller, Heine and Herder, and especially what was done by that pre-eminent genius, Goethe. It is most lamentable how, under forms transcendently beautiful, Goethe led his countrymen and multitudes of mankind of every name to befoul whatever was decent among men and profane whatever was sacred before God. Since the time of Luther we believe that no man has lived whose influence upon the dearest behests of social life, patriotism, and religion has been so pernicious. "*Nudentur!* NUDENTUR!" were wont to exclaim the profligate men and women to the actors and actresses upon the stage in the reign of Domitian. So this German poet, boldest of his kind, and, in some respects, greatest, stripped his characters gradually through every degree of denudation, and, in a Christian age that claimed to be a reformer of those wherein the immaculate beauty of the Blessed Virgin had been the type for all tuneful lovers, called for and obtained the plaudits of millions of Christians, men *and* women.

But this very audacity has had some good results. The terror it excited in many minds has driven them to recoil from the sight of pictures so wanton in their nakedness, and search for others old, and create others new on whose beauty chaste eyes may gaze without shame and with pure and tranquil delight. Longings for the romanticism of the middle ages have swelled the hearts of very many who were yet not fully able to withstand

the odium of returning to their religious faith. In the hearts of others those longings have been expressed in verses as delicious as they are pure. The romantic poets of Germany are for the most part religious, and, what there is abundant authority among Protestant historians and critics for saying, the best poets of the romantic school belong to the Catholic Church. In this country of Germany, whose people are now the most poetical in Europe, during many years there had been growing yearnings for the song that a loving, patriotic, religious heart needs for its consolation in grief and a sufficient expression of joy in the hour of its triumph. The decline of belief in the authority of a teaching church, the struggles of individual minds, amidst so many clamorous, belligerent sects, for sure guidance in the most important concerns of life, induced a gloom that in its season rejected all music except an occasional wail of despondency and despair.

"Men," said a writer in the *Foreign Quarterly Review* some years ago, "who could find no poetical nourishment in the merely intellectual Protestantism of the Lutheran Church cast their eyes with longing back to the religion of the middle ages. From the strifes and contentions and vain disputations of learned Protestant theologians they sought repose in the bosom of a church which seemed to put mere dogmas wisely beyond the reach of argument, in order that its disciples might give themselves with more singleness of soul to the pious exercises of faith and love. And thus was generated that poetical Neo-Catholicism which forms so remarkable a feature in the history of modern German literature—a phenomenon certainly, in these unbelieving days, not a little remarkable and deserving of the deepest attention from every philosophical, religious mind."

Horrible had been the French Revolution with its mutilation of churches, its murders of priests, and its declaration that the old God had ceased to exist. Yet the boldest of its leaders had done none or little worse than the most illustrious of German poets in the cool, deliberate dishonor he put upon whatever is good in this life and whatever of good is hoped for in the life to come. These atrocities impelled even North Germany, such of it at least as was most poetic and most religious, to flee in terror to the bosom of the mother that had been made the repository of whatever was most beautiful and whatever was most lovely in an unhappy world.

Foremost among those fugitives was Frederick Schlegel. A born Protestant, deeply learned in ancient lore, a savant and a philosopher more than a poet, he was the first to feel the better inspiration of the romance and reawaken the German to le-

gends of heroes of the knightly ages. He taught his countrymen that the best themes for the German muse were the deeds of their fathers of the foretime, when, unknowing Greek and Roman and Frank, they worked and fought, and loved each alone his single mate, and sang and worshipped and praised God as taught by holy and licensed ministers on the banks of the Oder and the Vistula, the Elbe and the Weser, the Rhine and the Danube. Such devotion, a result he had not foreseen at first, led him to the church wherein those forefathers knelt with never-shaken faith. In the midst of the persecutions that afterwards assailed him he consoled himself at one time with the irrefragable arguments which his genius and learning enabled him to produce, at another with those lyrics the first of a series that have made Germany the foremost nation of modern Europe in the poetic literature of religion.

Schlegel's writings have been mostly in prose, and he is known rather as the inaugurator of recent romantic poetry than as a maker of its verses. He was the first to resort to the ancient temples, mutilated or neglected, remove the accumulated dust and rubbish of ages, and show that therein were the true shrines for a German poet to sing and a German Christian to pray. It was consoling to many a heart that had been bowed down to hear returning the forgotten music of the past that told of the deeds of Christian knights, the veiled beauty of the brides of Christ, and the peerless excellence of Mary the Immaculate.

Along with Schlegel were Tieck and Uhland. Like him they had been born and reared in the midst of influences hostile to the church, and were won to its arms by sympathy with those promptings in the mind of Schlegel to return to the manners and opinions of former times. These poets, both religious, are to be admired the more both because of what they had to combat and because they were contemporary with another spirit, in men of the loftiest genius, to prefer the classical to the romantic—indeed, to ridicule the latter except whenever it might be found available for a momentary phantasy of a modern bard. The classicists, whether so from study and love of Greek models or become so through the medium of the French, hated romanticism. It is well for one who wishes to understand well modern European literature to study carefully the difference between the classical and the romantic. The following, copied from the *Foreign Quarterly Review* (vol. xix.), is apt for this purpose:

"The wild, the exuberant in fancy, the pure, the lovely, the holy in feeling, are characteristic of the (romantic); whatever is simple, regular,

beautiful in form, or calm, subdued, and chastened in emotion, belongs to the (classical). The art of the ancients was most intimately connected with, or more properly an essential part of, the national religion. But that religion has more of a historical nature, is more a religion of heroes and heroic deeds, of outward shapes and figures of divinity, than ours; and herein lies one great essential and pervading distinction between the romanticism of the moderns and the classicism of the ancients. Christianity is a religion drawn out of the most holy depths of human feeling; heathenism—Greek heathenism, we mean—was merely copied down from the most beautiful manifestation of human actions. Christianity occupied itself with the solution of the deepest mysteries of human thought—God, virtue, immortality. Heathenism partly worshipped, partly sported with the mere outward shows of terrestrial nature."

Now, Goethe, the most prodigious growth of Protestantism, learning even in childhood that he might *choose** what to hold and admire, while he did not altogether reject the romantic, yet loved best the classical. If he had seen a nun with antique face, her veil and other drapery arranged after antique fashion, he might have admired. But had he met St. Catharine of Sienna with her one woollen garment—"O my God!" as the gentle St. Francis of Sales would again have exclaimed.

Now, while Goethe, and Schiller gradually coming under his influence, were endeavoring to restore the Parthenon, the temples of Hera in Argos and Samos, and were looking with regret upon the ruins once sacred to Poseidon in Pæstum, Schlegel and Tieck and Uhland resorted to the yet unfinished *doms* of Cologne and Strassburg, and bent in reverence before the shrines that, ages before, had been set up there for the worship of the Creator.

What urged on this return to romanticism was the reawakening of the spirit of patriotism in Germany, as it had been in Suabia six centuries before. Klopstock, indeed, was a patriot who yearned, without knowing where to find the means for, his country's disenthralment. It was the wars with France; it was the repeated defeats of German armies under aristocratic, incompetent leadership; it was, in fine, the battle of Jena that, after exhausting the shame, at length exasperated the dormant spirit, of the German nation, and made it rise as one man before the conquering Napoleon and reassert its hereditary manhood. It was thus that patriotism and religion combined to bring back to Germans the poetry of their ancestors.

* How few Protestants, educated or not, seem to understand the meaning of *heresy*, which is a claiming on the part of the individual to *choose* his faith instead of accepting it from constituted authority.

As one who reads translations of Minnesinger lays wishes that he and all mankind might read, understanding well, much more does he regret that he cannot wholly appreciate the sentiments and the words of such as Tieck and Uhland. Of the two the former was the most enthusiastic lover. Sick of the heartlessness, the very devilishness, of such as Goethe, he abandoned himself to love of the ages of faith and sang in harmony with the stirring, pure music of their bards. Of him the historian we have quoted before says:

"Tieck first introduced a native tone into this species of poetry, and showed the necessity of reverting to the illusion of the time when the legends originated to feel their true spirit. He therefore laid the question before the people and children among whom unperverted feelings still were found. He dared to furnish the enlightened age with tales for children. He dared to draw back the clouds from the moon and to display to us the moonlit magic night of our nation's childhood, to awaken again the primeval recollections and to make the most mysterious chords of sensibility resound with long-forgotten and deeply-moving melodies. In him, the most national of our poets, the genius of ancient Germany was born again and renewed his youth like a phœnix."

But Uhland, who was a Catholic and therefore a romanticist, was not only a poet but a statesman. Practical as poetic, he knew both what to act and what to dream. His career happily showed that a man might well serve his country without neglecting the service of his God. He had read and not forgotten that the bravest and most heroic in Hebrew and in early Christian story, when battles were over and victories won, had prostrated themselves upon the ground and ascribed all praise and glory to the Majesty on high. Uhland, therefore, could effectively do his work as an officer of state, and in his hours of freedom from business sing and pray, pray and sing, like his beloved forerunners, Ulrich and Walter Von Vogelweide.

We give translations of two of his lyrics:

THE NUN.

"In the silent cloister garden,
Beneath the pale moonshine,
There walked a lovely maiden,
And tears were in her eyne.

"'Now, God be praised, my loved one
Is with the blest above;
Now man is changed to angel,
And angels I may love.'

"She stood before the altar
Of Mary, Mother mild,
And on the holy maiden
The Holy Virgin smiled.

"Upon her knees she worshipped,
And prayed before the shrine,
And heavenward looked till Death came
And closed her weary eyne."

On an island in the Rhine there are the ruins of an ancient nunnery and on the high cliff above the western bank those of the castle of Rolandsek. The legend tells of a knight and of a maiden betrothed. The knight went with the Crusaders, and, news of his death having come, the maiden, after a season given to grief, became the bride of Heaven and repaired to Nunnenwerth. After three years the knight returned, when, finding his beloved lost to him, he parted from his sword, his shield, and all his armor, built the castle upon the cliff, and in seclusion gave his thoughts to her and to Heaven. The virgin at length died in peace and holy hope. Then the hermit retired from the window of his castle, laid him upon his bed, and soon his spirit followed hers. This is beautiful, but less so than the legend of Uhland. We are not told how this virgin had been separated from her lover. Yet nothing could be more exquisitely touching than the ecstasy, partly human, mostly heavenly, with which, after his death, she lifted her heart to him in heaven, and, after some sort of the human love of her youth, sought additional religious consolation in the communion of saints. Yes, there is something more touching still in this little legend. Smiling, albeit, the Mother of God upon her daughter, yet—yet, forefending all endangerment of regarding again the beloved object in the lineaments of earthly excellence, even while the maiden was looking heavenward she beckoned, and then

"Death came
And closed her weary eyne."

We will give but one more of these lyrics, though we are tempted by many others. How must the following read in the poet's native tongue when, rendered into a foreign tongue, it sounds thus:

THE WREATH.

"There went a maid and plucked the flowers
That grew upon the sunny lea;
A lady from the greenwood came,
Most beautiful to see.

"Unto the maid she friendly came,
And in her hand a wreath she bore—
'It blossoms not now, but soon will bloom:
Oh! wear it evermore.'

"And as this maid in beauty grew,
And walked the mellow moon beneath,
And weeped young tears so tender, sweet,
Began to bud the wreath.

"And when the maid, in beauty grown,
Clasped in her arms the glad bridegroom,
Forth from the bud's unfolded cup
There blushed a joyous bloom.

"And when a playsome child she rocked
Her tender mother-arms between,
Amid the spreading, leafy crown
A golden fruit was seen.

"And when was sunk in death and night
The heart a wife had held most dear,
Then shook amid her shaken locks
A yellow leaf and sere.

"Soon lay she, too, in blenchèd death,
And still the dear-loved wreath she wore;
Then bore the wreath—this wondrous wreath—
Both fruit and bloom it bore."

What are to be the full results of these changes in gifted minds, and the devotion of their endeavors to the best ends of human existence, we cannot foresee. Already those results have been abundant and benign. The influences of great poets are always far beyond their ken or their expectation. It has been so since and before the lame schoolmaster sent in derision from Athens to the Lacedæmonians led them by his warlike songs to the victories their former leaders, mere warriors, could not attain. The poetry of the romanticists of modern Germany within these last fifty years, unknown to themselves, unknown fully even to those upon whom their genial influences have fallen, has led thousands upon thousands, there and elsewhere, to the same shelter beneath which the former found rest and out of their abounding gratitude poured forth their exquisite songs of praise and thanksgiving. Kings and emperors have not yet gone to Canossa; but they no longer defy and rail against the aged chief who sits there in severe majesty and affectionately invites those of every name and condition to come and receive his

blessing. The people, the people who make and maintain kings and emperors, who work for them, fight for them, and hold themselves ready to die for them—oh! how have their attitudes towards the church been changed within these fifty years. Not counting the multitudes that have gone to her and since have wondered how their forefathers could have forsaken her, what respect, often what reverence, do the others pay to her! As for Germany, once so devout, always so religious-minded, she travails in her incertitude whether to reject all Christian faith or return to the mother she once loved with her whole heart. With swimming eyes often she listens to the songs so like those composed and sung when all Christendom was Catholic, and year by year she grows less reluctant to harm or speak uncharitably of her by whose influences this music was inspired.

So among English-speaking peoples. To say nothing of Manning and Newman, of Faber and Wilberforce and Allies, of Bayley and Ives, and the gifted Curtis of Baltimore, the spirit of romanticism, lately revived in Germany, is the true parent of the poetry of Scott and the Lakers, and it has imparted the freshness and purity of that of Keats and Tennyson. The unhappy Shelley and the reckless Swinburne must follow in the footsteps of Goethe. So the great Byron, though the last, in his heart loved the romantic, and sometimes sang as though in his friendlessness and exile he would fain repair for rest and security whither these can only be found for the errant, the sorrowing, and the penitent. How otherwise can we believe when we read in *Childe Harold* such as the following:

> "Yet Italy! through every other land
> Thy wrongs should ring, and shall, from side to side;
> Mother of arts, as once of arms, thy hand
> Was then our guardian, and is still our guide;
> Parent of our religion! whom the wide
> Nations have knelt to for the keys of heaven!
> Europe, repentant of her parricide,
> Shall yet redeem thee, and, all backward driven,
> Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be forgiven."

Even Longfellow, most beloved of American poets, though reared among, and never separated from, the narrowest of all Christian sects, yet poured his best song when singing the wrongs and sufferings of the Catholic peasants of Acadie.

At the beginning and at the end of three centuries stood two men of colossal magnitude—Luther, Goethe. The revolt which the former led against rightful authority had its most consum-

mate result in the production of the latter. Luther had inculcated defiance of the vicar of Christ, his earthly vicegerent. Goethe, pushing the principle of disobedience to its ultimation, defied even—God! But since his day the minds of mankind, from whom all fear as well as all reverence has not departed, have seemed to feel that they must go *somewhere* in order to obtain the food without which they must die. Many have found wherein have been garnered abundance for their needs. Many have perished while trying to find for themselves the way or trusting to new, blind guides. To those who remember the promise of the Paraclete, and humbly yet heartily trust its undertaking to guide "unto all truth," the confusion and the tumult of this century bode well for what they hope, are taught, and are fond to pray.

THE LOCATION OF THE EARTHLY PARADISE.

A LITTLE more than a year ago the Abbé Bourbais, a learned French divine, published a pamphlet called *The Second Chapter of Genesis and the Earthly Paradise*, in which he proves conclusively that Moses, in that chapter, mixes with the description of Paradise a page of the geography of the earth as known at the times of the patriarchs. He rejects the notion generally adopted that the four great rivers, the Tigris, the Euphrates, the Nile, and the Ganges, flowed through Paradise, and bases his denial upon the Hebrew text, contending that their course can in no wise determine the site of the *Garden of Delights*, the site of which Genesis certainly does not determine. An ancient Chinese writer, the author of the poems *Tsu-tsee*, among many questions which he calls unanswerable, put the following: Where are the suspended gardens of Mount Kuen-lun?—which was the appellation of the *Earthly Paradise* in the traditions of the Celestial Empire. Many, even among the learned, think as did the Chinese writer. Still, the question can be studied with profit, and if a solution of it is not here given, at least the way may be opened to men with more learning and more leisure.

In this short study I depend largely on Bourbais, and I admit as correct his quotations from several authors whom I have not under my hand, and whom I have not the means of verifying.

The larger part, however, is taken from volumes scattered here and there; for I wish to advance nothing of my own, but to found my opinions upon reliable authority. I aim to prove that the *Earthly Paradise* was nothing else than the *enclosed garden* (*hortus conclusus*) of Solomon, the Wady Urthas of our times, a charming valley in Judea.

It was at Hebron, in the Damascene field, that the first man was formed.

1. This tradition is universal in the East. The Rev. Signor Giovanni Zuallardo, a noted Italian traveller of the sixteenth century, in his work, *Il Devotissimo Viaggio di Gerusalemme*, published at Rome in the year 1587, says (p. 262): "In returning thence [from the sepulchre of the patriarchs] to the said city of Bethlehem, towards the west, is found the celebrated *Damascene* field, where all Orientalists hold that our first father, Adam, was created and formed."

2. Not only is this belief found in the East, but it is the general opinion. Father A. Torniel, in his great work, *Sacred Annals* (*prima mundi ætas, dies 6*), says: "Communiter creditur quod in agro Damasceno factus est homo"—"It is commonly believed that man was made in the Damascene plain." Cornelius à Lapide says the same (*Comment. in Genes.*, c. ii.): "Ex terrâ rubrâ, quæ est in agro Damasceno, non urbis Damasci, sed agri cujusdam ita dicti, qui est juxtà Hebron, creatum esse Adamum, multorum est traditio. Id enim tradunt Hebræi, et ex eis sanctus Hieronymus, etc."—"It is the tradition with many that Adam was created from the red earth of the Damascene field, and not of the city of Damascus, as is related even by the Hebrews, and from them by St. Jerome, etc." The monk Burchard, who lived, I believe, in the fourteenth century, says: "At a stone's throw from the double cavern (that is, the sepulchre bought in Hebron by Abraham), towards the west, is the Damascene field, the place where Adam was *modelled.* This field is in reality made up of red earth as ductile as wax. I have gathered a great quantity of it, as do all pilgrims and Christians who visit those places. The Saracens carry off that earth on the back of camels into Egypt, Ethiopia, India, and elsewhere, and sell it at a high price" (*De Monte Sion: Descriptio Terræ Sanctæ*, c. ix.)

Signor Zuallardo speaks of the same land in a still more explicit manner. "The said field," says he, "can be seen towards that city of Hebron, and is exceedingly fertile, beautiful, and delightful, and of reddish earth, of a tawny shade, as soft and as duc-

tile as wax, with which the Christians of the country form somewhat blackish beads" (*Il Devotissimo Viaggio*, p. 262).

All this concords perfectly with the Mosaic recital of the creation of the first man, who receives the name of Adam (Heb. *hâ-hâdam*, the *red*) because he is formed from *hâ-hâdâmâ*, the "red earth" (see Genesis ii. 7). It was necessary that God's hand should build the first man, as St. Thomas well remarks (*Summa*, p. 1, qu. 91, art. 2): "Since never before had a human body been formed by whose power and generation another one of the same kind could be formed, it was necessary that the first man should be formed immediately by the Lord." To that effect God donned human appearance, the prototype of the body he was about to form; he took the clay from the red field (*ghâfâr nun hâ-hâdâmâ*), mixed it with water, according to St. Thomas and other doctors, fashioned it as a potter would do, and thus formed the most beautiful of bodies, the body of the king of creation. "The word of the Lord came to me," exclaims Jeremias, xviii. 6: "Behold, as clay is in the hand of the potter, so are you in my hands."

Wherefore the Egyptians, to whom the potter's wheel was known from time immemorial, kept a tradition that Num used that instrument in order to fashion the clay with which he formed man (see F. Chabas, *Études sur l'Antiquité, etc.*)

It was to Jerusalem that, after being expelled from Paradise, Adam went to dwell.

St. Basil (*In Isaiam*, c. v.) says: "In the church a tradition is preserved that ancient Judea was inhabited by Adam, who there found a refuge when he was expelled from the paradise of delights." St. Paula and St. Eutochia are still more precise in the letter which they write to Marcella to press her to come and fix her habitation in the Holy Land—a letter found among the works of St. Jerome. They write: "In this city (Jerusalem), or rather in this place as it was in those times, Adam dwelt."

The origin of this tradition is found in the writings of the rabbis. The Jews teach that the first act of our first father after his sin was to offer a sacrifice on Mount Moria itself, within the boundaries of what is now the Haram-esh-Sherif. Let us open the *targum* of Jonathan Ben-Uziel. Thus he comments on chap. viii. v. 20 of Genesis: "And Noe built an altar before the Adonai; it was the altar itself which Adam had raised at the time that he was expelled from the Garden of Eden, and on which he had offered holocausts; on which Cain and Abel had

sacrificed." And again, chap. xxii. v. 9: "And there (on Mount Moria) Abraham raised again the altar which had been built by Adam, but which had been destroyed by the waters of the deluge. Noe had rebuilt it, but it was thrown down at the time of the dispersion." The Talmud is not less explicit: "We read in one of the Medrasch," which are numbered among the supplements of the Mishna, that "it is a tradition generally received that the place where David constructed the altar on the threshing-floor of Areuna, the Jebusite, was the identical place where Noe built his altar when he came out of the ark; that in this place also was the altar on which Cain and Abel offered up sacrifices; that there also Adam sacrificed after his creation. . . . Wise men say that for this last one it was the place of his expiation" (Midrach till fol. 41).

Now, we know from the second book of Kings that the place where David constructed the altar was on Mount Moria (see chap. xxiv.)

Here is also the testimony of Abrabanel: "It is there [on Mount Moria] that the first man lived when, on account of his sin, he was expelled from Paradise" (*Comment. in Legem.*) Finally let us quote the famous Maimonides (*In Constit. de Domo electâ*, c. ii.): "We have all," says he to his brethren the Jews—"we have all heard from our fathers that in the place where David and Solomon built an altar on the threshing-floor of Areuna of Jebus, . . . in that place also Noe had built one at his coming out of the ark. Now, there also Cain and Abel offered sacrifices, and before them the first man after the creation."

What is said of Noe in these various quotations will astonish us but little if we remember that to-day few believe that it was on Mount Ararat—which is too far off—in farther Armenia, that the ark rested after the deluge, but rather on some mountains of near Armenia, the *hâre Hârârât* (the mountains). (See Genesis viii. 4.)

According to an Eastern tradition recorded by Father Berruyer in his learned work, *Histoire du Peuple de Dieu*, Noe entered the ark at Joppe and does not seem to have been carried very far from Judea. As to the sacrifices of Cain and Abel, the place of the altar on which they sacrificed explains what we learn from the mouth of St. Jerome himself—namely, that the first martyr of the Old Law was slain by his brother on the very spot where the first martyr of the New Law was stoned: that is, at the gate of St. Stephen (Bab-el-sidi Miriam), near the Haram-esh-

Sherif. But where the two brothers sacrificed, there also Adam offered sacrifices. "Cain and Abel had not separate dwellings," says Berruyer, "and likely the whole family, composed of the father, the mother, two sons, and two daughters destined to be the spouses of their brothers, inhabited the same district, in the neighborhood of the *Earthly Paradise* between the Jordan and the great sea." It was only after the murder of his brother that Cain left his father's tent to go into the country of Now, and built the city of Henoch (Genesis iv. 16, 17.) "He flees the presence of his father and mother," continues Father Berruyer, "whom he abandons for ever to adventures and tears. He avoids even the land which reproaches him with his crime, and he seeks an asylum on the other side of the Jordan, in a country situated to the east of the *Earthly Paradise*, or of the land of *Eden*" (p. 32).

There is, however, near El-Khâbil (Hebron) a valley called the *Valley of Tears*, where some say that Cain slew Abel, and where Adam and Eve are said to have mourned their son during the space of a hundred years. But it is possible that the name of the valley itself may have caused an error. *Tear* and *Abel* in Hebrew are pronounced in about the same manner. Be this as it may, Adam may very well have inhabited El-Khâbil during a portion of his long life without weakening the proposition here to be proved.

Adam lived in Judea, and it was in that country, under his eyes, that the race faithful to the Lord was multiplied.

We know, through Josephus, that the children of Seth, the *Benê Helôhim*, engraved inscriptions on the rocks, in order to preserve, at the time of the deluge, predicted by Adam, the scientific notions which they had acquired. At the time of the Jewish historian these inscriptions could be still seen in the *Syriad*. Now, this *Syriad* is not Syria, as the translators of Josephus have erroneously made it, but the little country, called in the Bible *Has-Seyrath*, situated near Galgal, a city of Judea between Jericho and the Jordan (Judges iii. 26). There, in truth, were graved *figures*, which the Hebrew text calls *happesilim*, the Septuaginta τὰ γλυπτά, and the Vulgate *idols* (Judges iii. 26). May the Palestinologists find them some day! The reading of those ideograms, dating from an antediluvian age, would show conclusively that the first men inhabited Judea, and would at the same time furnish us the most precious documents on their arts, sciences, and history. Vossius can claim the honor of having established this fact, that the *Syriad* of Josephus and the *Has-*

Seyrath of the Bible are the same thing, and that the inscriptions of the children of Seth are one with the *pesilim* of the Bible, as seen in the book of Judges (Vossius, *De Ætate Mundi*, c. x.) "It strongly appears," says Huet (*Traité de la Situation du Paradis Terrestre*), "that these inscriptions were astronomical tables which it was said the descendants of Seth had engraved upon rocks."

It was on Calvary that Adam died and was buried. Texts are numerous to prove this ancient tradition. "It is there" (on Calvary), says Tertullian (*Carmina adversùs Marcionem*), "as we have learned, that the first man was buried." Origen is not less explicit (Tract. xxiii. vol. xxxv. in Matth.): "Calvary was the place where *He* was to die who died for the whole world; for a tradition teaches me that the body of the first man was buried on the very place where Jesus Christ was crucified." "It is with the blood of Christ," writes St. Cyprian (*Hæres.* xlvi. v. 5), "it is believed, that the head of Adam was watered, who, according to ancient traditions, was buried on the very spot where Christ's cross was planted." A Greek father, in a letter found among the doubtful works of St. Anastasius (*De Passione et Cruce Domini*), tells us also that Calvary, "according to the opinion of Jewish doctors, is the place of Adam's sepulchre; for they assure us that after the curse he died there, and that he is buried in the same place." St. Basil (*In Isaiam*, c. v.) writes thus on the subject: "It was Judea also which received the mortal spoils of the first man after he had fully satisfied the sentence of condemnation published against him. His head was buried in a place which was naturally called *cranion—calvary* (or the place of the cranion)—because such an object would necessarily strike the men of that epoch. It is probable that Noe was not ignorant of the place where was the tomb of the chief and father of the human race, since immediately after the deluge, and from the mouth of Noe himself, this tradition was everywhere spread."

The explanation given by St. Basil to the word *Calvary* is applicable as well to the Hebrew term *Golgotha* (Goulgaleth), used by St. Ambrose in the following: "The place where the cross of Christ was planted was on the top of Golgotha, that it might be seen from afar, or on the tomb of Adam, as the Jews say" (*Epist. in Luc.*) "Our Lord Jesus Christ was crucified on the Golgotha," says St. Epiphanius (*Hæres.* xlvi.), using the same Syro-Chaldaic name; "that is, on the very place where the body of Adam was buried."

Behold now the testimony of St. Augustine (Sermo vi. v. 6 *de Tempore*): "The tradition of the ancients relates that Adam, the first man, was buried in the very place where the cross was raised, and to which the name Calvary was given." Speaking of the Calvary, St. John Chrysostom forgets not to mention the tradition concerning Adam's sepulchre. He writes thus (Homily lxxxiv.): "Some say that Adam died and was buried there." Finally Paula and Eutochia, in the letter which they wrote to Marcella to decide her to leave Rome and come with them to Bethlehem, thus express themselves: "Adam died there [in Jerusalem], on account of which the place where our Saviour was crucified was called Calvary [*cranium*], because there is buried the head of the first man." This letter is found among St. Jerome's letters.

It is generally believed that St. Jerome was not a stranger to the writing of this letter. The illustrious doctor, however, does not admit that Adam was buried on Calvary. In several places in his writings he considers as the place of this tomb the famous grotto of *Makpêlâ*, contained within the El-Khâbil, or Hebron. In this St. Jerome makes himself the echo of certain rabbinical traditions preserved in the Talmud. What is the signification of Makpêlâ? It signifies that the grotto contained several couples. Rabbi Isaac says: "It is the city of the four, or of the four couples—viz., Adam and Eve, Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebecca, Jacob and Lia." This text goes to show the origin of these traditions. They came from the reading of a verse of Josue where it is question of the city of Hebron (Josue xiv. 15): "The name of Hebron before was called Cariath-Arbe [the city of the four]: Adam, the greatest among the Enacims, was laid there." This passage proves nothing, for its real sense is manifestly this: Hebron, before, was called Cariath-Arbe, that is, the *City of Arbe;* this was the *man* (in Hebrew *hâ-hâdam*), the greatest among the Enacims, or giants, being the father of Enac. (See Josue xv. 13.) Besides, who ever heard that Adam was an Enacim, or giant? I must acknowledge, however, that the opinion which says that Adam was buried in Hebron counts many followers after St. Jerome. Centuries ago efforts were made to conciliate the two opinions. "Perhaps," says Zuallardo in his *Devotissimo Viaggio di Gerusalemme*, p. 203, "they carried his body to Hebron, and by a secret disposition of divine Providence his head was left on this mount [the Calvary]."

The best authors to be consulted in regard to Adam's tomb are the Abbé Lawrence de Saint-Aignan, who in his work, *Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne*, has treated the subject with all pos-

sible clearness, though I do not know, however, whether his works have been translated into English; the Abbé Bourbais also, now a prominent member of the Philologic Society of Paris; and Zuallardo, who travelled in the Holy Land and wrote an account of his voyage in *Il Devotissimo Viaggio*. Many others might be consulted with profit, such as Dixon, and also a work published anonymously in Latin in Turin a few years ago under the title of *Introductio in Libros Sacros*. Learned antiquarians are seriously at work in several countries to settle these difficult questions.

The Earthly Paradise is the *hortus conclusus* of Solomon.

I will proceed first to give the marks by which the Earthly Paradise may be recognized.

The Abbés Bourbais and De Saint-Aignan, whom I closely follow, number ten distinctive marks by which the *Earthly Paradise* may be recognized.

1. The Earthly Paradise was not a vast region but a simple place, a garden, a park. This is the simplest meaning of the word *garden*, and as such it has been admitted by all, from the Chinese tradition of the raised gardens to the theories of the most enlightened European divines. We might, perhaps, except Persian traditions, which place the garden in Persia, extending over the whole territory. The only plausible reason given, however, is the fertility of Persia and its beauty in fruits of all kinds. Many countries, however, have as good fruits as Persia.

2. Paradise is not where man was created. St. Thomas (*prima secundæ*, qu. cii. art. 4) says in the conclusion of art. 4 (*Whether man was created in Paradise*): "Man was formed *outside Paradise*, then through the grace of God was carried into it, to be transferred thence from the animal life into heaven." All theologians hold the same opinion, which is founded upon this verse of Genesis (ii. 15): "And the Lord God [Adonai Helôhim] took man and *put* him into the paradise of pleasure." Therefore he did not create him in Paradise itself, but elsewhere. Therefore also, can we add, Paradise is not the Damascene field of Hebron; it must be sought elsewhere. (See *Annales Sacri.*) It is probable, however, that Paradise is not far from the Damascene field. Whatever may have been the mode of transportation used by the Almighty with Adam when this king of creation made his solemn entry into the domain prepared for him, we see no reason why Adam should have come from afar, why the Lord should have wished him to take a long journey.

Neither could Paradise be far from Jerusalem. If the thesis I strove to establish above, that Adam died in Jerusalem, can stand, it is probable that after the expulsion from the garden our first parents established themselves at Jerusalem and lived there. Behold them driven from the garden of delights, their bare feet hurt by the rocks, which were as hard as the curse itself could make them. They are shedding bitter tears, anxious for a refuge, unable to return, for the terrible Cherubim are there with their fiery sword. "He placed before the paradise of pleasure Cherubim, and a flaming sword, turning every way, to keep the way of the tree of life" (Gen. iii. 24). Whither shall they go? The regions they traverse are unknown to them. It is not likely they wandered very far into them; they must have tarried as near as possible to the much-regretted spot. And they did; for they were near Eden when Cain slew Abêl, since he simply fled from his parents and from the Lord to the east of the garden, according to this verse of Genesis (iv. 16): "And Cain went out from the face of the Lord, and dwelt as a fugitive on the earth, at the east side of Eden." From this we may safely conclude that Paradise is at the same time near El-Khâbil (Hebron) and near Jerusalem.

3. A third mark of Paradise is that it must have kept a certain renown. According to the inscrutable decrees of divine Providence, God chooses among places and among times those in which he desires to accomplish his great works, and when once he has sanctified one of them in a particular manner he can find it again amidst all the apparent hazards presented by human events, to preserve its character of sanctity and surround it with veneration. Thus it is that so many holy places always remain in the memory of men and attract pilgrims when even religion there has for centuries lost its brilliancy, its reign. Paradise had under its shades seen too many and too great mysteries accomplished to be abandoned as a vulgar land without history. But in order that its former beauty should not be obscured, Paradise must have remained a simple garden, unencumbered by monuments raised by human art; and this is why its renown cannot have been the same as the renown of other places sanctified by divine mysteries.

4. Paradise is within a belt of mountains which surround it on all sides. This conclusion is drawn from the words of Genesis quoted above (Gen. iii. 24): "And he cast out Adam, and placed before the paradise of pleasure Cherubim, and a flaming sword, turning every way, to keep the way of the tree of life."

Dom Calmet, commenting on this text, says: "This gives us reason to believe that this garden could be among mountains which left only one entrance through a defile towards the east, and that Adam went out on the east side."

5. This asylum being thus surrounded by mountains, the Chow-hai-king affirms nothing but what is likely when he says of Mount Kuen-lun, the Chinese Paradise: "We call it the garden enclosed and hidden." This has been read and translated by Father Prémare, a distinguished Jesuit, who lived a long time in China, was conversant with the traditions of the Chinese and their literature, and wrote a book whose title translated is *Vestiges of the Principal Christian Dogmas extracted from ancient Chinese Works.* "The Chaw-haï-king is a book so old," continues Father Prémare, "that some attribute it to the Emperor Yu, and others to Pey-y, who lived at the same time, and which is computed by the Chinese at 2,224 years before Christ." The Abbé Bourbais remarks that the book contains an imaginary description of the creation of the world, but gives on Mount Kuen-lun details which accord in the most surprising manner with what Moses tells us concerning the *Earthly Paradise.* Anyhow, let us not forget that the Chinese of the highest antiquity called Paradise "the enclosed garden"—*hortus conclusus.*

6. Paradise faces the east. The book of Genesis is witness of the fact (ii. 8), for the translation of the Hebrew word *mikkédém* by *in the beginning* is not the sense given it by the Septuagint, who translate it by *the east.* This translation of the Vulgate pleased the rabbis, who were anxious to give a greater antiquity to the garden than to the work of the six days. St. Jerome is of the same opinion. Some writers place the creation of the Paradise at the third day of creation. But the geological revolutions would have a thousand times changed the aspect of Eden had it been created on the third day. The interpretation of the Septuagint seems more plausible.

7. Paradise is surrounded by a desolate and barren nature. It seems, at least, it ought to be so in order to contrast exterior nature with that place of delight. However wonderful may have been and may yet be its beauty, there are sites in the East which may recall it. God naturally did not place man in a new garden whose surroundings would make him forget the former by their natural beauty. It is a land rocky and without vegetation which Adam must have met at the gate when on his head was uttered the terrible curse: "Cursed is the earth in thy work," etc. (Gen. iii. 17).

8. The principal mark of Paradise is that it must have been a land of great fertility. The book of Genesis says (ii. 9): "And the Lord God brought forth of the ground all manner of trees, fair to behold and pleasant to eat of." Isaias opposes this fertility of Paradise to the aridity of the desert: "The Lord will comfort Sion, . . . and he will make her desert as a place of pleasure, and her wilderness as the garden of the Lord" (Isaias li. 3). It was on account of its beauty and fertility that the name of *Beith-Gheden* in Hebrew, and *Paradise* in Greek, was given to a royal city and valley of Syria situated between the Libanus and Antilibanus. Besides, the Scripture calls Paradise a *delightful garden.* Not only the ordinary productions of the land were found there, but it contained also the *tree of life.* "The fruit of that tree," says St. Thomas (p. i. quæstio xcviii. art. iv.), "had the property of sustaining the vital forces of our kind against old age." It matured twelve times in the year—that is, monthly—according to the Apocalypse (xxii. 2): "In the midst of the street thereof, and on both sides of the river, was the tree of life, bearing twelve fruits, yielding its fruit every month, and the leaves of the tree for the healing of nations." No doubt nature alone could not give such production, but we must believe that such extra-natural properties had not been attached by God to a tree without beauty and without natural virtues. The same fertility is attributed by the Chow-hai-king, quoted above, to Mount Kuen-lun, the Paradise of Chinese traditions. "All that can be desired," says this ancient book, "is found on that mountain; we behold there wonderful trees." In fine, the same remembrance is found in the memory of all nations. "It is not to be doubted," says Huet, Bishop of Avranches, author of the *Traité sur la Situation du Paradis* already mentioned, "that this place, supernaturally formed by the hand of God, has been the model on which profane writers and poets have formed their fortunate islands, their elysian fields, their meadows of Pluto, their gardens of Hesperides, Adonis, Jupiter, and Alcinoüs."

9. Paradise is watered by waters as abundant as they are wholesome. This is the reason of its fertility. Moses speaks of a river coming out of the garden and watering it in its whole extent, after which four rivers are formed from it (see Genesis ii. 10). Wishing to give an idea of the fertility of the country of Sodom before its destruction, he compares it to Paradise: "The country about the Jordan, which was watered. . . . as the Paradise of the Lord" (Gen. xiii. 10). The book of Apocalypse celebrates this river of living water, clear as crystal, which waters

Paradise (Apoc. xxii. 1): "He showed me a river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding from the throne of God." It is evident that it is a question here of Paradise, since in the next verse we see that the tree of life was on its banks. The Chow-hai-king says also in describing Mount Kuen-lun: "Wonderful springs are seen there." Virgil has such traditions in his mind when he writes (*Æneid*, vi. verse 673 and fol.): "In shady groves we dwell, or lie on couches all along the banks, and on meadows fresh with rivulets." Dante simply sings the waters celebrated by the poets of antiquity when he expresses in beautiful verses the beneficial action of the waters of *Paradise:*

> "Io ritornai dalla santissim'onda
> Rifatto sì, come piante novelle,
> Rinnovellate di novella fronda"

—"I came out of the most holy water, refreshed as the young plants which have taken new verdure" (*Purgat.* c. xxxiii.)

10. A last peculiarity of Paradise is that it contains *aqueducts*. We learn this from the book of Ecclesiasticus (xxiv. 40, 41): "I, Wisdom, like a brook out of a river of a mighty water, I like a channel of a river, and like an *aqueduct*, came out of *Paradise*." That it is a question of the *Earthly Paradise* in this passage is the opinion of Cornelius à Lapide, who, commenting on the word *udragôgos*, an *aqueduct*, used by the first writers of the Bible, says that by the word *udragôgos*, aqueduct, is meant truly an aqueduct made by the hand of man, and not by nature alone.

Application of the preceding marks of the *hortus conclusus* of Solomon to the Wady Urthas of our days.

Among the authors who have written on the *Earthly Paradise* many identify it with the Wady Urthas, a charming valley in Judea. The same writers see in the *A'în Saleh* a fountain in the neighborhood, the fountain from which flows the water-course which waters the *garden of delights* mentioned in Genesis. This opinion is not new. Huet mentions it (pages 56, 57) in his treatise quoted above. This opinion I follow, and my object here is to try to prove it. All that remains for me to do is to show that the Wady Urthas has all the marks by which we may recognize the *Garden of Eden.*

1. The Wady Urthas is not a whole region. It is, according to several writers, a small and narrow valley surrounded by high hills. Mme. De Lamartine a few years ago had it surveyed;

it is half of a league in length. Several French papers, among others the *Univers*, have given this as a fact.

2. The Wady Urthas is near both Hebron and Jerusalem. This beautiful valley is situated on the road which leads from Jerusalem to Hebron, and is somewhat nearer to Jerusalem.

3. This place has always been renowned as a garden. Let us hear M. Guerin, one of the most learned explorers of Palestine: "We reach the gracious and green gardens of the Oued Orthas, more commonly called Oued Ourthas [Wady Urthas]." "At the extremity of these beautiful orchards, which are spread on a lengthened valley, an antique bath-house was found a few years ago. We cross successively a number of well-cultivated gardens between two ranges of parallel hills, and where blooms, thanks to constant irrigation, a most luxuriant vegetation. Mr. Meschoullam, a Jew converted to Protestantism, for about fifteen years has there cultivated many of our European trees and vegetables, and they grew exceedingly well. Those orchards, according to a tradition that I look upon as infinitely probable, because it is founded upon a passage of Josephus' history which seems to me convincing, have succeeded to the ancient gardens which Solomon loved to visit at the dawn of day. Escorted by his guards, armed and equipped with bows, the king, seated in a chariot and covered with a white mantle, was accustomed, at the dawn of day, to go out of Jerusalem. Now, there was a place distant about two *shènes* from the city and called *Etham*. Thanks to its gardens and to the abundance of its running waters, this place was at once full of charm and fertility. There Solomon wished to be carried" (*Antiquités Judaïques*, vii. viii.) "The distance of a *shène*," continues M. Guerin, "was equal to thirty *stadia*, two *shènes* being sixty *stadia*, the exact distance which separates Jerusalem from the *valley* where we are. This valley, on account of the natural richness of its soil, watered by never-failing springs, must have at all times drawn the attention of the kings of Jerusalem and become for them a place of rest and pleasure. Nothing, therefore, is more likely than to see in it, with tradition, the enchanted gardens towards which Solomon loved to direct his morning rides, as the Arabs themselves, as well as the Jews and the Christians, relate in our days, calling these orchards *Bestan Souleiman* (*gardens of Solomon*). Besides, not far from it runs, in its antique reservoir, a fountain called *A'ïn A'than*, or *A'ïn Atan*. Now, of course, the name *A'than* is the same as *E'tam* of the Holy Scripture. Conformably to this tradition I incline, therefore, with all the inhabitants of Palestine, and with

almost all travellers, to see in the Oued Ourthas the *hortus conclusus* (the enclosed garden) which pleased Solomon so much, and to which he compared his beloved in the Canticles (iv. 12, 13): 'My sister, my spouse is a garden enclosed, a garden enclosed, a fountain sealed up. Thy plants are a paradise of pomegranates with the fruit of the orchard.'"

Thus speaks in his *Description of Palestine* the learned Orientalist, M. Guerin. It is therefore to be conceded that the Wady Urthas is the garden of which the two spouses speak thus in the Canticles: "Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat the fruit of his apple-trees. I am come into my garden, O my sister, my spouse" (Canticles v. 1). These two spouses present themselves naturally to the mind as a remembrance, a vision, of the two first spouses placed in Paradise to eat its luscious fruits. For Solomon it is a garden which is almost nuptial, as was *Paradise* for Adam, where a spouse was given to our first father. The epithalamium called the *Canticle of Canticles*, mixing together the praises of the spouse with the praises of the garden of the king of Israel, recalls to mind the epithalamium written by Adam himself under the boughs of the delightful garden. The two gardens seem to be consecrated to the celebration of the same mysteries, or rather they seem to be one and the same garden. A few verses composed Adam's epithalamium: "This now is bone of my bones and flesh of my flesh," etc. (Gen. ii. 23, 24). Solomon's epithalamium consists of several small poems, distinct from each other. Now, behold what the inspired singer says in the sixth poem: "Verily this is the *enclosed garden*"—the Wady Urthas, since in both the scene opens in the same place. Solomon says to his spouse; "Under the apple-tree I raised thee up," etc. If this interpretation, which is that of the Vulgate, be exact—and it can well be defended—the sacred writer recalls manifestly that the *enclosed garden* is the Paradise itself where Eve, our common mother, was beguiled and destroyed us all. All this proves that the Wady Urthas was considered by the Israelites as a garden full of mysteries, and was even taken by them as the *Earthly Paradise*. In two places (Canticles iv. 13 and Ecclus. ii. 5) Solomon goes even so far as to use the word *paradise*. The renown of that prince has placed for ever the Wady Urthas out of the danger of being forgotten, and in our days travellers delight in visiting the beautiful valley.

4. The high hills among which is located the Wady Urthas form for it a natural cincture. This is the reason why the Scripture calls it *enclosed garden*. "It is enclosed," explains Quares-

mius (*Elucidatio Terræ Sanctæ*, t. ii. p. 764), "not by art, but by nature; not by walls, but by mountains and hills."

5. The Wady Urthas bears the same name as the *Earthly Paradise*, if any authority is granted to the Chow-hai king, since that old book maintains that Paradise is called the *enclosed garden*.

6. It is from west to east that the valley of the Urthas slopes. That valley, therefore, is "inclined towards the east."

7. It is surrounded by a barren and desolate nature. "Between the rocky heights of the mountains which surround it on all sides," writes Mme. De Lamartine, "this place alone offers means of cultivation, and this valley is at all times a delicious garden, cultivated with the utmost care, and presenting, in its beautiful and damp verdure, the most striking contrast with the rocky barrenness of all that surrounds it."

8. As to the fertility of that spot I will quote, among a host of witnesses, the testimony of the learned M. Guerin. "The Oued Ourthas," does he write in the work quoted above, "to which the barrenness of its surroundings lends a particular beauty, contains most varied plantations—orange-trees, lemon, pomegranate, almond, to which fig-trees and pear-trees marry their leaves, their perfumes, and their fruits. A murmuring water constantly runs around their trunks and spreads fertility and life. Diverse kinds of vegetables, of which some are recently imported from Europe, are of a most excellent growth. Nothing, indeed, is wanting to them, neither the fertility of the soil nor the fruitful mingling of heat and humidity." This fertility of the Wady Urthas is attested by King Solomon himself. If you read the book of Canticles you will see the enumeration of the trees and herbs growing in his Wady Urthas, his *enclosed garden*. We find there not only the vegetables indigenous to Palestine, as the *pomegranate* (*punica granatum*), the *saffron* (*crocus sativus*), the *lawsonia inermis*, whose odoriferous blossoms, forming beautiful bunches, were carried on the breast (Cant. i. 14), but also the most precious exotic plants—the *balsamodendron gileadense*, *opobalsamum*, and *meccanense*, which exhale the balsam and were introduced into Palestine by the Queen of Saba (Josephus); the *balsamodendron myrrha* and the *boswellia papyracea*, which grow in Arabia and Africa and furnish myrrh and incense; probably also the *boswellia serrata*, another shrub producing incense and growing in Bengal; the *nardostachys*, which gives the true spikenard and is found in the mountains of Nepaul; the *laurus cinnamomum*, which grows particularly in

the island of Ceylon; the *aquilaria agallocha*, a tree growing in the mountains of Thibet, and from which is got the aloe; finally, a plant renowned in all antiquity, but which was never found again—the *calamus aromaticus*, far different from the *acorus calamus* sold in its stead by druggists (see particularly Cant. iv. 13, 14). The vessels which brought in the diverse productions of India explain sufficiently the presence of trees and shrubs from that country in the delightful garden of the opulent king of Israel.

Solomon himself boasts of having planted in his Paradise all fruit-trees (Eccles. ii. 5): "I made gardens and orchards, and set them with trees of all kinds"—just as God had done in the Garden of Eden. He calls the Valley of Urthas, thus embellished by his care, a park full of trees which grow at will.

9. For the irrigation of this beautiful park Solomon had caused to be cut in the hard rock three magnificent tanks, of which he says (Eccles. ii. 6): "And I made me ponds of water, to water therewith the wood of the young trees." These tanks, called to-day *El-Burak*, are near the Wady Urthas, on an eminence above the valley. They themselves fill up a small valley or ravine with precipitous rocks on each side, which incline by three vast steps from west to east (see Guerin). What is remarkable about these tanks is that they receive their beautiful water from the *A'ïn Saleh*, a fountain considered by the authors above mentioned as the spring of the principal water-course watering the *Earthly Paradise*.

Let us open again the learned work of M. Guerin:

"One meets, in the midst of fields nearly barren, whose soil is deeply inclined, the narrow aperture of a kind of well. As it was nearly stopped with huge stones, I succeeded, with the help of my *bachibouzougs*, in removing the obstruction; then, letting myself slide through this orifice, I fell upon a heap of stony ruins. With the help of a candle I remarked that I was in a room measuring seven steps in length and three and a half in breadth. Its height at the place where there is no rubbish of stone and dirt is approximatively of five metres. It is vaulted, and the ceiling as well as the walls of the chamber is built with cut stones placed together with great regularity. Thence, turning to the right, I penetrated into a second chamber smaller than the other, but constructed in the same manner. At the far end of this chamber, towards the west, an abundant fountain springs from the living rock through several crevices and forms a good-sized brook. Gathered first in a small basin, this brook, after having crossed the first chamber, flows through a canal, or kind of corridor cut in the rock, the vestibule of which is alone ceiled, as the chambers themselves. . . .

"To return to the spring I have mentioned and described. The Arabs

call it now *Bas-el A'ïn* (head of the source), then *Aïn Salet* (good, pure, beneficial spring). As for the Christians, they designate it under the name of *sealed fountain—fons signatus.* It is for them, according to an ancient tradition, the fountain to which Solomon alludes in the Canticle of Canticles when he compares his beloved to an enclosed garden, to a sealed fountain: 'Hortus conclusus, soror mea sponsa, hortus conclusus, fons signatus.'

"I have said above that, following the tradition, I am inclined to see in the Oued Ourthas the *hortus conclusus* of this verse. Likewise I incline to see in the *A'ïn Saleh* the *fons signatus* of the same passage. In fact, I know no other fountain in Palestine to which the epithet of *sealed—signatus* —be more appropriate than to this one. Underground and of difficult access, since one can penetrate into it only by a narrow orifice, it could thus be easily closed and interdicted to the public by the means of a rock marked with the print of the royal seal. Its extreme importance and the character, in a manner sacred, with which it is marked come of this: that, with some other fountains, it was destined to supply water for Jerusalem, and particularly for the Temple" (p. 110 and fol.)

Not only the water taken from the tanks and coming from the A'ïn Saleh, but also another beautiful spring, situated in the Urthas itself, fill that valley with an abundance of water. Thus here also the Wady Urthas has a perfect resemblance with the earthly Paradise.

10. It is the same thing as to what concerns the aqueduct, or aqueducts, starting from the Val Urthas. I will here let M. Saulcy, a learned French Orientalist, speak. His words are found in his work, *Voyage en Terre Sainte* (vol. ii. pp. 35, 36):

"There were, a few leagues south of Jerusalem, very beautiful springs at Etham, on the road to Hebron, and Solomon spared no expense, withdrew before no difficulty, in order to endow his royal city with the perfect waters of those springs. Three immense reservoirs were cut in the rock to levels successively lower than the other, in such a manner that the first one filled up directly with the water of the brook, diverted its overflow in the second, and this one into the third; now, starting from the third was an underground aqueduct which, following the sides of the hills, and making all the necessary turns to keep the inclined plane, conducted the waters as far as Jerusalem.

"It is in repairing this aqueduct that Pontius Pilate employed a part of the treasury of the Temple, to the great scandal and indignation of the Jewish nation. In the Middle Ages the Sultan El Malek-en-Naser-Mohamed-Ibm-Kelaum had it again repaired and established a system of pipes of burnt clay, which can be found here and there on the excavated and uncovered parts when one follows the course of that ruined aqueduct.

"Here is its course: Starting from the inside tank, the aqueduct follows for about a kilometric league the north side of the Valley of Eurtas; it heads then towards the north, turning all the ravines for about three

kilometres to Beït-Lehon, at about three or four hundred metres to the angle of inflection, to descend towards the southwest in order to turn round the village; then for one league, or about, it turns towards the north. When it reaches about a mile south of the convent of Mar-Elias it starts to the northeast for about two miles, and makes a bend of about a mile and a half, descending towards the south; it then turns again to the north-northwest on a length of about five miles. There it crosses the Birket-es-Soulthan on a bridge aqueduct and winds round Mount Sion to enter the sides of that mountain. Its mouth is in the declivity of the rock which overlooked the Xistus and the valley of Tyropæon, at the west of the temple—that is, of Haram-esh-Shérif. The mouth of the aqueduct is well preserved at that place, but from that point it is completely ruined and has disappeared. From the source of El-Bourak to this point the total length of Solomon's aqueduct is twenty kilometres at least, and this is about exact.

"We see that the *waters of Etham*, since the aqueduct which brought them reached the Temple itself, and the Temple only, were more especially destined for the sacrifices."

Such is, if I am not much mistaken, the aqueduct coming out of *Paradise* spoken of by Jesus, the son of Sirach, in the verse of Ecclesiasticus quoted above. Between the huge blocks which form and cover this old and famous canal runs a stream of water not less precious by its own qualities than rendered in a manner sacred by its ancient use. It was that water which was employed for irrigation in the Temple, of which a passage of Aristæus, preserved by Eusebius in the *Præparatio Evangelica*, gives us the most curious details. Protected from profanation under the cover of the royal seal, which closed the fountain where it springs up, it was used for the service of the Temple only and for the watering of the Wady Urthas. There was no way in which the Hebrews could show greater respect to the waters which flowed through the *garden of delights*, the *Earthly Paradise*.

THE ENGLISH LOWER ORDERS.—BY AN ENGLISHMAN.

The lower orders—what are they? Or what do we mean by the invidious distinction which we draw between higher and lower? When we speak of the higher orders we usually mean the aristocracy, or at least those very exceptional classes which have riches, position, or fame. But when we speak of the lower orders we usually imply a censure on the vulgarity or coarseness of the "mob." We not only mean poor people or people who are nobodies, but we mean the classes with whom we shun personal contact, as being repugnant in toilet or in style. Our intention is different when we speak of the "humbler" orders. We mean by humbler the modest though the poor, the refined though the simple and industrious. And my contention is that in no country in the world ought there to exist what we understand by the "lower" orders. There ought to exist only, in every country, the "humbler" orders. And I should further contend that the existence of the lower orders is, in any country, a censure on the higher orders; and that in the proportion of the numerical force of the lower orders must be the blame which must rest on their superiors.

I say, then, that the classes called the lower orders are the creation of the classes called the higher orders—a somewhat severe, and perhaps personal, imputation. It will be replied that in all countries, in all societies, there must be a residuum from the waste of human nature; or that just as some people are prone to be criminals, so some people are prone to be "low." But I am not speaking of "some" people; I am speaking of "orders," of whole classes or sections of the community, which sink down to the bottom of repute. How comes it that such classes exist? Mere poverty of itself would not make them. Mere want of mental culture would not make them. They are obviously the creation of certain social antagonisms which ought not to co-exist with civilization. But is it not civilization which has created them? Civilization has been defined as "the science of selfishness," or as "the science of evolving the greatest amount of personal ease out of the richest discoveries in convenience." If this be so we can understand how the lower orders have come to be created out of civilization. Perceiving

that selfishness is the divinity of the higher orders—of the fortunate and the lap-full of the community—the classes which are unfortunate or lap-empty have no motive to rise superior to their misfortunes. Being down in the gutter pecuniarily, they may as well be there morally and mentally. *They* have no motive in being hypocrites or in affecting conventional propriety. They know that they are little cared for, little thought of; they are despised or simply used as base instruments; hence radicalism of that demoralized type which means envy and hatred and pulling down. Now, if the higher orders would set an example to the lower orders, both in the objects and in the intensity of their lives, the "lower" orders would be converted into the "humbler" orders; but as the higher orders, as a rule, are wrapped up in their egotism, the lower orders are wrapped up in their animalism.

I do not suppose that society in England is more rotten than society anywhere else. Human nature was always very much the same, and riches and egotism have gone together. It is absurd to suppose that so long as the world lasts there can ever be social perfection. Imagine a country where there was no schism of classes, because every class fitted perfectly into the general harmony. Imagine such a sympathy of interest and of idea that each class instinctively apprehended all the wants and the wishes of every class, and forestalled by graceful action and assiduity the causes as well as the effects of discontent. Or, again, imagine such a perfection of social manners that mutual homage was the instinct of high and low; the rich esteeming prosperity as the strongest motive for modesty instead of as the apology for pride. We are not in paradise yet; and, being in this world, we can but dream of a society from which all selfishness and vulgarity would be banished. Still, in facing the tremendous *fact* of the lower orders and their continuous descent to deeper radicalism, we might ask, for our own sake as well as for theirs, Is it not possible to win them to a higher state?

Might not a government do this; might not society do it? And, first, how might a government do it?

Now, the English government has conceded the principle that it has the right to interfere in education. But there is one object to which the government has shut its eyes, though that object is really, socially supreme. The School Board aims solely at teaching certain subjects with a view to imparting competency for certain trades. It does not aim at improving the dispositions, the mental or the moral tone, of young people. Yet

nothing could be easier—even putting religion out of the question—than to have "classes" every day for the teaching young people good manners, good sentiments, good aspirations. Nor could anything be more practical than the object of such classes; nor could any teaching be more pleasant or sympathetic. It would be only necessary to have teachers specially adapted to such work, men of culture, enthusiasm, and tact, whose whole business should be to impart aspiration to the "vulgar" boys and girls of big towns. Nor is there the smallest possible difficulty in the novelty. Young people of all degrees are just as capable of being educated in what is commonly understood by "good taste" as they are capable of being taught the rule of three or how to copy dull platitudes in text-hand. An hour's talk, by an astute teacher, on the pleasures of refined habit, on the duties of self-respect and respect for others—enlivened, as it might be, by felicitous illustration and by kindly appeal to youthful warmth and generosity—would leave subject for reflection which would bear fruit at home, and which in after-life would never be forgotten. Even though religion be tabooed in public schools, civilization and social harmony need not be so. The French government has got rid of both together in its detestable new laws on education; the Italian government is trying to do the same thing; and we admit at once that there is a certain logic, when teaching young people to be atheists, in teaching them to be brutalized bipeds. Yet in England we have not *taught* atheism, as the French government has practically done, and have only affected to avoid all sectarianism by excluding private gospellers from the schools. In England, therefore, we might well teach aspiration in every natural, social, personal sense, and might try to convert the lower orders into the humbler orders by wise lessons on the philosophy of self-respect.

Another way of practically teaching the lower orders would be to improve the general tone of public pleasures. Why should not the government provide educating pleasures for the hundreds of thousands of youths and girls in our big towns; and why should it not improve the existing tone of such pleasures as are at present simply deteriorating or vicious? Here again the question of "taste," as one of the high subjects in education, is seen to be of infinite importance; for if youths and girls were taught in government schools to approve solely what is high-toned and elevating, they would resent as insults to their taste and their intelligence the vile rubbish which is offered for their pabulum. I have not been in the United States, and do not know

whether the lower orders are profoundly gratified by grimaces and contortions; but in England the popularity of an entertainment —at least in what is commonly called a music-hall—is grounded chiefly on its claim to imbecility. The more an "artiste" can wriggle or can de-humanize his individuality the more applause he receives from pit and gallery; the less of taste, of refinement, of education he can indicate the larger pay he will receive from his employers. Now, seeing that such houses of entertainment are crowded nightly by the lower (rather than by the humbler) orders, we may infer that the "education" which is received in them is degrading where it is not demoralizing. Yet the government might easily take the subject of public pleasures within the compass of its paternal interest and authority, and both create improving places of amusement and eliminate all harm out of music-halls. What is wanted is sufficient interest in the subject. But members of Parliament are too much interested in keeping their seats to trouble their heads about the pleasures of the masses.

And members of Parliament are fair specimens of the class of gentry who are known as "influential members of society." They do their duty up to the measure of their obligations—perhaps also up to the measure of their aspirations—but they stop short at the point where personal interest in the lower orders might involve more than theoretical politics. After giving a vote or making a party speech they drive home in their broughams to pleasant mansions, and care as much about the lower orders as they care about the muddy pavements which soil the boots or splash the trousers of mere walkers.

"But surely you would not have the higher orders invite the lower orders to dinner or take a costermonger's arm down Piccadilly?" asks my friend with the coronet or the broad acres. "The lower orders of London are spread over miles of *terra incognita*, over regions where no 'gentleman' would ever penetrate. Imagine," continues my amiable aristocrat, "a man of my caste taking a walk in such odious neighborhoods as Wapping, or Shadwell, or Rotherhithe, or being even conscious of Limehouse, or Deptford, or such places as the 'rough' element frequents. It seems to me that you theorize in the clouds. What would you have me to *do* for the lower orders? How would you have me to commune with them? I believe that my steward gives my checks to local charities, and I know for certain that my cook has a soup-caldron out of which vagrants —who, I believe, are lower orders—take their fill; but when you

talk about 'sympathy' I regard you as sentimental, as letting your warmth get the better of your judgment. There can be no such thing as sympathy between opposites. 'Am I not a man and a brother?' is a question to which I should reply, 'No!' A man is a genus of which there may be species; but a brother is a kindred kind, a kindred mind. I should say that sympathy, save in the sense of compassion, was an impossible mutuality between opposites; nor should I approve of the levelling policy which would create bonds of social intercourse between classes which are much better kept apart."

Perfectly true, in the sense in which my aristocrat intends it, but wanting in full grasp of the question. That question is: "What is the *interest* of the higher orders in fulfilling their *duty* to the lower orders?" And it must be presumed that the higher orders have some thought for their descendants as well as for their own generation. Now, in every country in Europe there is a revolutionary element waiting only opportunity to flame forth. And it is certain that an English "mob," when giving the rein to its passions, is more brutal, more "low" than is any other mob. Philosophy, therefore, points to the wisdom of utterly obliterating the caste which makes a "mob"; in other words, of converting the lower into the humbler orders, so as to make a spiteful revolution impossible. Is it practicable to accomplish so grand a work? Can "society" make the "people" its friend instead of (parliamentarily speaking) its "Opposition"?

Now, let it be conceded that three-fourths of human nature is made up of what is best known as sentiment. Principle has really very little to do with the conduct or the motives of the majority. Accepted canons of intercourse pass for principle, and conventional proprieties for virtue. For one man who has principles a dozen have only habits or the borrowed axioms of rightness and decorum. Hence the vast majority are flexible or malleable, easily swayed by the first stir of sentiment. If the sentiment be good the conduct will be good; but if the sentiment be irritated or vitiated a man may become a "blackguard" in one moment. Now, the sentiment of the lower orders is habitually an antagonism—a half-conscious hostility to refinement and sympathy, to aspiration both mental and moral. Just as the sentiment of the "humbler" orders is in the direction of tenderness, the sentiment of the "lower" orders is "pugnacious." The lower orders display their pugnacity in their voices, their language, their manners. In these three characteristics they are typical. It may be doubted whether voice, language, or manner

was ever so exceptionally apprehended as by the class we call in England the "roughs." Let us consider this apprehension for one moment. And, first, as to the voices of the lower orders.

Their voices are as little human as possible. They are at warfare with all musical cadence. So far from the human voice being the divine instrument of the soul, it is made to resemble the gruff screechings of the Yahoo. Yet the human voice gives expression not only to what is but to what is *not* in the mind and the heart. Culture of both the mental and moral kind is suggested by every accent a man utters; while all the attributes and characteristics of the individual are made known, to the keen listener, word by word. If, then, the English lower orders usually bark instead of talking, or growl instead of "playing on the divine instrument," the conclusion is that they have eliminated human nature out of their existence, and have substituted animalism or grossness.

In regard to language, it is prudent not to indicate the nouns, adjectives, and verbs which are usually heard. Parts of speech are simply expletives of vulgarity. If "language was given us to conceal our thoughts," the concealment, in the case of the English lower orders, is an art which is imperfectly understood. It would be better if there were a little more concealment. The apology is doubtless that the language used by the lower orders has not the "*prima facie*" force which we attribute to it.

Manners are in all countries conventional, and this, too, in all classes of the community. Yet every individual has his own manners—a personal charm, or its contrary, which is inborn. The "humbler" orders in England have, as a rule, winning manners, and very often a fascination of modesty. A certain sweetness of retirement, tempered perhaps by suffering, gives to many of them a refinement which is unsurpassed. The humbler orders of Italy or of France may have more knowledge of the conventional ideal, or be better schooled in the grooved customs of politeness, but I doubt whether any class, in any country in the world, is better behaved than the best types of the English poor. I used to notice, during a long residence in Italy, that the humbler orders were a faint copy of the higher orders; their manners were much the same, with a touch more of homage, but with no less of superficial politeness. The English humbler orders have a good breeding of their own. It is full of nature, of warmth, of even duty. Of course I speak only of the best types, not of the many. And I place a gulf between the humbler and the lower orders.

Arithmetically, what should we say is the apparent proportion of the humbler and the lower orders of England? There is no possible arithmetic in the case. There are so many of the "lower" orders among the "higher" orders that we should have to winnow all classes to find the resultant. To use coarse language—which is best adapted to clearness—there are so many "brutal cads" among the higher orders (men with a smearing and veneering of social caste, but without a bit of the heart and soul of the gentleman) that even some "lower" orders, so called, might complain of a classification which put *them* on a par with lofty "snobs." And it is just here that we reach the point where the assertion may be justified which was made at the beginning of this paper, that "the existence of the lower orders in any country, in any age, is a grave censure on the classes called the higher; and that in the proportion of the numerical force of the lower orders must be the blame which must rest on their superiors."

Take the present state of the lower orders in France as an illustration of the truth of this assertion, and also as assisting us in judging of the processes by which the lower orders in England have been created. In past times French "society" was the bitterest enemy of the poor; the aristocracy simply using their tenantry as the base instruments of their selfish magnificence, and setting them an example of worldliness *plus* hypocrisy which finally merited the guillotine. Foullon's saying, "Let the people eat grass," conveyed the sentiment of three-fourths of the higher orders. The splendid wickedness of the French court *plus* its odious hypocrisy—king and nobles going publicly to their religious duties, while living solely for pride and for pleasure—led the people to believe that the two great enemies of civilization were rank and the profession of religion. The French lower orders of these days are the heirs of those French classes who were scandalized and alienated a hundred years ago. The lessons learned under the later Bourbons were but in-graved by the Revolution; and the French lower orders now think that to avoid poverty and humiliation they must hate "society" and the profession of religion. This is the "floating sentiment" in their minds. It matters nothing whether there be logic in the inference: the *fact* is what society has to deal with. We must draw the same distinction in France as in England between the "humbler" and the "lower" sections of the people; while, unhappily, the higher orders in France—as represented by the Faubourg St. Germain—have not awakened to

the full sense of their mistakes. Exclusiveness is still the bane of those antiquated bigotries which are fortified within the drawing-rooms of the proud; and this causes the middle classes, quite as much as the *canailles*, to like a government which snubs the exclusives. *We* know that the aristocracy have their virtues, that many aristocrats have as much good in them as have the "humbler" orders; but *they* judge from past history, with a rough logic, and hate society because it *used* to crush them.

In England the lower orders cannot urge against the higher orders that they have bullied them, robbed them, or played the hypocrite. The worst that they can say is that they have neglected them. They may impute to them isolation or egotism, but this is only to impute to them human nature. And the higher orders in England have made some progress in the last fifty years in social, political, and "public" worth, and, on the whole, are not bad specimens of a plutocracy, for class-propriety, debt-paying, or even morals. What, then, is the reason why the amount of decency which is in them does not suffice to convert the lower into the humbler orders; or how is it that, while the French lower orders can plead history for their creation, the English lower orders must be justified without a history?

To go to the bottom of the matter, what Carlyle called "individual mammonism" is the explanation of the rottenness of all society. The "ἄριστοι" are not the "best," in the sense of earnestness or pity, in the sense of the apprehension of the sublime, but chiefly as being "lords over God's heritage," or as social magnates, grandees, or "swells"; so that the lower orders sink down into animalism *minus* conventionalism, *because* the higher orders are conventional *minus* superiority. Figure for one moment the institution called society in its component features or social *mise en scène*. The sovereign is a lofty abstraction wearing a crown. The House of Lords, another worshipful abstraction, is a coroneted regiment of landowners. The country gentry and the higher middle classes adore comfort and respectability as the household gods of all affection and aspiration. Merchant-princes and their imitators teach that "twenty shillings in the pound" is the supreme virtue, the social sanctity, of the human life. Members of Parliament spout for ever, "a sovereign national palaver," "a solemn convocation of all the stump orators of the nation"; and the daily newspapers print for ever, trying to attract the British public by crafty doses of popular liberalism or red-radicalism, or of scientific modern-thoughtism or infidelity. Spiritual peers and revival-preachers,

a Bank of England and a workhouse, Guildhall banquets and frequent deaths from starvation, with other odd admixtures of national facts, complete a medley of government which presents to the eye of the lower orders everything except interest in *them*. Hence King Beer and King Gin have a sovereign majesty for the lower orders, which, though defective both politically and socially, has great charm as a mighty soother of the moment. Sympathy being absent, stimulant is always present; and the intensity of class-interest being a myth, the intensity of pot-warmth is doubly real. The higher classes drink their Burgundy or Château Yquem, in their mansions, at their clubs, at their hotels; so the lower orders pay them the compliment of imitation up to the highest level which their circumstances may afford. Rubbish, to call the lower orders "drunken England"! The higher orders are much more drunken than the lower orders. The only difference is that good wines do not poison, and habit makes excess to be moderation; whereas spirits or bad beer poison mind as well as body, and create "lowness" even in natures which would be high.

The *mise en scène* of society, as thus briefly pictured, makes the lower orders feel that the apparent selfishness of the higher orders is didactic of the same duty in the lower orders. Nay, individual mammonism in the "high" is the presumption of its *greater* duty in the "low." For if the comfortable man's soul is a money-bag, the uncomfortable man's soul must be a vacuum. And the higher orders are quite content that it should remain so! Eternal talking, theorizing, sentimentalizing, on platforms, in newspapers, or in pamphlets, has no more to do with the elevation of the lower orders than it has to do with the evangelical counsels. The dull, cold look of the West End mansions of the rich has the same effect upon the senses of the poor as the spouting and printing philanthropy has on their hearts; nor can the published sympathy of the well-off touch the inner life of the badly-off any more than the superb upholstery of my lord's drawing-room can impart warmth or an arm-chair to an empty room. Talking and writing are only useful up to the point of ventilating thought-out schemes of public work; they are mere mockery as practical substitutes for the duties of sympathy, of personal example, interest, and association. Yet even in the printing sphere there is disgraceful disregard of any amount of enormous injury done to the poor. Publications are hawked in the London streets whose express purpose is to deprave the mind, to mock religion and revelation and the Holy Name, and

to combine blasphemy with such fatuous imbecility as shall at once degrade the intellect and the soul. And such is the utter loss of national chivalry that no one has the courage to tear up the vile sheets, to smash the windows where such scandal is sold, nor even to go before a magistrate and ask whether public corruption is not an indictable offence within the statutes. Every English gentleman is insulted in the public streets, every English lady—with her children—is exposed to infamy; yet no league has yet been formed by "good society" for stamping out this public outrage to common decency. The higher orders, the M.P.'s, the magistrates, the public prosecutor, are all too busy with their own profitable pursuits to give attention to pennyworths of blackguardism. We live in a free country, and our freedom necessitates that every speculator must have the freedom not only to insult men and women, but also to try to ruin all young people. This is "compulsory education" with a vengeance. So that, positively as well as negatively, the governing classes are responsible for forcing the lower orders to become lower and lower; at one and the same time withholding example and sympathy, and striving to educate the lower orders in filth.

And then we have the institution of revival-preachers—babbling apostles of a creedless sentimentality—as a panacea for all the wants which have been created by the neglect, by the stolid selfishness and money-worship, which rots the nation. Money-worship has created the necessity for revival-preachers! The employing classes look on hirelings as the machinery for their aggrandizement, and consider that wages, once paid, discharge all debt which can exist from the employer to the person who has been hired. No mutual obligation beyond pecuniary equivalent, no magnanimous conception of a *true* liberalism, enter the mind of the employer who simply adds up his columns and puts down "machinery of labor, so much." Conversely, the employed classes know that between them and the employer there exists only this pecuniary relation; and they look upon employers as so much beef or mutton, tea, sugar, tallow candles, or coals. Hence the knowledge that such relation is the only one that is recognized fills their minds with these two transparent truths: that to make money is the sole principle of the employer, and to *use* workmen his sole estimate of their rights. Money payments dash off all claim for ever. The sole object of business being to *get* riches, and the sole uses of labor being to *help* to get riches, the employed classes apprehend that the

"lower orders" mean the machinery by which egotism and luckiness climb the ladder.

The idolatry of the cash-box is the creation of the lower orders, both because it supersedes every other yearning in the employer, and implants the conviction of money divinity in the employed. If the employer used his money as a means of elevating the individuality of the greatest number of dependants within his sphere, the right uses of money, not the money itself, would become the reasonable and pure divinities of business; but the idolatry of the sun by the Persian is a tame and loveless heart-homage or enthusiasm compared to the idolatry of money by the Britisher, when once he gets his foot into the stirrup. The lower orders, realizing that the money divinity rules everything, in the sense only of being adored by its possessors, conclude reasonably and logically that *not* to possess the divinity is the sole fact which makes them "low" and keeps them so. Industry, talent, even virtue, are but the material auxiliaries of their service, which make them estimable in the eyes of their masters because such graces mean the hope of more money. Conversely, weakness, poor ability, a momentary slip, are visited with dismissal or disgrace; nor is another thought given to the possible sinking of the victim whom nature has not adapted to vulgar business. The low estimate of sympathies, *plus* the adoration of gold, make the employing classes low in tone and aspiration, begetting lowness, *minus* conventionalism or respectability, in the classes who have no exemplars to look up to.

A rough picture, no doubt, of the classes called employers, and untrue, thank God! of many a thousand. But in seeking for the "reason of being" of the lower orders we have to look at the general, not at the exceptional, experiences of those orders which must be said to be created by "low" employers. From the duke down to the small managing foreman the vast majority worship the accidents of money to almost blindness as to its duties, its joys. We have men in England rolling in oceans of money, and others too well off for their own happiness, who have no more recognition of the joys of *giving* joys, or even of trying to lift the hearts of their "inferiors," than they have of the occupations of the angels. Hence the lower orders! I maintain that there could not possibly be any lower orders, if the higher orders did not create them by their dulness. Just as one English gentleman, of pure character and beautiful nature, will imbue the whole of his surrounding world with his own spirit, so the dull, fashionable egotists who live for vanity and

pleasure create "lower" even out of the "humbler" orders who surround them. Some one has said that "even the ugliest body, possessing a beautiful ideal of soul, is more lovely to look upon than the handsomest body with a petrified inanity in place of soul." The same might be said of "society." The handsomest society, with its roll of peers, its stately mansions, its vast wealth, its social canons of strict propriety and heartless ease, its dinner-parties and balls and afternoon teas, its take-it-easy and look-complacent and high-bred, its Christmas flannels for the poor and its carriage-calls on the rich—in short, with all the conventionalism of the world—if *nature* be gone out of it as well as religion, is but a hideous whited sepulchre of dead bones. And it is because nature as well as religion have gone to sleep in the higher orders that both have become perverted in the lower orders. We do not want to trouble our heads with "political economy" nor with questions of "organization of labor"; nor is it free-trade nor Corn Laws, nor under-selling, nor trades-unions nor Chartist unions nor any other unions, which can solve the difficulty which society has to face—how to make *all* orders peaceful and superior. Carlton Clubs, Reform Clubs, Mansion House meetings have no more to do with this question than have locomotives, Manchester shoddy, or the Horse-Guards: you might as well ask of a sanitary bill that it should include Christian dogma as look to politics to elevate the lower orders. "Public opinion," that most long-eared of all arbiters, would be impotent to move one step in the matter. It was a good saying of Pope Pius IX., when he was asked, "How is it possible to reform Italy?"—"Nothing can be simpler than the true method: let every Italian begin by reforming himself." And so with public opinion: let every Englishman, of whatever grade, know for certain these two principles, and act on them with all the zest of his life: that capital should be used *first* for the elevation of the laborer, and labor should be rendered *first* in friendly service to the capitalist. The two principles are but one principle. If the capitalist (or even the employer, the director, the manager) used his power for the good of all around him, then, instead of gain being the one degrading thought, mutual fellowship would elevate all characters. Every class, every order, being inspired by unselfishness and living first for the particular community which was allied to it, the reciprocity of such unselfishness would beget intensity of service with perfect purity of affectionate motive and regard. "Utopia!" you exclaim; "pretty dreamland; mere picturing of an

impossible society!" I do not think so. I know of one spot in England where the Utopia is realized, and where "democracy" is bosomed into a "happy family." And this is the soundest policy, the only "prosperity." Democracy is that *fact* which stares us all in the face, and which is already our master, if not our tyrant. The problem, therefore, which every wise man has to work out is, "how to reconcile sovereignty with democracy." Sovereignty there *must* be; it is the law of God, the law of nature. Democracy *is and will be;* but whose sovereignty will it obey? In itself it has no sovereignty, because it admits nothing that is above itself; and as to worshipfully obeying what is *not* above one's self, such loyalty is a transparent absurdity. Since, then, religion (in the divine sense, though not in the natural) has lost its hold as the one sovereign principle, what other sovereignty will you put in its place for the controlling of the masses called the lower orders? One of two things must most certainly happen: either the lower orders will get the mastery of society, or society must make the lower orders its friends. But the sole way in which the friendship can be created is by substituting mutual interest for "master and servant." In the feudal times, when the lords were the "law-wards" and did all the soldiering, the governing, the policeing, and when the mail-shirt, the pike, or the catapult had a "moral" force which was felt on the skin, mutual respect was of a muscular character as well as of a covenanting advantage. Those days are gone by for ever. Now that the lower orders contribute their share of some fifty millions of pounds sterling towards the government of the country on modern principles, they care no more whether a duke wears a cambric shirt or a coat of mail than they care whether he drinks Burgundy or Champagne. Class-government is dead. *Who*, then, shall govern, *what* shall govern, unless you introduce a new sovereignty? That sovereignty must be the new birth of the upper orders. "Oh! yes, very likely," you reply to me; "a new nature, a rebegetting of the human race, a fresh genus of men and women, who shall cease to think of themselves, and to adore personal ease and class-vanity, and shall find their daily delight in making their own lives perfection and in pulling other lives up to their own standard. Very likely! 'A new birth of the upper orders!' Yes, a new birth of humility out of pride, of self-sacrifice out of splendid luxuriousness, of magnanimity out of contemptible conventionalism, of mutual homage out of flunkyism or servility, of deep religion out of going to church on Sundays! Nonsense, my dear sir! it cannot be done." I know it

cannot. Yet where are you to find your new sovereignty? If the lower orders are ever to be governed any more, it must be by their conviction that the higher orders are the superior orders in the breadth of their sympathetic aspirations. *Some* sovereignty must be found to govern democracy; and if we cannot have the best, which is religion, we must try to have the second best—personal intensity. It is useless to talk about a religious sovereignty in a country where blasphemy is hawked publicly, price one penny, or where the Salvation Army is the most ostensible agent for picturing the divine dignity of the faith. In the middle ages religious sovereignty refined the humbler orders, just as in these days its total absence creates the lower orders. When the monks (practically) ruled all the humbler orders—ruled them by sympathy and charity—the motto, "Laborare est orare," was believed in, acted on, lived on; the spirit of labor, of charity, of affectionate service being all one, and all manly and Christian. To-day each workman feels that he is alone—"alone in the wide bosom of all"—because gain is the sole principle of everything; mutual service, mutual sympathy, mutual respect, being incidental, but not the principia. Make them once more our principia! Between a return to the pure laws of nature *plus* a hatred of and a contempt for conventionalism, and the swallowing up of all society by democracy, there is a choice which must be made by the higher orders. We are in swift process of being devoured by vulgarity: the higher orders by vulgar conventionalism, and the lower orders by vulgar antagonism. "Odi profanum vulgus" would be too promiscuous in these days; it would be too indefinite both as to "profanum" and "vulgus"; for in which class would you look for your worst specimens? We are all of us vulgar from force of habit. Let us look at home and look less at one another. Pius IX. was a true philosopher when he propounded the sovereign cure, "Let every man begin by reforming himself."

DR. PUSEY: HIS LIFE AND DOINGS.

It is a lamentable fact that, while we often have to regret the abrupt ending of lives that seem full of brightest promises, *some* men live too long. At one period they seem to reach the *climax* of their career. Had they died then they would have reaped "golden opinions from all sorts of people." But they lived on, half forgotten by their generation, and frequently, in a desperate effort to retain popularity, doing something that reverses men's good opinion entirely. As that very pathetic singer, Mrs. Barrett Browning, has well expressed it:

> "It is not in mere death that men die most;
> And after our first girding of the loins
> In youth's fine linen and fair 'broidery,
> To run up hill and meet the rising sun,
> We are apt to sit tired, patient as a fool,
> While others gird us with the violent bands
> Of social figments, feints, and formalisms,
> *Reversing* our straight nature, *lifting up*
> Our base needs, *keeping down* our lofty thoughts,
> Head downward on the cross-sticks of the world;
> God! set our feet low and our forehead high,
> And show us how a man was made to walk."*

We can remember the time when it would have been thought almost irreverent to imagine that such sentiments would ever be applicable to Dr. Pusey. Hundreds, nay thousands, that had never seen the man had heard of the school of thought to which he had given his name. The smallest saying, the most unimportant anecdote, was treasured up and went the round of the newspapers. And yet at his funeral the gathering of clergy was comparatively small, and the impression produced by his death scarcely felt. Nor is this attributable alone to the fact that we live so fast nowadays, and events accumulate so rapidly, that it is only by doing something very startling that a man is heard of at all. Dr. Pusey had outlived his day. Yet any man who has played a distinguished part in the religious history of his country must have been no common person.

As Amerigo Vespucci did not discover the continent that bears his name, so Pusey was not the real author of Pusey-

* *Aurora Leigh*, book iii.

ism. But the appellation was quite justified by the influence that he imparted to the movement, and by the fact that after the secession of Newman and others, its real founders, it assumed the shape of Dr. Pusey's own mind and thoughts—became, indeed, like any other *ism*, the man embodied in a theory.*

On this point I think the learned editor of the London *Month* is somewhat in error. He thinks that the Tractarian movement did not bear Newman's name because Newman was not at any time *satisfied*, never felt that he had reached the goal of his desires; whereas it was the reverse with Pusey. "Quite early in his career he showed signs of having reached his goal. He was contented and happy, because he never allowed himself to doubt. There was a *finality* about the anomalous collection of dogmas that constituted his creed."† Cardinal Newman himself gives another and much more feasible explanation. He says:

"I had known Dr. Pusey well since 1827, and had felt for him an enthusiastic admiration. His great learning, his immense diligence, his scholar-like mind, his simple devotion to the cause of religion overcame me; and great, of course, was my joy when, in the last days of 1833, he showed a disposition to make common cause with us. . . . He at once gave to us a position and a name. Without him we should have had no chance. . . . He had that special claim to attachment which lies in the living presence of a faithful and loyal affectionateness. There was henceforth a man who could be the head and centre of the zealous people in every part of the country; and not only so, but there was one who furnished the movement with a front to the world, and gained for it a recognition from other parties in the university." ‡

It seems from this that Newman adopted the name of Dr. Pusey on *prudential grounds*, just as we do now to give weight and importance.

It is as the representative of Tractarianism that Dr. Pusey becomes remarkable. For Tractarianism was a religious revolution. It was the starting-point of a movement which has every year assumed greater proportions, and which justifies the pious belief that the conversion of England is a probability. We believe that the kingdom of the Messias—that is, the Catholic Church—is destined to rule over every nation and kindred, and tongue and people, and that the principal means whereby that reign will be brought about will be the conversion of England and America to the Catholic Church. With these nations as obedient children of the Holy See, what triumphs may not the

* See the *Revue Générale*, October, 1882.

† The *Month*, October, 1882.

‡ *Apologia*, pp. 106, 107, American edit.

church accomplish?' Anything, then, that accelerates this mighty event must have to all Catholics a surpassing interest.

Edward Bouverie Pusey was born in 1800, and was grandson by the father's side of the Earl of Radnor, and by his mother of the Earl of Harborough. His father, the Hon. Philip Bouverie, assumed the name of Pusey by royal license on becoming possessed of the large estates of that ancient family. The family of Bouverie is descended from a Flemish merchant, Laurent des Bouveries, who with his wife, Barbara van den Hove, were fugitive Huguenots and settled in Canterbury about 1568. Young Pusey was first sent to school at Mitcham under the care of a clergyman who always expressed great dislike of him. "That prig" was his epithet, and up to that clergyman's death he never spoke well of his quondam pupil. Now, this admits of explanation. A prig, in general, is a highly disagreeable person to know. Tacitly he is always calling the attention of other people to his immeasurable importance, if it is only in the style in which he wears his hair or the cut of his nether garments. He cries:

> "I am Sir Oracle,
> And when I ope my lips let no dog bark."

But a boy at school is not quite so bumptious as this. We can imagine that young Pusey was very fond of books. He was, in fact, a brilliant pupil, carrying off every prize.

From Eton Pusey went to Christ Church College, Oxford, where in 1822 he took his B.A. with high honors. The same year he won the chancellor's prize for the best Latin essay and was elected Fellow of Oriel. He went to Germany soon afterwards, passing some time at Heidelberg, where he studied the German philosophy and acquired a horror of beer. On his return he wrote a work entitled *Inquiry into the probable Causes of German Rationalism.* He found these to be, not, as some modern thinkers have supposed, in the unbridled vanity of those who disclaim all curb to reason and judgment, but in the *suppression of the episcopate.* We recollect hearing Dr. Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews, in the university pulpit of Oxford, try to prove that the revolt of the American colonies from the allegiance of George III. was due to the same cause.

Pusey in due course took the several degrees of Master of Arts, Bachelor and Doctor of Divinity, and in 1828 was ordained. The same year he was nominated to the regius professorship of Hebrew. It is related of Swift that, finding one day

only his clerk in church, he changed the words of the exhortation into "Dearly beloved Roger." But the professor of Hebrew had not even his Roger. He was obliged first of all to create an audience. This he did by founding an exhibition to stimulate the study of Hebrew. In those days very few persons could construe it. Now most clergymen know something of it. The duties of professors were at this time performed negligently. Dr. Pusey was far from imitating the professor of exegesis of whom Mr. Mozley tells us. His lectures were remarkable for brevity. Once his class was reading in the Greek Testament the second chapter of St. John, and the sole remark he made was at the words "draw out now"—"From which," said he, "we may infer that the Jews used spigots." *

It was in this same year that he married Miss Barker, who died in 1839. Three children were born of this union. Only one, Mrs. Brine, survives. The eldest, Philip, was a sufferer from birth. You had to speak to him through a long tube, and he constantly kept the recumbent position. He achieved, however, high university honors and assisted his father in the compilation of his works. Those who recollect the immense stir caused by the appearance of *Supernatural Religion*, and the violent denunciations of Dr. Pusey, will be astonished to know that when the papers of his son Philip were examined after death it was evident that if he was not the *author* he had a considerable share in the work.

Toward 1832 the university was profoundly stirred by the information that Lord Stanley had resolved to suppress several Irish bishoprics and effect other changes, which plainly showed that politicians of the day regarded the church as a creation of the state. Newman, Pusey, Palmer, and Keble associated themselves in defence of the doctrine of the church's divine origin, especially the apostolical succession and authority of the bishops. But it is not easy to pump up enthusiasm for a class of men who had generally deserved little of their country. The bishop of the period was usually a good Greek scholar, considered "a safe man" in church matters and not likely to give trouble. He went through his small lot of work in a noiseless manner, and perhaps perpetrated several heavy charges. It is of one of these charges that Sydney Smith wrote: "The writer of these lines sat down to read this charge. He was found shortly afterwards in a perfectly unconscious state; but after bleeding, hot baths, mustard-plasters, and *the careful removal of*

* Mozley's *Reminiscences*, vol. i.

the charge to a distance, he is in a fair way to recover." Their general idea of theology resembled that of Bishop Parker, who, when asked what was the best body of divinity, replied, "That which can help a man to keep a coach and four." They had lost the respect of both clergy and people. It is only since the Oxford movement that such men as Selwyn, Patterson, and Mackenzie have become possible. The contempt for their authority which the Ritualists everywhere show is not the growth of present times. It has accumulated *for three centuries*, in which these idle shepherds, "who loved the fleece and not the flock," rendered themselves chiefly remarkable for obstructing every onward movement. Their estimate of a clergyman was not according to his merits and learning, but according to the value of his preferment. An anecdote is related of a prelate, only recently dead, who was dining at an inn, and, finding the draught of a window annoy him, called out, "Waiter, shut down that window at the back of my chair, and open another behind some curate."

To restore such men to the position once occupied by St. Anselm, St. Chad, and St. Cuthbert was the aim of Newman and his associates, but how impossible the task we need not say.

Opportunely the excitement produced by the works of Sir Walter Scott had created a taste for mediævalism. Keble remarked in an article in the *British Critic*, 1838, that he recognized in those romances "the germ and rudiment" of the High-Church movement. Newman made the same avowal in the same magazine. But there were other influences at work which had penetrated deeper into the soil. The people had been aroused from their apathy by the stirring appeals of the Wesleys, and much of that good seed which Catholic priests had sown in the highways and hedges was *fructifying*. It was felt that there was nothing existing in the present to which an appeal could be made; all was cold and lifeless. If religion was to be revived in the church and among the people it must be by an appeal to the past. That age so long denounced as synonymous with ignorance and superstition must be made to exist over again, the pernicious destructiveness of the Reformation somewhat remedied, and the Church of England restored to her forfeited place as "the poor man's church." Newman and Pusey were at the head of this attempt. It was begun by the publication of *Tracts for the Times*. Dr. Pusey contributed those on "Fasting" and "Baptism," numbers 18, 66, 67, and 69; also one, that may always be read profitably, on the "Danger of

Ridicule in Religious Matters." They soon attracted the notice of the dignitaries. For nowhere is that old fable of the dog in the manger more frequently realized than at the English universities. They had done nothing themselves for the general good, but when others tried to do so it was time to wake up and try to stop them. Accordingly, when Newman published "Tract XC.," in which he attempted to prove that the Thirty-nine Articles could be interpreted in a sense conformable to the Roman Church, the Hebdomadal Council promulgated its censure. Pusey defended his friend in a letter to Bishop Wilberforce, but soon after his own sermon on the Real Presence called forth the same censure. Four tutors who, as Mr. Mozley says, had not brains enough to appreciate the position were prominent in agitating for Dr. Pusey's suspension. Among them was the late Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Tait. They carried their point, and Dr. Pusey was suspended from the university pulpit for two years. He went to the Channel Isles for a time and introduced into Sark the use of the surplice. The one he wore is still kept there as a relic. This was in 1846. On his return he prefaced his first university sermon by saying, "God in his infinite wisdom has precluded me from addressing you for two years."

The agitation about Dr. Hampden has lately been revived by Mr. Mozley's work. It was about the appointment of that divine to the post of regius professor of divinity. There is no doubt that his views were very unorthodox, for he combined Calvinism in its most objectionable phases with ultra-rationalism. Despite the opposition of the university, he was appointed, and shortly after Lord John Russell, judging that a man deemed dangerous as a professor would make an excellent bishop, gave him the see of Hereford. He became orthodox at once. He was known to the men of that day by the sobriquet of *Presence of Mind.* He told the following story himself: "We were on a lake, a party of nine, in two boats. A squall came on and one was upset. The occupants managed to swim to shore, but one who could not swim caught desperately at the gunwale of our boat. I saw that he would endanger us, so *I had the presence of mind* to hit him a sharp rap on the knuckles." "What then?" asked the listener. "Oh! he gave way and sank"! No wonder that Dr. Pusey was vehemently opposed to this man. One instance of many which proves his incapacity may be cited. He had a singular parish called East Tayford. It consisted of only one house, and the farmer who occupied it was perpetual

church-warden of the church. There was no incumbent, and no service had been performed since it ceased to be a chantry. Of course the revenue went somewhere, but it was not applied to pious uses. The church is now enclosed in the grounds of Twyford Abbey, the monks of which formerly served it.

In 1846 Dr. Pusey inaugurated the confessional in the Church of England. It was rightly seen that no religious life could exist without it. But its nature was entirely misunderstood by him. To begin, Dr. Pusey never seems to have valued the inviolability of the seal. He would gravely assure his penitents that he would make no difference in his behavior to them if they met in society. He encouraged confessions by post, and great scandal was once produced by numbers of those highly confidential communications having been put in the waste-paper basket. They were eagerly pounced upon by the undergraduates. A friend of mine had a housekeeper who went to confession to him. She was supposed to be a most virtuous person, but one day she dropped a piece of paper which proved to be a memorandum of her sins, and it enlightened my friend as to the cause of the rapid decrease of his wine and other things, invariably attributed to the cat. It is remarkable that though every effort has been made by the Ritualists to make confession acceptable, it has never become so. Those who go do so by compulsion, some clergy refusing communion without previous confession. But no one frequents it from choice.

In October, 1845, Newman became a Catholic. It was a great shock to Pusey, because also a great reproach. One by one all, or nearly all, the promoters of the movement followed Newman—Oakeley, Faber, Morris, the two Wilberforces, Manning, and others. Pusey came forth from the voluntary isolation which he had sought, to stand up for orthodoxy in the celebrated Gorham controversy. Dr. Phillpotts, Bishop of Exeter, had refused to institute Mr. Gorham to a rich benefice because he denied baptismal regeneration. It was decided by the Privy Council that no clergyman need believe it; and that decision shook rudely the whole Establishment. This led to the secession of Archdeacon Manning, who vainly endeavored to get Pusey to follow. His reasons for refusing are hard to understand, except upon the supposition of a certain incapacity for seeing things clearly. Bishop Dupanloup, of Orleans, when asked his opinion of Dr. Pusey, pointed to his forehead and exclaimed: "*Implicatus, implicatus!*" "It was this entanglement of ideas, this perplexity of mental vision, this intellectual obscu-

rity,"* which kept him from accepting any view which did not appear true to him. Catholics and Protestants both suspected his loyalty. They both pointed out that he refused to follow to a logical sequence the very premises he had himself laid down. But it was no pecuniary consideration that held him back. But when one has been looked up to, caressed and courted, commanding an audience from pulpit and press—a teacher of men—it is very hard to flesh and blood to sink into a mere nobody. Dr. Pusey believed that if the Church of England revived the doctrines she held before the Reformation her position would be impregnable. We think he believed this heartily. His mind, which grasped all the details of a question, could not seize it in its entirety. Pius IX. said to him: "My dear Dr. Pusey, you resemble the bell that calls people to church, but does not go into it itself."

Dr. Pusey's daughter Lucy had always wished to become a Sister of Charity, and at her death he made a resolution to aid the movement, then started, of grafting monasticism upon the Church of England. He was principally aided in this by Miss Sellon, a lady of ancient race and commanding talents. He founded, almost at his sole cost, the first Anglican convent. He became its director, and one of his plans was, when the nuns came to confession, to have the superior in an adjoining room, to whom he communicated the chief delinquencies of each penitent. Several other communities were founded by his aid—the late Dr. Neale being especially active. But though they were minute copies of Catholic institutions of the same kind, the inmates only remained faithful to them so long as their enthusiasm lasted. The fact is that Catholicity alone can inspire the devotion and self-abnegation essential to the religious life. At the same time it would be uncharitable to deny that it has furnished a refuge for hosts of women who had no hope of becoming wives and mothers, affording them a means of exercising in deeds of mercy the treasures of tenderness and love accumulated in their hearts. The Anglican Sisters of Charity have done much good, but the vow of holy obedience is wholly misunderstood. We have known several nuns who took vows to Miss Sellon who are now mothers of families. Dr. Pusey encouraged his nuns by example as well as precept. In 1866, when the cholera broke out in London with frightful severity, he took lodgings in the City Road in the very heart of the plague-stricken district, and went everywhere encouraging the noble women

* The *Month*, October, 1882.

who were ministering angels in that dreadful scene of squalor and death.

Dr. Pusey's appearance was eminently suited to his rôle. Forty years ago he looked an old man; his countenance, attenuated and wrinkled, gave him the air of a septuagenarian. He was indeed one of those men who seem *never to have been young.* It was impossible to connect a joke with him, and we never heard one attributed to him. His manner was grave and austere, though I have heard that with very intimate friends he could unbend. He was not an orator, but he drew large audiences. He was almost completely ignorant of the polite literature of the times; its poets, romancists, and thinkers were scarcely known by name. He esteemed money only for the good it may do, and his almsgiving was always generous and bountiful. He was so much vexed at Newman's secession that they remained for years quite estranged. A few years ago Keble succeeded in bringing the two old men together at his vicarage of Hursley. His style as a writer is not at all agreeable, and his arguments have a one-sided air and are delivered in a way that recalls the humorous account of the *Ingoldsby Legends:*

> "If any bold traytor or infarior craytur
> Sneezes at that, I should like to see the man."

Dr. Pusey's personal character seems to have had a singular charm for those who knew him intimately. He was always kind, especially to those who sought his advice in spiritual difficulties; and it was a real, unselfish kindness. He was always ready to sacrifice his own time, comfort, and convenience in order that he might help those in trouble. "His activity knew no rest. His pen was constantly employed, but of late the acerbity of his style increased. Cardinal Newman described his *Eirenicon* as 'an olive branch shot out of a catapult.'" *

He observed the canonical hours and rigidly kept all fasts and days of abstinence. In church his demeanor was most devout. He despised the affectations of Ritualism and never departed from ancient usage. He wore an ill-fitting surplice never very clean, a scarf that resembled a black rope, and an ancient and frayed-out doctor's hood. In the university pulpit he wore his gown. There was an oratory at his rooms where he heard confessions. He died at a branch house of the Sisters of Charity at Acton, September 16, 1882. His funeral was attended largely by the clergy, and the beautiful hymn of his old friend John

* The *Month*, October, 1882.

Henry Newman, "Lead, kindly Light," was sung over his grave. Let us hope that its concluding lines may be true of his many friends so long severed here:

> "And with the morn those angel faces smile
> Which I have loved long since, but lost awhile."

Matthew Arnold in a recent speech remarked:

"We have had before our minds lately the long-devoted, influential, pure, pathetic life of Dr. Pusey, which has just ended. Many of us have also been reading in the lively volumes of Mr. Mozley of that great movement which took from Dr. Pusey its earlier name. This movement is full of interest. It had produced men to be respected, men to be admired, men to be loved—men of goodness, genius, learning, and charm. But can we resist the truth that lucidity would have been fatal to it? The movers of all those questions about apostolical succession, church patristic authority, primitive usage, postures, vestments—questions so vehemently debated, and on which I will not seek to cast ridicule—do they not all begin by taking for granted something no longer possible or receivable, build on this basis as if it were indubitably solid, and fail to see that, their basis not being solid, all they build upon it is fantastic?"

This is the estimate of Ritualism by a brilliant though sceptical writer. He does not see, as all careful observers must see, that it is but the outcome of a movement which was, as Cardinal Manning describes it, "a work of the Holy Ghost." It revolutionized the Church of England and society. It affected literature and art. It uprooted long-standing prejudices. It did grand missionary work for the Catholic Church. It recruited the ranks of her priesthood with a phalanx of some of the most brilliant and gifted of men.

The condition of the Church of England and of England at large must be understood ere we can form a due estimate of the work done by the Oxford movement. The clergy mostly regarded the church as a means of livelihood. The beneficed men strove to live as comfortably as they could, doing as little work as possible. Many possessed more than one living—a state of things terminated by the Pluralities Act. The average rector hunted, danced, and frequently drank and swore. There was a race of three-bottle men who were excellent as boon companions, clerical Falstaffs, but utterly ignorant of the duties of their profession. They were the butt of wits great and small. They no longer served ale in a leathern apron at the village inn, as in Smollett's day, but they drank it in the tap-room, to the accompaniment of long clays, with any who asked them. The curates had a hard struggle to live decently. Their average pay was

fifty pounds a year. They were not placed on an equality with beneficed men or the gentry generally. The word curate was equivalent to genteel beggar. The witty Sydney Smith remarks that they were "mighty eaters." They had a six-man power with knife and fork. Poor fellows! a good dinner being rare, they imitated Sir Dugald Dalgetty in the *Legend of Montrose*, who said: "When I have an opportunity of victualling the garrison I always lay in provisions for three days."

It may be supposed that the religious condition of the people was very low. Among the upper classes a scornful scepticism prevailed, while the lower classes were practically heathen. The noble felt that God was under an obligation to him for condescending to go to church.* While Queen Charlotte dressed the chaplain read prayers in an adjoining room which was adorned with a copy of Titian's "Venus" in a profound state of dishabille. Feeling cold, she had the door shut, remarking that she could hear quite enough of the prayers through the keyhole. The same contempt was felt by the middle class. It is still felt in many places. Leech was correct in his etching which represents the new vicar addressing the family butcher: "Glad to see you at church, Mr. Brisket." "Oh! yes, sir. I make it a point to return custom."

Not long ago a peer told his butler that he had some clergymen coming to dine with him. "Are they High-Church or Low-Church, my lord?" "What can it matter?" "Because if they're High-Church they drink more, and if they're Low-Church they eat more." George Eliot in *Scenes of Clerical Life*, and Anthony Trollope in his novels, have depicted this phase of the average curate.

Preaching, which was the principal part of the service, was a mere farce. Few clergymen gave any attention to preparation, and a better sermon might frequently be heard at the little bethel where some ignorant follower of Wesley was roaring away to a handful of gaping yokels. The clergyman had frequently a stock of sermons prepared years before, which had done duty ever since. There is still a trade done in sermons—a branch of industry which does not seem to have reached this enterprising land. A lady recently advertised in the London *Guardian* to supply sermons on any subject at a shilling each, accommodatingly adding, "views no object." What struck one was the utter unrealness of the preaching. A bishop asked David

* When Palmerston was described as "a pillar of the church" Disraeli remarked that "buttress" would be more appropriate, as the noble lord was never seen *inside* a church.

Garrick: "How is it that I, expounding divine doctrines, produce so little effect, while you can easily rouse the passions of your auditors by the representation of fiction?" The answer was as pithy as prompt: "Because I recite falsehoods as if they were true, and you deliver truths as if they were fiction." Of course, there being an awakening of mind among the people, produced by the labors of Wesley and Whitefield—an awakening which met with no response from the Established Church—dissent increased rapidly. The man who mended shoes all the week was an evangelist on Sunday, and the Gospel acquired an additional flavor if preached by a converted burglar or a reformed pugilist. No learning, not even a fair knowledge of grammar, was needed, for anybody could understand the Bible. We can easily imagine the trash that was imposed upon the people.

Music, which is such a power in Christian worship, was on a par with the rest. In the church of our earliest recollections the orchestra consisted of a bass-viol, two French horns, and a fiddle. Like the guests at Bob Sawyer's party, each one played the tune he knew best. They tried to beat each other in loudness, and revelled in selections where solos obtained. The new version by Tate and Brady was used, of which Rochester said:

> "If Tate and Brady had had their qualms
> About translating David's psalms,
> It would have made us glad;
> For had it been poor David's fate
> To hear thee sing and them translate,
> It would have driven him mad."*

It is no wonder that, with this utter neglect of everything, moneys left originally for pious purposes became shamefully perverted. A commission was named by Parliament about five years ago to inquire into the city charities of London. They elicited these among other facts: The resident population of the city of London continues to diminish rapidly. In some of its one hundred and eight parishes there are not fifty resident individuals. As the number of indigent persons decreased the value of the funds left for their assistance increased. The parochial charities of the city, exclusive of church property, amounted in 1876 to one hundred thousand pounds per annum. They assert

* "If David, when his toils were ended,
Had heard these blockheads sing before him,
To us his psalms had ne'er descended:
In serious mood he would have tore 'em."
—Byron, *Hours of Idleness.*

that there are no poor forthcoming, yet thirty thousand pounds are annually employed in ways wholly foreign to the founders' intentions, who, trusting to the milk of human kindness in others, have been shamefully betrayed. Money left "for the relief of Godde's poore" is applied to the diminution of the parochial taxes of millionaires in Lombard Street. Money left for "ye afflycted and necessitous" is spent in vestry entertainments. In one case a large sum left "for the widows and orphans" is applied to light the Mansion House when the lord-mayor receives. At St. Sepulchre's a merchant in Catholic times left a sum for Masses for the souls of his family. It amounts to seventeen hundred pounds annually. As no Masses are said there, the vicar and church-wardens lay it out in a wine-cellar made in the vaults among the coffins.

A complete alienation existed between the Established Church and the working classes. The Established Church made no attempt to check the grasping avarice of landlordism or to improve in any way the condition of the poor. Immorality abounded because superinduced by the vile overcrowding of the wretched hovels of the laboring class. We know at this moment cottages on the estate of a baronet reputed a philanthropist, who spends large sums in missions to Catholics, which are nests of fever and vice, where six persons sleep in one small room, ten feet by four, without distinction of age or sex. It is perfectly true now, but was much more so then, what Charles Kingsley wrote in *Alton Locke:* "The Nemesis of vengeance is being reared in our midst. You may see it in the blear-eyed wretches, in filth and rags, who clamor for bread—born in the gutter, cradled in blasphemy, educated in crime, damned before they're born."

Surely it was a noble enterprise to attempt even to remedy such a state of things. For the failure of a noble effort is grander than the everlasting talk that buttons up its breeches-pocket and does nothing. We will select two men to whom we think Ritualism owes its largest success—Charles Lowder and Alexander Maconachie. And mark, this success is due, not to millinery and upholstery, but to that which will always bring success—a manly effort to better the condition of the poor. The Rev. Charles Lowder was vicar of St. Peter's, London Dock. It was a most dreadful parish. Any one acquainted with *Our Mutual Friend* will recollect the horrible scene depicted in the opening chapter. His curate had been a dashing Life-Guardsman, and it must have been an awful sacrifice to come and live

where he did. Ratcliff Highway, thronged with thieves and loose women, abounding in dens of debauchery and murder, was the scene of their labors. Mr. Statham, the curate, lived with a high-bred wife and three lovely children in a close little house bounded on one side by a soap-factory and on the other by a fat-boiler. When they began their work rotten eggs rose in price as an agreeable missile for pelting. When Lowder was carried to his grave it was amid the tears of the poor and the audible benedictions of the miserable, for whom he had labored thirty weary years. The Catholic priest of the neighborhood said "he had every virtue except the true faith." He was a tall, spare man with a very ascetic appearance, about the last one would expect to see where he chose to live and die. Statham, his curate, who succumbed to an infectious disease, was cut out for a garrison dandy. The vicar of St. Alban's, Holborn, is of the same stamp. It is a parish which was once the headquarters of a school of thieves. A noted thieves' kitchen, supposed to be the same painted in *Oliver Twist*, stood where the altar now stands. The neighborhood is composed of Italian image-makers and fabricators of articles that sell retail for a penny. Twelve thousand are squeezed into a few wretched streets, which ever and anon are visited by epidemics and always by want. Maconachie is nobly helped by Stanton, his senior curate. He is in all particulars a splendid fellow. A duchess called some time ago to see him, and insisted, notwithstanding many denials, upon being taken where he was. Stanton was found in a miserable court with a large apron tied around him, busily engaged in whitewashing a room where a small-pox patient had just died, to fit it for a poor family. No workman had been willing to do it for any money. These men are samples of the real Ritualist. They try to improve the poor man's home. They start penny banks, coal clubs, clothes clubs, co-operative stores, blanket clubs, shoe clubs, and what not. They have a club for youths and boys, mothers' meetings, maternity clubs, temperance societies, homes for the outcasts, hospitals for the sick, free dispensaries, and gratuitous doctors. Gentle and high-born women nurse poor waifs that perhaps never knew before what it was to sleep in a bed or enjoy a wholesome meal.

Maconachie has earned the love of many of the Irish poor of London. Last year a lady sent him five pounds to buy a warm overcoat, his own being thin and threadbare. A fire broke out soon after and a poor carpenter lost all his tools. Maconachie took him the five pounds and continued to wear his old coat.

These poor Irish will do anything for him but go to his church; and the ingenious excuse we once heard a poor Irishwoman make who was too kind-hearted to wound his feelings was, "Sure, yer riverence, there's no holy water in yer church, and I can't go to church where there's no holy water."

Now, here lies the real strength of the Ritualistic movement. It is an effort to bring help to the poor, so far copying Him who stooped from heaven to earth to lift up fallen humanity. But these men will tell you: We could not do this if we were married. There is an increasing disposition to foster celibacy, and they aim at this by multiplying monastic orders. Fifty years ago the idea of a monk or nun in the Church of England would have made the bristles of Protestantism stand on end. The first person that imagined it possible to revive monasticism was the Rev. Joseph Leycester Lyne, a young man in deacon's orders but of no university standing. He was a very good-looking fellow, one of those whom young ladies style "a duck of a man." He was a brilliant musician and singer, possessed a rich contralto voice and a very engaging presence. They say he had been jilted; and people invariably do one of three things under the circumstances—commit suicide, turn religious, or marry some one else. Mr. Lyne did the second. He discarded his carefully-fitting dress, his patent boots, and his lavender kids, put on a cowl, shaved his crown, and came forth in sandals—a full-blown, self-created monk. He changed his name to Brother Ignatius and announced that he had a mission to restore the Order of St. Benedict in England. He managed to procure as an adherent the owner of the ruins of Llanthony Abbey in Wales, a spot famous in the wars of Edward III. He has restored it and calls himself an abbot, wearing a cappa magna and a mitre. Everywhere he went his sandals used to call forth the cry, "How's your poor feet?" Nothing could exceed his perseverance. He is remarkable for outspokenness, and it is a treat to hear a stick called a stick in this mealy-mouthed age. Religious bullying is the *worst kind* of bullying, and the late Dr. Pusey, who was given to this, certainly committed a grave mistake. Ignatius never does this. Nor can it be said of his richer and more highly educated imitator, the Rev. R. M. Benson, commonly known as Father Benson. This gentleman is vicar of Cowley, a village near Oxford, and student of Christ Church. Once he was known as a college swell, whose chief weakness was fine linen.

Mr. Benson bought some land and built a monastery at

Cowley, which was chiefly stocked by Americans. As a preacher Father Benson is profound and eloquent, as a writer pleasing; but the amount of genuine truth contained in his books reminds us of Sir Benjamin Brodie's definition of homœopathy—"a billionth part of a grain of medicine in a hogshead of water." The effort of these two men has had little success. Each one desires to make himself the object of vows, and the novices have no conception of the nature of obedience. An impossible rule of life, unsuited to climate and wholly rigid and unelastic, can never win admirers who have not that martyr-spirit which the Catholic Church inspires. The novices at Cowley used to supplement the very meagre fare of the monastery by an occasional rump-steak and porter at the Golden Cross, and Ignatius recalled the scandal he felt when he found a quartern-loaf and a Dutch cheese concealed in one of the cells. But when the superior takes lamb-chops and sherry in his own room he can hardly expect his monks to enjoy red herrings down-stairs.

One of the most remarkable and enigmatical figures on the Ritualistic canvas, now Dr. Pusey is gone, is undoubtedly Dr. Frederick George Lee. He is a born archæologist, and is best known by his work, *Directorium Anglicanum*. He is vicar of All-Saints', Lambeth, a parish composed of some of the worst slums of London, notably the New Cut. To cope with the misery, depravity, and intemperance of the locality a herculean will is needed with an unswerving faith in God. Dr. Lee has never attempted to reach them. His congregation, at the best of times very small, is made up of strangers. He is an engaging preacher, but all his undoubted gifts have failed to win for him the confidence of either the bishops or clergy. The late Bishop Sumner for a long time deprived him of the assistance of curates. He stands completely isolated from his fellows, the head of a small and mysterious body known as *The Order of Corporate Reunion*. This organization has for aim the reciprocal fellowship of members of the Roman, Greek, and Anglican churches by the mutual recognition of the orders of each. Dr. Lee is the author of a book on the validity of Anglican orders, very conclusively answered by Father Hutton, of the Oratory. He has no difference of opinion with the Catholic Church, but cherishes the hope that if he can produce evidence to the Holy See that he is the head of a large body of clergy like-minded, he and they will be accepted as priests *without re-ordination*. He is much helped in his propagandism by a very clever man who is *nominally* a Catholic. The Order of Corporate Reunion has been

denounced by all the ultra-Ritualists, including Maconachie and Littledale. But it was recognized by a Greek bishop who some years ago visited London—the archbishop of Syra and Tenos. A very mysterious transaction is alleged to have taken place between this prelate and Dr. Lee. It is asserted by those competent to judge that the latter was consecrated a bishop; that, to prevent the violation of the canons forbidding intrusion into another diocese, the consecration took place on the high seas. Certainly the archbishop and a number of clergy did go yachting, but all the account the prelate gave of the trip was, "Me much bad with mal-de-mer." Any way, from this time Dr. Lee dressed as a bishop, with rochet, pectoral cross, and ring. His adherents of the O. C. R. give him the homage accorded to a Catholic bishop. At what he calls Mass he is served by a clergyman dressed like a Greek deacon, with bougie, ablutions, etc. Moreover, it is positively certain that he confirms and ordains. We once put the question whether he was a bishop to a most intimate friend of his, but only received an evasive answer. It was his *Directorium* that originated Ritualism. It reduced it to cut-and-dried rules, and these are the recognized practice of the party. They turn chiefly on the posture of the priest at the altar—called the *eastward position*—the mixed chalice, altar-lights, and vestments. One of the most ardent champions for these points was Mr. Orby Shipley, who gives a graphic account of the struggle in his work, *The Last Thirty Years in the Church of England.* Another is Dr. Richard Frederick Littledale. We recollect, when the eastward position was discussed in Convocation, the Bishop of Peterborough left some notes scrawled on his blotter. The question was, What is the meaning of the word *before* in the phrase, "*the priest standing before the table*"? The table has but three sides, one being fixed against the wall. All present contended that before meant *at the north end.* So Dr. Magee wrote: "'The piper played before Moses.' There are three ways in which he may have done this. He might have played *antecedent* to Moses, *before he was born;* or he might have taken *precedence* of Moses, and so played before Moses played; or he might have played *in front* of Moses. But he did none of these: he played at the *north end of Moses.*" A real war has been waged between the clergy and the bishops on this point. Whenever a church is built the altar is so constructed that unless you ascend the steps and stand in front you cannot stand any other way so as to reach the top. The Bishop of London, who is a small man, once attempted to

stand at the north side, but he disappeared into a hole from which only the top of his head was visible. It cannot be denied that the *Directorium* produced a wonderful change in the churches. The services became more ornate and frequent. The communion was administered weekly. Churches were open every day for service. The *Directorium* says: "The priest shall wear no shirt-collars, no gloves, nor rings, and the hair shall be cut short and the face shaven." This produced a revolution in costume, and notably in beards. The first clergyman that attempted to wear a beard in London was the Broad-Church rector of Lisson Grove. When he first applied to Tait, then bishop of London, for a license, that prelate looked horrified. "Really, Mr. Davies, you must shave." The clergyman stroked his chin and declined. Very soon the Life-Guardsmen had cause to be jealous of the clerical beard. From this time, however, the close shave became a sign of Ritualism.

Dr. Littledale, who is well known in this country, is an Irishman of the class that O'Connell disliked—"beware of an Irishman without humor." He is a fair scholar and a facile writer. He threw himself heartily into the movement from the first, denouncing the Reformers as ruffians and scoundrels, and nearly getting his head broken at Liverpool. But as time wore on his attachment to Ritualism was shown by his hostility to Rome. His last work is not, we hope, an evidence that for him the day of the grace of conversion is past. He plainly sees that the steady progress of the Catholic Church can only be met by some strong coalition, and he has accepted the pay of those he dislikes in a common effort to stay the advancing tide.

While the Ritualists profess to be the only true and conscientious members of the English Church, they lavish their contempt on everything connected with it. The expressions they employ would be considered intemperate and bigoted in the mouth of a Catholic. It is admitted by three very differing writers that the sentiments of the Established Church on the subject of the Eucharist have entirely changed since the first publication of "Tract XC."; * that almost everything in the Prayer-Book, not derived from ancient sources, is "only fit for waste paper." Dr. Littledale thinks that the non-ritualistic service is of all services the least attractive.

But the strongest of all the party in this direction is Mr. Baring-Gould. He has published an interesting book about

* Blenkinsopp, p. 202; Pusey's *Eirenicon*, pp. 30–32; Dean Stanley in *Contemp. Review*, p. 544.

Were-wolves, and seems to have himself acquired from his stories somewhat of a lycanthropic character. Will any one explain the fact that the most rabid of opponents is always an apostate? The middle ages thought that they became possessed with a demon that excited them to worry the orthodox—something analogous to hydrophobia. No wonder pious evangelicals of the Tyng type lift up their eyes when Baring-Gould is mentioned. We can imagine the deep groans that salute such sentiments as these:

"Let us suppose that a collier who reads with difficulty has had his heart touched and is persuaded by the parson to come to church. He opens his book at Morning Prayer. The first words he sees are, 'When the wicked man,' etc., but the priest begins, 'If we say that we have no sin,' etc. This puts our friend out till he has discovered the sentence, and in the meantime 'Dearly beloved' is half over, and this exhortation, consisting of three long-winded sentences of a most involved nature, is to him so much Chinese.'"

The rest of the service is then described in a like strain of refined humor, until at last we are told that—

"Like the story of the bear and the fiddle, in the very middle of the communion service off go the congregation out of church. Our collier strokes his beard and says: 'Enough of Sunday hide-and-seek! I'm off to the Ranters. I don't like to look like a fool among folks what knows their book. I'm no scollard, so church an't no place for me.'" *

Now, this is by no means overstated. And the failure of the Church of England to reach the poor is one great charge against her claim to be a living part of Christ's holy Catholic Church. The great evidence of the divine origin of the Catholic Church is its *adaptability* to all classes, conditions, and climes. It triumphantly appeals to the test which the Messias himself pointed out as the proof of his divine mission: "the poor have the Gospel preached unto them." On the showing of her own divines the Church of England is unable to claim this prerogative. Mr. Baring-Gould falls back on the monastic system as the only hope of reviving spiritual life in the church, which offers to him "the attraction of freedom from all superior authority." Is this a *Catholic's* idea of the religious life?

We are told, upon the highest authority, "a house divided against itself falleth." The Ritualist camp is split up into factions, and every now and then some once ardent supporter becomes an opponent. The vicar of St. Mary Magdalen, Munster Square, lately ridiculed the exhibition of vestments at the church

* *Church and the World*, pp. 101, 102.

congress at Derby, which the *Guardian* calls a "melancholy assortment of millinery": "Really, this is such a singularly happy phrase that I suggest its being adopted for the future as the proper and special title of this exhibition. Bills might be printed thus: 'During the congress week a melancholy assortment of millinery will be daily exhibited. Palls, funeral copes, and Lent vestments will predominate. Chief undertaker, Mr. Maconachie. Doleful hymns will be sung from time to time, accompanied by groans from the deeply afflicted. No admission except in full mourning. Smoking strictly prohibited. Bitters may be had at the bar. The vestment in which the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance did penance on the Sierra Morena will be exhibited in a room of horrors by itself. Ladies of weak nerves are advised not to enter this room.'" When so ardent a supporter can speak thus it is a sure sign of inherent weakness in the camp. The attempt to revive spiritual life in the church by the revival of ceremonial is not new.

WAS IT LOVE OF THE TRUTH MADE M. RENAN AN INFIDEL?*

I.

NOT long ago *La Controverse* gave an account of a Christian scholar's mental struggles between faith and unbelief. M. Valson in stirring pages showed how, as a result of false philosophy, the intellect of the illustrious M. Marie-André Ampère was in his younger days overspread with the darkness of doubt. The sharp anguish which that scholar underwent for several years was described, and then the magnificent triumph which faith won in his heart—a triumph that coincided in time with the complete opening out of his genius, and which brought back to him at the very flower of his age the pious beliefs and the peace of his childhood.

The *Revue des Deux-Mondes* of November 1 † gives us the story of the interior struggles of another scholar, M. Renan, at

* This article is a translation of an article entitled "Si M. Renan est devenu incrédule par amour de la Vérité," in that excellent French periodical, *La Controverse* (3e Année, N°. 50, 16 Novembre, 1882).

† *Revue des Deux-Mondes*, 1er Novembre, 1882, "Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse—le Séminaire Saint-Sulpice," p. 4.

the end of which the famous author cast aside both his Levite's garb and the Christian faith. It is worth while, we think, to give some study to this moral struggle, the issue of which was so fatal to the Catholic belief of the young Hebraist of St. Sulpice, and to the spectacle of which he has himself invited us. Not by any means that we place the illustrious scholar to whom are due such magnificent discoveries, whose works will remain an unquestioned glory of French learning, on the same level with the skilful writer and Academician whose labors in epigraphy, in philology, and in ecclesiastical history entitle him to an honorable rank, but among scholars of the second class only, and who owes the greater part of his renown to the boldness, unheard of even in France, of his attacks on the divinity of Jesus Christ. From an intellectual point of view the two men are as wide apart as the distance between true scientific genius and merely literary talent could make them.

Nor can we place the same reliance on the correctness of the data in the two narratives. Ampère's struggles are made known to us by a long series of familiar papers, by letters in which he gives to a friend a full account of the long conflict in his mind between faith and unbelief. The trustworthiness of his narrative, arranged by a strange hand, is beyond question. But, unfortunately, it is not the same with the story furnished us by the *Revue des Deux-Mondes*. Here, in fact, M. Renan is his own historian, and himself shows himself to the public and tells the story of how he lost his faith. We are bound to believe in the truthfulness of his narrative, all the more because he did not promise to tell all; but it is difficult for a man to see himself as he is, especially when it is for the public that he wishes to make his own portrait. M. Renan tells us what he thinks about himself; but is his judgment correct?

We acknowledge that in going over the pages where he speaks of the years of his childhood and youth it is difficult to avoid the instinctive distrust which an autobiography always raises up. This one, besides, except for its form, resembles a panegyric. The hero whose history is told commits no fault, makes no wrong step. He has the more than human good luck of always sticking to the right road that is pointed out by a feeling of honor and a love of the truth. Ampère found many things to cause him regret in the incidents of the struggle he relates. M. Renan has nothing but praise and congratulation for himself; in a preceding article * he goes so far as to give as a reason for

* *Revue des Deux-Mondes*, 1er Novembre, 1880, "Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse," p. 77.

not looking as a severe moralist at his own career that "the immaculate has a right to be indulgent"!

We shall take his story, nevertheless, just as he tells it to us. Besides, there are in a great number of passages so many marks of perfect sincerity that we are shocked to notice, amid the hearty praise he bestows on his former masters in St. Sulpice, a rhetorical artifice intended, by its apparent feeling of thankfulness in spite of many events, to win the public in favor of the writer.

But let us come to the principal question. Let us see if, in abjuring his baptismal faith, M. Renan really followed the course imposed on him by the love of the truth. Let us see if he really obeyed the dictates of his conscience and his reason. As a personal matter it is a question of slight importance. But it bears on a point of Catholic doctrine which is contradicted by M. Renan's narrative, and it is useful, therefore, to examine it clearly. We are speaking of that one of the church's teachings according to which no one instructed and baptized can ever lose the faith except by the fault, and a very serious one too, of not loving the truth as it ought to be loved.

We shall begin by exhibiting the facts as M. Renan relates them, using, as far as we can, his own words, and after that we shall discuss the doctrinal question.

II.

M. Renan entered the Seminary of St. Sulpice in 1843. The management of the establishment was then in the hands of M. Carbon—"one of the men," says M. Renan, "I have had the greatest love for"—while the professors who had charge of the instruction in the different branches of theology "were without an exception worthy successors of an honorable tradition."

"In fact, despite some gaps"—these are the very words of the narrator—"St. Sulpice, when I entered it forty years ago, was a harmony of great studies. My craving for learning was fully answered. Two unknown worlds opened before me—theology as an analytical statement of Christian dogma, and the Bible considered as the deposit and origin of that dogma. I buried myself in work. My solitude was greater than even at Issy, for in Paris I knew not a soul. Two years passed without my having been in any other street than the Rue Vaugirard, through which we went once a week to Issy, and I talked but little. During all this time these gentlemen were extremely kind to me. It was my mild disposition, my studious habits, my absence of talkativeness, and my modesty which pleased them

and I think caused several of them to say to one another, as I was told by M. Carbon, 'He will be a useful colleague for us.'"

M. Renan became especially attached to Father Le Hir, and he thus draws his portrait:

"M. Le Hir was a scholar and a saint, and both in an eminent degree. This assemblage in one person of two beings so rarely found united produced no discord in his character, for it was the saint that ruled in him absolutely. There is not one of the difficulties brought forward by rationalism which had not occurred to him; but he had surrendered nothing to them, for the truth of orthodoxy was never with him an object of doubt, but was an act of his triumphant will rather than an unexpected result. Altogether a stranger to natural philosophy and to the scientific spirit whose first condition is to have no previous faith, and to reject what does not come within experience, he kept himself in an equilibrium, when one of a less ardent conviction would have fallen to one side or the other. The supernatural had no intellectual repugnance for him. . . .

"In other words, he lacked nothing but what would have made him not a Catholic—that is to say, *criticism*. But I am wrong, for he possessed a practical criticism in all that touches not faith; but faith was with him a coefficient of certitude such as nothing could counterbalance. His piety was like St. Francis de Sales' mother-of-pearl, 'which dwells far down in the sea without absorbing a drop of salt water.' His knowledge of error was entirely speculative; a water-tight bulkhead prevented the slightest infiltration of modern ideas into the inner sanctuary of his heart, in which the little, inextinguishable light of a tender piety burned in safety close to the petroleum. But as I had not this sort of water-tight partitions in my mind, the bringing near to one another of those contrary elements, which with M. Le Hir produced a deep inward peace, caused a strange commotion within me. . . .

"For some years M. Le Hir had been professor of Hebrew grammar, and I enrolled myself under him from the first. M. Le Hir's correct philology pleased me. He was very attentive to me. Like myself, he was a Breton, and our dispositions were very much alike. At the end of a few weeks I was apparently almost his only pupil. His statement of Hebrew grammar in its relations to other Semitic idioms was admirable. At that time I had an extraordinary faculty of assimilation, and I drew in all that I heard. His books were at my disposal, and his library was very full. On the days of our walk to Issy he used to take me with him to the 'Heights of Solitude,' and there he taught me Syriac, and together we commented Gutbier's Syriac New Testament. M. Le Hir settled the bent of my life, for I was a philologer by instinct. I found him to be the man most suited to develop this aptitude of mine, and whatever I may be as a scholar I owe to M. Le Hir. Sometimes, indeed, it seems to me as if whatever I did not learn of him I have not learned well. For instance, he was not strong in Arabic, and therefore I have always been a mediocre Arabist."

Not long after, in 1844, M. Renan was put to teach Hebrew grammar to his fellow-students, for which he was offered by M.

Carbon a stipend of three hundred francs—an amount which seemed colossal to the young Hebraist, who would accept but the half of it, to buy books. Besides, he was permitted to attend twice a week M. Étienne Quatremère's lectures at the Collége de France. "After that the idea occurred to me more than once," says he, "that one day at this very table, in this very hall, I should teach languages, as I finally did with a certain sort of wilfulness." To these studies M. Renan joined German, and his initiation into German studies had a prodigious effect upon him. In his own words, "I seemed to be entering a temple. In it I found what I sought—the conciliation of the critical mind with a mind deeply religious. At times I was sorry I was not a Protestant, that I might be a philosopher without ceasing to be a Christian."

A terrible conflict, in fact, was begun in the young Levite's soul between Catholic beliefs and the conclusions which he drew from his theological, and especially from his Biblical, studies. He himself explains as follows the doubts brought up in his mind by the study of theology. Speaking of Catholic theology as it was taught at St. Sulpice, he says:

"It is an edifice whose stones are bound by iron braces, though its foundation is extremely feeble. This foundation is the treatise *On True Religion*, which is quite in ruins. For not only does it fail to establish that the Christian religion is more particularly divine and revealed than the others, but it does not succeed in proving that in the field of realities open to our observation one supernatural fact, one miracle, has happened. M. Littré's unanswerable phrase, 'However much we may search, a miracle never happens where it can be observed and verified,' is an obstacle that cannot be removed. Not a miracle of the past can be proved, and we shall wait a long while before one happens under such conditions as to leave a sound mind certain of not having been deceived.

"If we admit the fundamental proposition of the treatise *On True Religion* the field of battle is narrowed, but the battle itself is not over; for the struggle will now be with the Protestants and the various dissenting sects, who admit the revealed texts but decline to find in them the doctrines held by the Catholic Church for centuries. The controversy here ranges over a thousand points, ending in numberless defeats. The Catholic Church is forced to hold that its doctrines have always been as she now teaches them, that Jesus instituted confession, extreme unction, marriage, that he taught whatever was afterward decided by the councils of Nice and Trent. But this is not admissible. Christian doctrine has, like all things, grown slowly, little by little, by a sort of interior vegetation. Theology, by maintaining the contrary, raises up a mountain of objections against itself and is forced to reject all criticism. Let those who wish to have an idea of all this read the treatise on the Sacraments in a *Theology*, and see with what gratuitous assumptions, worthy of Maria d'Agreda or of Cathe-

rine Emmerich, all the sacraments are proved to have been established by Jesus Christ at one moment of his life. A like observation may be made on the discussion of *matter* and *form* in the sacraments. The obstinacy of finding matter and form in everything began with the introduction of Aristotelianism into theology in the thirteenth century, and now any one would incur the ecclesiastical censures who should object to this retrospective application of Aristotle's philosophy to the liturgical creations of Jesus.

"The intuition of growth in history, as in nature, was then the essence of my philosophy. My doubts were not the result of a single reasoning but of very many reasonings. But orthodoxy has an answer for everything and never gives up the battle as lost. It is true that criticism, too, requires that in certain cases a subtile explanation be admitted as valid, for the truth may sometimes appear untrue. A subtile explanation may be a true one. Even two subtile explanations may both be true. With three it is more trying, with four nearly impossible. But to defend one proposition with ten, or a hundred, or a thousand subtile explanations, all of which must be admitted as true, is as good as to prove that the proposition cannot stand. The calculation of the probabilities involved in all these petty details has an overpowering effect on an unprejudiced mind. Now, I had learned from Descartes that the first condition necessary for one desiring to find the truth is to be without prepossession."

His Biblical studies produced even a still more disastrous effect on his mind.

"Everything in a divine book," says he with justice, "is true; and as two contradictories cannot be true, it ought to contain no contradiction. Now, the attentive study which I made of the Bible, while showing me historical and æsthetical treasures, convinced me also that that book was no freer than any other ancient book from contradictions, inadvertences, and mistakes. It contains fables, legends, and the marks of wholly human composition. The second part of Isaias cannot be maintained as by Isaias. The book of Daniel, which all orthodoxy places as of the time of the Captivity, is apocryphal, and was composed one hundred and sixty-nine or one hundred and seventy years before Jesus Christ. The book of Judith is an historical impossibility. The attributing of Pentateuch to Moses is without support, and to deny that several parts of Genesis are mythical is to compel the explanation as realities of stories such as the Earthly Paradise, the forbidden fruit, and Noe's ark. But no one is a Catholic who withdraws from a single one of these points in the traditional thesis. And what becomes of that miracle which excited Bossuet's admiration—'Cyrus named two hundred years before his birth'? What becomes of the seventy weeks of years, which was the foundation of the *Histoire Universelle*, if the part of Isaias where Cyrus is named was really composed in the conqueror's own time, and if the pseudo-Daniel was a contemporary of Antiochus Epiphanes?

"Orthodoxy requires us to believe that the books of the Bible are the work of those to whom the titles attribute them. The most mitigated of Catholic teaching as to inspiration admits of no marked error in the sacred

text, of no contradiction, even in matters that concern neither faith nor morals. Now, let us suppose that out of the thousand skirmishes between criticism and orthodox apologetics over the details of the so-called sacred text there are some in which, by a chance encounter and contrary to appearances, apologetics has the best of it; it is nevertheless impossible that it can be the winner in the entire thousand, yet to lose in only one of these encounters is sufficient to upset the theory of inspiration. This theory of inspiration, involving a supernatural fact, becomes indeed impossible to maintain against the definite ideas of modern common sense. An inspired book is a miracle. . . .

"Men of the world who suppose that we are determined in our choice of opinions by likes or dislikes will be astonished at the sort of reasoning which withdrew me from the Christian faith, which I had so many motives of feeling and interest to cling to. For those who have not a scientific mind it is not easy to understand that our opinions are formed outside of us, by a kind of impersonal concretion, at which we ourselves assist merely as spectators. In thus letting myself follow the drift of things I thought I was conforming to the rules of the great school of the seventeenth century, especially to Malebranche's rule, whose first principle is that our reason should be an object of contemplation, and that so little have we to do with its procreation that man's sole duty is to take his stand in front of truth, stripped of every personal thought, and ready to follow the weightier proofs. Instead of aiming at certain results those illustrious thinkers, in their search after truth, denied themselves every desire, leaning, or personal attachment whatever. What, in fact, is the great reproach addressed to libertines by the preachers of the seventeenth century? It is having embraced what they longed for, having reached irreligious opinions because they wished these opinions to be true.

"In this great struggle between my reason and my beliefs I carefully avoided any reasoning from abstract philosophy. As a result of that method of physical and natural science which had taken hold of my mind at Issy I had grown to have a distrust of all systems. I had never been embarrassed by any objections to the dogmas of the Trinity, or the Incarnation, regarded in themselves, for these dogmas floating in the metaphysical ether clashed with no contrary opinion of mine. Nor did anything of the politics or the spirit of the church, however open to criticism, have the least impression on me. If I could have believed theology and the Bible to be true, not one of the doctrines afterward grouped in the *Syllabus*, and then more or less in vogue, could have caused me the slightest emotion. My reasons were all of the philological and critical order, and were nowise of the metaphysical, political, or moral order. These latter classes of ideas seem to me to be altogether vague and intangible. But the question whether there are contradictions between the fourth Gospel and the other books of the New Testament is a question that can be grasped. These contradictions are so absolutely evident that I would stake my life, and therefore my eternal salvation, on them without a moment's hesitation. Such a question has none of those backgrounds that always render moral and political questions doubtful. I love neither Philip II. nor Pius V., but, were there no material reasons for not believing in Catholicity, neither Philip II.'s atrocities nor Pius V.'s burning stakes would embarrass me very much."

During these struggles, the gravity of which was doubtless not understood by his spiritual director, M. Renan was called to the subdiaconate, the first of the Holy Orders bound by an indissoluble tie; but he refused. Let us hear him speak for himself:

"I refused outright, though I had obeyed as to the first degrees of the ministry. It was he, indeed, who pointed out to me that the very formula of the obligation involved in them is contained in the words of the psalm read in conferring them: *Dominus pars hæreditatis meæ et calicis mei. Tu es qui restitues hæreditatem meam mihi.* Very good! On my conscience I have never failed in this obligation. I have never had any other interest than the truth, and I have made sacrifices for it. A lofty idea has always borne me up in the pathway of my life; so much so, indeed, that I release God from the agreement made between us to restore my heritage to me, for my lot has been a good one, and I can add with what follows in the psalm: *portio cecidit mihi in præclaris, etenim hæreditas mea præclara est mihi.*"

During the vacation "the grains of sand of his doubts came together and became a block." He no longer received the sacraments, and he dreamt of reforms of Christianity, and finally resolved to quit the clerical habit and Catholicity. For all that, he wished to remain a follower of Jesus, as he then conceived him to be, and as he later described him in his celebrated work. In a letter, from which we extract the following passage, he told his director at Paris of his resolution:

"During my stay in this part of the country I have acquired important data for the solution of the great problem that fills my mind. Several circumstances showed me from the first the greatness of the sacrifice which God required of me, and the abyss into which the duty urged by my conscience had cast me. It would be useless to go over these painful details, as, after all, such considerations ought to have no weight in this decision. To give up a path that had smiled for me since my childhood, and that was leading me on safely to the noble and pure ends I had set for myself, only to take up another where I saw nothing but uncertainty and repulse, to disregard the opinions of those who would give me nothing but blame for a good action—all this would have been of slight moment were it not that the half of my heart was torn out, or, rather, that another heart, to which mine was strongly attached, was wounded. Filial love had grown in me all the stronger for my other afflictions having been kept down! And it is just in this the most intimate part of my being that duty now requires the most painful sacrifice. For my leaving the Seminary will be an unintelligible enigma to my mother, who will believe that I have killed her to please a mere whim of mine.

"In fact, it is very disheartening for me to see what a net I have been caught in when, without consulting my reason and my liberty, I meekly took up the way which God himself had led me into. And I was simple and pure, as God knows, undertaking nothing of myself, rushing forward

carelessly along this path which opened before me; and see where it has brought me! God has deceived me! I have never had a doubt that a good and wise Providence governs the universe, and governs me also so as to lead me on to my end; but it required a great effort to prove clearly how false were appearances in my case. I frequently said to myself that vulgar common sense is unable to appreciate the providential government of humanity, of the universe, and of the individual. The consideration of facts separately would never make me an optimist, and it takes courage to be thus generous to God despite experience. I hope never to have any misgiving as to this, and that, whatever ills Providence may still have in store for me, I shall always believe that he is guiding me for my good and with as little harm to me as possible.

"How fortunate children are, sleeping and dreaming only, with no thought of struggling against God himself! All around me I see pure, simple-minded men, virtuous alike and happy in Christianity. God preserve them from ever having aroused in them the miserable faculty of a fatal criticism that must be satisfied at all odds, and that, once satisfied, leaves the soul so little of sweet enjoyment! Would to God it depended on me to suppress this faculty! I should not recoil at having to lose it, if to do so were possible and lawful. Christianity satisfies all my faculties but one; but that one is the most exacting of all, for it is of right the judge over all the others. And would it not be a contradiction to impose conviction on the faculty which creates conviction? I am aware that orthodoxy will answer that if I have fallen into such a state it is through my own fault; but I shall not argue, for no one rightly knows whether he is deserving of love or blame. Yet I shall willingly admit that it is my fault if only those who love me will consent to pity me and to remain friendly to me.

"What seems to me now a certain result of this is that I shall never return to orthodoxy, but shall follow out on the line I have begun—that is to say, I shall adhere to critical and rational examination. Until now I had hoped that I would go around the circle of doubt and come back to the place of beginning; but this hope is now quite gone for me. To return to Catholicity no longer seems possible to me, unless by a recoil I should break from the line I am now following, and, spurning my reason as idle and of no value, should condemn it to a humble silence."

Speaking of the resolution to quit the Seminary, M. Renan says: "It was a very honorable act, and it gives me pleasure and confidence now to think of it."

III.

We have faithfully reproduced the arguments of M. Renan's pleading, or at all events we are conscious of having knowingly neither omitted nor weakened any of the proofs he alleges. These proofs, by the way, are specious and well calculated to beguile the reader, for the advocate has ably mingled truth and error, and has made his client's faults look like noble sentiments.

For instance, who would not praise M. Renan for having had the courage to leave the Seminary and to decline the offer to confer Holy Orders upon him? Of course common honor would require him to do so from the moment he had inwardly abandoned his faith. Yet this common honor brought on at the time a very painful sacrifice; for it saddened the young Levite's mother, and it put him into a false position before his former teachers and his friends, and, finally, it exposed him to certain material difficulties which, though of less lofty an importance, were none the less harsh. So that on this head we are perfectly agreed with M. Renan, and we join with all our heart in the praise he bestows on himself.

But it is not the same with the other and only really interesting part of his essay. For we cannot admit that in abandoning his baptismal faith he did an honorable act, and that he behaved as the love of the truth required him to do. On the contrary, we believe that M. Renan, like all the apostates who went before him, cast aside the Christian beliefs only because he had not the overruling love for the truth which every human soul ought to feel, as is shown by the fact that his love for the truth was overcome by another and immoderate love that had won his heart. In telling the story which we have summarized, M. Renan has not been mindful of what happened in the secret recesses of his conscience forty years ago; and the reader will have no doubt of this, if the considerations which we take the liberty of submitting are examined.

Two preliminary remarks will show the scope of these considerations. The first bears on the nature of the truths which are the object of the Christian faith.

Certain truths force themselves inevitably on every human intellect; these are *first principles*—of the speculative order, as, the principle of contradiction; and of the moral order, as, for example, it is necessary to do good, it is necessary to shun evil. No man in his right mind can ever forget these or call them in question. There are other truths of a less imperious obviousness, but which are, for all that, accepted by a natural bent of the intellect, and which are not rejected except by an effort of the will. Such are the truths of the existence of God and the future life, and, once offered to man with their chief proofs, they force his conviction. To give up believing them is to do violence to one's self; and, indeed, such efforts are frequently in vain, so that, despite of everything, these beliefs continue rooted in the depths of the soul.

But there are other truths which, in spite of the proofs that support them, do not constrain our assent to them. We believe them because we desire to do so, and the assent we give to them depends on our free-will. Such are particularly several truths of the moral order, among them the revealed truths, and indeed the truth of revelation itself.

It is for this reason that out of a multitude of men to whom these truths are equally shown some believe, some doubt, and some deny them; moreover, as we know, the same person is sometimes believing and sometimes unbelieving, according to the changing disposition of his will. An analogous fact, also, is apparent in other branches of human knowledge, as is evidenced by the simple reading of two successive editions of any of M. Renan's own works. We believe, then, in the fact of revelation and in the revealed truths, *because we desire to believe* in them. Therefore when our will is right, and we desire to conform the workings of our intellect to its sovereign rule, the truth, if revelation be properly presented to us our conscience tells us that we ought to believe, and we do believe. On the contrary, if our will is warped in any way, or we do not care to conform the workings of our intelligence to its sovereign rule, the truth, we then do not obey the dictates of our reason, and we continue to doubt, or even to deny. And in such a disposition of mind we strive to give our attention to contrary reasons, instinctively avoiding giving weight to the favorable reasons; the strongest proofs then seem to us weak, and the most puerile objections appear triumphant. This is expressed in the maxim, *Quisque iudicat prout affectus est.* Soon, as a result, the truth no longer appears to us, and conscience ceases to tell us that it is necessary to believe. Sometimes even, if the will continues evil, conscience ends by declaring that it is necessary to doubt, or even to deny. There happens then in the soul of him to whom the revelation is proposed what happens in the soul of the judge who prefers interest to justice. At certain moments, perhaps, his conscience may point out to him the side he ought to take, but this vision of truth fades quickly away, and he ends by persuading himself that right is on the same side as his interest.

Such are the principles that ought to be present to the mind in order to appreciate a fact like the one that now occupies us. By these principles, too, we can understand how and in what direction some are sincere in their doubts or in their negations: because they have not desired to see; because they have desired

to cease to see; or because the truth has not yet been properly exposed to them.

We observe, finally, that this blindness, which we call a wrong, or warped, will, an inordinate love, is not always the love of money or of voluptuousness, as some are inclined to believe. Especially among scholars it is frequently an excessive esteem for their own superiority; a desire to carry this beyond all bounds, at least in their own eyes; a will not to bend to others, but to hold themselves up to their own personal opinion as the supreme rule. In a word, it is pride, an evil affection that gives the scholar's heart the wish to feel infallible, or at least superior to others, and that prevents him from seeing the truth. Often pride has the passion of sensual pleasure for an attendant, but with scholars it not seldom happens that it remains alone, for a while at least.

Our second remark bears on the particular circumstances of the moral struggle which M. Renan describes for us. When temptation first assailed him M. Renan was a believer. His mother and his teachers had, by their example, by their instructions, and by proofs proper to his age, impressed him with the Christian faith, so that his reason was convinced and his conscience enforced upon him the obligation of repelling temptations against his faith by all the means in his power. Besides, it is to be noted that the attack was not one of those which strike a soul, as one might say, with the suddenness of a thunderbolt, leaving scarcely time enough to use one's liberty. M. Renan's doubts were at first but grains of sand, which in the course of time accumulated together and became a great mass.

Now, he attributes the issue of the struggle to his love of the truth, and he found pleasure, he says, after the combat was over, in repeating the Hebrew saying, "*Naphtule elohim niphtalti*"—I have fought the fights of God. Indeed, he assures us that it was in the interest of truth that he made the sacrifices we have spoken of. But his story appears to us to prove quite the contrary—that he failed in the love that was due to truth, and this failure of his was the cause of his losing his faith. The sacrifices he made had their cause in the circumstances only, and in the natural feeling of honor which forbade his becoming a Catholic when he no longer believed in the divinity of Christ.

The motives on which we found our opinion are these:

The most certain proof that a man loves the truth is to be found in the effort he makes to acquire it if he does not already possess it, or to preserve it if he thinks he has it. The most

certain proof that he does not love it is in the negligence he displays, whether in seeking it or in defending it. Could it be sincerely maintained that a man was devoted to virtue when he nevertheless omitted taking the necessary steps to protect it—when, despite the advice of those whose office it was to watch over his conduct, he willingly exposed it?

Now, before yielding to the first temptation M. Renan had the absolute certainty of possessing religious virtue, and he knew that its possession could not be assured except with the particular help of heaven which God only accords in answer to prayer. His first duty, therefore, at the moment of trial was to pray, to beseech from the Father of Light the necessary grace to preserve the faith. Did he do so? There is nothing in his account to warrant us in supposing that he did. It is true he had a sort of fancy for the church's psalms and prayers, but to resist a special temptation he ought to have asked for a special grace—the grace of a supernatural light. This M. Renan knew, as every Christian knows, yet nowhere does he tell us that he so prayed, nowhere does he indicate that he even felt, during his struggle, the need of heavenly aid. Quite the contrary is apparent from his account. He failed, then, in the very first of the obligations which a love of the truth imposes on every Christian, and, indeed, on every believer in God. In our opinion this of itself upsets M. Renan's boasted claim of having acted from a love of the truth.

But prayer alone does not suffice to maintain the possession of religious truth. During the struggle the necessary means suggested by prudence ought to be taken, and one of the first of these means is not to begin the consideration of the difficulties in the way of faith until the soul has been brought into a suitable disposition, and in the interim to keep them as much away from the mind as possible. M. Renan was aware of the necessity of employing this means, and, indeed, he had been expressly recommended by his director to do so; but he did not. Instead of keeping to the study of philological questions he chose rather to rush into the examination of the difficulties raised against the truth and religion, and that at a time when both his experience showed him and his teachers told him that he was not suitably prepared. Is not this manifestly a sign that M. Renan was led on by some other love than the love of the truth? Nothing could have been wiser than his director's advice in this matter; for to undertake to study and decide a question which his knowledge and ripeness did not permit him to grasp was only will-

ingly to put himself in the way of being deceived; and whoever willingly puts himself in the way of being deceived does not love the truth.

Had M. Renan loved the truth he would have put off the examination of the difficulties which the study of the Bible raised in his mind until a fuller knowledge and a riper judgment had rendered him competent to undertake it usefully. That an unbeliever, who knows not on which side is the truth, should begin by an examination of the difficulties of a religious doctrine we can readily understand. But for a believer to follow this method; for one who knows the truth, who is warned by prudence through his teachers, who tell him of the danger that lies in this course of not seeing things as they are—for such an one to take the false for the true is an unanswerable proof that he does not love the truth.

Moreover, Providence, which measures out to every one the necessary means of resisting the strength of the attack, had given to M. Renan, among his teachers, a man who was eminently learned and holy, and had drawn the two into a gentle intimacy. M. Le Hir won the absolute confidence of his pupil, who did not and could not have any doubt of his master's superior knowledge, nor of the purity and firmness of his faith, nor of his entire sincerity. What little M. Renan then knew he had learned from his master. All the objections against Catholic doctrine that he might discover in his research, besides many others that he had not yet come across, had long before been known and been looked into to their very inmost by M. Le Hir; and, indeed, it was through him only that they came to M. Renan. Now, M. Le Hir, whose knowledge of Biblical studies and theology—as M. Renan had no doubt, and says he had no doubt—was incomparably greater than his pupil's, saw no contradiction between the data of science and the teachings of religion. The love of the truth as taught by Catholicity and the love of the truth as engendered by science harmonized admirably in that superior mind. Was not M. Renan, then, logically bound to conclude that the apparent contradictions which troubled his own mind had no substance? Was he not bound to conclude that a deeper study of theology and the Bible would some day give him that means of reconciliation, of accord, which now eluded him; that he ought for the present to submit to his master's authority, certain that the future would bring him greater light? But he settled on the opposite conclusion. Because the solution which his master had found still escaped himself, he judged the problem to be insolv-

able. Such conduct evinces a supreme esteem of one's self, a supreme love of one's own opinions; but it shuts out the love of the truth as a sovereign, for it is a betrayal of truth by pride.

Perhaps, though, M. Renan will ask us what he was to do if his doubts remained after he had studied much and prayed much. But we should reply that such an hypothesis is not to be admitted, or, to use a phrase of his own, that he supposes what "does not happen"; for had he worked and prayed as did his master he would have seen as clearly as did his master. Besides, this is not the place to handle an hypothesis which M. Renan, unfortunately, did not realize.

But let us go a little in detail into the reasons that decided him to quit the Christian faith. The first is given shape in M. Littré's phrase, "Whatever research has been made, never has a miracle happened where it could be observed and verified." A thousand times has this objection been brought forward, both before and after M. Littré, so that we shall not pause over it in this article.* But were the objection true in itself how could M. Renan at that time of his life have taken up the answer to it? How could he have done the enormous work that such an answer requires? In fact, it was a study that so far he had not even begun; yet without understanding the case he pronounced an opinion, because this opinion pleased him. What share could the love of the truth have had in so blind a decision?

The church, he then goes on to say, binds itself to what is impossible when it undertakes to hold that Jesus Christ taught all that the councils have defined, and that he established all the sacraments, as, in reality, Christian doctrine, like all other things, has become what it is slowly, little by little.

The church gives proofs of what she advances; but what proofs could the young seminarian of St. Sulpice, absorbed in his philological studies, have then had of the theory he puts forward to-day of the slow and progressive formation of Christian dogma? "The intuition of growth in history, as in nature," says he, "was then the essence of my philosophy." In other words, he judged without demonstration that it must be so, and, supported by this judgment, he regarded as unsuccessful all the proofs accumulated in favor of Catholic doctrine. In such a matter intuition is the way of minds infatuated with themselves, but not of minds which have the love of the truth; for these last

* See for this subject the series of articles on miracles published during the last two years by the Rev. Father De Bonniot in *La Controverse.*

follow reasoning, which alone ends in the certain possession of the truth.

M. Renan supposes that the church undertakes to teach at what moments of his life Jesus Christ instituted each one of his sacraments, which merely proves that M. Renan has forgotten, or that he never studied, the treatise on the sacraments. The church teaches that all the sacraments were established by our Lord, and as to some of them she knows to a certainty the time when they were instituted. But there are other sacraments in which this time is not known, and the more or less plausible suppositions on this subject made by theologians do not belong to the church's teachings. Nor is there anything in the doctrine of matter and form to shock the most skittish of critics. The church does not teach, as M. Renan seems to suppose, that our Lord Jesus Christ intended to conform to Aristotle's philosophical conceptions, or that he spoke to his apostles of matter and form. She declares simply that every sacrament is composed of a sensible thing and of words, which she compares to matter and form, according to the scholastic philosophy the two necessary elements of all beings.

But the argument, drawn from theology, which seems to have made the deepest impression on M. Renan's mind is in the great number of subtile answers to which theologians have recourse. "One subtile answer," says he, "may be true. Even two subtile answers may, for once in a way, be both true. With three it is more difficult; with four it is almost impossible. But in defence of the same proposition to admit ten, a hundred, or a thousand subtile answers as all true is merely a proof that the proposition will not stand." We might begin by requiring M. Renan to explain what he means by a subtile answer. If he means an answer which he did not fully grasp, it would not astonish us to know that he met many such answers after two years of theology, devoted principally to the study of languages. But this would be a proof of his ignorance, not an argument against the truth of Catholic teaching.

Besides, before declaring that the number of subtile answers ought to beget a distrust of any system, it would be nothing but right to consider on one side the nature of the questions touched upon by this system, and on the other the subtility of the objections themselves. When a doctrine touches upon questions that are in their nature very abstruse and very subtile—such as are the questions of the Finite and Infinite, the Creation, the Trinity, Grace and Liberty—several of the arguments by which

this doctrine is demonstrated are naturally subtile; but this proves nothing against its truth. Furthermore, nearly all cultivated minds having for many centuries made a religious system the principal object of their study, they have necessarily accumulated difficulties of numberless varieties and of an incredible subtility, as well as solutions of a similar nature. The great number of subtile answers, which seems to have struck M. Renan, proves the activity and the acuteness of the human mind, and not the falsity of the doctrine attacked with subtility and defended with subtility.

Finally, when M. Renan speaks of "thousands" of subtile answers he undoubtedly means those which have been brought forward, not in defence of the truths defined by the church, but in favor of the various opinions agitated in treatises on dogmatic and moral theology. Now, there are thousands of points treated by theologians. As not one of these points is without several objections, and an equal number of answers, some very simple, others very obscure, it is not astonishing that many of these last are found in works on theology. All this proves, not that theological teaching is false, but that it has had very many developments in the course of ages.

M. Renan, therefore, has violated, not obeyed, the laws of logic when he regarded the subtility of the answers he met during his theological studies as demonstrating powerfully against the truth of religion. But are the objections drawn by him from his Biblical studies any more serious, and do they justify the step he took?

The element in his Biblical studies that made him judge the church's doctrine to be false was his believing himself able to establish that the second part of Isaias and the book of Daniel were composed later than the epoch adopted by Catholic tradition; that the Pentateuch was not by Moses; that some of the stories of that work given as real, such as the Earthly Paradise, the forbidden fruit, and Noe's ark, are mythical; and, finally, that the fourth gospel contradicts the other three. These truths in fact unfolded to him by science were condemned by the Catholic faith.

We might remark first of all that on this last point M. Renan is in error; for, excepting the two last, it is not certain that these assertions are irreconcilable with the church's doctrine, as M. Renan ought not to have been unaware after two years of theology at St. Sulpice. Thus, it is not a matter of faith that Isaias and Daniel were the authors of all parts of the works that bear their

names; it is not of faith that they wrote them themselves or that the collection in which we read them was edited during their lifetime, though the traditional theory affirms this; but this theory does not belong to faith, for one may deny it without ceasing to be a Catholic. If the part of Isaias where Cyrus is mentioned were composed at the time of that conqueror, the prophet, of course, mentioned him without miraculous aid, and apologetics loses one of its finest arguments for demonstrating the inspiration of Isaias; but it still has others enough. As for the prophecy of the seventy weeks of years, one of the strongest of the proofs used to demonstrate that Jesus is truly the Messias, we cannot see that any of the value is lost if it be admitted that it was written at the time of Antiochus Epiphanes, and not at that of Cyrus. It was no less miraculous to determine precisely the date of the Messias' death, of the end of the sacrifices, and of the destruction of the Temple and of Jerusalem two centuries and a half before the realization of these events than it would have been to make these announcements two or three centuries still earlier. But, however this may be, the church has defined nothing on these points, so that one can abandon the traditional theory and still not contradict her teaching. Now, it is chiefly on the contradiction between these alleged discoveries of science with regard to the age of the prophetical writings and the traditional theory that M. Renan relies to justify his resolution of abandoning Catholicity. Either his memory leads him astray or else he behaved in this matter with a frivolity that denotes very slight care for logic and for the truth.

The same conclusion results, but more evidently, from a consideration which we have already presented: we mean the moral impossibility of M. Renan's having pronounced with certainty on the points in question after two years of Biblical studies. In fact, rationalists sustain their opinion by bringing forward two principal arguments. The first and more fundamental of these is that all prophecy is nonsense and impossible. For example, the thirteenth chapter of Isaias points out the Medes as the future conquerors of Babylon; now, that chapter was not by Isaias, who was always concerned with the Assyrians and knew neither Babylonians nor Medes. But this reasoning evidently could not have influenced M. Renan's determination before his apostasy, since it supposes unbelief in him who makes it.

The other argument is drawn from style, and is the only one which could have determined the young philologer's conviction. Now, to judge of the antiquity of a word, of a form of phrase-

ology of a language the vocabulary of which is known to us to a very limited extent only, one must needs possess a knowledge, practice, and a skill such as it is impossible to acquire in two years. So that M. Renan could have formed such a conviction by relying on the authority of the rationalists only, setting aside that of Catholic and Protestant scholars, and doing this before he was in a condition to appreciate the value of either side from a scientific point of view. He did this, too, at a time when he had under his eyes the example of a Catholic scholar of the first order, and from whom he had learned all that he knew. The commonest prudence should have made him wait, before forming an opinion on these philological questions, until he had studied enough—until, in fact, he had left the school-boy's bench. And still less ought he to have decided so serious an affair as the abandonment of his religious faith on an opinion which he knew himself incompetent to judge, and which, besides, might perhaps have been not irreconcilable with his beliefs. M. Renan, then, sinned both against prudence and logic; and to sin against prudence and logic cannot be called the love of the truth.

We reason in the same way as to the pretended contradiction between the fourth gospel and the others. To-day this contradiction is so evident to M. Renan that he "would stake" his "life" and his "eternal salvation" on it. We do not deny it. For thirty-seven years M. Renan has been studying these matters with the desire of convincing himself that he did right in quitting the church. It is not astonishing, therefore, that he has formed this conviction which he talks of with so much energy. But he knows, too, that if Catholic scholars from time to time have to shed their blood in testimony of their beliefs, no such proof of sincerity is ever to-day required of free-thinkers. Still, it is the M. Renan of 1845 that is under discussion, and not the M. Renan of 1882.

These questions of the contradiction between the different gospels were put and answered a long while ago, but to form a deliberate opinion for one's self on this point one must go over the whole case, examining both the various difficulties and their still more numerous solutions; and to do this needs a thorough acquaintance with the history, the customs, the languages, and the writings of the first two Christian centuries. Now, all this was lacking to M. Renan thirty-seven years ago. So that it was not from a love of the truth, but from a personal fancy, that he then adopted the rationalistic opinion on this matter as an

absolutely certain doctrine, on which he has staked his eternal salvation.

We are now through with the examination of the motives M. Renan alleges for transfiguring the abandonment of his Christian beliefs into an act of virtue. With the light of ordinary common sense we have clearly shown that the love of the truth did not enter into his decision at all, that it counted for nothing with him, that manifestly it was scorned and trodden under foot by him. But what impulse did he obey? The reader, we think, can easily answer this question.

M. Renan, as we have just seen, had an inordinate esteem for his own superiority, and he found it distasteful to bend his understanding before any superior understanding whatever. He reckoned upon no superior rule of truth but what he could find within himself, and he was not accustomed to admit that he was in error. In plain language, he was proud. Consequently he had not the love of the truth. When we love the truth as we ought to love it we are ready to sacrifice anything for it, even our pride. But M. Renan could not summon up courage enough for this sacrifice; he did not love the truth as it ought to be loved, and therefore he lost it.

His blindness to-day is so great that he does not hesitate, in reference to his clerical promises, to write this blasphemy: "I release God from the agreement made between us to restore my heritage to me, for my lot has been a good one." M. Renan forgets the warning voice of ancient wisdom—let no man be called happy till he is dead—and perhaps he will some day acknowledge that ancient wisdom was right.

No doubt it has been very pleasant for him to occupy a chair in the College of France, which even before his leaving the Seminary was the object of his ambition and his hope; it has been very pleasant for him to receive the academic palms; it has been very pleasant to become celebrated, to be flattered by a crowd of writers; and if he compares his "lot" to the one reserved for him by St. Sulpice, he can say, "Portio cedidit mihi in præclaris." But can this lot be the last end, the supreme beatitude of a human soul? *Absit, Domine, absit a corde servi tui, ut, quocumque gaudio gaudeam, beatum me putem!* *

* St. August. *Confess.*, lib. x. c. 22.

THE IMPENDING ISSUE OF THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

We place before the readers of this magazine the following document, *verbatim et literatim*, issued by the governmental bureau at Washington. Our motive in giving a wider circulation to this translated paper from the French on education is to show a Christian people, if needed, the views held by the head of this new department and the animus of those who control the existing system of common schools. If the impressions gathered from this and many other sources are not incorrect, their aim is to place the public schools upon a purely secular basis, and thus give them a more decided bias in favor of secularism, and to fasten this secularized education upon the general government.

There is more in this French circular than meets the eye. The late Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, aimed at establishing a grand national university at Washington and a national and uniform system of education controlled by a central board at the seat of the general government. Had he lived to succeed in fastening his vast despotic scheme on the country, its machinery would have given the political party in power the means of perpetuating its rule as an absolute political dynasty. The absurd impression was fast gaining ground that the destinies of our country could not be safely trusted in any other hands. It required to complete this conspiracy against liberty only to make this impression upon the plastic minds of the American youth. The present Bureau of Education, if we are not misinformed, sprang out of this threatening movement and answers as its entrance wedge. But a reaction has set in, and let us hope that it will not stop until it sweeps Senator Wilson's grand national project and every trace of it into the tomb of oblivion along with its author.

We are not willing that this opportunity should pass without voicing the earnest protest of millions of our fellow-citizens, without distinction of creed, against this delusive scheme of secular education. Whatever may be the views of a few fanatics on the point, the nature of this scheme may be fully determined by the fact that there is not an irreligious publication here or elsewhere, or an infidel in the land, who does not favor it. The great majority of the American people are not influenced by

bigotry, nor are they yet, in despite of the influence exerted by the education of the public schools, secularists—that is, rationalists or infidels. They earnestly desire to remove ignorance and destroy vice; but no religious body, whether Catholic, Protestant, or Jew, will consent, under the pretext of this purpose, to be taxed to support infidel or atheistic schools; and there is no power upon earth which has the force to compel them to place their children under such influences. It is acknowledged publicly that the existing common schools are rapidly losing the favor in which they were once held by the American people.

Moreover, we put in here and now a protest for another reason. It appears that strenuous efforts are being made to induce the Congress of the United States to appropriate large sums of money to promote this intolerable system of education and thus fasten it more firmly upon the country. Among the foremost advocates of this use of the public moneys is this very Bureau of Education. Now, moneys raised by general taxation are imposed for the common good and ought never to be appropriated except in such manner as to satisfy the conscientious demands of all citizens. If the American people were agreed upon a system of education, in that case a question might be raised just here whether it be prudent or economical to start on a fresh enterprise with large expenditures. But they are not agreed on any one system of education, and, what is more, they have not spoken on this important point or settled the constitutionality of the general government entering upon this new departure. A burden of this magnitude is not lightly to be undertaken, and it is a serious question whether the general government has the constitutional right, suppose it were competent, to embark in the expensive and delicate business of instructing the children of the parents of this land. Illiteracy in a popular government such as ours should be, must be remedied, but not in disregard to the Constitution of the land. It is not good policy to break one's back to mend a finger.

Moreover, it is not one million of dollars that is asked from the public treasury of the federal government to promote what President White, of Cornell University, calls "our educational chaos"; nor fifty millions, as proposed by Senator Logan—that does not suffice to satisfy the lusty appetite of the promoters of this scheme; nor one hundred and five millions, to be given during the period of ten years—this is Senator Blair's proposition. But it craves more! General John Eaton, Commissioner of the Bureau of Education in the Department of the Interior,

modestly puts forth as the sum required, in his address delivered recently before "The Union League Club" of this city, the small amount of one hundred and ten millions of dollars, and that in one lump!

Let those who are responsible for the appropriation of the public moneys beware! What greatly helped to the overthrow of the political party recently in power was its misappropriation of the public moneys. Take heed how you touch the nerve which leads to the pockets of the people of this country; it is sensitive!

Henceforth and for all time to come there is one feature which should characterize all legislation and the appropriation of public funds for education. That feature is, no special favors or exclusive support by public authorities for the benefit of any one class of schools. This is the impending issue which is now forcing itself upon the attention of the intelligent people of this country in the matter of education.

Henceforth whatever moneys are drawn from the public treasury for the promotion of education should be granted to all alike. Payment for results should be the rule. No discrimination or preference should be made in favor of any special system of imparting necessary instruction, whether public or private, whether Christian or secular, whether white, black, or mixed. The American people are not theorizers or schemers, but a practical people. What they want to see is the practical results, the fruits of instruction—an instruction adjusted to the genuine spirit of the genius of our free country. They are wedded to no peculiar system of education, but go in for liberty, free institutions, and fair play. The ideal of American civilization is not in building up a powerful national government, but a strong, great, free people. The world is governed too much.

Germany and France, under their Bismarcks and Gambettas, have abandoned the line of liberty and religious toleration in the matter of education. These despotic men have succeeded in stirring up strifes and creating animosities by their violations of religious liberty. The recent legislation of these despotic governments is no model for a free people, who understand what religious toleration means and are determined it shall be maintained inviolably. Whatever may be the personal convictions of the men who have held control of France until the present time, the American people are not quite ready to put the state in the place of God, or to substitute the school for the church, or patri-

otism for Christianity. This specious circular on education by A. Vessiot, the academic inspector of schools at Marseilles, in France, has altogether that drift. Whether Commissioner Eaton saw it or not, the public moneys of our people can be put to better use than their application for the translation, printing, and circulation of documents of this sort. Let us not transplant European infidelity upon our soil under the delusive "hope that it may prove of service in this country"; but let us indulge the hope that the day is gone by when exclusive legislation in favor of monopolies of any kind, or their support from the public treasury, will find encouragement by the great body of the American people either in the halls of legislation or at the polls. A scramble after wealth needs not to be fostered by legislation, nor is such a spectacle a noble sight to witness.

If a general tax needs to be levied for the sake of making intelligent voters by means of education, then let us have in this free country free education. Like everything else here, in order to enjoy vigorous health education must be open to the stimulant of competition. It is wrong to heap upon political government responsibilities which do not belong to it, then blame it for blundering. It is not the province of the state to undertake what the family or private enterprise or voluntary association can do as well, and in such cases the watchword of Americans to politicians is, "Hands off!" Let all who do the work of education satisfactorily, without discrimination to creed, party, or color, share equally in its rewards. This is not communistic, but democratic, republican, and fair!

Let, then, education be open to competition. Let education be compulsory, if you like it, for if free there can be no valid objection. Then, and not until then, shall we see what every American ardently desires—education common and universal.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,

BUREAU OF EDUCATION.

INSTRUCTION IN MORALS AND CIVIL GOVERNMENT.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, BUREAU OF EDUCATION,
Washington, July, 1882.

The importance of training in morality as a feature of the public-school teacher's work has engaged the attention of most writers on educational topics and has been frequently adverted to in the different publications of this Office. The scope and character of the instruction in citizenship which our public schools may reasonably be expected to impart were wisely considered, and the need of such instruction warmly urged, in the valuable paper of Mr. Justice Strong that was read before the Department of Superintendence at a recent meeting and printed in Circular of Information No. 2, 1879. The circular which A. Vessiot, the academic inspector of schools at

Marseilles, France, recently addressed to the teachers of his district respecting moral and civil instruction, seems to me to contain such valuable suggestions as to the nature of the instruction that may properly be given under this head, and such useful hints as to the manner in which it ought to be conveyed, that I have caused it to be translated, in the hope that it may prove of service in this country.

JOHN EATON,
Commissioner.

1142.] WASHINGTON: GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE. 1882.

MORAL AND CIVIL INSTRUCTION.

We advise our teachers to assign hereafter a large place in their work to instruction in morals and civil government.

Moral and civil instruction meets the wants as well as the wishes of the country; it is a necessary consequence of the profound change which is taking place in our institutions, in our laws, in our manners. The establishment of the republic and of universal suffrage, which is its basis, has given to the school a new character; it imposes upon the teacher new duties. The primary school is no longer merely local, communal; it has become in the highest degree a national institution, on which even the entire future of the country depends. It is no longer a place to which the child resorts to acquire certain information that may prove useful to him in private life; it is the source from which is to be drawn, together with the principles of universal morality, a knowledge of his rights and duties in regard to public life; it is the school of citizenship and patriotism.

The function, then, of the teacher is notably increased, and his responsibility extended. The teacher used to drill his pupils in reading, writing, and arithmetic; now, without neglecting that portion of his duty, he ought to have a higher ambition, namely, that of raising up for the country defenders and for the republic citizens.

The children now under his care will one day be voters and soldiers; they will have their share of influence in shaping the future of the country; their souls must then be well tempered, their minds must be enlightened; they must be acquainted with the intelligence of their times, with the society of which they are to become members, the civil duties they will have to fulfil, the institutions they will have to strengthen. They must be inspired with a generous patriotism; this does not mean that they are to be taught to hate foreign peoples—let us leave that cruel instruction to others—but that they are to nourish a passionate love of their own country. True patriotism consists in love, and not hate; it does not consist in any attempted systematic alteration of well-established historical facts or jealous depreciation of the greatness and glories of other peoples. No, it does not involve the humiliation of others; it is inspired by justice, it is allied to a noble emulation. This it is that France needs, and this is what French youth should be taught.

Undoubtedly this double instruction is not entirely new, and it would be erroneous to suppose that moral and civil instruction now first makes its sudden appearance in our schools. Many of our teachers are now, and long have been, giving lessons calculated to make their pupils worthy people and good citizens. In fact, all instruction, the humblest and that the furthest removed from morality properly so called, has nevertheless a certain improving influence, and every virtuous person by the mere fact of frequent intercourse communicates to others, and especially to children, something of his own moral elevation. But what has heretofore been in some degree the involuntary effect of the instruction itself and of the morality of the teachers—personal in its inspiration and consequently unequal and intermittent—will now be due to a common and sustained effort towards a clearly defined object, to a general and persistent endeavor, in a word, to a branch of instruction. What shall be its character? What its form? . . .

The teacher must grapple with the problem how to render lucid and pleasing those truths which flow from the very nature of man and the existence of society, and to induce children to make them the rules of their conduct. What is needed is that there should be awakened, developed, fortified in them those sentiments which give dignity to man, honor to families, and power to states.

Moral and civil instruction ought not then to be confined to one division or subdivision of the scholastic programme, restricted to one class or to a prescribed hour, pressed in the narrow mould of a few inert formulas or solemn maxims; it ought to permeate all parts of the work of instruction, blossoming out in varied developments and reappearing every day and every hour;

it ought to be the life, the soul, of the school. It is in the school that a child should draw in morality and patriotism as he inspires air, without noticing it; for to teach morality successfully there is no call for too much moralizing. That moral lesson which is announced risks being lost. Moral instruction should be combined with everything, but insensibly, like those nutritive elements which the scientist finds reappearing in all sorts of food, but which are concealed under the infinite variety of color and form in which nature clothes animals and plants, and which man unwittingly assimilates without a suspicion. Thus moral instruction will enter into the various work of the class, the readings, recitations, dictations, the stories related by the teacher, the selections drawn from the poets and romancers, the familiar and sprightly conversations, the grave reflections on history, the games, the promenades—being everywhere present, in short, without making its presence remarked.

Does it follow that theory should be absolutely banished from the school? No, but it should have only the smallest place. It will suffice if once a week, and preferably at its close, the teacher expresses the substance of the last lessons he has reviewed and puts it into didactic form.

As far as practicable, it is the child himself who ought to draw the rules and moral laws from the facts which contain them, as the fruit contains the seed; and this is not so difficult as it appears. A reading finished, a story related, the teacher by means of questions invites the judgment of the child on the actions of this or that character who has figured in the recital; rarely does the child err as to the moral value of the actions submitted to his consideration. The teacher then asks the child if he would pronounce a similar judgment on all men who should act in the same way, and thus leads him to generalize his decision, that is, to formulate a principle, a rule. The child thus becomes his own legislator; he has himself discovered the law; having made it he understands it, and he obeys it more willingly because it has imposed itself upon his reason instead of being imposed upon his will. It does not seem needful to us to mark out for teachers a programme of moral instruction; such programmes are to be had in abundance; but we prefer to leave with them the responsibility of incorporating this instruction with their other work as they deem proper. The weekly report, however, should contain a résumé of what has been done. These résumés themselves, collected for a period of several months, will gradually form a real course in moral instruction which the teacher, in the light of his experience, can extend or limit as he desires.

But our teachers should not forget that the work of giving moral instruction imposes upon them a moral obligation to make their conduct accord with their instruction. Of all lessons the best is the living lesson, the example of the teacher himself. Like teacher, like pupils. Children have a wonderful shrewdness in detecting inconsistencies between the conduct of the teacher and his counsels. The efficacy of this instruction is to be measured by the moral value of those who give it; and from this point of view we are confident that moral instruction will exert a beneficial influence on the teachers themselves and that they will profit by their own lessons.

As to instruction in civil government properly so called, aside from the sentiments which it is its mission to encourage and disseminate, it ought to afford the child an image of society, to present to his eyes the different parts of a vast and rich whole; in this there is the material needed for methodical training, and, consequently, for a programme in which its limits are indicated and its work laid out.

We confidently entrust this double instruction to the enlightened zeal of the primary inspectors, to the tried patriotism of our teachers. We trustingly ask them to make a great and generous effort to elevate national education, to worthily respond alike to the solicitude of the government and the Chambers and to the ever-increasing sacrifices which the country has imposed on herself; finally, we ask them to raise up for the country a generation both healthy and strong.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Die Hölle. Von J. Bautz, Privatdocent Acad. zu Münster. Mainz: F. Kirchheim. 1882.

The author speaks in his Introduction of a previous work from his pen, entitled *Der Himmel*, which we regret not having received. The present treatise on hell is an abstract of the mediæval theology in respect to this topic, or we may call it a theoretical and argumentative exposition of what is represented in the imaginative pictures of Dante's *Inferno*. It shows careful study of scholastic authors, and the writer is master of a precise, vigorous, and at times vivid style. He adheres very closely to the literal interpretation, and reproduces in very definite lines much that modern theologians generally pass by or touch upon more lightly and with less positiveness of assertion. For instance, he maintains very positively that the locality of hell is within the interior of the earth.

The doctrine of the early Fathers of the church is very briefly handled, consisting chiefly in a reference to Petavius. Following this celebrated author, whose manner of making exposition of the teaching of ancient ecclesiastical writers we agree with Möhler in regarding as sometimes hazardous, he ascribes to Origen the erroneous doctrines which have been heretofore generally imputed to him, and includes in the same category St. Gregory of Nyssa. That is, he asserts it as indubitable that "notwithstanding all the attempts at vindication and explanation formerly made by the Patriarch of Constantinople, Germanus, and in our own times especially by Vincenzi (and also by Patuzzi, the Wurtzburg theologians, and Knoll), St. Gregory of Nyssa did sometimes express Origenistic opinions concerning the final conversion of the reprobate, devils as well as men." This matter being just now treated of quite fully in The Catholic World, we refer to the respective articles for a refutation of this opinion—*i.e.*, that St. Gregory was "Origenistic" in the author's sense of the word. Moreover, he asserts that "the like is true also in respect to St. Jerome, who was inclined to admit a final redemption at least of those *Christians* who had been condemned. St. Gregory Nazianzen, also, and likewise St. Ambrose, express here and there at least a doubt respecting the eternity of the punishment of *men*. And yet the same Fathers express themselves in many other places in an entirely opposite sense. We must therefore suppose that the Fathers in question, as Petavius explains it, in their great reverence for the authority of Origen, were sometimes wavering in their views" (pp. 48, 49).

Now, although Origen, if convicted of error, may be set aside at once, by those who follow St. Jerome's opinion of him, as a heretic, for whom the church does not stand sponsor, it is a much more serious matter to allow that St. Jerome himself, before he took up the controversy against Origen, the two Gregories, and St. Ambrose, were even wavering and doubtful on such a doctrine as the eternity of punishment. How could such learned men have any doubt about any part of the Catholic faith explicitly and

distinctly taught in Scripture and handed down by an equally explicit Catholic tradition? Petavius unhesitatingly declares that the faith of the church was not so clear in their time as to exclude the possibility of a doubt on the part of such sincere and learned Catholics, and our author adopts his explanation—one, in our opinion, far from satisfactory. In respect to St. Gregory Nyssen, we are convinced that he held as a private and probable opinion that, besides the eternal punishment of sinners, there is a temporary and purgative punishment which terminates in a restoration within the bounds of the natural order only, leaving intact the proper punishment of supernatural demerit—viz., the eternal banishment from heaven into hell. We have examined the passages from the other Fathers referred to by Petavius, and though their brevity and obscurity render it difficult to appreciate their exact import, yet, by the aid of the fuller and more explicit statements of Gregory Nyssen, they may be interpreted in a favorable sense. That is, we may suppose that these Fathers sometimes doubted whether the positive, physical, and sensible torments of hell might not become mitigated, or even be entirely remitted, in the case of some or of all the damned. According to such a theory or conjecture the essential and eternal penalty of sin would have accidental and temporal penalties conjoined with it. Such an opinion, even if not well founded, would not be heretical, and the expression of it, by way of doubt, conjecture, or even of positive affirmation, in no way compromises the orthodoxy of any of these early writers, or lends countenance to the hazardous supposition that the dogma of faith which is now defined and certain was ever less explicitly a part of the Catholic faith than it is now.

It seems to us that in these days it is requisite in theological writers to do something more than restate the conclusions of theologians who have preceded them, and to attempt some deeper and more comprehensive expositions from the original sources and from the data furnished by rational philosophy.

THE WORKS AND WORDS OF OUR SAVIOUR. Gathered from the Four Gospels. By H. J. Coleridge, S.J. London: Burns & Oates. 1882.

This is substantially a republication in one volume of *The Life of our Life*, with omission of the Harmony of the Gospels and some additions. It is really an epitome of the larger work, still unfinished, which Father Coleridge has been issuing in distinct parts for several years, which in all its completeness will include a Harmony, an epitome of the life of Christ, and a minute commentary upon the four Gospels. All that has been thus far published is marked by very thorough and critical learning, sober and sound judgment, and copiousness of instructive, edifying exposition, drawn from the purest sources of Catholic commentary and from the excellent reflections of the author's own mind. When finished the work of Father Coleridge will be the most valuable commentary on the Gospels in the English language, and one of the best in existence. From the fact that its plan and method make it a quite extensive work, we think that the present epitome is likely to be the most suitable portion of it for popular use. Since it goes over the whole ground of the larger work, presenting a complete Life of Christ, with a succinct commentary on all the four Gospels, and copious extracts from the sacred text, it has its own separate and in-

dependent character and value apart from the other volumes. Alone, by itself, it suffices for the majority of intelligent and devout readers of the Gospels as an aid in understanding their connection and contents. We recommend it to them most warmly, as decidedly the best book of its kind and worthy of their most careful and continued perusal, as a means of instruction in the highest and best of all branches of Christian knowledge.

THE SODALITY DIRECTOR'S MANUAL. By Rev. Father F. X. Schouppe, S.J. Boston: Thomas B. Noonan & Co. 1882.

The well-known Jesuit scholar, Father Schouppe, to whom the Catholic preacher is so much indebted for his admirable *Compendium Theologiæ* and his *Evangelia pro Dominicis et Festis*, has conferred an additional favor by the publication of the above work. It is a collection of plain, familiar instructions for Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin, and is the most complete and useful work of its kind with which we are familiar. The great importance of pious confraternities, as aids to the most effective part of the pastor's work—the training and instruction of the young—cannot be overestimated. It is a fact well known to Catholic missioners that those parishes in which such associations abound and flourish are precisely the ones where their labors are lightest; the people are found better instructed, more dutiful, more fervent, the children more orderly and more intelligent, the growing youth more attached to their church, better appreciating her lofty mission, and more keenly alive to their responsibilities as members of her communion.

The prosperity of such sodalities and confraternities must depend much upon the nature and treatment of the stated instructions given at the meetings. They should be well chosen and adapted to the needs of the different ages, conditions, and circumstances of the members; they should embrace, as far as practicable, the entire body of Christian faith and the whole round of Christian practice; and they should be fervent, full of tenderness, and redolent with an enlightened and solid piety.

The volume before us is intended simply to *suggest* subjects for instructions of this sort, and to give a few broad outlines of the best methods of treating them. And sodality directors cannot do better than to use this work in the way intended by its author—to select here the doctrine and substance which is to form the groundwork of their preaching, and then to adapt and modify and illustrate and apply according to the special needs and individual capacities of their hearers.

A MEMOIR OF THE LATE FATHER A. H. LAW, S.J., formerly R.N. Part II. London: Burns & Oates. 1882.

We welcome this second instalment of the Life of Augustus Henry Law, during the early part of his career, from the pen of his venerable father. This part completes the history of Mr. Law's life as a naval officer, recounts the circumstances which led to his conversion, and leaves him a postulant at the door of the Jesuit novitiate. We repeat what we have already said in noticing the first part, that this Life is a charming portraiture of a most amiable and admirable character. We trust soon to see the narrative of Father Law's holy life as a religious and a priest, and of his heroic death on the African mission.

TRUE WAYSIDE TALES. By Lady Herbert. Second Series. London: Washbourne. 1883.

We have not seen the first series of these *Tales*, but we suppose that they are equally good with those of this present volume. The story of Moothoosawny we find specially interesting. We may say the same of the stories of Saveriammal and Victoria. All three are taken from public or private narratives of the Foreign Missions. The reading of them has suggested the thought that there is far too little information generally diffused through the Catholic press concerning these modern missions in heathen countries. Could not some one of our newspapers make a specialty of this department, and furnish regularly from the reports published in Europe abstracts and statistics, together with remarkable and interesting events related by missionaries?

Some of the other stories are very beautiful, especially one entitled "The White Necktie"; all are well told and edifying, with the exception of the one called "Beautiful Eyes," which in one respect we must consider liable to criticism on the score of prudence. It is a thrilling tale, and the author's word must be taken that it is probably a true narrative. Yet the incident related in it of a beautiful young girl who went astray, and afterwards in her remorse, believing herself directed by a divine inspiration, destroyed her eyes and then led a penitent life, seems too tragical and horrible to be suitable for young readers. It is difficult to believe that the unfortunate young person was led to commit an act which of itself is criminal, by a really divine impulse. It is not safe to set forth such things for indiscriminate reading. We think it was a mistake to insert this incident at all, still more to appear to approve of the young woman's self-inflicted punishment.

Young people will find these *Tales* very entertaining, and the accomplished author is rendering them a most laudable and acceptable service by the work she has undertaken.

THE BLIND FRIEND OF THE POOR: Reminiscences of the Life and Works of Mgr. de Ségur. By one of his spiritual children. Translated from the French by Miss Mary McMahon. New York: Benzigers. 1883.

Gaston de Ségur, the subject of this brief memoir, was a son of that Madame de Ségur after whom little girls name their dolls as a tribute of gratitude for her beautiful children's stories. He was a priest, a Roman prelate, and a canon-bishop of the chapter of St. Denys, though he never received episcopal consecration. He was ordained in 1847 and died in 1881. In 1854 he became totally blind, yet continued for the twenty-seven remaining years of his life a career of laborious and truly apostolic activity in good works at Paris. His name is illustrious in the annals of the church of France, and his character was most admirable and lovely. The short sketch of his life which Miss McMahon has translated is a charming little piece of biography, a prelude to a more elaborate memoir which is in course of preparation. It makes a neat little 16mo volume.

SOME OF THE CAUSES OF MODERN RELIGIOUS SCEPTICISM: A lecture by Right Rev. P. J. Ryan, D.D. St. Louis: B. Herder. 1883.

Whatever comes from the lips or the pen of the distinguished coadju-

tor to the venerable Archbishop of St. Louis is sure to be eloquent, solid, and interesting. There is only one regret that we feel in his regard, and that is, we hear of him too seldom.

He is a man who knows his age and its deficiency and wants. He knows, too, what will supply these needs, and the oftener he addresses himself to the public the more good he will do and the more his gifts will be appreciated. He grapples in this lecture with some of the causes of modern religious scepticism, and deals with them and their remedies as a master. A volume from his pen on this and kindred topics of actuality would be of great service at this moment. Read this lecture and judge for yourself.

LIFE OF THE REV. FATHER HERMAN, IN RELIGION AUGUSTIN-MARIE DU T.-S. SACREMENT, Discalced Carmelite. Translated from the French of the Abbé Charles Sylvan by Mrs. F. Raymond-Barker. London: P. Washbourne. 1882.

The conversion of Herman Cohen, the Israelite and celebrated pianist, was one among the remarkable conversions of this century. His life is full of interest and displays the power of divine grace in a remarkable manner. The one who wrote this volume was in love with his subject. The special devotion of Père Herman was towards the Blessed Sacrament, and the reading of his Life will stimulate those of like attrait.

PEN AND LUTE. Richard Storrs Willis. Detroit: Thorndike Nourse, Publisher. 1883.

Mr. Willis, in the dedication of this dainty volume, speaks of it as containing "poems attuned to music and in part wedded thereto," and certainly the lyrical quality of Mr. Willis' verse is excellent. In one of his "Minnesongs of Student Life in Germany" he sings:

"When, as silent night comes down,
Not a waking soul is nigh,
And my lute and pleasant thoughts
Bear me sweetest company;
Musing, then, I dream along,
Dream and sing my quiet song.
Throb! my lute, thy tuneful pain,
While my heart-beat times the strain."

The songs he sings to that key are those which best please the ear and quickest find a response in the heart. The quiet side of nature has an attraction for him which he describes with a poet's truthfulness and in the most limpid of verse.

And Mr. Willis' meditative and devotional poems, some of which have appeared in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, deserve a place alongside of Father Faber's; for instance, the poem he entitles "Before the Cross," beginning:

"Jesu! my prayer would tell thee all
A grateful heart could say;
But when I seek befitting speech
The words glide all away."

This was undoubtedly suggested by that lovely Latin hymn, *Jesu dulcis*

memoria. What makes Mr. Willis' devotional poetry the more grateful is that its piety is a genuine piety, a piety of the heart, not a fictitious sentiment put into pretty or pathetic sounds.

LITTLE HINGES TO GREAT DOORS, AND OTHER TALES. By F. S. D. Ames, author of *Marion Howard*, etc. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1883.

Here is a model little book for Catholic Sunday-school libraries, and for little Catholics' reading generally. It is an English book, written in England, and full of the English local flavor and of English peculiarities; but, for all that, the well-told stories it contains, with their artless air of truthfulness and with their sound piety untainted with pietism or with mock mediævalism, will be enjoyable to American children. The stories severally illustrate the virtues of faith, hope, and charity. The story of "The Stepmother" has a certain dramatic force about it, and the portrait of Miss Trevor, once "an arrant flirt and fortune-hunter," who, "after passing through all the many gradations of Low Church, High Church, and Ritualism," had "become a Catholic, and as such had made a very great show of her new religion," will be easily recognized even in this country. This Miss Trevor, who marries and turns out to be "the stepmother" of the story, goes back again to her Protestantism, but undergoes a genuine conversion at last through the Catholic loyalty of the little stepchildren she had endeavored to pervert as a means of gratifying her own small ambition. The stories are all such as would delight Catholic children of eleven or twelve. The cover is tasteful and attractive.

A CROWN FOR OUR QUEEN. By Rev. Abram J. Ryan. Baltimore: John B. Piet & Co. 1882.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE CATHOLIC UNION OF NEW YORK, 1882. New York: Grogan & Martin (printers).

THE CATHOLIC'S COMPANION. A Selection of Choice Devotions for General Use. Baltimore: John B. Piet & Co. 1882.

PASTORAL LETTER ON CHRISTIAN EDUCATION, addressed to the Clergy and Laity of the Archdiocese of Baltimore. By the Most Rev. James Gibbons, D.D., Archbishop of Baltimore. Baltimore: Printed by John B. Piet & Co. 1883.

A HISTORY OF THE COUNCILS OF THE CHURCH, from the original documents. By the Right Rev. Charles Joseph Hefele, D.D., Bishop of Rottenburg, formerly professor of theology in the University of Tübingen. Volume iii., A.D. 431 to A.D. 451. Translated from the German, with the author's approbation, and edited by the editor of Hagenbach's *History of Doctrines*. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1883.

THE LIFE OF ST. LEWIS BERTRAND, Friar Preacher of the Order of St. Dominic, and Apostle of Granada. By Father Bertrand Wilberforce, of the same Order. Illustrated by Cyril James Davenport, of the British Museum. London: Burns & Oates. 1882.

THE WORKS OF ORESTES A. BROWNSON. Collected and arranged by Henry F. Brownson. Volume ii., containing the second part of the Philosophical Writings. Detroit: Thorndike Nourse, Publisher. 1883.

[NOTE.—Notices of the above three books will appear in our next number.]

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The Catholic world

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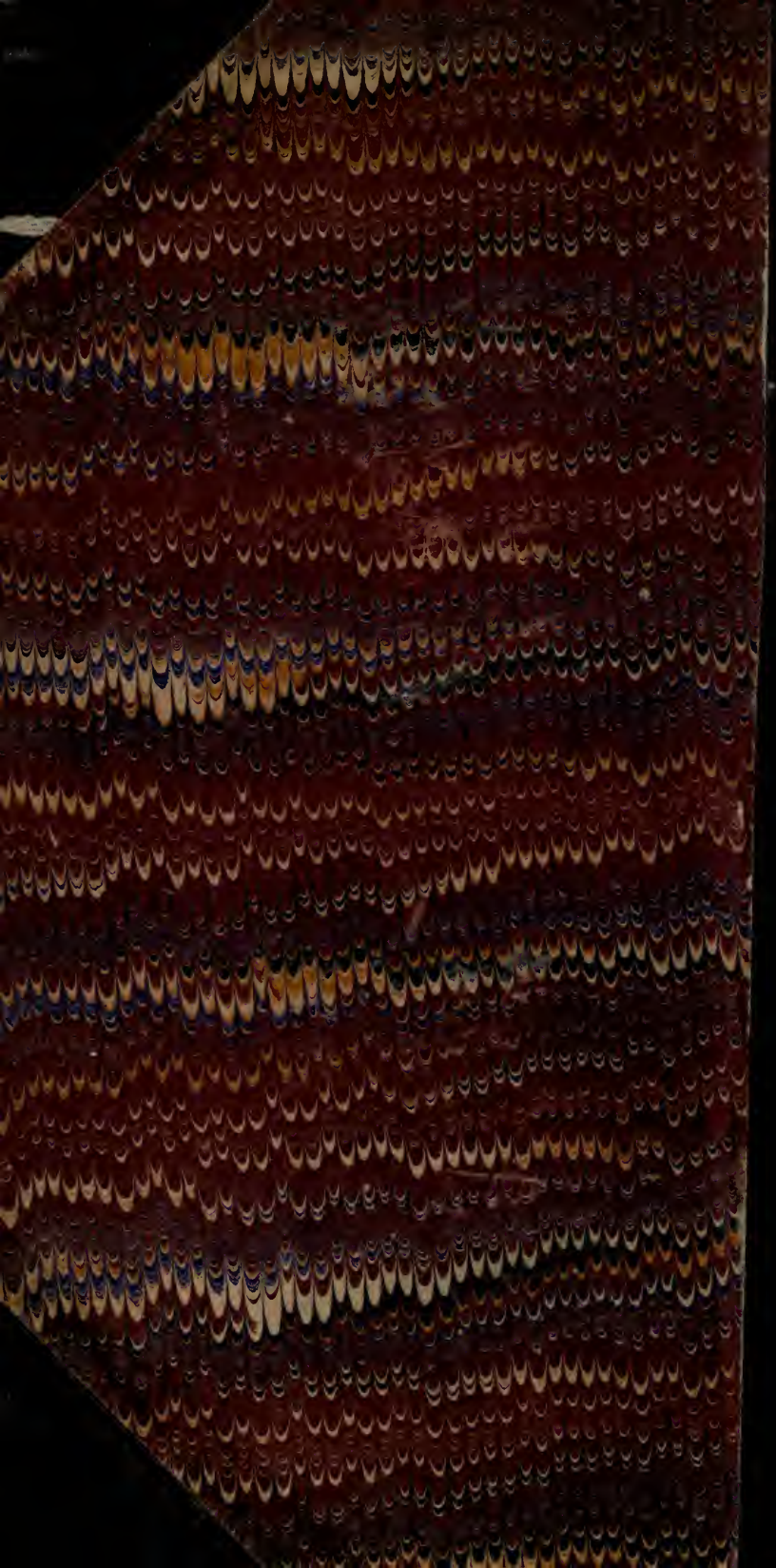
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